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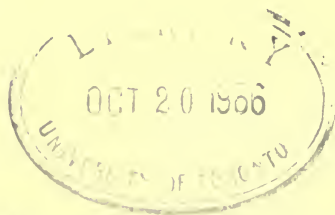


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CONTENTS

INDEX BY TITLES.

	PAGE		PAGE
Act of Composition, The, <i>Wilbur L. Cross</i>	704	Arbitration, The, <i>Benjamin F. Trueblood</i>	721
American Biography: Significant Books, <i>M. A. De Wolfe Howe</i>	110	"Hantu," <i>Henry Milner Rideout</i>	660
American Diplomacy, <i>Francis C. Lowell</i>	1	Hermit, The, <i>George Hibbard</i>	444
Baedeker in the Making, <i>James F. Muirhead</i>	648	Holidays and History, <i>William Roscoe Thayer</i>	666
Bird-Gazer at the Grand Cañon, <i>A. Bradford Torrey</i>	739	How Ought Wealth to be Distributed? <i>T. N. Carver</i>	727
Blue Girdle, The, <i>Latta Griswold</i>	202		
Caleb Jones, <i>Richard Washburn Child</i>	494	Impressions from Chicago Faces, <i>Loren H. B. Knox</i>	28
Camping with President Roosevelt, <i>John Burroughs</i>	585	Industrial Securities as Investments, <i>Charles A. Conant</i>	231
Charm of "Ik Marvel," The, <i>Annie Russell Marble</i>	213	Israels: a Bit of Biography, <i>Maarten Maartens</i>	167
Chinese Boycott, The, <i>John W. Foster</i>	118		
Clever Necromancer, The, <i>Margaret Sherwood</i>	547	Life Insurance and Speculation, <i>Charles J. Bullock</i>	629
Constitution-Mending and the Initiative, <i>Frank Foxcroft</i>	792	Lodge, The, <i>Charles Moreau Harger</i>	488
Criminal Law Reform, <i>George W. Alger</i>	502		
Critic and the Law, The, <i>Richard Washburn Child</i>	620	M. Mulvina: Her Life and Works, <i>Harry James Smith</i>	357
		Making Education Hit the Mark, <i>Willard Giles Parsons</i>	433
Eliana: the Latest Windfall, <i>William C. Hazlitt</i>	252	Man and Beast, <i>Samuel H. Drury</i>	420
English Lawns and Literary Folk, <i>Julian Hawthorne</i>	817	Man and the Actor, <i>Richard Mansfield</i>	577
Esperanto: the Proposed Universal Language, <i>A. Schinz</i>	77	Mexico, The Year in, <i>Frederic R. Guernsey</i>	219
Exploration, <i>N. S. Shaler</i>	145	Millerstown Yellow Journal, The, <i>Elsie Singmaster</i>	688
		Moorland Magic, <i>Florence Converse</i>	611
France, Anatole, <i>Bradford Torrey</i>	394	Mujik and the New Régime in Russia, The, <i>Herbert H. D. Peirce</i>	101
Froude, <i>Goldwin Smith</i>	680		
Garden, A Plea for the Enclosed, <i>Susan S. Wainwright</i>	509	Negro, The Joys of Being a, <i>Edward E. Wilson</i>	245
Garden, The Terraced, <i>Susan S. Wainwright</i>	671	Notes on New Novels, <i>Mary Moss</i>	43
German Emperor, The, <i>A. Maurice Low</i>	300		
Ghost in Fiction, The, <i>T. R. Sullivan</i>	133	Of Our Anxious Morality, <i>Maurice Maeterlinck</i>	7
		Old Goodwin's Wife, <i>William John Hopkins</i>	309
Hague Conferences and the Future of		On Account of the Herr Major, <i>Esther B. Tiffany</i>	84

Palmer's Herbert, <i>A. V. G. Allen</i> . . .	90	Significant Books in Economics and Sociology, <i>Winthrop More Daniels</i> . . .	840
Philosophy and Tramps, <i>Martha Baker Dunn</i>	776	Significant Books of Religion, <i>George Hodges</i>	413
Pianists Now and Then, <i>W. J. Henderson</i>	194	Sketch in Black and White, <i>A. "Frank Clayton"</i>	600, 783
Poetry of Landor, The, <i>Arthur Symons</i> .	808	Some Equivocal Rights of Labor, <i>George W. Alger</i>	364
Preface, The, <i>Edmund Kemper Broadus</i> .	123	Special Legislation, <i>Samuel P. Orth</i> . .	69
Preparing our Moros for Government, <i>R. L. Bullard</i>	385	Telephone Movement, The: Another Point of View, <i>Jesse W. Weik</i> . . .	263
Primitive Tripper, The, <i>Herbert Vaughan Abbott</i>	694	Testimony of Biology to Religion, The, <i>C. W. Saleeby</i>	514
Prodigy, The, <i>Fannie Kemble Johnson</i> .	407	Thirty-Ninth Congress, The, <i>William Garrott Brown</i>	465
Public Documents, What shall we do with, <i>William S. Rossiter</i>	560	Tide-Rivers, <i>Lucy Scarborough Conant</i> .	565
Questions of the Far East, <i>John W. Foster</i>	542	Tranced Life, A, <i>Henry A. Beers</i> . . .	239
Railway Securities as an Investment, <i>Alexander D. Noyes</i>	532	Turgot, The Statesmanship of, <i>Andrew D. White</i>	176, 340
Recent Books on Italy	554	United States, The Tenth Decade of. The Thirty-Ninth Congress, <i>William Garrott Brown</i>	465
Recent Progress in Solar Research, <i>T. J. J. See</i>	763	University Presidency, The, <i>Andrew S. Draper</i>	34
Recent Shakespearean Literature, <i>William Allan Neilson</i>	700	Village Dressmaker, A, <i>Harriet Prescott Spofford</i>	59
Red Man's Last Roll-Call, The, <i>Charles M. Harvey</i>	323	Voice of Beauty, The, <i>Chester Bailey Fernald</i>	675
Reform in Church Music, The, <i>Justine Bayard Ward</i>	455	Walpole, The Letters of Horace, <i>Gamaliel Bradford, Jr.</i>	330
Roosevelt, Camping with President, <i>John Burroughs</i>	585	Wealth, The Love of, and the Public Service, <i>F. W. Taussig</i>	289
Rote, The, <i>George S. Wasson</i>	747	When the Race was to the Swift, <i>Beth Bradford Gilchrist</i>	519
Scarlet Bat, The, <i>Joslyn Gray</i>	824	White Death of the Soul, The, <i>John Henry Denison</i>	754
Senate, The United States, <i>William Everett</i>	157	Wife from Vienna, The, <i>E. S. Johnson</i> .	17
Shakespeare and the Plastic Stage, <i>John Corbin</i>	369	Wocel's Daughter, <i>E. S. Johnson</i> . . .	797
Shakespearean Literature, Recent, <i>William Allan Neilson</i>	700	Writer of Words, A, <i>Margaret Cooper McGiffert</i>	839
Significant Art Books, <i>Royal Cortis-son</i>	269		
Significant Books: American Biography, <i>M. A. De Wolfe Howe</i>	110		

INDEX BY AUTHORS.

<i>Abbott, Herbert Vaughan</i> , The Primitive "Tripper"	694	Decade of the United States: The Thirty-Ninth Congress	465
<i>Alger, George W.</i> , Some Equivocal Rights of Labor . .	364	<i>Bullard, R. L.</i> , Preparing our Moros for Government	385
<i>Allen, A. V. G.</i> , Palmer's Herbert . . .	90	<i>Bullock, Charles J.</i> , Life Insurance and Speculation	629
<i>Barker, Elsa</i> , The Soul of Art	133	<i>Burroughs, John</i> , Camping with President Roosevelt	585
<i>Beers, Henry A.</i> , A Tranced Life . . .	239	<i>Carman, Bliss</i> , A Lyric	670
<i>Bradford, Gamaliel, Jr.</i> , The Letters of Horace Walpole	330	<i>Carver, T. N.</i> , How Ought Wealth to be Distributed?	727
<i>Broadus, Edmund Kemper</i> , The Preface .	123	<i>Cawein, Madison</i> , Reed Notes	463
<i>Brown, William Garrott</i> , The Tenth			

<i>Child, Richard Washburn.</i>			
Caleb Jones	494	<i>Howe, M. A. De Wolfe, Significant Books :</i>	
The Critic and The Law	620	American Biography	110
“ <i>Clayton, Frank,</i> ” A Sketch in Black		<i>Johnson, E. S.</i>	
and White	600, 783	The Wife from Vienna	17
<i>Colton, Arthur, The Shepherd and the</i>		Wool’s Daughter	797
<i>Knight</i>	384	<i>Johnson, Fannie Kemble, The Prodigy</i>	407
<i>Conant, Charles A., Industrial Securities</i>		<i>Knor, Loren H. B., Impressions from</i>	
as Investments	231	Chicago Faces	28
<i>Conant, Lucy Scarborough, Tide-Rivers</i>	565	<i>Lennah, M., A Girl’s Awakening</i>	76
<i>Converse, Florence, Moorland Magic</i>	611	<i>Lodge, George Cabot, Lower New York</i>	339
<i>Corbin, John, Shakespeare and the Plastic</i>		<i>Low, A. Maurice, The German Emperor</i>	300
Stage	369	<i>Lowell, Francis C., American Diplo-</i>	
<i>Cortissoz, Royal, Significant Art Books</i>	269	macy	1
<i>Cross, Wilbur L., The Act of Composition</i>	704	<i>Maartens, Maarten, Israels : a Bit of Biog-</i>	
<i>Daniels, Winthrop More, Significant Books</i>		raphy	167
in Enonomics and Sociology	840	<i>Macdonald, Torquil, Pan is not Dead</i>	509
<i>Davis, Fannie Stearns, The Moods</i>	175	<i>McGiffert, Margaret Cooper, A Writer of</i>	
<i>Denison, John Henry, The White Death</i>		Words	839
of the Soul	754	<i>Maeterlinck, Maurice, Of Our Anxious</i>	
<i>Dorr, Julia C. R., To a Late-Comer</i>	542	Morality	7
<i>Draper, Andrew S., The University Presi-</i>		<i>Mansfield, Richard, Man and the Actor</i>	577
dency	34	<i>Marble, Annie Russell, The Charm of “Ik</i>	
<i>Drury, Samuel H., Man and Beast</i>	420	Marvel”	213
<i>Dunn, Martha Baker, Philosophy and</i>		<i>Moss, Mary, Notes on New Novels</i>	43
Tramps	776	<i>Muirhead, James F., Baedeker in the</i>	
<i>Everett, William, The United States</i>		Making	648
Senate	157	<i>Munier, Allan, Beyond</i>	832
<i>Fernald, Chester Bailey, The Voice of</i>		<i>Neilson, William Allan, Recent Shake-</i>	
Beauty	675	spearean Literature	700
<i>Finley, John, At Ebb Tide</i>	25	<i>Noyes, Alexander D., Railroad Securities</i>	
<i>Foster, John W.</i>		as an Investment	532
The Chinese Boycott	118	<i>Orth, Samuel P., Special Legislation</i>	69
Questions of the Far East	542	<i>Parsons, Willard Giles, Making Educa-</i>	
<i>Forcroft, Frank, Constitution-Mending</i>		tion Hit the Mark	433
and the Initiative	792	<i>Peirce, Herbert H. D., The Mujik and the</i>	
<i>Gilchrist, Beth Bradford, When the Race</i>		New Régime in Russia	101
was to the Swift	519	<i>Pomeroy, Edward N., Pulvis et Umbra</i>	816
<i>Gilder, Richard Watson, Music in Moon-</i>		<i>Rideout, Henry Milner, “Hantu”</i>	660
light	610	<i>Rossiter, William S., What shall we do</i>	
<i>Gray, Joslyn, The Scarlet Bat</i>	824	with Public Documents ?	560
<i>Griswold, Latta, The Blue Girdle</i>	202	<i>Saleeby, C. W., The Testimony of Biology</i>	
<i>Guernsey, Frederic R., The Year in Mexico</i>	219	to Religion	514
<i>Harger, Charles Moreau, The Lodge</i>	488	<i>Schinz, A., Esperanto : the Proposed Uni-</i>	
<i>Harvey, Charles M., The Red Man’s Last</i>		versal Language	77
Roll-Call	323	<i>See, T. J. J., Recent Progress in Solar</i>	
<i>Hawthorne, Julian, English Lawns and</i>		Research	763
Literary Folk	817	<i>Shaler, N. S., Exploration</i>	145
<i>Hazlitt, William C., Eliana : the Latest</i>		<i>Sherman, Frank Dempster, To Thomas</i>	
Windfall	252	Bailey Aldrich	754
<i>Henderson, W. J., Pianists Now and Then</i>	194	<i>Sherwood, Margaret, The Clever Necro-</i>	
<i>Hibbard, George, The Hermit</i>	444	mancer	547
<i>Hodges, George, Significant Books of Re-</i>			
ligion	413		
<i>Hopkins, William John, Old Goodwin’s</i>			
Wife	309		

<i>Singmaster, Elsie, The Millerstown Yellow Journal</i>	688	<i>Trueblood, Benjamin F., The Hague Conferences and the Future of Arbitration</i>	721
<i>Smith, Goldwin, Froude</i>	680	<i>Van Dyke, Henry, Nature Poetry</i>	251
<i>Smith, Harry James, M. Mulvina: Her Life and Works</i>	357	<i>Wainwright, Susan S.</i>	
<i>Spofford, Harriet Prescott, A Village Dressmaker</i>	59	<i>A Plea for the Enclosed Garden</i>	509
<i>Sullivan, T. R., The Ghost in Fiction</i>	133	<i>The Terraced Garden</i>	671
<i>Symons, Arthur, The Poetry of Landor</i>	808	<i>Ward, Justine Bayard, The Reform in Church Music</i>	455
<i>Taussig, F. W., The Love of Wealth and the Public Service</i>	289	<i>Wasson, George S., The Rote</i>	747
<i>Thayer, William Roscoe, Holidays and History</i>	666	<i>Weik, Jesse W., The Telephone Movement: Another Point of View</i>	263
<i>Tiffany, Esther B., On Account of the Herr Major</i>	84	<i>White, Andrew D., The Statesmanship of Turgot</i>	176, 340
<i>Torrey, Bradford.</i>		<i>Wilson, Edward E., The Joys of Being a Negro</i>	245
<i>Anacle France</i>	394	<i>Worcester, Catherine E., Memoriae Praetitorum.</i>	711
<i>A Bird-Gazer at the Grand Cañon</i>	739		

POETRY.

<i>At Ebb-Tide, John Finley</i>	25	<i>Nature Poetry, Henry Van Dyke</i>	251
<i>Beyond, Allan Munier</i>	832	<i>Pan is not Dead, Torquil Macdonald</i>	509
<i>Girl's Waking, A. M. Lennah</i>	76	<i>Pulvis et Umbra, Edward N. Pomeroy</i>	816
<i>Lower New York, George Cabot Lodge</i>	339	<i>Reed Notes, Madison Cawein</i>	463
<i>Lyric, A. Bliss Carman</i>	670	<i>Shepherd and the Knight, The, Arthur Colton</i>	384
<i>Memoriae Praetitorum, Catherine E. Worcester</i>	711	<i>Soul of Art, The, Elsa Barker</i>	133
<i>Moods, The, Fannie Stearns Davis</i>	175	<i>To a Late-Comer, Julia C. R. Dorr</i>	542
<i>Music in Moonlight, Richard Watson Gilder</i>	610	<i>To Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Frank Dempster Sherman</i>	754

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

<i>Amalgamated Book Insurance Co., The</i>	427	<i>Of a Singular Good Cure for Melancholy</i>	285
<i>Book Plates</i>	431	<i>Of Unwritten Books</i>	714
<i>Books that Stay By</i>	283	<i>On Having Known a Poet</i>	711
<i>Choked Utterances</i>	140	<i>On Living Lives</i>	143
<i>Complaint of Travelers' Tales, A</i>	423	<i>On Phonetic Spelling</i>	854
<i>Concerning Reticence</i>	287	<i>On Writing for the Best Magazines</i>	571
<i>Do Women Enjoy One Another?</i>	856	<i>Other Fellow, The</i>	572
<i>Editing for the Best Magazines</i>	719	<i>Short Study of Editors, A</i>	138
<i>Epitaph and Biography</i>	430	<i>Such Stuff as Dreams are Made On</i>	141
<i>Melancholy of Woman's Pages, The</i>	574	<i>To a Blank Space in a Magazine</i>	720
<i>Minor Delights</i>	717	<i>Tyranny of Things, The</i>	715
<i>My Superstitions</i>	425	<i>Uncut</i>	575
<i>"Now" Descriptive of a Cold Day in South Dakota, A</i>	286	<i>Vacant Room in Drama, The</i>	857

THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JANUARY, 1906

AMERICAN DIPLOMACY

BY FRANCIS C. LOWELL

At home and abroad there has been much criticism of American diplomatic representatives as compared with those of European countries. It is often said that our men are much inferior to their expert colleagues from Europe, and we are urged to adopt a system like the European, for their careful training and due promotion. That this criticism is valuable cannot be denied. The extreme unfitness of some American envoys has discredited us, but there are advantages in our system, or want of it, which we ought not to overlook. In considering them here, we will pass over the consuls and limit ourselves to the regular diplomatic service.

Let us take a concrete case, and compare the American representatives in London with the English representatives in Washington. Since 1850 we have sent to England Joseph R. Ingersoll, James Buchanan, George M. Dallas, Charles Francis Adams, Reverdy Johnson, J. L. Motley, R. C. Schenck, Edwards Pierpont, John Welsh, J. R. Lowell, Edward J. Phelps, Robert T. Lincoln, Thomas F. Bayard, John Hay, Joseph H. Choate, and Whitelaw Reid. The English have sent to us Sir Henry Bulwer (Lord Dalling), J. F. T. Crampton, Lord Napier, Lord Lyons, Sir Frederick Bruce, Sir Edward Thornton, L. S. Sackville West, Lord Pauncefote, Sir Michael Herbert, and Sir Mortimer Durand.

Without dwelling on particular names, we see plainly that the Americans have been the more distinguished men. The English representatives have been well educated and trained, and have tried to

do their diplomatic duty, with measurable success. No one of them at any time or in any place made considerable mark of any sort upon the history of his country or that of the world. No one held important office outside the diplomatic service. To establish an accurate standard of comparison is impossible. Distinction and importance cannot be weighed. But of the Englishmen we may say that hardly one was of English cabinet rank, that is to say, had the importance which usually belongs in England to a cabinet minister. Among the sixteen Americans there are found one president, one vice-president, and an unsuccessful nominee of a great party for the latter office. Five served in our small cabinet: two secretaries of state, a secretary of war, and two attorneys-general; two others were lawyers at the head of their profession, one was a historian, and one a poet, both of high rank, and still we have not classified Mr. Adams, who did the greatest service of them all. The difference in the lists is striking.

It may be answered that we send our best men to England, while until lately the comparatively low rank of the British legation at Washington has required the choice of an English minister less distinguished than those sent elsewhere. Let us make a comparison between the Americans just named and the English ambassadors to France, as Paris is the first of English diplomatic appointments. The latter have been Lords Normanby, Cowley, Lyons, Lytton (Owen Meredith), and Dufferin, Sir Edmund Monson, and Sir Francis Bertie. Doubtless Lord Dufferin was a heaven-born ambassador,

whom any country would gladly welcome or employ, but he was hardly the equal of Mr. Hay or Mr. Adams. Like Lord Dufferin, Lord Lytton had been viceroy of India, and had made his mark in literature. But notwithstanding Lords Dufferin and Lytton, the Americans upon the whole exceed greatly in distinction. It has been said that our best men are sent to England, but the list of distinguished Americans who have represented us in other countries is long. To France, we have sent E. B. Washburne and Levi P. Morton, not to mention two unsuccessful candidates for the vice-presidency, William L. Dayton and Whitelaw Reid. To Austria, Anson Burlingame, J. L. Motley, J. A. Kasson, Alphonso Taft (Secretary of War and Attorney-General). To Russia, Simon Cameron (Secretary of War), Bayard Taylor, J. W. Foster (Secretary of State), Alphonso Taft, Charles E. Smith (Postmaster-General), Andrew D. White, E. A. Hitchcock (Secretary of the Interior). To Germany, George Bancroft, Bayard Taylor, Andrew D. White, J. A. Kasson, George H. Pendleton. To Spain, Carl Schurz, John P. Hale, Caleb Cushing (Attorney-General), J. R. Lowell, Hannibal Hamlin (Vice-President), J. W. Foster, J. L. M. Curry. Very few men of this distinction have been sent by any European country to the United States. Not so many, I believe, have served the diplomacy of any one European country during the last fifty years.

Few of these Americans had long diplomatic experience; many of them served with little or none. Hence our range of choice has been much wider than that of those countries which have maintained a regular diplomatic service. Cabinet ministers, historians, poets, lawyers, teachers, are chosen to represent the United States. No country could keep permanently in its diplomatic employ so large a number of its leaders. There would not be enough left for other necessities. The American diplomat is a man of distinction, taken from public life, literature, or the bar,

from a large business, or from a university, and set to a job for which he has had no special training. The typical European diplomat is a man of less ability and less general distinction, trained to a profession from his youth. What are the comparative advantages of the two systems?

The ordinary functions of a diplomat are matters of routine, the observation of proper formalities in public functions and in his official duties. Herein experience tells. Not only has the elaborate etiquette of courts and public offices become second nature to the ambassador who has practiced it since he was a boy, but, apart from the diplomatic career, the bringing up of a European gentleman, especially of a European nobleman, gives him the start of his American colleague, though the latter has grown up in the best society of New York or Washington. But important negotiations are now carried on by foreign secretaries, not by diplomats. The envoy who transmits messages between them is left little discretion. That he should have good manners is desirable, but want of ability and lack of initiative are not serious drawbacks. Thus far the European diplomat has the advantage. Yet emergencies may arise which call for ability in the diplomat himself as well as in his superior, the foreign secretary. There the European is at a disadvantage. His whole life has been given to the study of routine, until his initiative is gone. The American's ignorance of routine may be a positive help. He is accustomed to emergencies where something new and unexpected must be done. Business, politics, the law, literature, sometimes call for originality.

The success of American diplomacy in meeting these emergencies is illustrated by the career of Mr. Washburne as minister to France. He had been a member of the American House of Representatives and an experienced politician of Illinois, with little knowledge of Europe and almost none of the French language. His diplomatic rank in Paris was low. Nuncio,

ambassadors, some ministers plenipotentiary, outranked him. The United States then had little reputation in Europe. But when the political revolution which followed the battle of Sedan perplexed European diplomats, Mr. Washburne made it his business to do the work which lay next his hand, and he found a good deal of it. Within a few weeks the envoy who had stood near the bottom of the list was become in effect the first diplomatic representative in France. How much credit for the gain was due to our Secretary of State, Mr. Fish, and how much to Mr. Washburne, is not known, but much was due to the latter. His protection of the Germans was efficient before and during the siege. When the French government moved to Versailles in consequence of the outbreak of the Commune, Mr. Washburne formally established his legation there, but spent most of his time in Paris. He was helped by his extraordinary courage, no doubt, but courage is not a rare virtue. His common sense, leading him to disregard diplomatic traditions, contributed more than his courage to his success. Thus he was able to save some proposed victims from the Commune, and to comfort in prison the Archbishop of Paris, though he could not save him. Much of his action was irregular, and his establishment in Paris was criticized. Thus he wrote: "This action, it must be admitted, was not entirely acceptable to the government at Versailles, and it was communicated to me, as coming unofficially from that government, that it would have been better for me to have joined all my diplomatic colleagues at Versailles, and not to have kept up any legation whatever in Paris. My answer to all this was that, while I desired to be as agreeable as possible to the government at Versailles, and not to be wanting in my loyalty to it, as minister of the United States, in any respect, yet that there were vast interests with which I was charged at Paris, and, however disagreeable it might be to remain there, I owed a greater duty to the inter-

ests with which I was charged than I did to the mere etiquette which would have required me to remain in Versailles."

That some disregard of diplomatic traditions on his part does not always discredit a diplomatic representative is proved by Mr. Washburne's experience. He had aided and protected the Germans. In this way he had obtained the gratitude of Germany; but the Germans were unpopular in France. He had dealt with the leaders of the Commune, some of them vile criminals as well as armed rebels. If his acts had strained our relations with France, his successes would have been dearly bought. But his tact and common sense conciliated France. Momentary irritation soon disappeared. The French ministers of foreign affairs were persons too considerable not to admire beneficent ability, even if its methods were unusual. Mr. Washburne's habit of dealing with men of all sorts as a man of business, not much troubled by the formalities of diplomatic etiquette, pleased every one. He earned the gratitude of the Germans, while keeping French good-will. His conduct improved our position in Europe. At the other side of the world, nearly thirty years later, America was represented in China by Mr. Conger, an American politician of secondary importance, who had little knowledge of China and no diplomatic experience. An emergency arose, not provided for in the rules of diplomatic etiquette. While Mr. Conger's achievements in the Boxer troubles were not so great as Mr. Washburne's in France, yet it is understood that he was rather more than the equal of his trained brethren from England and the continent of Europe. We have just achieved diplomatic success in Russia, having disregarded diplomatic tradition so completely that our ignominious failure was generally predicted. This was the achievement of a president with neither diplomatic training nor a foreign secretary, speaking through an ambassador trained in business and politics.

Emergencies like these are infrequent,

it is true, and the close observance of due formalities is called for every day. Granted that Mr. Washburne's success was brilliant, yet such instances are necessarily rare, and have grown rarer. If our representatives in England, France, and Germany, can to-day do no more than observe diplomatic traditions, keep posted in the gossip of the capital, and avoid the little blunders upon which their colleagues, their colleagues' wives, and other persons of fashion like to dwell, then perhaps we may admit that emergencies may be left to take care of themselves, and that a trained diplomat may be most to our advantage. But some of our representatives, as it seems to me, have pointed out a new function for the diplomat which is of real benefit to his own country and to that which he visits.

An Englishman wrote at the time of Mr. Choate's departure: "Instinctively we separate the American Ambassador from all his colleagues in the Diplomatic Corps. He is the only one who really reaches the masses. He is the only one in whom the people, as a whole, have any interest. Of him alone is it expected that he will be less of an official and more of a man. One never hears of the Russian or German Ambassador being asked to lecture before a philosophical or historical society, or invited to a literary dinner. They and their colleagues are permitted to stand outside all but a fraction of the national life. They may entrench themselves behind the ramparts of society and officialdom, and none will seek to drag them forth. The public at large knows nothing of them, and does not care to know anything. They are what the American Ambassador never is, — they are foreigners, and treated as such. We surrender them cheerfully to Downing-Street, the Court, and the West End. . . . We never really give the poor man a moment's rest. We might almost be accused of trying to kill him with kindness. Even before he lands on English soil he is pounced upon by the Mayor and Corporation of Southampton, an address of welcome fired at

him on shipboard, and a speech extorted from him in reply. And that is but a foretaste of what is to come. . . . But as it is, no sooner has he presented his credentials than the bombardment begins. I must admit at once it is most vigorously replied to. England and the American Ambassador set to forthwith to see which can spoil the other the most. Chambers of Commerce swoop down upon him and bear him off in triumph as their guest of honour. The Omar Khayyam Club points an invitation at his head, demanding unconditional surrender. The Dante Society insists on his escorting its members through the infernal regions. The Wordsworth Society, the Browning Society, the Boz Club, the Sir Walter Scott Club, — all press their claims. The Birmingham and Midland Institute insidiously elects him as its annual president, and exacts by way of tribute an address on Benjamin Franklin. The Edinburgh Philosophical Institution bestows the same honour for the price of a paper on Abraham Lincoln. And so it goes on. The big public schools, knowing that he is an American, and therefore wrapped up in education, play upon his weakness and lure him into distributing their prizes. Political leagues expect him to tell them all about the United States Supreme Court. The historic City companies never once let go of him. He is a standing feature on the toast-list of the Guildhall banquet. Charitable and philanthropic societies pursue him relentlessly. Working men's institutes, trading on his democratic sympathies, bid for an evening's loan of his presence and voice. Libraries refuse to be opened except by him. He is the obvious man to unveil a bust or a portrait. The organizers of a dinner in honour of a famous English cartoonist turn to the American Embassy for the orator of the occasion. After all, I suppose it is partly America's own fault. She should not send us such charming, cultivated, broad-gauged men. Adams, Lowell, Phelps, Bayard, Hay, and Choate, — what other country has sent us representatives to

compare with them? The capacity of a long line of American Ambassadors to warm both hands at the cheerful fire of English existence has been so palpable, their interests have so manifestly stretched beyond the humdrum game of protocols and despatches, they touch life at so many more points than the ordinary professional diplomat, that we should hardly know what to do if the United States accredited to the Court of St. James any one short of her best. A tongue-tied, unsociable, purely official American Ambassador has become unthinkable to this country. We calmly take it for granted that the representative of the United States, whoever he may be, will be a first-class after-dinner speaker, and able and willing at any time to deliver an address, preside at a meeting, or unveil a monument. And so he invariably is. Why, then, should we not use him for our profit and entertainment?"

The suggestion thus conveyed is valuable, now that our ambassadors are in hourly connection with Washington, and have become little more than messengers and clerks in their ordinary work. May they not be employed in acquainting people of one nation with the people of another? For this purpose, miscellaneous ability is more effective than training. After he had become famous, Thackeray sought appointment as secretary of legation at Washington. The place was refused him because it had been promised to some one else, and also because some budding diplomat was deemed fairly entitled to it. We make ambassadors of men like Thackeray. To compare with him J. F. T. Crampton, Esq., at about that time British minister to Washington, seems to us absurd.

It is said that training is needed to avoid the blunders often committed by men who are unacquainted with the ways of courts. This is obvious, but how important are these blunders, after all? They give rise to the gossip common in the diplomatic circles of Pumpernickel and elsewhere, but, except in Pumper-

nickel, do the people of importance really care? Those who govern great states, be they sovereigns or ministers, are interested to find intelligence and capacity anywhere. They leave questions of precedence and clothes for the most part to their chamberlains and valets.

We have been successful in interesting the English people in our ambassadors, and their official position has not been much damaged by this interest. We have profited by the transaction, and this profit would have been impossible had we sent trained diplomats to London. In less degree we have profited elsewhere. We have certain advantages in supplying representatives of this sort, besides natural American adaptability. We draw from all the nations of Europe, and ought not to be strangers to any of them. Some of them are ripe for an ambassador who will talk to the people or to large classes of the people as our representatives have talked to the people of England for a generation. That one of our ambassadors appeals especially to men of letters, another to men of business, a third to men in public life, and still a fourth to teachers, but adds variety to the general interest aroused by the succession. In these latter days the people of one country are becoming curious about the people of another. International friendship and international tolerance, both important in their place, are advanced by international knowledge. The exchange of professors between our universities and those of continental Europe illustrates this growing interest of one people in another. Professor Wendell, lecturing last year in the provinces as well as in Paris, owed his welcome to his nationality as well as to his learning and literary skill. This year in Germany Professor Peabody has similar greeting from the Germans, and both will leave behind them sound knowledge and good feeling which the publication of their written lectures could not have effected. To expect our ambassador to open museums and to lecture on politics and literature seems, at first sight, to

be asking him to go outside his vocation; but does not our English experience prove that the service he thus renders is in itself important, and that it does not interfere with duties more strictly diplomatic? Let us suppose, for example, that President Roosevelt, when he leaves his office, were sent to represent us for a while in some continental country. The people of that country would be immensely interested to see him and hear him. Seeing and hearing him, they would be interested in us, and would learn to know us better. With increased knowledge, they would lose some misconceptions and prejudices, and thus we should profit by our representative. That the President is not a trained diplomat is unimportant. It may well be that we can employ him more profitably than as an ambassador, but the suggestion explains my meaning.

Illustration may be found also in the diplomacy of other countries. In the Boxer troubles of 1900, China owed much to her envoy in this country. No doubt he discharged his diplomatic duty at Washington, but he did much more. In the face of the American people, he maintained the Chinese cause under extraordinary difficulties. We did not altogether believe what he said, but we were forced to hear him. He interested us, and, even against our will, made us feel human kinship with his people, while he showed such knowledge of ours.

A trained diplomat, indeed, can be of service to a lawyer, or poet, or college president, sent to represent us at a European court. If the secretary of legation will attend to the routine of the office and will coach the ambassador in the details of behavior and dress, the latter can attend to serious matters with more leisure and effect. But to carry out this plan, the promotion of our regularly trained diplomats must stop short of the highest places in our diplomatic service, and it is doubtful if reasonably intelligent young men will be attracted to a service in which they must remain subordinates. No professional training, however well directed,

no experience, however extensive, will produce men to compare in general ability and distinction with our representatives in England, chosen almost at haphazard, during the last fifty years.

In the matter of payment, we touch upon one of our most serious difficulties. The salaries now paid are too low, especially for married men with considerable families. Private means are now needed to supplement the official salary, and so we are coming to appoint as ambassadors only those men whose private means are large. This may not be absolutely necessary. Mr. Roosevelt or Mr. Hay might live in London on \$17,500 a year without loss of prestige, but it takes great distinction to make so little money go so far. We cannot expect to get it in every case. As things go, the salary is not ordinarily large enough to enable our representative to live like his diplomatic colleagues. Therefore we appoint rich men ambassadors, to eke out the salary from their private wealth. Not only do they do this, but they outspend their colleagues so lavishly, that soon the merely rich man will be embarrassed by the extravagance of his predecessor. To curtail expense, especially for an American, is difficult. Yet the inability to live on his official salary ought not to lead an ambassador to spend ten times that amount. No nation can pay a salary like that. No nation ought to do so. But few men have that amount of money to spend, and not all the members of the small class of the very rich have the distinction which we ought to find in our foreign representatives. To limit our choice to multi-millionaires would be in every way unfortunate. If an ambassador's expenses are very large, whether he can afford them or not, he makes it harder for his successor to practice economy. To determine what an ambassador ought to spend in one place or another may not be easy, but we should make the best guess possible, fix the salary accordingly, and intimate strongly and officially to our representatives that their style of living should correspond.

That its representatives should vie with princes and great nobles does the United States no good.

Our experience has thus shown that our diplomatic representatives may render us excellent and novel service by talking freely to the people of the countries they visit, to the learned and unlearned

alike, and that we may well hesitate to establish a profession of diplomacy which would at once deprive us of Motley, Bayard Taylor, Choate, Lowell, and Andrew D. White, and before long would probably shut out Bayard, Charles Francis Adams, Washburne, and perhaps John Hay.

OF OUR ANXIOUS MORALITY¹

BY MAURICE MAETERLINCK

I

WE have arrived at a stage of human evolution that must be almost unprecedented in history. A large portion of mankind — and just that portion which corresponds with the part that has hitherto created the events of which we know with some certainty — is gradually forsaking the religion in which it has lived for nearly twenty centuries.

For a religion to become extinct is no new thing. It must have happened more than once in the night of time; and the annalists of the end of the Roman Empire make us assist at the death of Paganism. But, until now, men passed from a crumbling temple into one that was building; they left one religion to enter another; whereas we are abandoning ours to go nowhere. That is the new phenomenon, with the unknown consequences, in which we live.

II

It is not necessary to recall the fact that religions have always, through their morality and their promises extending beyond the tomb, exercised an enormous influence upon men's happiness, although we have seen some — and very important ones, such as Paganism — which provided neither those promises nor any morality, properly so-called. We will

not speak of the promises of our own, for they are the first to perish with the faith, whereas we are still living in the monuments erected by the morality born of that departing faith. But we feel that, in spite of the supports of habit, those monuments are yawning over our heads, and that already, in many places, we are without shelter under an unconsidered heaven that has ceased to give its orders. And so we are assisting at the more or less unconscious and feverish elaboration of a morality that is premature, because we feel it to be indispensable, made up of remnants gathered from the past, of conclusions borrowed from ordinary good sense, of a few laws half perceived by science, and, lastly, of certain extreme intuitions of our bewildered intelligence, which returns, by a circuitous road through a new mystery, to old-time virtues which good sense alone is not sufficient to prop up. Perhaps it will be curious to attempt to seize the first reflexes of that elaboration. The hour seems to strike at which many ask themselves whether, by continuing to practice a lofty and noble morality in an environment that obeys other laws, they are not disarming themselves too artlessly and playing the ungrateful part of dupes. They wish to know if the motives that still attach them to old virtues are not merely sentimental, traditional, and illusionary; and they seek,

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somewhat vainly, within themselves for the supports that reason may yet lend them.

III

Placing on one side the artificial haven in which those who remain faithful to the religious certainties take shelter, we find that the upper currents of civilized humanity waver, seemingly, between two contrary doctrines. For that matter, these two parallel but inverse doctrines have through all time, like hostile streams, crossed the fields of human morality. But their bed was never so clearly, so rigidly dug out as now. That which in other days was no more than altruism and egoism instinctive and vague, with waves often mingled, has recently become altruism and egoism absolute and systematic. At their sources, which are not renewed, but shifted, stand two men of genius: Tolstoi and Nietzsche. But, as I have said, it is only seemingly that these two doctrines divide the world of ethics. The real drama of the modern conscience is not enacted at either of these too extreme points. Lost in space, they mark little more than two illusive goals which nobody dreams of attaining. One of these doctrines flows violently back towards a past that never existed in the shape in which that doctrine pictures it; the other ripples cruelly towards a future which there is nothing to prognosticate. Between these two dreams, which envelop and go beyond it on every side, passes the reality of which they have failed to take account. In this reality, of which each of us carries the image within himself, it behooves us to study the formation of the morality on which our latter-day life rests. Need I add that, when employing the term "morality," I do not mean to speak of the practices of daily existence, which spring from custom and fashion, but of the laws that determine the inner man?

IV

Our morality is formed in our conscious or unconscious reason, which,

from this point of view, may be divided into three regions. Right at the bottom lies the heaviest, the densest, and the most general, which we will call "common sense." A little higher, already striving towards ideas of immaterial usefulness and enjoyment, is what might be called "good sense." Lastly, at the top, admitting, but controlling as severely as possible the claims of the imagination, of the feelings, and of all that connects our conscious life with the unconscious and with the unknown forces within and without, is the indeterminate part of that same total reason, to which we will give the name of "mystic reason."

V

It is not necessary to set forth at length the morality of "common sense," of that good common sense which exists in all of us, in the best and the worst alike, and which springs up spontaneously on the ruins of the religious idea. It is the morality of each man for himself, of practical, solid egoism, of every material instinct and enjoyment. He who starts from "common sense" considers that he possesses but one certainty: his own life. In that life, going to the bottom of things, are but two real evils: sickness and poverty; and but two genuine and irreducible boons: health and riches. All other realities, happy or unhappy, flow from these. The rest — joys and sorrows born of the feelings and the passions — is imaginary, because it depends upon the idea that we form of it. Our right to enjoyment is limited only by the similar right of those who live at the same time as ourselves; and we have to respect certain laws established in the very interest of our peaceful enjoyment. With the reservation of these laws, we admit no constraint; and our conscience, so far from trammeling the movements of our selfishness, must, on the contrary, approve of their triumphs, seeing that those triumphs are most in accordance with the instinctive and logical duties of life.

There we have the first stratum, the

first state of all natural morality. It is a state which many men, after the complete death of the religious ideas, will never go beyond.

VI

As for "good sense," which is a little less material, a little less animal, it looks at things from a slightly higher standpoint, and consequently sees a little farther. It soon perceives that niggardly "common sense" leads an obscure, confined, and wretched life in its shell. It observes that man is no more able than the bee to remain solitary, and that the life which he shares with his fellows, in order to expand freely and completely, cannot be reduced to an unjust and pitiless struggle, or to a mere exchange of services grudgingly rewarded. In its relations toward others, it still makes selfishness its starting-point; but this selfishness is no longer purely material. It still considers utility, but already admits its spiritual or sentimental side. It knows joys and sorrows, affections and antipathies, the objects of which may exist in the imagination. Thus understood, and capable of rising to a certain height above the conclusions of material logic, — without losing sight of its interest, — it appears beyond the reach of every objection. It flatters itself that it is in solid occupation of all reason's summits. It even makes a few concessions to that which does not perceptibly fall within the latter's domain: I mean to the passions, the feelings, and all the unexplained things that surround them. It must needs make these concessions, for, if not, the gloomy caves in which it would shut itself up would be no more habitable than those in which dull "common sense" leads its stupefied existence. But these very concessions call attention to the unlawfulness of its claims to busy itself with morality, once the latter has gone beyond the ordinary practices of daily life.

VII

Indeed, what can there be in common between good sense and the stoical idea

of duty, for instance? They inhabit two different and almost uncommunicating regions. Good sense, when it claims alone to promulgate the laws that form the inner man, ought to meet with the same resistance and the same obstacles as those against which it strikes in one of the few regions which it has not yet reduced to slavery: the region of æsthetics. Here it is very happily consulted on all that concerns the starting-point and certain great lines, but very imperiously ordered to hold its tongue so soon as the achievement and the supreme and mysterious beauty of the work come into question. But, whereas in æsthetics it resigns itself easily enough to silence, in morality it wishes to lord over all things. It were well, therefore, to put it back once for all into its lawful place in the generality of the faculties that make up our human person.

VIII

One of the features of our time is the ever-increasing and almost exclusive confidence which we accord to those parts of our intelligence which we have just described as common sense and good sense. It was not always thus. Formerly, man based upon good sense only a somewhat restricted and the vulgarest portion of his life. The rest had its foundations in other regions of our mind, notably in the imagination. The religions, for instance, and with them the brightest part of the morality of which they are the chief sources, always rose up at a great distance from the tiny limits of good sense. This was excessive; but the question is whether the present, contrary excess is not as blind. The enormous strides made in the practice of our life by certain mechanical and scientific laws make us allow to good sense a preponderance to which it remains to be proved that this same good sense is entitled. The apparently incontestable, yet perhaps illusory logic of certain phenomena which we believe that we know makes us forget the possible illogicality of millions of other phenomena which we do

not yet know. Nothing assures us that the universe obeys the laws of human logic. It would even be surprising if this were so; for the laws of our good sense are the fruit of an experience which is insignificant when we compare it with what we do not know. "There is no effect without a cause," says our good sense, to take the tritest instance. Yes, in the little circle of our material life that is undeniable and all-sufficing. But, so soon as we emerge from this infinitesimal circle, the saying no longer answers to anything, seeing that the notions of cause and effect are alike unknowable in a world where all is unknown. Now our life, from the moment when it raises itself a little, is constantly issuing from the small material and experimental circle, and, consequently, from the domain of good sense. Even in the visible world which serves it for a model in our mind, we do not observe that it reigns undivided. Around us, in her most constant and most familiar manifestations, nature very rarely acts according to good sense. What could be more senseless than her waste of existences? What more unreasonable than those billions of germs blindly squandered to achieve the chance birth of a single being? What more illogical than the untold and useless complication of her means (as for instance in the life of certain parasites and the impregnation of flowers by insects) to attain the simplest ends? What madder than those thousands of worlds which perish in space without accomplishing a single work? All this goes beyond our good sense and shows it that it is not in agreement with general life, and that it is almost isolated in the universe. Needs must it argue against itself and recognize that we shall not give it in our life, which is not isolated, the preponderant place to which it aspires. This is not to say that we will abandon it where it is of use to us; but it is well to know that good sense cannot suffice for everything, being almost nothing. Even as there exists without ourselves a world that goes beyond it, so there exists within ourselves another that

exceeds it. It is in its place, and performs a humble and blessed work in its little village; but it must not aim at becoming the master of the great cities and the sovereign of the mountains and the seas. Now the great cities, the seas, and the mountains occupy infinitely more space within us than the little village of our practical existence, which is the necessary agreement upon a small number of inferior, sometimes doubtful, but indispensable truths, and nothing more. It is a bond rather than a support. We must remember that nearly all our progress has been made in spite of the sarcasms and curses with which good sense received the unreasonable but fertile hypotheses of the imagination. Amid the moving and eternal waves of a boundless universe, let us not, therefore, hold fast to our good sense as though to the one rock of salvation. Bound to that rock, immovable through every age and every civilization, we should do nothing of that which we ought to do, become nothing of that which we may perhaps become.

IX

Until the present time, this question of a morality limited by good sense possessed no great importance. It did not stay the development of certain aspirations, of certain forces, that have always been considered the finest and noblest to be found in man. The religions completed the interrupted work. To-day, feeling the danger of its limitations, the morality of good sense, which would like to become the general morality, seeks to extend itself as far as possible in the direction of justice and generosity; to find, in a superior interest, reasons for being disinterested, in order to fill up a portion of the abyss that separates it from those indestructible forces and aspirations. But there are points which it is unable to exceed without denying itself, without destroying itself in its very source. After these points, which are just those at which the great useless virtues begin, what guide remains to us?

X

We shall see presently if it is possible to answer this question. But, even admitting that there is not, that there never can be, a guide beyond the plains of the morality of good sense, this is no reason why we should be anxious touching the moral future of mankind. Man is so essentially, so necessarily, a moral being that, when he denies the existence of all morality, that very denial already becomes the foundation of a new morality. Mankind, at a pinch, can do without a guide. It proceeds a little more slowly, but almost as surely, through the darkness which no one lights. It carries within itself the light whose flame is blown to and fro, but incessantly revived, by the storms. It is, so to speak, independent of the ideas which imagine that they lead it. For the rest, it is curious and easy to establish that these periodical ideas have always had but little influence on the mass of good and evil that is done in the world. The only thing that has a real influence is the spiritual wave which carries us, which has its ebbs and flows, but which seems slowly to overtake and conquer we know not what in space. More important than the idea is the time that lapses around it, the development of a civilization which is but the elevation of the general intelligence at a given moment in history. If, to-morrow, a religion were revealed to us, proving, scientifically and with absolute certainty, that every act of goodness, of self-sacrifice, of heroism, of inward nobility, would bring us, immediately after our death, an indubitable and unimaginable reward, I doubt whether the proportion of good and evil, of virtues and vices, amid which we live would undergo an appreciable change. Would you have a convincing example? In the Middle Ages, there were moments when faith was absolute and obtruded itself with a certainty that corresponds exactly with our scientific certainties. The rewards promised for well-doing, the punishments threatening evil, were, in the thoughts of the men of that time, as tan-

gible, so to speak, as would be those of the revelation of which I spoke above. Nevertheless, we do not see that the level of goodness was raised. A few saints sacrificed themselves for their brothers, carried certain virtues, picked from among the more contestable, to the pitch of heroism; but the bulk of men continued to deceive one another, to lie, to fornicate, to steal, to be guilty of envy, to commit murder. The mean of the vices was no lower than that of to-day. On the contrary, life was incomparably harsher, more cruel, and more unjust, because the low-water mark of the general intelligence was less high.

XI

Let us return to our positivist, utilitarian, materialist, or rational morality, which we have called the morality of common sense and good sense. It is certain that, beside the latter, there has always been, there still is, another which embraces all that extends from the virtues of good sense, which are necessary to our material and spiritual happiness, to the infinity of heroism, of self-sacrifice, of goodness, of love, of inward probity and dignity. It is certain that the morality of good sense, although it may go pretty far in some directions, such as that of altruism, for instance, will always be a little wanting in nobility, in disinterestedness, and, above all, in I know not what faculties that are capable of bringing it into direct relations with the incontestable mystery of life.

If it be probable, as we have hinted, that our good sense answers only to an infinitesimal portion of the phenomena, the truths and the laws of nature, if it isolate us somewhat piteously in this world, we have within us other faculties which are marvelously adapted to the unknown parts of the universe, and which seem to have been given to us expressly to prepare us, if not to understand them, at least to admit them, and to undergo their great presentiments. These are imagination and the mystic summit of our reason. Do and say what we may, we have never

been, we are not yet, a sort of purely logical animal. There is in us, above the reasoning portion of our reason, a whole region which answers to something different, which is preparing for the surprises of the future, which is awaiting the events of the unknown. This part of our intelligence, which I will call imagination, or mystic reason, in times when, so to speak, we knew nothing of the laws of nature, came before us, went ahead of our imperfect attainments, and made us live, morally, socially, and sentimentally, on a level very much superior to that of those attainments. At the present time, when we have made the latter take a few steps forward in the darkness, and when, in the hundred years that have just elapsed, we have unraveled more chaos than in a thousand previous centuries, — at the present time, when our material life seems on the point of becoming fixed and assured, is this a reason why these two faculties should cease to go ahead of us, or should retrocede toward good sense? Are there not, on the contrary, very serious reasons for urging them forward, so as to restore the normal distances and their traditional lead? Is it right that we should lose confidence in them? Is it possible to say that they have hindered any form of human progress? Perhaps they have deceived us more than once; but their fruitful errors, by forcing us to march onward, have revealed to us, in the straying, more truths than our over-timid good sense would ever have come upon by marking time. The fairest discoveries, in biology, in chemistry, in medicine, in physics, almost all had their starting-point in an hypothesis supplied by imagination or mystic reason, an hypothesis which the experiments of good sense have confirmed, but which the latter, given to narrow methods, would never have foreseen.

XII

In the exact sciences, in which it seems as if they ought to be first dethroned, imagination and mystic reason (that is to say, that part of our reason which extends

above good sense, draws no conclusions, and plays an enormous and lawful part in the hesitations and possibilities of the unknown), our imagination, I was saying, and our mystic reason again occupy a place of honor. In æsthetics, they reign almost undivided. Why should silence be laid upon them in our morality, which fills an intermediary space between the exact sciences and æsthetics? There is no concealing the fact: if they cease to come to the assistance of good sense, if they give up prolonging its work, all the summit of our morality falls in abruptly. Starting from a certain line, which is exceeded by the heroes, the great wise men, and even the majority of mere good men, all the height of our morality is the fruit of our imagination, and belongs to mystic reason. The ideal man as formed by the most enlightened and the most extensive good sense does not yet correspond, does not even correspond at all, with the ideal man of our imagination. The latter is infinitely higher, more generous, nobler, more disinterested, more capable of love, of self-abnegation, of devotion, and of necessary sacrifices. It is a question of knowing which of the two is right or wrong, which has the right of surviving. Or, rather, it is a question of knowing if some new fact permits us to make this demand and to bring into question the high traditions of human morality.

XIII

Where shall we find this new fact? Among all the revelations which science has lately given us, is there a single one that authorizes us to take anything from the ideal set before us by Marcus Aurelius, for instance? Does the least sign, the least indication, the least presentiment, arouse a suspicion that the primitive ideas which hitherto have guided the just man will have to change their direction, and that the road of human goodwill is a false road? What discovery tells us that it is time to destroy in our conscience all that goes beyond strict justice, that is to say, those unnamed virtues

which, beyond those necessary to social life, appear to be weaknesses and yet turn the simple decent man into the real and profound good man?

Those virtues, we shall be told, and a host of others that have always formed the perfume of great souls, those virtues would doubtless be in their places in a world in which the struggle for life was no longer so necessary as it is now on a planet where the evolution of species is not yet finished. Meanwhile, most of them disarm those who practice them, as against those who do not practice them. They trammel the development of those who ought to be the best, to the advantage of the less good. They oppose an excellent, but human and particular, ideal to the general ideal of life; and this more restricted ideal is necessarily vanquished beforehand.

The objection is a specious one. First of all, this so-called discovery of the struggle for life, in which men seek the source of a new morality, is at bottom but a discovery of words. It is not enough to give an unaccustomed name to an immemorial law in order to render lawful a radical deviation from the human ideal. The struggle for life has existed since the existence of our planet; and not one of its consequences was modified, not one of its riddles solved, on the day when men thought that they had taken cognizance of it by adorning it with an appellation which a whim of the vocabulary will change perhaps before fifty years have passed. Next, it behooves us to admit that, if these virtues sometimes disarm us before those who do not know of them, they disarm us only in very contemptible combats. Certainly, the too scrupulous man will be deceived by him who is unscrupulous; the too loving, too indulgent, too devoted man will suffer at the hands of him who is less so; but can this be called a victory of the second over the first? In what does this defeat strike at the profound life of the better man? He will lose some material advantage by it; but he would lose much more by leaving uncultivated all

the region that extends beyond the morality of good sense. He who enriches his sensibility enriches his intelligence; and these are the properly human forces which always end by having the last word.

XIV

For the rest, if a few general thoughts succeed in emerging from the chaos of half-discoveries, of half-truths, that beguile the mind of modern man, does not one of these thoughts assert that nature has given to each species of living beings all the instincts necessary for the accomplishment of their destinies? And has she not, at all times, given us a moral ideal which, in the most primitive savage and the most refined civilized man alike, preserves a proportional and perceptibly equal distance ahead of the conclusions of good sense? Is not the savage, just as, in a higher sphere, the civilized man, ordinarily infinitely more generous, more loyal, more true to his word, than the interest and experience of his wretched life advise? Is it not thanks to this instinctive ideal that we live in an environment in which, despite the practical preponderance of evil, excused by the harsh necessities of existence, the idea of goodness and justice reigns more and more supreme, and in which the public conscience, which is the perceptible and general form of that idea, becomes more and more powerful and certain of itself?

XV

It is fitting that we should come to an understanding, once for all, on the rights of our instincts. We no longer allow the rights of any of our lower instincts to be contested. We know how to justify and to ennoble them by attaching them to some great law of nature. Why should not certain more elevated instincts, quite as incontestable as those which crawl at the bottom of our senses, enjoy the same prerogatives? Must they be denied, suspected, or treated as illusions, because they are not related to the two or three

primitive necessities of animal life? Once they exist, is it not probable that they are as indispensable as the others to the accomplishment of a destiny concerning which we do not know what is useful or useless to it, since we do not know its objects? And is it not, then, the duty of our good sense, their innate enemy, to help them, to encourage them, and finally to confess to itself that certain parts of our life are beyond its sphere?

XVI

It is our duty above all to strive to develop within ourselves the specific characteristics of the class of living beings to which we belong, and, by preference, those which distinguish us the most from all the other phenomena of the life around us. Among these characteristics, one of the most notorious is, perhaps, not so much our intelligence as our moral aspirations. One portion of these aspirations emanates from our intelligence; but another has always gone before the latter, has always appeared independent of it, and, finding no visible roots in it, has sought elsewhere, no matter where, but especially in the religions, the explanation of a mysterious instinct that urged it to go further. To-day, when the religions are no longer qualified to explain anything, the fact none the less remains; and I do not think that we have the right to suppress with a stroke of the pen a whole region of our inner existence, with the sole object of gratifying the reasoning organs of our judgment. For the rest, all things hang together and help one another, even those which seem to contend with one another, in the mystery of man's instincts, faculties, and aspirations. Our intelligence derives an immediate profit from the sacrifices which it makes to the imagination when the latter caresses an ideal which the former does not think consonant with the realities of life. Our intelligence has for some years been too prone to believe that it is able to suffice for itself. It needs all our forces, all our feelings, all our passions, all our uncon-

sciousness, all that is with it and all that is against it, in order to spread and flourish in life. But the nutriment which is necessary to it more than all is the great anxieties, the grave sufferings, the noble joys, of our heart. These truly are to it what the water from heaven is to the lilies, the dew of the morning to the roses. It is well that it should know how to stoop and pass in silence before certain desires and certain dreams of that heart which it does not always understand, but which contains a light that has more than once led it towards truths which it sought in vain at the extreme points of its thoughts.

XVII

We are an indivisible spiritual whole, and it is only for the needs of the spoken or written word that we are able, when we study them, to separate the thoughts of our intelligence from the passions and the sentiments of our hearts.

Every man is more or less the victim of this illusory division. He says to himself, in his youth, that he will see into it more clearly when he is older. He imagines that his passions, even the most generous of them, obscure and disturb his thought, and he asks himself, with I know not what hope, how far that thought will go when it reigns alone over his lulled dreams and senses. And old age comes: the intelligence is clear, but has no object remaining. It has nothing left to do, it works in the void. And it is thus that, in the domains where the results of that division are the most visible, we observe that, in general, the work of old age is not equal to that of youth or of mature age, which, nevertheless, has much less experience and knows many fewer things, but which has not yet stifled the mysterious forces foreign to our intelligence.

XVIII

If we are now asked which, when all is said, are the precepts of that lofty morality of which we have spoken without defining it, we will reply that it presupposes a state of soul or of heart rather than

a code of strictly-formulated precepts. What constitutes its essence is the sincere and strong wish to form within ourselves a powerful idea of justice and love which always rises above that formed by the clearest and most generous portions of our intelligence. One could mention a thousand examples: I will take one only, — that which is at the centre of all our anxieties, and beside which all the rest has no importance; that which, when we thus speak of lofty and noble morality and perfect virtues, cross-examines us as culprits, and asks us, bluntly, "And when do you intend to put a stop to the injustice in which you live?"

Yes, we all who possess more than the others, we who are more or less rich, as against those who are quite poor, we live in the midst of an injustice deeper than that which arises from the abuse of brute strength, because we abuse a strength which is not even real. Our reason deplores this injustice, but explains it, excuses it, and declares it to be inevitable. It shows us that it is impossible to apply to it the swift and efficacious remedy which our equity seeks; that any too radical remedy would carry with it evils more cruel and more desperate than those which it pretended to cure; it proves to us, in short, that this injustice is organic, essential, and in conformity with all the laws of nature. Our reason is perhaps right; but what is much more deeply, much more surely right, is our ideal of justice, which proclaims that our reason is wrong. Even when it is not acting, it is well, if not for the present, at least for the future, that this ideal should have a quick sense of iniquity; and, if it no longer involves renunciations or heroic sacrifices, this is not because it is less noble or less sure than the ideal of the best religions, but because it promises no other rewards than those of duty accomplished, and because these rewards are just those which hitherto only a few heroes have understood, and which the great presentiments that hover beyond our intelligence are seeking to make us understand.

XIX

In reality, we need so few precepts! Perhaps three or four, at the utmost five or six, which a child could give us. We must, before all, understand them; and "to understand," as we take it, is scarcely, as a rule, the beginning of the life of an ideal. If that were enough, all our intelligences and all our characters would be equal; for every man of even a very mean intelligence is apt to understand, at this first stage, all that is explained to him with sufficient clearness. There are as many manners and as many stages in the manners of understanding a truth as there are minds that think that they understand it. If I prove, for instance, to an intelligent vain man how childish is his vanity, to an egoist capable of comprehension how unreasonable and hateful is his egoism, they will readily agree, they will even amplify what I have said. There is, therefore, no doubt that they have understood; but it is very nearly certain that they will continue to act as though not so much as the extremity of one of the truths which they have just admitted had grazed their brain. Whereas, in another man, these truths, covered with the same words, will one evening suddenly enter and penetrate, through his thoughts, to the very bottom of his heart, upsetting his existence, displacing every axis, every lever, every joy, every sorrow, every object of his activity. He has understood the sense of the word "to understand;" for we cannot flatter ourselves that we have understood a truth until it is impossible for us not to shape our life in accordance with it.

XX

To return to and sum up the central idea of all of this, let us recognize that it is necessary to maintain the equilibrium between what we have called good sense and the other faculties and sentiments of our life. Contrary to what we used to do formerly, we are nowadays too much inclined to shatter this equilibrium in

favor of good sense. Certainly, good sense has the right to control more strictly than ever all that other forces bring to it, all that goes beyond the practical conclusions of its reasoning; but it cannot prevent them from acting until it has acquired the certainty that they are deceiving it; and it owes to itself, to the respect of its own laws, the duty of being more and more circumspect in asserting that certainty. Now, if it can have acquired the conviction that those forces have committed a mistake in ascribing to a will, to divine and precise injunctions, the majority of the phenomena manifested within themselves; if it has the duty to redress the accessory errors that proceed from this central error, by eliminating, for instance, from our moral ideal a host of sterile and dangerous virtues, it could not deny that the same phenomena subsist, whether they come from a superior instinct, from the life of the species, infinitely more powerful within us than the life of the individual, or from any other unintelligible source. In any case, it could not treat them as illusions, for, at that rate, we might ask ourselves whether that supreme judge, outflanked and contradicted on every side by the genius of nature and the inconceivable laws of the universe, is not more illusive than the illusions which it aspires to destroy.

XXI

For all that touches upon our moral life we still have the choice of our illusions: good sense itself, that is to say, the scientific spirit, is obliged to admit as much. Wherefore, taking one illusion with another, let us welcome those from above rather than those from below. The former, after all, have made us reach the point at which we are; and, when we look back upon our starting-point, the dreadful cave of prehistoric man, we owe them a certain gratitude. The latter illusions, those of the inferior regions, that is to say, of good sense, have given proofs of their capacity hitherto only when accompanied and supported by the former.

They have not yet walked alone. They are taking their first steps in the dark. They are leading us, they say, to a regular, assured, measured, exactly weighed state of well-being, to the conquest of matter. Be it so: they have charge of this kind of happiness. But let them not pretend that, in order to attain it, it is necessary to fling into the sea, as a dangerous load, all that hitherto formed the heroic, cloud-topped, indefatigable, venturesome energy of our conscience. Leave us a few fancy virtues. Allow a little space for our fraternal sentiments. It is very possible that these virtues and these sentiments, which are not strictly indispensable to the just man of to-day, are the roots of all that will blossom when man shall have accomplished the hardest stage of "the struggle for life." Also, we must keep a few sumptuary virtues in reserve, in order to replace those which we abandon as useless; for our conscience has need of exercise and nourishment. Already we have thrown off a number of constraints which were assuredly hurtful, but which at least kept up the activity of our inner life. We are no longer chaste, since we have recognized that the work of the flesh, cursed for twenty centuries, is natural and lawful. We no longer go out in search of resignation, of mortification, of sacrifice; we are no longer lowly in heart or poor in spirit. All this is very lawful, seeing that these virtues depended on a religion which is retiring; but it is not well that their place should remain empty. Our ideal no longer asks to create saints, virgins, martyrs; but even though it take another road, the spiritual road that animated the latter must remain intact, and is still necessary to the man who wishes to go farther than simple justice. It is beyond that simple justice that the morality begins of those who hope in the future. It is in this perhaps fairy-like, but not chimerical, part of our conscience that we must acclimatize ourselves and take pleasure. It is still reasonable to persuade ourselves that in so doing we are not dupes.

XXII

The good-will of men is admirable. They are ready to renounce all the rights which they thought specific, to abandon all their dreams and all their hopes of happiness, even as many of them have already abandoned, without despairing, all their hopes beyond the tomb. They are resigned beforehand to see their generations succeeding one another without an object, a mission, an horizon, a future, if such be the certain will of life. The energy and the pride of our conscience will manifest themselves for a last time in this acceptance and this adhesion. But, before reaching this stage, before abdicating so gloomily, it is right that we should ask for proofs; and, hitherto, these seem to turn against those who bring them. In any

case, nothing is decided. We are still in suspense. Those who assure us that the old moral ideal must disappear because the religions are disappearing are strangely mistaken. It was not the religions that formed this ideal, but the ideal that gave birth to the religions. Now that these last have weakened or disappeared, their sources survive and seek another channel. When all is said, with the exception of certain factitious and parasitic virtues which we naturally abandon at the turn of the majority of religions, there is nothing as yet to be changed in our old Aryan ideal of justice, conscientiousness, courage, kindness, and honor. We have only to draw nearer to it, to clasp it more closely, to realize it more effectively; and, before going beyond it, we have still a long and noble road to travel beneath the stars.

THE WIFE FROM VIENNA

BY E. S. JOHNSON

"VEGETABLES, indeed! American, — American! Such onions, such romaine, such carrots, — huge, wretched, American! Potatoes, always potatoes! And other sweet yellow potatoes. Yet where is the Stecksalat, the cress, the endive, the Blätterkohl, the Kohl-rabi? How can one eat a salad? Without leeks, where is broth to come from? Jan, you grow nothing fit to eat. A year and a half, now, I have starved in America."

Jan Goroby smiled, and hung his mine coat on its nail behind the stove with his usual composure. The rapid flow of Polish and German was Ketta's habitual style of conversation, and scarcely more vehement than usual.

"But there are tomatoes," he observed. "And next year I will try the Eier Pflanzen. I see there is much sale of those. And soon there will be melons, too."

"Melons! If they come, they will be the American kind."

"Naturally — to sell to the Americans." Jan's heavy mouth drew wide in a cheerful grin. "It was a clever plan, Ketta. The farm does so well, and you know how to sell so cleverly. It is not for nothing that one lives in Vienna."

"Ah, ah," cried Ketta fretfully. "Some people are stupid. It is the mind, — the mind does it. Some people might live in Vienna a thousand years, and still have nothing but a silly soft heart to show for it." She tossed the baby abruptly to the other shoulder. The child was weary with the long heat of an August day, and cried peevishly.

"Your uncle is quick and cunning, too. So is the aunt. I saw it while we were on the ship. Vienna had made them so, and they do very well in New York. But it is

the mind, too; there is mind in your family, Ketta."

"I wish I lived in Vienna." The girl's black brows drew together, and the sullen expression grew upon her pretty face. "Hear the baby cry. All day long he snarls, snarls, like a dog, — listen! No wonder. He hates America, like his mother. My aunt and uncle were fools to give up the little restaurant; plenty of money was to be made in Vienna; but no! So I was a fool, too, and I came, and I married you, Jan, my clodhopper. Why I did it I cannot remember, — I think you and my uncle must have persuaded me because none of the others on the ship could talk Polish, and because he saw your purse full of money. Perhaps I thought you would get money and we could go away again to Vienna. But however that was, we come away to the coal mines, and there is nothing but coal and dirt and stupid clodhoppers and selling melons to the Americans! No beautiful city, no pleasure; always the baby cries and cries, because he was not born in Vienna. Dirt and work and dreariness, — Jan, I hate your America! It is time to go back."

Slowly, as he did everything, Jan lifted his bullet head from the tin basin in which he had been washing his face. Tufts of suds were in his hair, lines of sooty grime lay still about his eyes and nostrils, but his wet face smiled.

"No," said he slowly, in English. "Not go back. Me American. Stay American. Good place, God damn!" He returned to the basin.

Ketta stamped her foot as she sat. Jan's English, of which he was very proud, had several times gained him the victory in a conjugal difference such as this one. Slow of speech as he was, in Polish and in German she could outwit him and out-talk him; at times she even exulted over him in the rapid and irregular French which she had learned during her three years in the little restaurant of her beloved city. (This last weapon, however, had neither point nor edge, be-

cause peasant-bred Jan understood not one word of all she said.) His English, on the contrary, was perfectly intelligible to her. A year and a half in the new country had given her quick mind and quick ear some knowledge of the language, shut herself off from it as she might; but not one word would she learn to speak. Listen she must, therefore, and answer she could not, when Jan spoke in the barbarous new tongue.

"The talk of a fool," she cried contemptuously, speaking Polish. The head of the family chuckled, and replied in the same language, —

"You do not understand. At home I work and earn money, — and it goes to the Austrians. I work for my son, and he grows, and when he is grown, he is for the Austrians, too. Then he works, and makes their roads, and marches in their army, and hoes their beets, and grows their fruit, and sweats in their mines, and pays their taxes, — and *his* sons are for the Austrians, in their turn. Whatever the debt was in the beginning, it cannot be paid. There is no end to the paying: the Austrians will never say, 'Enough.' So the wiser men just run away from the debt altogether. Here, the Austrians are nobody. I know some of them in the mine, but they are not the kind that collected taxes and did the governing. They are just peasants, and they are not so smart as the Poles."

"Oxen!" interrupted Ketta tartly. "What is the good of being a little smarter than oxen? Ah, if you had ever been in Vienna, you might not talk so big and proud, fool!"

"In America," he continued placidly, "I get good wages, — so good I can rent an expensive house for my wife and my baby and me to live in. We could eat meat every day, if we chose. I load cars in the mines, but every day I watch and learn how my boss does his work. Then I belong to the Union, — yes, the Mitchell Union, — and I help say if the mine shall work or strike. One day a man says to me, 'Who shall we make governor? Who

do you want this year?' and he told me how to do it. So I went to the government, and the judge talked English to me, and I talked English to the judge, and I got a paper. And by that paper, Ketta, in a little while, — about a year from All Saints' Day, it is, — I have the vote. Sometimes a man can get two dollars for the vote, and go right on to his work the same day. The next year, the vote comes back of itself, and maybe he can get two dollars again. So I help make the government in this America. And it is as if the government paid *me* taxes. Does Vienna do that?"

Politics were beyond Ketta's comprehension, but there was other matter in his long address that touched her nearly.

"Yes, the Mitchell Union!" she cried. "A wonderful thing, — a fine thing, — for somebody. Not for Jan Goroby, though. You talk about the two dollars that you will get by a year from next All Saints' Day: will you tell me how much you will pay your union in the whole three years? You talk about taxes, but you give all that money away when you do not have to."

"Not for long," returned the husband, undismayed. "As I was saying, I can afford an expensive house, here in America. But my wife is very smart, and one day she said, 'Five rooms is too many for us three; we must take a boarder, or even two.' So we took in a Lithuian man who was a miner."

"But he's gone. He went two weeks ago. He was lonesome, and he went to the big boarding-house. Here he talked only German, and he hated German. So it's no use to talk about him."

"Every day I watched to see how my boss worked, till I knew. One night the Lithuian miner and I sat talking, and he told me how he became a miner and how much better the pay was. I knew very well for myself how much less work there was, and how early a miner could go home and leave the laborers to finish for him. Then he and I went down to the post-office, and he took a pen and changed

my union ticket a little where it was needed. I listened to his good advice. One day I went down to a man who sells papers, and bought a writing that says Jan Goroby has worked three years and become 'ex-peri-ence min-er' and can make more money. So last week a man was hurt, and I go to the office and put my head up to their wire window and show my writing and talk. I said 'That man will dead. Give me dead man job.' They laugh inside there, and read my writing from the inspector, and read my union ticket, and talk English to me and to themselves, and soon one man said, 'Alright.' So I become miner. To-day I boss two laborers, two Dägos, who obey me in English, because they cannot understand German nor Polish. Very good; all very good. Now I am miner, and I speak English, and have plenty of friends, and I have a house and money in the bank. That is enough; that is all the union can do for me; so I shall not pay any more. I belong to the union, yes, but I do not pay; I put that money in the bank. Beside, I can work more in the field, since I come home early."

"So now you will boast, boast, — boast!" cried Ketta, in a burst of nervous fury. "I tell you, I hate this country. It drives me wild. Go out to the field, quick, — go!"

"I will take the Little Son." He held out his arms for the child; but as the girl sat with drooping lids, unheeding the gesture, he laid one great hand fondly on her hair. His was the huge frame of the plain-dweller, toughened by centuries of labor in the fields; but the peasant mind within him came of the most restless, sanguine race in Europe. Things were going well, must go even better; and Ketta's wild words were nothing more than "the Vienna way." This girl with the bitter tongue was Ketta, his beauty, mother of the Little Son; and from that first meeting upon the pier at Bremerhaven his heart had lost the trick of being angry with her.

"Give him to me. He can lie in the

grass; I know a shady place. He likes it."

She handed over the child without looking up.

"How clean you keep him," spoke the father admiringly, fingering an edge of the pink print frock between powder-stained thumb and finger. "It is a good plan, this keeping children clean. I was like a pig, myself, when I was a child. Most of the American children that you see in the little wagons have not a spot anywhere; they are as clean as ours, for I looked as I came down the street yesterday."

At the gate he turned again, facing the door, the six-months'-old infant balanced carefully across his arms as a man would carry a keg of powder.

"Cook supper early, Ketta. Afterwards we will go up to the town and buy a coat for Little Son. A white coat!"

The girl watched him swing away down the street, with the stupid, leaden, tireless swing of the Emperor's army. When he was out of sight, she bowed her face in her hands.

"A white coat! An *American* white coat! Holy Mother, what a heart-breaking country!"

As the six o'clock whistles blew, Jan Goroby came back from his vegetable garden, a cabbage in one hand, the baby asleep upon his shoulder. A thunder-cloud had piled up in the west, and its shadow darkened the rooms of the little house; but there was light enough to see that Ketta sat where he had left her. She did not move. He drew the door close behind him to shut out the scurrying storm wind.

The low room was darker than ever, with the strange yellow dusk of an afternoon shower. He laid the sleeping child and the cabbage side by side on the kitchen table before he spoke.

"Ketta! Wake up."

"I was not asleep. I was thinking."

She lifted brilliant, angry eyes to his face. "Ah, you may say what you like! I cannot stand it! I must go back!"

"But I don't want to go back," echoed

Jan, in amazement. "I told you today."

"Who wants you to go? I will go by myself."

Gust upon gust smote the low walls of the dwelling. The hot yellow gloom paled to gray, deepened, and paled again, as the swollen clouds first broke, and then withheld their deluge for a greater effort. A long lull; then the doubled fury of wind and rain. Still Jan did not speak.

Ketta eyed him from her low seat. She had formed no idea of what he would do or say when the truth came home to him. Yet it was strangest of all to have him do nothing, say nothing. In the dimness his bulk towered before her, very near, huge, angular, menacing. He swayed sometimes, but again stood motionless. Once his arms twisted upward, then fell; he shook his great shock head, — but all in the same silence. For the first time in her life, Ketta knew fear of her husband.

"You go back, — without me?" The great fellow used an absurdly small, weak voice.

"To Vienna."

Then the endless, threatening pause, the swaying figure in the dark, — the writhing arms, the hard breaths, — the rush of the rain. There came a yellow flash from without, and lit up the man's face; she knew the look, — a great patient beast, impatient at last of pain. That his hurt was half sorrow, and not anger only, seemed to lay some new weight on her bitter heart.

"You go back?"

The repetition held a threat. The next flash showed the heavy arm upraised with a light sledge ready to strike. Ketta raised her forehead for the hammer.

"Beat me if you like. I do not care if you kill me. I do not care. Anything would be better than to live here."

Jan hurled the sledge from him. A fury of weeping fell upon him; on hands and knees at her side he beat his face on the floor, torn with sobs; he snatched at the rounds of her chair, the hem of her dress; over and over he cried her name.

"I could not kill you! I could not hurt you! Ketta, Ketta!"

"Kill me if you like. If not, give me some money for the steamer and let me go."

"No, no, I cannot kill you. I have never killed any one; naturally I could not kill you, Ketta."

"To-day is Thursday. There is a steamer on Saturday, — the very same I came on. The butcher over by the railroad sells the tickets, and I saw a paper, a printed sign, in his shop. The Königin sails Saturday, at New York. I know that is a good ship, so I will go on that one. You have money enough."

"You shall have the money," promised Jan, at length. Strangely enough, Ketta almost hated him for his generosity.

"You will leave" — He spoke in a broken whisper. "At least you will — give me — the Little Son?"

This time the fury was Ketta's. She snatched the child from the table, folded him to her body with one arm, and stood at bay. Curses, pleas, entreaties, promises, abuse, in Polish or German as the first word determined, poured from her in a ceaseless flood.

"But I cannot let him go. He is all I have, when you are gone. Give me Little Son. Give me the child, — show me some mercy, Ketta."

"Mercy, indeed!" cried the exasperated mother. "To go away and leave my baby an American, — to leave my lamb alone! What would the Blessed Virgin and the saints think of such a mother as that, do you suppose? No, my baby, my precious one! Mercy, you call it! You don't deserve a child, Jan Goroby."

The one window was small and strongly barred; she could not escape that way. A sudden rush gained the inner room, and she bolted herself in.

The dark storm blurred insensibly into the seasonal blackness of night. She crouched upon the bed, supperless, frightened, angry, listening for a rush against the door. There came no sound. The long night through, she dozed and

wakened watchfully, but Jan gave no sign.

The happenings of the next morning were vague and indistinct, like dreams that come when the sleeper's head aches. Jan dressed himself in his Sunday clothes and sat in the house until half-past eight, silent, doing nothing, carrying his savings pass-book in one hand. When he came back from the bank, Ketta's little tin trunk was locked; it only remained for him to shoulder it and set out.

"Where are your good clothes? Those are the old ones."

"They are where I choose to keep them. Shall I disgrace myself with American clothes, in Vienna? I am not a fool; these will do until I can get more."

"You had better wear the American hat, at least," urged poor Jan wearily. "It is handsomer than that one."

The American hat was a particularly splendid creation, having lace, ostrich tips, flowers of several colors, and a moderate allowance of velvet ribbon, superimposed upon a broad foundation of white straw. Ketta possessed it through Jan's extravagance; and secretly she admired it as much as he did.

"Very well, then," she returned haughtily. "I will wear it, since I have no better. My poor Vienna cap is not fit to show my aunt and uncle, now that they are growing rich." This change effected, she turned her back upon the little drab house and strode away without one look. Jan followed with the tin trunk.

The eleven o'clock express for New York stopped only at Batesborough, the county town. Ketta with the baby and the steamship ticket, and Jan with the tin trunk, traveled the intervening six miles by electric cars. Everywhere, Ketta took the lead, and Jan paid.

One could find the railway station easily enough, but one could not buy tickets except in English. Here Jan stepped forward and carried matters with a high hand.

"Going New York. And to come again back. How much?"

"Six-fifty," said the man behind the wires.

"I take um. Nur eins." He counted out the money and received the return ticket.

To Ketta, superb in the American hat, though somewhat cramped and constrained in the "Vienna clothes" of her girlhood, Jan presented the double ticket. She looked at it curiously while he explained.

"Half of it will take you to New York. Keep the other piece safe; it will take you from New York back here, if ever you want to come. No, no, I suppose not. But it is a wide world. One can never tell. The Little Son — he travels without a ticket."

"You throw away your money. You ought to be more careful, and save."

"What for?" asked poor Jan, with a choking throat.

Ketta was nonplussed, and did not answer. Foremost among her confusion of wishes, hopes, regrets, stood an idea that Batesborough was a hateful place and the New York train far too long in coming.

"Go over the ferry and go straight to your uncle's house," advised Jan. "You have it written down, and the people will tell you where to find it. Here is money, a hundred dollars. Hide it now and do not tell any one. Your uncle will change it into Austrian money for you. Come! There is your railroad train."

They hurried down the long platform. "Hide your two tickets, also," Jan advised, breathless, apparently, from the short dash. "In here, — so."

Ketta clambered into the car alone. The seat nearest the door was fortunately vacant, and she deposited the baby there. Going out upon the platform again, she received her tin trunk and Jan's last bit of advice, in spite of the brakeman and the dozen or so of passengers who dodged and scrambled between.

"Take care of the Little Son; be good to him. I want him to go to school. Do not let the Austrians get him for the army. And now, keep well!"

The blue-clad brakeman laid threatening hands upon the tin ark. Ketta drew it up and retreated the width of the platform. Jan also fell back. Hitherto, he had spoken in Polish, and very low. Now he raised his voice and cried out solemnly in English, —

"You come back, mebbly; some day, some day. I go home. I wait there that house. I wait for you. So long."

The exigencies of American travel drove the girl within. She sat by the window, with the baby on her lap and her feet propped up on the trunk; outside, drawn up with military stiffness, his eyes fastened upon her, a slow tear working down his cheek, stood poor Jan. There was a long, long minute before the train moved. Then the bell rang and the cars felt a preliminary jolt; Ketta smiled a brilliant, if somewhat forced, greeting to the world at large; and they were off on their travels. The Little Son appeared perfectly indifferent about both of his parents.

Unfortunately for Goroby, Saturday is a half holiday at the mines. Going out from his desolate, echoing house into the glare of the summer morning, he longed to hide himself from the light. His work in the cool, windy darkness, the smell of his lamp, the smoke of powder, the thousandfold noises of work underground, pleased him; his hurt grew duller as he gave a lesson in English to his two "Dägos." But at one o'clock, work was over. He slunk through the streets, reflecting that Ketta's ship had sailed at twelve.

Friday afternoon, when he had sat alone, wearing his best clothes on a working day and learning the weight of every idle, empty hour, had taught him a lesson. Company of some sort he must have; Saturday must be enlivened in some fashion. Human companionship, however, would make demands that he could not meet. He dropped into a convenient saloon on his way, and provided himself with that truly American drink, a fifty-cent quart of whiskey.

The first swallow of this refreshment

was so little alluring that he hesitated long before lifting the bottle for a second. He washed the soot from his face, then drew more water, stripped off his shirt, and bathed. This done, he eyed the comforter once more, but found its charms grow less in retrospect. His hoe stood behind the door, and the instinct of a thousand peasant generations awoke at the touch. One works in the daylight, — the night is good enough for drinking. Jan went out to his vegetable field.

Sunset came, but darkness lagged behind; it was late when he returned to the expensive house. He was hungry and tired, but there was nothing to eat in drawers or cupboard. The kitchen fire had gone out on Friday. He split some kindlings on the doorstep, and broke some lumps of coal with the hammer that had threatened Ketta; a cabbage that lay on the table and some meal from a bag were presently stewing together in an iron pot.

The unshaded lamp threw sharp-edged shadows on the walls and floor. Jan applied himself to the bottle again, but the first sip discouraged him anew; the stuff was nauseous to a hungry man. As the fire grew hotter, the stuffy little kitchen reached an unbearable temperature; he took the lamp and went into the bedroom to wait for supper.

He had not entered the room since Ketta packed her trunk there. Now the lamp wavered in his hand so that he was forced to set it on the floor. For on the nails around the room hung a woman's garments, — Ketta's purple dress, Ketta's blue lawn, Ketta's Easter Sunday dress with the brown satin ribbons, a sun-bonnet that she wore when she sold vegetables up in the town, — two shirtwaists, — two gingham aprons. Ketta's American clothes, that he had given her, that he had been so proud to see her wear! She had disdained them in the hour of her freedom. She had cast them off, with him, — with all that belonged to the hated new country. She would take nothing with her that might remind her of the things she loathed.

A rush of bitter pain overwhelmed him. He threw himself on his knees by the wall, burying face and hands in the purple skirt. He groaned, sobbed, prayed to it; he bit the insensate stuff between his great teeth, then, weeping, kissed the marks and begged Ketta's forgiveness; he cursed her name with a man's passion; he wailed for her with a lonely grief like that of a little boy. Then the door opened, and Ketta came in.

Bareheaded and panting, her shawl dragging behind her, she stood on the threshold: he did not turn.

"Jan!" She threw herself beside him, beseeching hands upraised. "Oh, Jan, Jan, Jan! Ketta is only a fool, after all. I could not do it. I ran off the ship. Beat me — beat me, — but only forgive thy fool!"

With a wordless cry, he turned and snatched her in his arms. Her pinioned hands struggled to reach his neck, but could not. They swayed together dizzily, both sobbing.

"Beat me!" cried Ketta again. "I deserve it, let us have it over. Perhaps I should have behaved better if you had done it before."

"No, no. Where should I get strength to hurt you?" Jan held her off to look at the flushed, tear-stained face, then crushed her close again. "So small, so weak, — no, no."

"My father used to beat my mother," Ketta argued. "With a long stick. He said it did her good."

"It is not the American fashion, I have heard," responded the master, with a grand air. Thereat, Ketta hid her face, and laughed a little, and mingled kisses with her tangled words and sobs.

"Here is the money." She drew a tightly rolled handkerchief from her dress, and threw it chinking on the floor. "That is the hundred dollars, the Austrian money that my uncle got. You see, I did not tell him I was running off; I said you were so rich that you had given it to me to go back and visit my brother till the winter. And I said the trunk was

full of splendid American clothes, all so good I could not waste any on the ship."

"Very true. Thus, — and put your head closer, poor, bad child! So. And what about the ship?"

"Yes; it was very lucky. I got back the money for the ship ticket, too, though at first they would not give it. But the cross gray-haired young man made them give it up. Then he gave me more money of his own, ten dollars, when I told him about the ticket to come back on the train. I did not tell him you gave me money, too, for that would do nobody any good. So here is all that money, more than we had at first." She dropped the notes, rustling, in a little heap, but Jan did not stir nor look.

"What gray-haired man? What was he?"

"How do I know? Some great official of steamboats, possibly. He was very cross, and sat in a great office with glass doors, and all the men feared him and tried not to catch his eye. He had no German, and he spoke French very slowly, and as if it tired him. I notice that you never can tell what languages an American will speak; there is no reason about them. So when he came out and saw me holding the baby and crying because they would not give me back the money for the ticket I did not use, he called out something very loud. Everybody kept silence, and a clerk near me whispered in German very softly: 'Tell him the whole. He knows the capers of young wives.' Presently I went in the glass room and told him all, — even losing my trunk."

"What did he say to you?"

"He did not talk much. When I told how you got the ticket for me to come back on the train, he said, 'A good idea,' and as I was saying how I felt, sitting on my trunk there on the ship, with the baby, and thinking that you were not there, and how I felt when I ran off just at the last minute before the ship moved, he made a noise like a growl. Still, he did not seem angry. Then he asked how I found that one office out of a whole city,

and I told him about the fat blue *gendarme* who understood German and sent a girl to show me. At last he said, 'You shall have your money back,' and gave it to me out of a little trunk. Then I asked him not to tell my aunt and my uncle the truth about my running off the ship, because they had said good-by to me on the deck, and would not know. He said he would be careful not to. Then at the very last, after he had gone over on the ferry and showed me the steps of the car in which I was to sit, he gave me some good advice. He said, 'Go home and behave yourself. Remember, a foolish, giddy wife can draw the living blood out of a man's heart.' That was it. After that he went away."

"That is very true. 'To draw the living blood out of a man's heart,' — yes, that is true. I have felt it for two days. He knew that."

"What is that dreadful smell?" cried Ketta, springing up, but still clinging to his hand. "Vaugh! Cabbage scorching! Is it your supper? You have not eaten? No more have I. Well, I will begin by getting you a supper. Come and bring the lamp."

Jan followed her about her preparations, treading in her very footsteps, his eyes ever wistfully upon her. At length, he was sensible of a want, a lack; something was missing. Ketta had come back: what was it? Suddenly he knew.

"The child?" he cried. "Where is the child, — the Little Son?"

Ketta laughed, a long, most musical, girlish ripple. She put down the kettle of porridge to come and lay both her hands on his shoulder.

"I left him behind. He is quite safe. I left him with my American hat. Shall we go and get him? There were several reasons."

"With your American hat?" exclaimed the mystified father. "There were reasons?"

"I thought when you saw me you might strike without waiting. You might not think of the hat, or the baby. I

thought you would be so angry, at first. I did not know you were so kind. So I put them in the butcher's shop down at the corner of the street, — all safe and off at one side, on the clean sawdust. There is plenty of time. The shop is open late to-night; it is Saturday."

You left him in the butcher's shop!" Jan gasped, in breathless astonishment. "Who would have thought of that?"

"The other reason," said Ketta, moving closer, "was a good reason, too, though you would never think of it. If you were kind, — if you forgave me, and said, 'Stay, Ketta; you are welcome,' —

I wanted to know why. I wanted to know that it was Ketta that made me welcome. I did not want to think that it was the baby. Do you see?"

"I understand," Jan whispered gravely. "But who would have thought of that? Ah, well, certainly the people of Vienna are very clever! You must stay, Ketta; you are welcome."

Flushed and frightened, she slipped from his clasp, then held out her hand shyly.

"Come; there is time while the potatoes boil. Shall we go and get the Little Son?"

AT EBB-TIDE

BY JOHN FINLEY

My spirit's at its ebb, —
With tangling silvery web
The moon is drawing me,
Is drawing me a-sea.

The tide seeks out the deep
And leaves the shores to sleep,
To sleep and dream once more,
Quit of the surf's long roar,
Nor caring what has been
What is to be, nor e'en
What is; like lotus-men
Tired of the wave, and then,
Propt in their dreamful beds
With poppies at their heads,
Tired of the memories
Of all things else than ease;
It seeks the ocean's heart,
Out where the waters part,
Going in pulsing flood
To bear the new brine-blood,
The channel's empty cup
With ichor to fill up, —
Out where they meet again
When mist and snow and rain
From watering the earth
Have come, from staying dearth,

At Ebb-Tide

From making deserts bloom,
 From turning lathe and loom,
 Nor void returning thence
 To Him who sent them hence.

All day with busy hand
 I've shifted silt and sand,
 I've beaten 'gainst the rocks,
 Carried the ships to docks,
 Or ferried others forth
 To East and South and North;
 Or else I've sought surcease,
 List'ning my hour of peace
 The brooklet's cadences,
 The marshes' silences.

But lifted, as on wings,
 I seek again the springs,
 The fountains of new life,
 Far from the rocks of strife,
 Far from the 'plaining beach,
 Far from the shallows' speech,—
 I seek the deep profound,
 With only sky around
 And only stars above,
 And His o'er-brooding love.

'T is ebb-tide where to-day
 I fought in noisy fray;
 The vagrant sands are still;
 The rocks have their own will;
 The battle's left no trace,
 Save scars upon their face;
 Only the pools have kept,
 Each in its tiny sept,
 Some portion of the wave
 That but this morn did lave
 A thousand shores, and hide
 Them, naked, with its tide.

'T is ebb-tide there and neap,
 But here the waves are steep,
 Heaped as an ocean hill
 With new desire and will,
 Waiting but heaven's call
 To hail them back to fall
 Again upon the coasts,
 Where they shall fling their boasts,
 And strive with ancient stone
 Till all the caverns moan,

Happier here to wait,
To lie and meditate,
Than o'er all coasts to roam,
Than dash myself to foam;
And happier the sands
Untroubled of my hands,
The rocks free of my fret,
The silent shoals — and yet,
And yet the shores were dead,
Save they were daily fed
By what these ravens bring
To them with tireless wing.

So let me be of those
Who make the rocks their foes,
Striking with fearless fist
Tho' eyes be filled with mist;
Who stir the sands of time
Each day to some new rhyme
Till they shall slowly raise
New temples to the praise
Of sun and moon and Him
Who set them in yon rim,
And all the land shall hear
Their singing, and have cheer;
For life — for life were death,
If it had not the breath
Of struggle in its throat,
Fearless of wall or moat;
And life — and life is life
Only if there be strife.

So fling me back, I ask,
I'll take again the task,
Rend ever and be rent,
Spend ever and be spent,
That He who sets the lights
To rule the days and nights
May have His high behest
Done of my doing's best, —
E'en as the tides have done
The will of moon and sun.

IMPRESSIONS FROM CHICAGO FACES

BY LOREN H. B. KNOX

WERE we an imaginative people, or were this an age free to indulge its fancy in symbolism, we no doubt should possess the beginnings of a mythology of Chicago. Though little more than two generations of its municipal life have passed, this city, from its quick vicissitudes, presents the perspective of antiquity. True, the masses of Chicago care nothing for its history. Yet if they were not such harrowed devotees to the ritual of commercialism they might pause to marvel at the unique record which this city has made in the annihilation of the customary duration between the birth and maturity of ordinary municipalities. Leisure to reflect would lend an astonishing dignity in the eyes of its inhabitants to the fact that its present pride of towering granite and brick is as distant from its humility of mud and marshes in the thirties as is the London of to-day from the city of the Trinobantes in the time of Cæsar. Its annals abound in the germs of fable and allegory. White men toiling over leagues of prairies or breasting the waves of three inland seas, to settle in a swamp by the side of red aborigines; the felling of the fragrant pines of the northern forests to rear the city; the first railroads bringing hosts to aid in the conquering of the wilderness; the exuberant growth of a vast commerce; the radiation from this city of steel highways to every point of a mighty empire; its function of feeding the world with the cattle, sheep, hogs, and grain from the greatest pastures and gardens of the earth; the stately dignity in which the city rose from the quagmire; the fire which wiped it from the earth, and left it a melancholy name; its phoenix-like rebirth and almost instantaneous development to a mightier state than before; its

creation of lofty, steel-ribbed temples of trade; its welcome to the hundreds of thousands of liberty lovers from the oppressed lands of the Old World; its transformation of them into American citizens; its marvelous epitome of the progress of humanity in its great exposition,—these are themes as fruitful of personifications by the high priests of poesy as were the vague social movements interpreted to us in such characters as Æneas, Evander, Hercules, Theseus, and Romulus.

But Chicago is so preëminently a type of the commercialism of the age, so feverishly hostile to the fanciful, that none of its chroniclers have successfully departed from that style adopted by statistical historians of its Board of Trade, its First National Bank, its Union Stock Yards. It has always been a city of opportunity. Formerly this was not merely the opportunity of making a steady livelihood, but it was the possibility of a quick fortune characteristic of all the boundless realm of our Western states. Men were spurred on by such chance to a restless search for new fields for development, new avenues for gain, and there was scarcely more repose and content in Chicago in 1870 than there was in San Francisco in 1850. Now, though the opportunities of this city have changed, as they have throughout the whole trans-Mississippi region, from individual to corporate and capitalistic chances, the same eagerness for money-making, as a heritage, extinguishes all sentimental fondness for tales of its origin, and drives the community exclusively in channels of facts and figures.

Indeed, tradition seems to count for less and less with its inhabitants as the years go by. A generation ago its pregnant history inspired a hundredfold more self-glorification among its citizens than

the story of achievement does now. This has become an old byword. Probably the change in the character of Chicagoans in that time, from natives to aliens, has counted strongly in this apparent lapse of civic patriotism, but as adequate an explanation is that its people now struggle wearily for a supremacy in money-making which formerly they maintained with ease and pride. Business worry, keenest competition, meagre returns for effort expended, instead of encouraging jubilant retrospection, keep the anxious thoughts of merchants on the future.

Yet, in spite of the nerve tension their surroundings create, Chicagoans possess a distinctive freedom in not being trammelled by a conformity to the imperious domination of the bygone. In talking with inhabitants of historic Massachusetts towns, such as Plymouth, Concord, Salem, and Gloucester, the writer has detected a note of impatience in their replies to words of appreciation of the significance of the past of those interesting spots; they seemed to feel those memories as a burden, and gladly turned conversation from them to the output of cordage factories, the number of new houses built, the prospect of increased shipping, or the present market for fish. The people of the Western metropolis enjoy the present opportunity of notable achievement which has passed away from the historic hamlets of the East. That opportunity has not the distinction of the birth throes of a mighty nation, nor the first call to arms in an epoch-making war, nor the conservation of the choicest in a country's literature, nor the sending of pioneer fleets to unknown lands, but it is consonant with our present life. Its mission is to be the central forum for the strife between capital and labor, to be a chief arbiter of the issues of the competitive system, to overcome old prejudices against certain broad socialistic doctrines, and, in the solution of industrial problems, to refine, as in a crucible, the drudges and serfs of Europe, the "emptiness of ages" in their visages,

into the similitude of intellectual and physical freemen.

Perhaps it is because its life is entirely in the present, and its activity bent toward the clearing from the future of the ugly difficulties of to-day, that Chicago is spoken of as a typical American city. Certain it is that it does not deserve that title because it possesses a predominant American population. Unquestionable American countenances are comparatively rare on the streets in the heart of the city, where are daily assembled a proportionate representation of Chicago's entire population. But this metropolis is performing the characteristic American labor of assimilating all nationalities, of doing something toward making the world American. It is the great social alembic of this republic, the grand consolidator of diversity into unity. To what may be generously called the refined and semi-refined product of this distillation, the city holds alluring prizes of American citizenship. All municipal and county offices, save possibly the mayoralty and the judgeships, are easily accessible to, one might almost say exclusively reserved for, the quickly stimulated political ambition of the first or second generation of aliens who are eager to turn their suffrage into material gain.

These positions of honor and emolument are not free-will offerings of friendly welcome, but are the fruits of coercion by dictating nationalities in the muddy arena of local statecraft. Germany, Ireland, Bohemia, Sweden, Italy, — these exotic units, learning the power of compromise and combination with outer forces, here in Chicago project themselves with telling effect into our political life. Doubtless this is a more or less transient phenomenon, for immigration laws in the future must exclude like inferior classes, and descendants of these cohesive countrymen will in time be scattered and absorbed in broader social bounds. But at present this process is probably the most concrete example extant of the unimpeded development of the alien under

our government. A unique dignity attaches to this distinction of being a centre toward which the great anabasis of nations, the migratory flight of discontented populations, the unparalleled hejira of fortune seekers and liberty worshipers, has flowed.

Probably in no city in the country do the masses show by their countenances fewer traces of Anglo-Saxon blood than they do in Chicago. On the thoroughfares, in the street cars, in the parks, in the public libraries, in the City Hall, in the Court House, in railway stations, on excursion boats, there is the unmistakable, universal foreign cast of physiognomy. These are not so conspicuously the raw countenances of new arrivals, but they are those variously modified by a longer or shorter identification with our social customs. Only the faces tell the general truth, for, of course, here, as everywhere else in this country where these exiles have settled, all national distinction of dress, all individuality and picturesqueness of costume, is obliterated in a dull and cheap conformity to American standards. Yet in this multitude the observer sees the wonder of the evolution of minds and souls in all stages, from the vacuity of animalism to maturity of the higher faculties. Chicago's great mission of uplifting the lower strata of races is broadly evident in the faces of its masses. Of course, only by viewing the multitude as a whole is the effect recognizable. The observer can know nothing of individuals, but looking into the countenances of hundreds of Teutons, Jews, Celts, Scandinavians, and Slavs, the prevailing types seen daily on the streets, he sees the American quality, in varying degrees, creeping in to supplant some of the more marked native lineaments. A distinguishable homogeneousness is working out of the heterogeneous human compound. Even two or three years as janitor, teamster, gardener, junk dealer, or hod-carrier in a large American city have an effect in moulding away the original inertness and depression from the features of an alien.

Though units of the throng may owe their advancement to other influences, the throng itself is a true criterion of the power of Chicago in modifying diverse peoples toward one standard. Not that even the grandchildren of Irish, German, or Bohemian immigrants are rid of the facial stamp of their progenitors; but easier environments, broader companionship, and the public school have placed on them the indelible superscription of America. Time and again one sees here beauty and intelligence in the countenances of the sons and daughters of apparently the dullest pack brutes of humanity.

Yet the influence of Chicago on its people, foreign and native alike, is in a sense perhaps more depressing than that of any other community in the United States. In degrees the same results are seen in all our large cities, but here the effect is well-nigh universal. Materialism, drudgery, and worry are written on the faces of the crowd. Unrelieved toil, weariness in money-seeking, rivalry in display, artificial, soulless flat life, the monotonous surroundings of numberless miles of commonplace, indistinguishable brick and stone dwellings, seem to have their effect in denying lightness, happiness, and peace of soul to the municipality. Back of these, industrialism — rampant, triumphant, unlovely, universally oppressive — is the primal cause. Young men, college graduates, in professions and business, to whom life should present a spiritually inspiring aspect, are surely overcome by the dragon of money-getting, and fall into its procession of careworn captives. Since the enterprise of trade gave Chicago birth, no power has prevailed against the consuming ambition for gain implanted in the bosoms of its citizens, which is the only reason for their domicile here, — the only reason, indeed, for the existence of the city.

From the general apotheosis of materialism, which is declared to be a characteristic of the republic in general, there are of course select dissenters in this city,

who seek to allay the ravages of the organic ailment by such antidotes as libraries, orchestral music, art exhibitions, university influences, and social settlements. Chicago, however, is fundamentally true to the principles of its origin. Its typhoid business temperature, its worship of the dollar, are not perceptibly mitigated by a contemplation of the highest things in life, nor even the beautiful objects of sense. Its buildings reflect the mentality of the people, being purely utilitarian, imitative in design, dull brown, dull gray, and dull red in color, to match the sooty air. Its famous sky-scrapers, quickly growing, vast and box-like, in scarcely a single instance are distinguished for architectural grace or adornment. All these structures epitomize the population, great and strong, but only emerging from the crudity of haste and necessity. Yet the perceptible evolution of the Chicago masses is always suggestive of that piece of statuary by Barnard, inspired by Hugo's words: "I feel two Natures struggling within me," in which the uprising, intellectual man is leaving his prostrate, brutish self. But in this community one feels that on the animal side, aiding it against the aspiring spirit, is the thralldom of unceasing toil. Few of its inhabitants are more than one degree removed from lifelong, soul-deadening strain and effort after a livelihood. Overwhelming numbers are fast in these bonds to-day, but happily they are not resigned to their state. Everywhere the observer gets the idea that the local body politic is looking and growing upward. Those animal likenesses which Emerson saw reflected in human features are here preëminent to the imaginative eye, but the totality of faces shows that they are becoming overcast and rendered normally obscure by soul germinations and florifications.

We are not speaking of the lessons to be drawn from the activities of Chicagoans, but of deductions springing from a cursory view of the expression of the crowd. Though coarse lineaments, or a

nervous tenseness of eye and mouth, which are the heritage of work and worry, appear on ninety-nine in a hundred faces, there is also there, in a large proportion of them, clear as a written page, the capacity for boundless absorption of ennobling ideals. In studying the physiognomies on the streets the thought recurs again and again that here is a midway poise in social evolution, a multitude of tremendous potentiality for a higher life, which cannot receive the inspiration according to its ability because there is no great force to overthrow the absolutism of the material. In the faces of many laborers are suggestions of the highest traits shown in the features of illustrious jurists, philanthropists, philosophers, and educators. But with these appear the cunning engendered by getting a dollar by hook or crook, the resignation to poverty, the hereditary subservience to wealth, the indulgence in the coarse pleasures which are the only recreation of this class of men.

In this panorama of character growth Chicago differs from other large municipalities of this country in the fact that the developing peoples are here in larger proportion than elsewhere. Unlike the general aspect of the throngs in the largest cities of the East, those of Chicago show small admixture of the educated, refined native element. Nowadays a stranger on the street does not pass the type of man which fits his ideal of the originators of the city's greatness. Only in a few localities of its business district are American faces so numerous in the streets as to be continuously evident. Four blocks on the east side of State Street adjacent to the great retail emporiums of the higher grade, four blocks in Wabash Avenue where are art, music, and book stores, and three blocks in Michigan Avenue from the Art Institute southward, are the channels where, like those immemorial, stationary hillocks of water in the whirlpool rapids of Niagara, Americans are prominently and perpetually thrown out of the seething currents of aliens

which flood the other highways. But in spite of the fact that in the native minority most clearly is moulded the outward token of intellectuality, it, as well as the foreign majority, is conspicuously in a state of flux. Though highest in the mental plane, it bears the characteristic Chicago stamp, — the business countenance, clear, alert, but hardly indicating anything beyond a contemplation of profits, markets, and securities. One thinks how resourceful, how unrivaled such men are in a business setting, with a fitness for their environment like that of a cow puncher for his on the great plains; yet this hypercritical reflection intrudes, — how utterly they in their self-satisfaction would suffer intellectual abasement in the air of Oxford, Baireuth, or Florence.

Men might be expected to display this badge of their servitude, but the women, who, by the way, outnumber the sterner sex on the portions of the thoroughfares mentioned, portray in their faces suggestions of similar qualities. A summary of blurred, routine panoramas of passing femininity, extending through years, would emphasize, as traits of American women of Chicago, calculation, independence, shrewdness, experience of the world, love of the insignia of affluence. Certainly women of wealth, as well as the hosts of salesladies and female clerks and stenographers, are often imprinted with these designating marks, or at least disclose in their features or expressions clues to a paternity of tradesmen whose intellectual range has been limited to trade.

It is hard to write of one's impression of the mental unfolding of a multitude whose composite expression is of the earth earthy. Alike behind the knit brows, arithmetical eye, material nose, close, thin lips, and practical chin of the higher order of Chicagoans and the animalized features of the lowest class, there is a sure though changeable sign that these folk are living up to the best of their opportunities. The correctness of this facial interpretation is borne out by

the eager patronage of all elevating agencies by the varied elements of the fermenting mass: the arts of social settlements by localized aliens; the public libraries by the thousands of poor and moderately well-to-do workers; and the exhibits of paintings at the Art Institute, and the numerous concerts, by every type of men. It is a fancy, of course, but a fancy which leaves a conviction, that in the masses, as noted before, one constantly catches comparisons between the commonplace individual and characters of high renown. Suggestions come from the stream of countenances of resemblances to people of commanding gifts. Ascending degrees of this similarity are apparent to the observer who looks at physiognomies with that curious purpose. Natives lead in the upward drift, but the remade assimilated denizen is growing into the traits and marks of the New England stock.

Add to these the children of immigrants, who, while inclined to certain customs of their parents, as the observance of Old-World festivals and the patronage of band concerts and beer gardens, yet, unconsciously perhaps, affect superior airs, pride themselves on their Americanism, and eagerly imitate the pleasures and habits of the city at large. They learn the latest comic opera tunes, shout themselves hoarse at baseball games, imitate cheaply the prevailing styles of dress, go by boat in summer with the crowds on dollar excursions to Michigan resorts. Hungary, Poland, Italy, Germany, fade from the faces and the hearts of such youth. They are now as characteristically Chicagoan as are the children of Vermonters who came here before the Civil War. Indeed, they are so in a truer sense, for their greater numbers make them a more prominent type.

No doubt abundant exceptions could be taken to these generalizations. Such impressions, it might be said, do not comprehend the vast number of Americans who have left former homes in the heart of the city, and now dwell in a mighty

periphery of Chicago's environs. Here, as in most of the great cities of the United States, the native element, except a small hotel population, is moving steadily outward toward the suburbs, leaving old aristocratic neighborhoods to the successive occupation of progressive settlements of immigrants. But the double attraction of business and bargains brings men and women alike into the downtown district every day, thus mixing the mass of natives and aliens in a just abstract of the whole population of Chicago.

Chicagoans now sigh for the boundless individual opportunities of forty years ago. The present influx of population seems the momentum of human sheep who follow their leaders after the latter have long since devoured the substance of the land. In passing in and out of our marts of trade, a stranger would know from the strained, eager visages that here was a people aiming singly at material opportunity. But were he of an analytical cast of mind, he would not be long in recognizing the stupendous capacity and need of this people for intellectual and æsthetic opportunity, — something to broaden life and make it worth living.

One cannot but feel that the coming of these powers for cosmopolitan culture to Chicago will be in abundance, perhaps in greater proportion than in New York or Boston. Chicago in its diversity is, nevertheless, in a negative sense at least, unified; that is, distinctive social strata do not here so entirely segregate classes as they do in the East. Neither society nor politics in this city is organized for that long-established, oppressive domination which is a distinctive feature of the oldest municipalities. Commercialism alone is the great incubus. Democracy in its free self-assertion is not repressed, and the Demos halts in its measures for self-improvement only at the limits of its education. Those bettering instrumentalities no doubt will come according to the capacity of the entire population. It is not one portion of the city which needs them, but the whole. An insight into the

capabilities of this multitude for improvement is seen in the almost complete reform of the city council within the last ten years, and the recent overwhelming verdict for the municipal operation of the street railways. If internal factors are not so thoroughly consolidated for aggressive and overawing power in Chicago as in communities like New York and Philadelphia, where the inevitable tendency of humanity toward caste and monopoly has for a long period had free play, yet the very absence of a blue blood aristocracy and of a thoroughly entrenched political machine gives this city a freedom to express itself in its entirety with virile power.

Where we find such potentiality the elevating agencies can hardly be remote, nor long delayed. Already they appear in embryo in the public schools, the unrivaled Thomas orchestra, the libraries, the great university, the museums, the academies, the art institute, and in many social settlements. No city of similar age has done so much for the higher life of its citizens. Yet the effect of this leaven is so far seen only in the suggestions in the faces of the people of refining powers at work under the imperious sway of commercialism. It is true, moreover, as has been charged, that certain of these potencies named, themselves compromise with the reigning autocracy of the material, and are thwarted of their highest effect. But influences are mutual, and the æsthetic cannot always be the vanquished side. Let us indicate a few touchstones of the larger, better era to come. When a person may not frequently, nay, commonly, overhear at a restaurant of the better class conversations exemplified by that of one well-dressed salesman explaining to another how he rebuked and humiliated a rival vendor of dress goods who intimated that he was not a gentleman; when the typical, prosperous-appearing youth on the sidewalk does not pause in his hurry to gaze long and steadfastly at a man who has accidentally jostled against him, so as to mark well the

unconscious culprit for future vengeance; when two business men can chat socially without getting on the price of stocks or provisions; when such art exhibits as the "Damm Family" cease to hold gaping knots of pedestrians at store windows;

when the people of the community eradicate the trait of speaking at all times of everything and everybody in terms of money, then we may know that the intellectual reclamation of Chicago is at hand.

THE UNIVERSITY PRESIDENCY

BY ANDREW S. DRAPER

THERE are at least four features which distinguish university work in America and exercise a decisive influence upon the form of government in American universities.

The first grows out of the universal democracy of the country and the common ambitions of the people. Every one who shares in the spirit of the country wants to go to the top, and continually hears that he may, if he will seize his opportunities. He has no thought of following his father's work, unless, as is quite improbable, it is in line with his special ambitions. The need of the higher training for all kinds of work involving mental aptitude is now everywhere recognized. The secondary schools have become a part of the common school system, and every teacher in high school or academy leads his students very near to the point of thinking that they will lose their chance in life, and even be discredited, if they do not advance to college or university. The university life is now specially attractive to the young, and they want a share in the pleasure and enthusiasm of it. This brings to the universities great numbers who in other days never went to college; who in other lands would not go now. Many of these must be both led and pushed.

Then, the common thought about liberal education has changed. It is no longer only classical, culturing, disciplinary: it must prepare students not only for the

multiplying professions, but for the multiplying industries. It trains one for *work*, but work which may distinguish him. Cultivated aimlessness is no longer the accepted ideal of American scholarship. Culture which is not the product of work, either mental or manual, with some definite point to it, is held to be at second-hand, only skin-deep, and not to be taken seriously. It must not be said that mere strength and steadiness in holding down a job are the marks of an educated man. There must be native resourcefulness and versatility, sound training and serious study, discrimination in means and methods, and rational applications to real things in life, in ways that bring results of some distinct worth to the world. It makes little difference *what* one does, but he must do something. The all-important fact is not that real learning may now be found in all businesses, — though that is important, — but that one must do something of recognized value, to be held a scholar. It may be not only in letters, or science, or law, or medicine, or theology, but it may be also in administration, in planning and constructing, in mechanics, in agriculture, in banking, in public service, in anything else worth while.

If one's powers of observation, of investigation, of expression, and of accomplishment, lead him to do something of real concern, to do it completely and quite as well as, or better than, others can do

it, and impel him to open up new vistas and methods of doing other things of larger moment, he has a better right to be held an educated man than he who incubates the unpotential and brings forth nothing. And not only have educational values changed, but educational instrumentalities have changed. Books and academic discussions have their part, but in many directions it is now a minor part. Things are taught and learned, new insight and the power to do are gained, through actual doing. And not only is the training through doing rather than through reading and talking, but the opportunity of selection extends to every subject and every study. It requires buildings and equipment and teachers never before within the means of an institution. It has revolutionized the scope, the possessions, the plans and methods, the offerings, and the outlook of the universities. While this is coming to be true in a measure in other countries, the unconventional freedom, the industrial aggressiveness, and the unparalleled volume of money going into university operations in this country have given us the leadership of a New-World movement in higher education.

Again, university revenues come from men who have done things and want other things done. It is exclusively so in the private institutions, and the people and their representatives who vote appropriations to the state universities have no other thought. While few are so short-sighted as to be opposed to a balanced and harmonious university evolution, still, money is provided more freely for the kinds of instruction in which the providers are most interested. This, of course, gives shape and trend to the development. But it does more: it creates the need of teachers not heretofore adequately prepared or not prepared in adequate numbers. The vastness, the newness, and the unpreparedness of it all create the need of general oversight and close administration. Even more, when teachers are not supported by student fees, but

are paid from the university treasury without reference to the number of students they teach, or very sharp discrimination about the quality of work they do, there is no automatic way of getting rid of teachers who do not teach or of investigators who do not produce. Some competent and protected authority must accomplish this and continually reinforce the teaching staff with virile men. The competition between institutions rather than between men, and the natural reluctance at deposing a teacher, are producing pathetic situations at different points in many American universities, and are likely to become the occasion of more weakness in our university system than has been widely realized.

Yet again, the sentiment of this country does not agree, and doubtless will never agree, that American universities shall stand for mere "scholarship" without reference to character, or that boys shall be allowed to go to the devil without hindrance, for the lack of university leadership, or to accommodate administrative cowardice or convenience. Students will have to be controlled and guided in this country, and American universities will have to have leaders who are leaders of morals as well as of learning, and who will stir the common sense, and use the common sentiment, through the authoritative word spoken in the crowd.

One may lament that our universities are not copied upon German or English models; that overwhelming numbers of students are going to them; that not all who go are serious students; that we are moving in new educational directions; that our professors are not made to live on fees; and that there is neither a care for superficial culture without much regard for true scholarship, nor a vaunting of mere scholarship without reference to moral character. The labor is lost. These things are so: they are right because they are so; because they are the outgrowth of the compounding of a great new nation in the world, and because they are the logical outworkings of a marvelous

advance in the thinking of men who are free to do some thinking for themselves.

It is hardly worth while to be troubled because we cannot see the road beyond the turns that are ahead. There is a road beyond the turns, — or one will be made. President Pritchett of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, in a recent address at the University of Michigan, published in the September *Atlantic*, discusses, without answering, the question, "Shall the University become a business corporation?" Dr. Pritchett ordinarily does things exactly and completely. He can answer questions, — particularly when he asks them of himself. He did not answer this one because the answer is so obvious. He used his question to express a very common skepticism. Of course the university cannot become a business corporation, with a business corporation's ordinary implications. Such a corporation is without what is being called *spiritual aim*, is without moral methods. Universities are to unlock the truth and turn out the best and the greatest men and women; business corporations are mainly, if not exclusively, to make money. If this is a harsh characterization, it cannot be denied that it has been earned by the great business corporations with which the great universities must be compared if they are to be compared with any. A university cannot become such a corporation without ceasing to be a university. The distinguishing ear-marks of an American university are its moral purpose, its scientific aim, its unselfish public service, its inspirations to all men in all noble things, and its incorruptibility by commercialism. But that is no reason why sane and essential business methods should not be applied to the management of its business affairs. It is a business concern as well as a moral and intellectual instrumentality, and if business methods are not applied to its management it will break down. If they are not to be employed, the university, with its vast accumulations of materials and men, must

be a mistake, or, worse yet, a wrong. It is neither a mistake nor a wrong, or it would not be here. It is neither an accident nor an impulse; it is a growth, the deliberate product of conditions, of means, and of thought. It is a great combination of material resources and moral forces essential to modern competitions, the needed inspiration of all factors in the population for large areas of territory, and its usefulness depends upon giving the management both moral sense and worldly knowledge.

The responsible authorities in the management of a university are the trustees, the president, and the faculty. Legal enactments settle in some measure the exact functions of each, but common knowledge of the kinds of government which succeed when much property and many interests are involved, as well as the imperative necessities of the particular situation, have gone much further to establish the governmental procedure in the university. While the immediate purpose is to exploit the functions and powers of the university president, some reference, necessarily brief, must be made to the prerogatives and duties of the trustees and faculty.

A vital principle in all government involving many cares and interests is tersely expressed in the statement that bodies legislate and individuals execute. It goes without saying that legislation must be by a body which is both morally responsible and legally competent, and common observation proves to us that it must concern an actual situation, to be of any real worth. If it involves special knowledge, it must be by men who have the knowledge or who will respect the opinions of others who have it.

Trustees, as the representatives of the founders or donors, or of the state, are practically, if not altogether, unknown to foreign universities. Those universities are managed directly by the government, or by the faculties, or by both. The introduction of trustee management into American universities has resulted neces-

sarily from their more democratic character, from their different manner of support, from their independence of the government, and from the difference between the political systems and popular purposes of the New World and the Old. With the early development of American universities it was obvious enough that they could not be left to the management of political officers; that they must be managed without partisanship and governed by law rather than supervised by legislatures; and as they have taken shape it has been equally clear that the appointment of teachers and the assignment of resources to departments could not be left to the faculties. The special circumstances of the universities, and the practically uniform plan of corporate management in America, developed the board of trustees in our universities, with functions and powers subordinate to and consistent with, and exercised in a similar manner with, those which are held by the sovereign legislative authority over all corporations. Trustees stand for the legislature so far as the law permits.

The trustees of a university are charged by law, either statutory or judge-made, or by widely-acknowledged usage, with that general oversight and that legislative direction which will assure the true execution of a trust. They are to secure revenues and control expenditures. They are to prevent waste and assure results. They are never to forget that they represent the people who created and who maintain the university. They are not to represent these people as a tombstone might, — but as living men may. They are to do the things their principals would assuredly do if in their places, to enlarge the advantage to the *cestui que trust*. This is a heavy burden. It must be assumed that it is given to picked men who are specially able to bear it; who would not give their time to it for mere money compensation, but are happy in doing it for the sake of promoting the best and noblest things.

The trustees do not live upon the cam-

pus, and they are not assumed to be professional educationists. Their judgment is likely to be quite as good as to the relations of the work to the public interests, and as to what the institution should do to fulfill its mission, as that of any expert would be. To get done what they want done, they must enact directions and appoint competent agents. The individual trustee has no power of supervision or direction not given to him by the recorded action of the Board. What they do is to be done *in session*, after the modification of individual opinions through joint and formal discussion. It must be reduced to exact form and stand in a permanent record. Trustees make a mess of it when they usurp executive functions, and they sow dragons' teeth when they intrigue with a teacher or hunt a job for a patriot who thinks he is in need of it. They are bound to regard expert opinion and to appoint agents who can render a more expert service than any others who can be procured. They are to keep the experts sane, on the earth, in touch with the world, as it were. They are to sustain agents and help them to succeed, and they are to remove agents who are not successful. From a point of view remote enough and high enough, they are to inspect the whole field. They are bound to be familiar with all that the institution is doing. They are to be alert in keeping the whole organization free from whatever may corrupt, and up to the very top notch of efficient public service. There is too much money involved to permit of idle experimentation, too high interests at stake to allow of vacillation and uncertainty. Under a responsibility that is unceasing and unrelenting they must learn the truth and never hesitate to act upon it. And they must find their abundant reward, not in any material return to themselves, but in the splendid fact that the great aggregation of land and structure and equipment, of great teachers and aspiring students, of sacred memories and precious hopes and potential possibilities, is doing the work of God and

man in the most perfect way and in the largest measure which their knowledge and experience, their entire freedom, and their combined wisdom and forcefulness can devise.

The business of university faculties is teaching. It is not legislation and it is not administration, — certainly not beyond the absolute necessities. There is just complaint because the necessities of administration take much time from teaching. It lessens the most expert and essential work which the world is doing. It seldom enlarges opportunity or enhances reputation. It is true that teachers have great fun legislating, but it is not quite certain that, outside of their specialties, they will ever come to conclusions, or that if they do, their conclusions will stand. The main advantage of it is the relaxation and intellectual dissipation they get out of it. That is great. And, in a way, it may be as necessary as it is great. Of course teachers could not endure it if they were always to conduct themselves out of the classroom as most of them seem to think they are obliged to do in it. Perhaps others would also have difficulty in enduring it. They are given to disorderliness and argumentation beyond any other class who stand so thoroughly for doing things in regular order. It is not strange. It is the inevitable reaction, — what some of them would call the *psychological antithesis*, I suppose. Nor is it to be repressed or regretted, for it adds to the effectiveness and attractiveness of the most effective and attractive people in the world. All this is often particularly true of the past masters in the art. No wonder that Professor North, who taught Greek for sixty years at Hamilton College, — "Old Greek," as many generations of students fondly called him, — wrote in his diary that it would have to be cut in the granite of his tombstone that he "died of faculty meetings," for he was sure that some day he would drop off before one would come to an end.

But the needs of the profession ought to be met by directing the surplus of

physical and intellectual energy into really useful and potential channels, such as sports, or battling over academic questions with the doughty warriors of other universities.

Speaking seriously, university policies are not to be settled by majority vote. They are to be determined by expert opinion. The very fact of extreme expertness in one direction is as likely as not to imply lack of it in other directions. Experts are no more successful than other people in settling things outside of their zone of expertness. Within that they are to have their way so long as they sustain themselves and the money holds out. But the resources are not to be equally divided for mere convenience. University rivalries are not to be adjusted by *treaties* between the rivals. More of university success depends upon keeping unimportant things from being done in a mistaken way than upon developing useful policies and pursuing them in the correct way. Men and work are to be weighed, not counted. Department experts are to determine department policies, college experts college policies, and university experts university policies.

What the President of the United States is to the Federal Congress; the president of the university is to the board of trustees. It has not long been so, because American universities are recent creations. When colleges were small, when the care of their property was no task, when all of a college were of one sect, and theology was the main if not the only purpose, when there was but one course of study, and the instruction was only bookish and catechetical, administration was no problem at all. There was nothing to put a strain on the ship. Even though there was no specific responsibility and no delegation of special functions, with immediate accountability, possessions did not go to waste, frauds did not creep in, and injustice and paralysis did not ensue. It may easily be so now in the smaller colleges; it cannot be so in the great universities. The attendance of thousands of

students, the enlargement of wealth and of the number of students who go to college without any very definite aim, the admission of women, the more luxurious and complex life, the greater need of just and forceful guidance of students, the multiplication of departments, the substitution of the laboratory for the book, the new and numberless processes, the care of millions of property and the handling of very large amounts of money, and the continual and complete meeting of all the responsibilities which this great aggregation of materials and of moral and industrial power owes to the public, have slowly, but logically and as a matter of course, developed the modern university presidency. It is the centralized and responsible headship of a balanced administrative organization, with specialized functions running out to all of the innumerable cares and activities of the great institution. It is the essential office which holds the right of leadership, which has the responsibility of initiative, which is chargeable with full information and held to be endowed with sound discretion, which may act decisively and immediately to conserve every interest and promote every purpose for which the university was established.

It may be well to specify and illustrate. Conditions are not wholly ideal in a university. Men and women not altogether ripe for translation have to be dealt with. Real conditions, often unprecedented, have to be met. Not only effectiveness within, but decent and helpful relations with neighbors, constituents, and the world, are to be assured. Some authority must be able to do things at once, and some word must often be spoken to or for the university community. When spoken, it must be a free word, uttered out of an ample right to speak.

An American university may be possessed of property worth from three to fifty millions of dollars. This is in lands and buildings and appliances and securities. These things may be legislated about, but that alone is not caring for

them. To keep them from spoliation and make the most of them, there must be expert care through a competent department, but in harmonious relations with an ever-present power which has the right and responsibility of declaring and doing things.

The very life of the institution depends upon eliminating weak and unproductive teachers and reinforcing the teaching body with the very best in the world. Unless there is scientific aggressiveness in the search of new knowledge, some very serious claims must be abandoned and some attitudes completely changed. No board ever got rid of a teacher or an investigator — no matter how weak or absurd — except for immorality known to the board and likely to become known to the public. The reason why a board cannot deal with such a matter is the lack of individual confidence about what to do, and of individual responsibility for doing either something or nothing. But, with three or four hundred in the faculty, the need of attention to this vital matter is always present and urgent. No board knows where new men of first quality are to be found; no board can conduct the negotiations for them or fit them into an harmonious and effective whole. The man who is fitted for this great burden and who puts his conscience up against his responsibility can hardly be expected to tolerate the opposition of an unsubstantial sentiment which would protect a teacher at all hazards, or the more subtle combination of selfish influences which puts personal over and above public interests when the upbuilding of a university is the task in hand.

Not only must the teaching staff be developed, — the work must be organized. It must develop a following, connect with the circumstances and purposes of a constituency, and lead as well as it can up to the peaks of knowledge. It is not necessary that all universities cover the same lines of work or have the same standards. It is not imperative that all have the same courses or courses of the same length. It is necessary that all serve and uplift their

people. But how? A master of literature will say through classical training and literary style; a scientist will say through laboratories; a political economist will say through history and figures and logic; an engineer will say through roads and bridges and knowledge of materials, and the generation and transmission of power and skill at construction; and a professional man will say through building up professional schools, providing no mistake be made about the particular kind of school. Some one of wide experience, having a scholar's training and sympathies, possessed of a judicial temperament and of decision as well, must have the responsibility and the initiative of distributing resources justly as between the multifarious interests, and binding them all into an harmonious and effective whole.

Difficult as that is, it is not the heaviest burden of university leadership. Ideals must be upheld and made attractive: they must be sane ideals which appeal to real men, — and not only to old men, but to young men. There must be no mistaking of dyspepsia for principle, no assumption that character grows only when powers fail; but a rational philosophy of life by which men may live as well as die.

Nor is this all. There must be forehandedness. Some one must be charged with the responsibility of peering into the future and leading forward. New and yet more difficult roads must be broken out. Some one in position to do it must be active in initiating things. He must see what will go, — and, quite as clearly, what will not go. Subtle but fallacious logic — and a vast deal of it — must be resisted, greed combated, conceits punctured, resources augmented, influences enlarged, forces marshaled for practical undertakings, and the whole enterprise made to give a steadily increasing service to the industrial, professional, political, and moral interests of a whole people.

Then there is the management and guidance of students. One may as well complain because this country is a de-

mocracy as repine because the sons and daughters of the masses want to go to college. There is no ground for regret in the fact that our universities are not just like some universities over the seas. We have much to learn from them and we are likely to learn much. We have quite as much to avoid. It seems too much to expect to work un-American ideas, and perhaps loose habits, out of American students who study in Europe, when they come home. Our universities are different from the universities in other countries, because of our circumstances and political history, because of our spirit and outlook. That is reason enough why they should be different.

It is useless to question whether all who come to the higher educational institutions are wise in coming. They *are* coming. The work will have to be broad enough and adaptable enough to meet their needs. Nor is it worth while to bewail the fact that not all who come are serious students. Their purposes are good enough and serious enough according to their lights. Their preparation is what has been exacted by the university and provided by the high school. Some of them have to be pulled up and pushed along, but the process often brings out most unexpected results. Students are not all angels, but every student is worth being helped by an angel up to an angel's place. The task is upon the people who undertake to manage universities.

Students have to be directed in companies, but dealt with individually. They may be directed by a rule; when they break the rule they must be dealt with by a man. It must be a man who can stand pat for all that ought to inhere in a university; but such a man will get on best if, in addition to being able to stand pat, he is able to like boys; he is likely to get on still better if he was once a rather lively boy himself; or, at least, if he is a kind of man for whom a boy with some ginger in him can find it in his heart to have, not only considerable respect, but some regard and admiration.

This is not saying that college students are to be treated like children. It is not implied that they are to be excused for being ruffians. Quite the contrary is true. They are to be held exactly responsible to law and rule and all well-known standards of decent living. There must be less viciousness in the life of American universities, or they must and ought to suffer seriously for it. It is to be resented and punished far more forcefully than it has been. Students who get into this kind of thing and persist in staying in are to be punished, even to the point of being thrust out — and even though it changes the course of their lives and breaks the hearts of fathers and mothers. The good of all is the overwhelming consideration. A university is to be a university, and not something else. Of all institutions, it is to stand for character and ideals. The universities are not to be closed and all youth denied their advantages because a few abuse their privileges. The punishment of the bad, if there are any bad, is the protection of all the rest. It is an essential safeguard to safe administration and the wholesome living of the crowd. But is it not better to go farther and hold all the boys we can from going to the dogs by keeping in sympathy and touch with them, than it is to encourage them into deviltry through the coldness or the downright dullness or nervelessness or cowardliness of an administration?

The logic of the situation puts this burden upon the president, or upon one working with singleness of purpose with him. Perhaps the president cannot deal with all directly, but that is no reason why he should not go as far as he may. He must assume responsibility for management, giving the right turn and inspiration to it. It is essentially an executive function. The sun may well avail himself of the help of a cloud to save his face when a board of trustees begins to make preachments filled with benevolent advice to a body of students; and even the man in the moon may be excused if he shuts one eye in contemplation at the spectacle of

a university senate of many members undertaking to deal with a college boy in a scrape.

So much in reference to routine. The president who only follows routine, of course falls short. He is to construct as well as administer. He must initiate measures which will result in larger facilities, in added offerings and enterprises, in searching out new knowledge, in the wider application of principles to work, and not only in the usual, but in the better training of men and women for distinct usefulness in life. He is not only to see that plans are within the limits of revenues, that the physical condition of the plant improves, that everything is clean and attractive, that the faculty is scientifically productive, that the instruction is exact and the spirit true; but he is to take the steps which will keep the whole organization moving ahead. He must adopt and promote and give full credit for movements initiated by others when their propositions are safe and practicable, — but he must also be alert in stopping movements which will not go.

Perhaps more important than all, the president is to declare from time to time the best university opinion concerning popular movements and the serious interests of the state. He must connect the university with the life of the multitude, and exert its influence for the quickening and guidance of that public opinion which, as Talleyrand said, is more powerful than all the monarchs who ever lived or all the laws which were ever declared.

The unity and security of a university can be assured only through accountability to a central office. While every one is to have freedom to do in his own way the thing he is set to do, so long as his way proves to be a good way, the harmony of the whole depends upon the parts fitting together and upon definiteness of responsibility and frequency of accountability. No self-respecting man is going to administer a great office, or an office responsible for great results, and have any doubt about possessing the powers necessary or

incident to the performance of his work. He will have enough to think of without having any doubt upon that subject. There need be no fear of his being too much inflated with power. There will be enough to take the conceits out of him and keep him upon the earth. If he cannot exercise the powers of his great office, and yet keep steady and sane, there is no hope for him and he will speedily come to official ruin. It is not a matter of uplifting or of inflating a man; but of getting a man who can meet the demands of a great situation.

One fit to be trusted with large powers does not boast of them, and he does not need to exercise them very often. He will not go swaggering about, as the beadle does in Dickens's story, always pounding with his staff and proclaiming that the supreme occasion has now come for which he was created a parochial beadle. If large powers are over-used or abused, the man who does it comes to an early official end. The fact of the presence of such powers makes the occasions for their exercise less frequent than they otherwise would be. There is, happily, a higher law in administration, as in everything else, and it both supports and limits the use of means to the accomplishing of ends.

Distinct and decisive authority in both the legislative and executive branches of university government is vital to peace and productivity. Nothing is so disheartening as chaotic conditions without law and leadership. There is small danger from autocrats in America or tyrants in American universities. There is more danger from mistaken reasoning about the means and methods by which the sentiment of a democratic people may have its expression and their wishes have result. Decisive executive authority is not at all inconsistent — it is thoroughly consistent — with democracy in government and freedom in universities. Democracies are as much entitled as any other form of government to have their purposes executed and get things done. Objections to this are sometimes offered, and then, of

course, they are placed upon public grounds, but in fact they rest upon personal considerations. The men who see dangers in leadership, and in the supports which aid leadership, are the men who find it in the way of their peculiar views or personal ambitions; and rather singularly they are also the men who, having any measure of independent control themselves, bloom into as sizable specimens of the species *martinet* as can develop in purely democratic conditions.

Of course, no one can realize the hopes which centre in a university presidency, without being able to work harmoniously with others. There must be true deference to the opinions of many, and scrupulous recognition of the just, though unexpressed, claims of all. But we must never forget that administrative freedom is quite as inviolable as any other freedom, even in a university. The president must mark out his official course for himself, and bear the responsibility of it without cavil. He must expect to suffer criticism and opposition, even contumely. He cannot expect that the work he has to do will make every one happy. It will discomfit many. In one way or another they will give him all the trouble they can. The protests will be loudest because of the very acts for which his office has been developed. But he may comfort himself with the reflection that if the job were not so heavy there would be a cheaper man to manage it, and that the extent of the opposition is often the measure of real presidential business that is being performed. In any event, his only hope is in success, and he cannot go around the duty which confronts him without inevitable failure. Conditions may easily make a mere compromiser of him. If they do, the waves will speedily close over his official remains forever. Some choice and magnanimous spirits will help him; but he need entertain no doubt that there will be plenty more on every side to try out the stuff that is in him, and that they will diligently attend to the trying-out process until enough

occurs to convince them that his wisdom, his rational conception of his task, his love of justice and sense of humor, his constructive planning, his independence, and his fearlessness, are sufficient to ignore little people and prove him worthy of as great an opportunity for usefulness and honor as ever comes to any man.

All this calls for a rare man. He ought, in the first place, to be reasonably at peace with mankind and in love with youth. He must have the gift of organizing and the qualities of leadership. He ought to have been trained in the universities, not only for the sake of his own scholarship, but that he may be wholly at home in their routine and imbued with their purposes. He must be moved by public spirit as distinguished from university routine or mere scholarly purpose. He must be a scholar, — but not necessarily in literature or science or moral philosophy. It is quite as well if it is in law, or engineering, or political history. He must be sympathetic with all learning.

He can no longer hope to be a scholar in every study. He can hardly hope to administer such a trust or fill such a post without some knowledge of and considerable aptitude for law. His sense of justice must be keen, his power of discrimination quick, his judgment of men and women accurate; his patience and politeness must give no sign of tiring, and the strength of his purpose to accomplish what needs to be done must endure to the very end. Yet he must determine differences and decide things. He must have the power of expression, as well as the more substantial attainments. Beyond possessing sense, training, outlook, experience, resistive power, decision, and aggressiveness, he ought to be a forceful and graceful writer and at least an acceptable public speaker. In a word, the president of an American university is bound to be not only one of the most profound scholars, but quite as much one of the very great, all-around men of his generation.

NOTES ON NEW NOVELS

BY MARY MOSS

THROUGH its unconscious exaggeration of superficial, temporary traits, even the ephemeral fiction of any period, taken in mass, may end by producing an entirely genuine record. To give an example, Thackeray in the most general way tells how Colonel Newcome lost his money, and then goes on to explain in detail how that loss affected him. But after reading a half dozen recent specimens of American business novels, you feel like a graduate from some hideous commercial college. You could fleece the good Colonel and evade jail without further instruction. A dozen such books as *Le Nabab* would not equip you with so intimate a knowledge of the Bourse; yet succeeding gen-

erations can enjoy Daudet's story, while to risk prophecy, will any but future ethnologists find their account in our sordid tales of rapine?

*The Memoirs of an American Citizen*¹ is a serious study of the kindly, unscrupulous man of affairs. He starts as a penniless boy in Chicago, and, narrowly missing prison, ends as a United States senator worth countless millions. The story is told in clear, personal narrative which never strays into a false key. The robber captain is dishonest only in a big way. Far more conscientious than a promoter

¹ *The Memoirs of an American Citizen*. By ROBERT HERRICK. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1905.

like Cæsar Birotteau, he sells good sausage. His only temptation is to bribe, and to this he perforce yields, consoling himself with the exercise of family virtue, generosity, and loyalty to friends. His preference would be for flawless honesty, but the choice lies between bribery and unmerited ruin. The book is intelligent, not very vivid. It deals with common people, without being in itself in the least common.

*The House of Cards*¹ shows a young lawyer from Boston, inspecting Philadelphia under the wing of a philosophic and benevolent Asmodeus. Elliot Gregory's ability recommends him to certain powerful financiers, who of course control politics. They offer him instant success and riches; he comes quickly to the parting of the ways: shall he compromise with his scruples and join them, or deliberately destroy every chance of a career by refusing, merely for the abstract comfort of knowing his soul to be white? It is of course fully understood that in case of his not "coming into line" that white soul is certain to be his only asset. It is choosing martyrdom without a mediæval saint's comfortable assurance of halo and heaven! At this juncture, he is swayed by the noble and heroic history of an uncle killed in the Civil War, and you leave him dedicated to exalted failure. If the anonymous author be a young beginner, the story shows promise, if only in imagining a contrast between the youth of today, and his forbears of sixty-one. Also, he betrays a sense that all of life is longer than his own particular decade.

In *The Plum Tree*² Mr. Phillips sticks closely to the matter in hand. For him there is no past, no future, merely an absorbing present. *The Plum Tree* is a complete specimen of the impersonal American novel. Truly, novel it is not, but the literal record of a politician's start, rise,

and triumph. Types are broadly indicated; only one man meets individual treatment. The others, corporation magnates, bosses, heelers, are all capable generalizations, in no way differing from others of their species. Here again we have an honest youth browbeaten and boycotted into accepting conditions as he finds them, with the mental reservation that when he can afford it, he will revert to decency and patriotism. All this is clearly and soberly told. At times there is grim humor in the very absence of comment. Mr. Phillips suggests no remedy; he draws his picture, blaming no one. The politician's lot is not held up as easy or attractive. He must trim between corporations who control all legislation and apply all funds to their own uses, and the people, who cannot be openly robbed beyond a certain limit. Let him displease either, and he is knifed without pity. Here again, as the people incessantly change, as their interests may at any minute merge in those of the corporations, or rather, since there is constant migration from their ranks into the moneyed ranks, the people's power cannot be accurately gauged. Nor can they be counted upon to strengthen an honest man's hand against corruption, since interest alone guides them, neither conviction nor principle. Their interests are also less easily predicted than corporate interests; consequently, besides immediate temptation to side with wealth and power, the politician is farther tempted to join with issues which are conveniently focused for future use. It is easier both to further them, and to be on guard against treachery. Mr. Phillips lays this bare in a simple, readable narrative. Story, in a sense, there is none; style, in a literary sense, there is none; merely a serviceable prose, straightforward and energetic. Although the hotel, parlor car, telephone, and elevator are omnipresent, they serve to clothe an idea, the idea of degradation. They are accessories, part of a demonstration, not the substance of the book. The only living human being is Burbank, the figure-head

¹ *The House of Cards*. By JOHN HEIGH. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1905.

² *The Plum Tree*. By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1905.

president, whose appearance, platform manner, and domestic virtue endear him to the public. I have dwelt upon this at length, because *The Plum Tree* sums up a quantity of books, all more or less ably telling the same story. The wonder is that the public read them with complacency. When a Russian so relieves his mind in print, one set of citizens weld chains upon his ankles, and make him walk, fasting, to Siberia, while the others uphold him as a sacred example to their sons and daughters. An uncomfortable condition, but on the whole healthier than ours, where we have been content to treat corruption like climate, finding it horrid, but inevitable.

With some rawness of execution, Mr. Mighels, in *The Ultimate Passion*,¹ shows welcome vitality, and also introduces a real innovation. We here meet the American-born adventurer, the lobbyist who is *not* Greystone's wife. With her comes a hint that Tartuffe may also exist in our virtuous country, a move from the accepted position that, whatever his methods in business, the American is always an example to Sir Galahad. This is axiomatic. We value it so highly that we forgive everything else on account of it; so highly, in fact, that at a pinch we assume it. On the whole, comparing these four stories, *The Ultimate Passion* alone suggests a possible reversion to the old-fashioned novel about people.

Following this, in *The Road Builders*,² Mr. Merwin breaks the terrible monotony of deals and watered stocks, by putting his transaction in the open air, in a dimension of toil, sweat, and motion. Instead of the sky-scraper, you are at least given engineers' shanties, surveyors, laborers in the desert. Their water supply (drinking water) is cut off by a rival railway, their lives are threatened. The principle is unchanged, but you see it through

a less sordid medium. You have fewer restaurants, frock coats (such a chapter as could be written on the new financier's clothes!), but the element of primitive adventure breaks in upon the dreariness of tickers and script. Women are left out; there is a hero, but he loves a line of rails and ties.

To review the whole array of these novels, their literary quality, to be polite, is not striking; but however different the treatment or show of capacity, two points are common to them all. Without exception they state that to-day, in America, no able man may find play for his powers, and stay honest. Also, one and all, these novels have really ceased to treat the individual. They abandon men and women for a condition. It is not how your hero manages his fight, it is how his fight manages your hero. They are recording the history of organization; they sing no longer the man, but the arms. Formerly the hero fought one enemy, a whole tribe of enemies, but still he might win through, join his friends, turn the tables, and conquer in the name of God and the right. Nowadays, however, St. George would either have to go virgin-hunting with the dragon, or be gobbled up. He fights a system, with never an open mesh for him to slip through. Moreover, as it is the able and ambitious who are marked for moral bankruptcy,—those whose personal influence is powerful,—and as they may not exercise it for good, they are forced into active proselytism for evil. Even the most modern Frenchmen (as in Fabre's *Ventres Dorés*) feel bound to give a sinister turn to pictures of dishonesty, an apoplexy or a suicide, some faint note of retribution. In our novels, however, only the man who persecutes the hero comes to grief, unless, indeed, the pair end by going into partnership.

To feel the contrast between these and a real book, you have only to open *Nostromo*.³ Money again is the basis, but with a difference. It is the story of the effect

³ *Nostromo*. By JOSEPH CONRAD. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1905.

¹ *The Ultimate Passion*. By PHILIP VER-
RILL MIGHELS. New York and London: Harper
& Brothers. 1905.

² *The Road Builders*. By SAMUEL MER-
WIN. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1905.

of a silver mine upon the people coming under its spell, the Old-World romance of treasure. Mr. Conrad unravels the bewildering threads of a South American republic seething with revolutions. He clothes in palpitating flesh and blood the things we read in headlines for a day and forget. But here is no melodrama, no opera bouffe with serious moments. It is all deadly earnest. Mr. Conrad gives not only sensational events, war plots, counter-plots, but preëminently and always he is occupied with character. His grave patriots, his bombastic half-breeds, his Europeanized, debased savages, fanatical priests, English Creoles, the old soldier of Garibaldi, are all human beings. Nostromo himself, who might easily have been a cheap swashbuckler, is studied from within. His subtleties and simplicities, the key to his actions, are understood and laid bare. You have to pay close attention. Things happen which you do not fully understand. The story is involved, the movement seems to go backward; it is clumsy. Then suddenly you discover that this is his method, the most extraordinary blending of mystification and revelation. Episode by episode, he positively begins by telling you the end of each adventure, then at his leisure, how it came about. This he does habitually and with good effect. He baffles you with no tawdry mystery, you are not constantly guessing. He frankly tells you "the man was dead," or "in the end, this was successful;" then, having fully posted you on other pressing matters, he lets you know how it happened. The result is that you live his story. When you come down from the mountains into Sulaco and find — all manner of things, you gradually catch up with events as if you had missed your newspaper and dropped a few days behind the world. At first this method bewilders you, but you quickly grow used to it, grow saturated with the place, the people, with the stern, pessimistic morality of the whole. Before long, out of confusion, tumult, and a sense of labor, you emerge into one of those marvelous pas-

sages where Mr. Conrad has no rival; passages in which you live his scene, you taste, smell, and hear with his people. The very elements come at his call. In chapters seven and eight, there is an episode described with such genius that, reading it under a blazing noonday sun, I felt only the midnight darkness of Mr. Conrad's tropic sea. Loneliness, isolation, and fear obliterated the people moving about me. Aching silence drove out the sound of crashing trolley cars. What he willed to tell became more potent than fact. The stimulated imagination controlled actual bodily impressions. Such passages are necessarily rare, but his sense of sustained excitement does not depend on the picturesque setting. The setting merely helps with those of us who find more charm in the pink-tinted, palm-shaded streets of Sulaco than in a Chicago office building. Do not understand me to say that the very greatest kind of novel may not be written, to-morrow, on — an issue of bonds. With Saint-Gaudens's noble Lincoln to disprove it, who can deny that a truly great statue may be wrought in senatorial frock coat of Sunday broadcloth? But I do say with conviction not only that statues so attired are usually ugly and stupid, but that they unpleasantly impoverish the imagination. Possibly Mr. Conrad could put life even into a fraudulent transaction in stocks, but while, no doubt, he could do this, let us be thankful that he still finds matter in the high seas, the islands, and the snow-capped Cordilleras.

Finance among the short story writers takes a deplorable turn. Several volumes lie before me, actually dedicated to certain trades and professions. Their business accuracy is beyond my field of judgment, and upon other ground they have no possible existence. The blight of money once laid aside, you find a number of excellent collections. Mr. Colton's *Belted Seas*¹ is as pleasantly entertaining as if some of Mr. Jacobs's home-

¹ *The Belted Seas*. By ARTHUR COLTON. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1905.

biding captains had venturesomely gone to sea with a ship's company recruited by Stevenson, Conrad, and Louis Becke. Not that Mr. Colton plagiarizes. As Anatole France points out, ideas, like air and riparian rights, are common property. The use to which they are put is individual. If another man makes the sun ripen his cucumbers, you are bound to let his harvest alone, but you may capture the same rays for the benefit of your own garden patch. Mr. Colton's stories are hearty, again I must say readable (perhaps no one who has not just been through a hundred and forty perfectly new novels can appraise this quality at its true worth), with that flavor of spicy islands which acts as a welcome condiment.

To a land-lubber, Mr. Colton's seafaring technic sounds as convincing as that of *The Deep Sea's Toll*,¹ by Mr. Connolly, which, though applauded by all true sailors, is a trifle too special for a general reader.

On the contrary, though nothing could be more specialized than *The Smoke-Eaters*,² to appreciate its merits you need not belong to the New York Fire Service. Mr. O'Higgins creates a human interest, in showing the mental attitude of firemen to one another, to the city, to the ward boss. A fireman regards his public much as a shepherd dog looks upon his flock. He feels the same imperative call to save life, the same contempt for the silly sheep. The author brings out the development of this special instinct by environment, the fostering of a useful brutality, the gladiatorial thirst for a fight. He describes a body of men living in the city, an outcome of civic needs, yet strangely isolated by their hours of work, their barrack life, their plunges from tense inactivity into the fiercest danger. This is given as a picture, vividly, with movement, and, from first to last, not one word of explanation.

¹ *The Deep Sea's Toll*. By JAMES B. CONNOLLY. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1905.

² *The Smoke-Eaters*. By HARVEY J. O'HIGGINS. New York: The Century Co. 1905.

Thanks to a distinguishing personal gift, in *A Yellow Journalist*³ Miss Michelson also writes of her special field in a way to interest people whose closest tie with yellow journalism may be the habit of reading a worthy morning paper. The gift is dash, unsurpassed, undaunted dash. Her gay, emotional, unscrupulous little girl-reporter, listening at doors, lying, cheating, keen as a rat terrier, looks upon life as war. She bows to a code of strictly professional ethics, but it sanctions behavior of which you cannot approve. Nevertheless, upon laying down the book (and you do not lay it down unread) you have finally come to be more edified than disgusted. Moreover, you have been in interesting places. In Chinatown, in convents, you have a whiff of that queer San Francisco world; not a conscientious exposition, but breathless glimpses, as you scurry along on a "beat" with Miss Rhoda Massey. The book overflows with robust gayety, with the quality of sentiment that goes with beat of drum, with the spirit in which combatants kill but do not hate one another. Miss Michelson is as popular, as "catchy" as ragtime, but she always credits you with average intelligence. Like Mr. Kipling, Mr. Henry James, and Mr. Bernard Shaw, she expects you to understand.

Mr. Huneker also takes for granted that you have a normally receptive adult mind. In his *Visionaries*,⁴ he uses the slang of art and literature, as effectively as Miss Michelson employs the startling idiom of yellow journalism, but the pace differs. In fact, there is none. These are pictures, thoughtful, intricate pictures, with a tinge of morbid mysticism, better to be enjoyed by reading one, at intervals, than devoured wholesale at a sitting. The point is that Mr. Huneker studies real states of mind, and the contortions of various temperaments under characteristic modern conditions. Music, poetry, and

³ *A Yellow Journalist*. By MIRIAM MICHELSON. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1905.

⁴ *Visionaries*. By JAMES HUNEKER. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1905.

the plastic arts form his field, and in spite of an over-precious vocabulary, he cannot fail of appeal to people who feel no rooted antipathy to bookishness in books.

Mr. Huneker's stories seemed so far above the average that only after embarking upon Miss Cather's *The Troll Garden*,¹ did I realize his temptation to be almost too clever. This young lady is fully as clever, even more so, I suspect, but she is so much in addition that no single quality predominates to the hurt of an harmonious whole. Not one of these six stories but is full of observation in which a keen eye for accessories merely aids the expression of a deep feeling for meanings. Each little vignette is a delicate and complete study of some phase of an artist nature in contact with the outside world. I am tempted to point out in detail the tenderness of "The Sculptor's Funeral," the insight of "A Garden Lodge," the humor of "Flavia's Artists," the sympathy of "A Death in the Desert," with its incidental touches of that wisdom which, although only a repetition of world-worn facts, is ever new when it comes as personal revelation to any one of us. Miss Cather's discoveries, though seldom gay, are always colored with gentleness, as when she says, "Discerning people are usually discreet, and often kind, for we usually bleed a little before we begin to discern." Each story is entirely reasonable, probable, happening any day under our unseeing eyes. No new ground has been broken, yet they are fresh, unhackneyed. They reassure you on the point that true imagination does not depend upon fantastic flights; it may even, as in "Paul's Case," play upon an unpromising schoolboy in a back street. For cultivation and distinction of style, Miss Cather may even rank with Mrs. Edith Wharton, but she is far more sympathetic, far deeper; not in the sense of being obscure, — she is above all simple, — but deeper in feeling; yet she occupies your mind as fully,

looking out upon the passing show with much discernment, with humor, and with a sense of beauty. Although her stories are short and unpretentious, they seem to me quite the most important in recent American fiction, and I hasten to note (in view of what follows) that the author hails from a part of the country which our grandmothers used to call "the West."

After studying a shelf-full (I decline to name them) of novels portraying fashionable, aristocratic, high-society Western life (I have their word for it), with their dreadful colored frontispieces of self-satisfied young ladies, their hopeless superficiality, their sameness and trashy knowingness, I honestly tried to find whether the antipathy they aroused sprang from prejudice or just cause. Why, to take a sentence chosen at random, is this so offensive? "A tall young man sped swiftly up the wide stone steps leading to the doorway of a mansion in one of Chicago's most fashionable avenues." Suppose Mr. Hichens were to write the same, merely substituting the word "London," for "Chicago"? To begin with, it is unsupposable. He would find another way! When a man writes of "fashionable" society anywhere, he must either do so from the angle of an observer (a kitchen observer, if you will, like Chimmie Fadden or Jeames Yellowplush), or in such style as to make you confident that he knows what he is talking about, that he is of it. Such a sentence as the above shatters your trust. The author probably believes the maiden his hero is speeding towards to be a high-born lady. You suspect her of chewing gum, of lately discovering her finger nails, of using active-transitive words without their lawful objects. Yet you know, as a fact, that the West does contain people with all the hallmarks of universal civilization. Is it snobbish to judge by these trifles? That question belongs rather to life than literature, or would if the two were separable. How can it be snobbish, when the race track, the theatre, the newspaper, are all al-

¹ *The Troll Garden*. By WILLA SIBERT CATHER. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. 1905.

lowed their special vocabulary? If a laureate of the prize ring were to say, "The Black Bantam then passed a little way to the east and slapped the Pink Chicken's right limb," we should doubt his authority. Trollope fully understood the common streak in dear Lady Glen-cora, Duchess of Omnium, and his frank acknowledgment of this gives you faith in his judgment when he implies the good breeding of Lady Mary Palliser and Miss Violet Effingham. On the whole, I can find no reason that Society should not have its accepted formula, and that all lapses should be laid to imperfect observation on the chronicler's part, or leave him under the suspicion of having strayed in upon a "fake" performance.

Such objection in no way applies to Mr. Jack London's excellent novelette, *The Game*.¹ With entire skill he gives the idyl of a shop girl and a prize-fighter. If the idyllic side makes a perceptible demand upon your credulity, the result is at least attractive. If the young man's defense of his craft recalls Cashel Byron's, it is only because both are correct. Indeed, word for word, I was privileged to hear exactly such a plea from a prize-fighter's girl who was not idyllic, nor could she by any chance have quoted Bernard Shaw.

Mary Austin's *Isidro*² is another readable California story, a not too probable Spanish-American romance, gaining color from a picturesque setting.

A judicious use of setting also forms the value of *The Girl from Home*,³ a sketch of court life in Honolulu, when Kalakaua was king. Mrs. Strong's story is of the slightest, but it leaves you with a cheerful sense of having lately picnicked in some pleasant spot where a perpetual sun shone with pure benevolence.

Local New England novels, with few exceptions, for the time being, suffer from inanition. The younger writers

¹ *The Game*. By JACK LONDON. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1905.

² *Isidro*. By MARY AUSTIN. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1905.

³ *The Girl from Home*. By ISOBEL STRONG. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. 1905.

there seem hemmed in by crystallized and immortal types, till their productions irresistibly suggest those gentle birds cherished by Miss Hepzibah Pyncheon, the proud and pathetic survivors of an illustrious race.

A year ago the South was in much the same state. Until the Civil War, life was being lived there much too passionately to favor literary expression. Following the war came a time when the mere struggle for daily bread absorbed every energy. Finally the ripened emotion found outlet, and we enjoyed a flood of Southern novels, all teeming with vivid, first-hand experience. With the exception of Miss Grace King, who has ever written purely as an artist, all these talented men and women had a message for the world, and sadly, humorously, or passionately, they hastened to tell it. Then the emotion set into a convention. A generation grew up who received it second-hand from their parents, from their grandparents! Instead of that revolt from the immediate past, that healthy attrition, which makes the breath and pulse of art, the Southern novelist rested content with looking out through his grandmother's spectacles, until each successive impression seemed a fainter shadow of the last. Now, suddenly, the New South looks about for itself. The new story-tellers suffer from a tradition of florid writing, from diffuseness; they have not laid hold upon their characters; but they face the South to-day as people to whom life is real, and to whom the war, the Lost Cause, has become a beautiful and stirring memory.

The mere fact of this forward mental step must of necessity refresh the literary movement. *The Northerner*⁴ is a perfectly candid, courageous picture of Southern life to-day. If Miss Davis condemns lynching, discusses aspects of the color question hitherto ignored by Southern women (always excepting Miss King), none the less she is full of sentiment for her own birthplace. If she lavishes orna-

⁴ *The Northerner*. By NORAH DAVIS. New York: The Century Co. 1905.

mental words, she is never common. Although a street railway plays a large part in *The Northerner*, it never monopolizes the stage. If she plainly sees local faults, her hope and affection lie in the New South, with its unforgettable background, a background which her heroine thus charmingly explains to a stranger from the North:—

"How can I put into language that which has neither speech nor language of its own? I could not define Dixie any more than I could explain nostalgia. I could not even tell you . . . that it extends from the Ohio River to the Gulf — for it does not. There are great tracts within that area which are just simply — Florida, Texas, Georgia. Not Dixie at all! Dixie is a feeling — you know — a belief, a sentiment. Like the German Vaterland. And where those currents set strongest and swiftest in the Sargasso Sea of feeling, as it were, there — there is Dixie!"

*The Master Word*¹ possesses much the same quality of straightforwardness. The troubles arising from an unfortunate mulatto girl are not met as if she alone were responsible for her mixed blood. Taken for itself, *The Master Word* is not perhaps a better book than many I am passing without mention. Taken in its place, it is full of significance, and should be neglected by no one who wishes to follow contemporary conditions.

Whether it be that American humor is merely lying fallow, or whether it seeks a field other than fiction, I have lately found few sensations so rare as a smile. Mr. Chambers, however, in *Iole*,² opens with a very taking humor. This is a slightly fantastic satire, told with all his skill and sureness, but unfortunately he has expanded a short skit into a book, by a perfectly apparent and mechanical device. The fun really ends with *Iole*'s marriage, at which point a wise reader, grate-

ful for a smile, will move on to other pastures.

Fiction immemorially supplies two kinds of Venus, the serious and the — tinted. *The Venus of Cadiz*³ is tinted with a refreshing gayety. I began it, tuned for one more tale of rustic life, sad or sweet, but slightly monotonous; and behold, a laugh! Richard Fisguill's book is as rational, earnest, plausible, and full of purpose as an Offenbach libretto. But please remember, those librettos were written by Henri Meilhac and Ludovic Halévy! Having staged his piece in a Kentucky cave among moonshiners, the author troubles himself not at all about his plot. That may (and in a fashion does) take care of itself. He is quite too light-hearted for troubles of any kind, spontaneously reeling off his ideas, ridiculous or witty, as they bubble up within him. Take him very gravely, and he evaporates in your clutch. Read him sympathetically, and he will reward you with the next best thing to tears, — a laugh.

In a former paper, I spoke rashly of the historical novel as being on the wane. I was much astray! In America alone, the past six months have given birth to six thick novels upon European and Asiatic history, covering the Second Empire, Roundhead and Cavalier, Saladin, Charlemagne, the Danish invasions; one even undauntedly describes a scene with which most of us are familiar in the twenty-second chapter of St Luke! On American history before the Civil War, I have no less than eight volumes, of which the most readable is *The Reckoning*.⁴ The British occupation of New York is an interesting period, and not overworked. It is also free from Quakers, who have sunk to be the accredited bores of our patriotic fiction. Mr. Chambers's richly dressed puppets move briskly through their many trials to a happy end, and the author, as I before said, is a competent story teller.

¹ *The Master Word*. By L. H. HAMMOND. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1905.

² *Iole*. By ROBERT CHAMBERS. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1905.

³ *The Venus of Cadiz*. By RICHARD FISGUILL. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1905.

⁴ *The Reckoning*. By ROBERT CHAMBERS. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1905.

Novels dealing with the Woman Question grow very rare. To follow the course of this movement, with which fiction was once so busy, Woman first wished to repudiate, then ignore her sex. She is now excitedly rediscovering it! The tyranny of Man has, however, ceased to be an active grievance. *The Wine Press*¹ alone hovers about this, but without acrimony. The real onslaught here is upon the early tendencies of women's colleges. In *Amanda of the Mill*,² Marie Van Vorst attacks the treatment of factory girls, but this is only a part of her very striking indictment of labor conditions, applying almost equally to men.

The theme of labor has also fallen into disuse. Although it is touched on by Mr. Pier in *The Ancient Grudge*,³ his special bent lies in quite another direction. While lacking the swing and vitality to animate large issues, he possesses, perhaps unknown to himself, a fine personal gift. This is a delicate sensitiveness to the feelings of very young people. He sees the relation of youth to youth, of the shy lad to the pretty girl; he understands the tie between college life and manhood. These things he sees not childishly, but in a fashion to suggest that he may become the poised and intelligent interpreter of his own generation.

To go back to the Question of Woman, how Harriet Martineau and Mary Wollstonecraft would have rejoiced at two stories which vividly portray woman's tyranny over man! In *Constance Trescott*,⁴ Dr. Mitchell gives one female cannibal, from whose all-devouring love her husband happily escapes by being shot. Unable to satisfy her appetite upon his memory, her passion finds outlet in ven-

geance. After hounding his murderer to suicide, her ferocious egotism looks for sustenance to a healthy-minded relative. Susan, however, finds refuge in marriage, upon which Constance turns professional hysteric, and preys upon herself. At this juncture we leave her, with regret that Dr. Mitchell should stop at this point in a study which he could so well push to its instructive end.

Perhaps, on the whole, he was only merciful, since the spectacle afforded by *Miss Bellard's Inspiration*⁵ is almost more than flesh and blood can bear. Mr. Howells's whole ability (and in reading "all the new novels" one learns the worth of such skill as his) is called forth to show three hapless men in three stages of engulfment by affectionate boa-constrictors. Miss Bellard, whom he disguises as a good, pretty girl, is merely at the stage of fascinating her victim, while Mrs. Crombie surrounds and assimilates her husband so smoothly that the wretched man is smothered before he knows it. Mrs. Meverson, however, painfully mangles hers, with a frightful crunching of bones. Meeting in a lonely country house, these three situations produce a book which should certainly be kept from thoughtful young men contemplating matrimony.

Curiously enough, the most conservative story upon divorce comes from a very young writer, Miss Frances Davidge. *The Misfit Crown*⁶ is the history of a woman who does not leave her husband, merely because she finds him dull and another man the reverse. This makes perhaps as telling a plea for steadfastness as any sensational picture of the horrors of divorce. It all goes back to the insoluble question as to whether it is more useful to show virtue as lovable, or vice as odious. In spite of certain pardonable defects of inexperience, Miss Davidge shows

¹ *The Wine Press*. By ANNA ROBESON BROWN. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1905.

² *Amanda of the Mill*. By MARIE VAN VORST. New York: Dodd Mead, & Co. 1905.

³ *The Ancient Grudge*. By ARTHUR STANWOOD PIER. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1905.

⁴ *Constance Trescott*. By S. WEIR MITCHELL. New York: The Century Co. 1905.

⁵ *Miss Bellard's Inspiration*. By W. D. HOWELLS. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1905.

⁶ *The Misfit Crown*. By FRANCES DAVIDGE. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1904.

marked talent. She is thoughtful without heaviness; she is clever without the thinness which too often goes with cleverness, and she bids fair to have an excellent style.

If Miss Davidge prefers to applaud a good example, Judge Grant is as usual scourging the wicked, in *The Orchid*,¹ a sharp diagram of all such rich communities as cluster about suburban country clubs. It is all as explanatory as "Seeing New York." Consequently you merely feel that he is stating a condition, never that he tells you the story of one person or group of people. It is the difference between a showman and an improvisator, — Barnum or Sheherazade. His problem is not clothed with humanity; it stalks abroad, not only naked, but as a skeleton, with every correct articulation exposed to view. Only, when you find a woman sitting on a garden bench with a lover at her side, you really wish to see two people having, or pretending to have, certain sensations (emotions would be inappropriate). You do not care to be told, "This is the way they do it." Imagine reading about Becky Sharp, and thinking, "Yes, the formula is probably correct!" You are breathless to know how the individual Becky managed; later you may generalize upon the type. Now could any one possibly think of Judge Grant's Lydia as a separate person, as other than the kind of woman who brazens it out and pulls through? The women oppress the men with all the inevitable movements of automata; while with living creatures there is almost sure to be a possible alternative. And this is all the more provoking, since Judge Grant stands for everything we most value, and reaches so far that there is ingratitude in quarreling with him for not reaching farther.

In *The House of Mirth*,² to the contrary, Miss Bart's actions not only surprise you, but you are even ready to dis-

pute Mrs. Wharton's knowledge of what her heroine really did do. Lily is a very complete study of the siren of a girl, too poor to keep up with the set in which she moves, who is unfortunately too radically snobbish to cut free from it. Her hold upon this society lies in beauty, elegance, adaptability, and willingness to amuse superfluous husbands (here again woman is the aggressor). Yet under this pliability, she is victim to a self-indulgence so boundless that, at last resort, it amounts to a fair imitation of principle. To be consistent, with her utterly sordid ideals, Lily should promptly knock herself down to the highest bidder. Yet at the very moment when the dull, eligible suitor has finally come to terms, Miss Bart must always see the sweetness of frisking off with a detrimental. She is too fastidious for the life she is leading, but unfit for any other available one. As a point of probability, would not Lily either have early succumbed or managed her way to better things? But when you find yourself discussing the truth of a novel, you are really paying it high tribute. Moreover, such inconsistencies are perhaps likely in a person whose conduct is guided entirely by taste, without a shadow of conviction. Lily is no more deliberately venal than she is deliberately decent. Certain surroundings and a comforting sense of being "in things" are necessary to her existence. A balloon may not scheme to get gas; it merely collapses without. On the whole, I believe that Mrs. Wharton knows the truth about Lily. She was as incapable of meanness as of any other form of economy. She only wanted a pretty gown, fresh flowers, a roll of dollars in her pocket for bridge, a pleasant companion, and all doors hospitably open to her. Simple, rational needs! That her income, though ample for a plainer life, was quite unequal to the pace of her friends naturally plunged her into trouble. As for the society in which poor Lily moves, Mrs. Wharton has no colors too black, no acid too biting, for its unredeemed odiousness and vulgarity. She

¹ *The Orchid*. By ROBERT GRANT. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1905.

² *The House of Mirth*. By EDITH WHARTON. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1905.

shows its sensuality to be mere passionless curiosity; she displays its cautious balancing of affairs so that reputations are preserved, not lost, in the divorce courts; her people, with regard to the quality commonly known as virtue, resembling rich defaulters who are lucky enough through a technicality to miss a term in jail. The whole is brilliantly well conceived, brilliantly executed. Facets of light glitter before your eyes at the mere thought of it. No cheap sacrifice is made to the buying public's supposed craving for sweet pretty endings. There is but one lack. Read it with approval, with enjoyment. Put it down and go your way refreshed by a novel that held your attention unflinchingly to the end. That is exactly the crux! After finishing *Diana of the Crossways*, did you tranquilly proceed with the business of life? Did you not, at least, need — a dry handkerchief? Diana committed a far baser act than any of poor Lily's, yet we love her! Diana betrayed a friend for money, yet we love her! For all its brilliancy, *The House of Mirth* has a certain shallowness; it is thin. At best, Lily can only inspire interest and curiosity. You see, you understand, and you ratify, but unfortunately, you do not greatly care. There is more pathos in what befell Miss Cather's wretched little degenerate Paul than in the pitiful fate of a beautiful girl like Lily Bart!

Indeed, after the somewhat arid glitter of *The House of Mirth*, you turn with a sense of comfortable repose to the seasoned solidity of the average English novel.

Mr. Quiller-Couch's *Mayor of Troy*¹ is a broadly humorous tale of old Cornwall. The mayor has a vague likeness to Tartarin, but he is of course slower and stolider than his French equivalent, and I can even imagine elderly ladies wondering what their husbands find in him to provoke such satisfying chuckles. *Shakespeare's Christmas and Other Sto-*

*ries*² shows far more quality. Whether the time be Elizabeth's or Napoleon's, "Q" knows his facts well enough to subordinate them to his story. Nor do you feel as if the historic setting had been for him a deliberate choice. Grim or gay, — and these genre pictures are both, — you no more see him staging them in modern scenes than you can imagine a group by Vibert or Zamacois subdued to golf costume or dinner coats.

Mr. Hewlett's *Fond Adventures*³ is also untransposable. Here again he shows his virtuosity in creating a magic haze, beyond which his mediæval figures move upon their fate. You feel less that he is copying Froissart, De Commynes, the Heptameron, the Chronicles of Margaret of Valois, than that you have fallen upon an eye-witness who tells of events still fresh in his memory, but not altogether contemporary. To make this middle distance, this perspective, is Mr. Hewlett's secret, his successful method of sustaining an illusion both of remoteness and reality. You imagine his fancy being caught by a face in an illuminated missal, a name or title in a black-letter volume. He ponders what manner of man or woman, lad or maid this may have been, — a silent, secret creature, more discreet than true, more wise than loving? Or may be a blowsy, full-blown piece of sensuality, reddening and glowing at a touch. Against whatever background Mr. Hewlett puts his Florentine clansmen, English followers of Jack Cade, Angevin lords, always these figures are live human beings. Even if his types be ever so slightly conventionalized, it is as invariably conventionalizing the proven personality, never animating his picture with a suitably dressed marionette. Edwin Abbey could never paint these people, though it might have been possible to Couture, had Couture's heart been — black! Not

² *Shakespeare's Christmas and other Stories.* By QUILLER-COUCH. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1905.

³ *Fond Adventures.* By MAURICE HEWLETT. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1905.

¹ *The Mayor of Troy.* By QUILLER-COUCH. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1905.

that Mr. Hewlett at all resembles the actual Couture; he is less golden. He enjoys the plunge of sharp poniards into white, wincing flesh. He seldom loves, never pities. His is no genial talent; he has no such tender melancholy as Maeterlinck in his precious, morbid, mediæval poems. *The Fool Errant*¹ is a picaresque Candide, straying through Eighteenth-Century Italy; a minor poet, the most foolish of his race. Can it be that Mr. Hewlett after all grows genial? One would as soon suspect Mr. Eden Phillpotts of that weakness, although neither *The Secret Woman* nor *Knock at a Venture*³ suggests this calamity as imminent.

Not that Mr. Phillpotts lacks humor in his legendary tales of a Dartmoor village. In *Knock at a Venture* he occasionally gives vent to a grim playfulness kin to the little sardonic jests of Nature, when she overturns a nest, flattening the delicate bodies of unfledged birds upon hard, stony ground. His usual theme is one woman and two men, with the troubles which come when there is not enough of anything to go round. *The Secret Woman* is a long story of the same type, a striking example of fine character-drawing revealed through a highly trying medium. It is as though a man with absolute knowledge of drawing and composition should paint in a color as frankly artificial as that of Mr. Watts's Hope. The people, in the way they talk, are quite unlike any living creatures, — certainly this is true. Their whole external atmosphere is blatantly impossible. But their minds, passions, and impulses are real. You reach their inner workings through the subtlety of Mr. Phillpotts. He finishes the convolutions, untwists the coils. He makes them speak the windings of their tormented souls. Not the most practiced creatures of civilization could formulate their mental processes as subtly as these rough peasants. Nor does

he avowedly interpret them, but makes them speak for themselves. In fact, he is the exact antithesis of the many clever Americans whose people talk verbatim like "the man in the street," whose type is perfectly clear in every superficial detail, but whose deeper natures are unfelt, unprobed. Consequently, in *The Secret Woman*, while battling with an odious dialect, while convinced that no peasants could so have voiced their souls, you never doubt the genuineness of either characters or emotions. You believe that the same tragedy, with purely external differences, could be enacted in any class of life. The physical violence would be differently expressed; the foundation might be the same in Paris or New York. It differs from Grazia Deledda's sombre Sardinian story, *After Divorce*,³ in that her people do not unravel themselves for your benefit. You are given the outward descriptions, her admirable interpretation, their tense, undeveloped speech. Mr. Phillpotts must of course suggest Thomas Hardy, but it is Hardy unrelieved. He is as gloomy as if a Millet laborer should suddenly become voluble on the passionate side of his nature. There is never a cheerful gleam of red cloak in sunlight, no comfortable encampments by the wayside, no Constable or Chrome effects, but moody nights, rising winds, and rebellious spirits in poverty-haunted bodies. Another contrast to the American writers is that, although Mr. Phillpotts brings in most of the cardinal sins, it is the emotions concerning murder and a few others which absorb him, rather than the actual horror. Another point, perhaps the most important, whatever its drawbacks, — you will never dream of laying down *The Secret Woman* unfinished.

Something of the same sadness pervades Frennssen's *Jörn Uhl*,¹ a broad,

¹ *The Fool Errant*. By MAURICE HEWLETT. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1905.

² *The Secret Woman*. By EDEN PHILLPOTTS. *Knock at a Venture*. By the Same. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1905.

³ *After Divorce*. By GRAZIA DELEDDA (Translated by MARIA H. LANSDALE.) New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1905.

¹ *Jörn Uhl*. By GUSTAVE FRENNSSEN. (Translated by F. S. Delmer.) Boston: Dana Estes & Co. 1905.

leisurely epic of German farm life, national as a folk song, as comprehensible, as simple. But where in country toil Sudermann sees only Frau Sorge, Frennsen finds fulfillment as well as struggle. Pain, poverty, and death are there, and grossness, but also love, devotion, and wholesome joy of the good old earth. Humor is absent, but in Frennsen's geniality, you hardly miss it. He concedes the facts of vice and passion as frankly as Phillpotts, but without giving them such prominence. He is tolerant to man the animal, yet pins his faith to the soul of man. *Jörn Uhl* is long, at times more than a little dull, but you willingly read it to the end, because, to quote his own comment on a German landscape, "It was all clearly and finely and most lovingly painted, with a touch of plain rustic honesty, and rough, hearty fruitfulness in it."

Turning to English novels of society, *The Marriage of William Ashe*¹ strengthens a purely imaginary theory, suggested by Mrs. Ward's recent books. I can almost swear to a busy coterie of friends and well-wishers discreetly whispering, "Such a pity dear Mary hampers her genius by writing problem novels." Not satisfied with the fact that *Robert Elsmere*, *Marcella*, and *Helbeck of Bannisdale* are achievements with which one might well rest content, they have, I firmly believe, badgered the poor lady into trying plain novels, ignoring the chance of her talent being one which needs a special condition to vivify it. Deprived of the stimulating problem, reaching about for a *clou*, Mrs. Ward then fell upon her present method, in which, for all her established excellence, she suffers chill and loss of flexibility. She is rigidly bound to characters already developed. Rails are laid upon which she needs must travel. It may be very cultivating for the people who are thus first aware of Lady Caroline Lamb; but think of a Byron enthusiast's feeling toward such an incarnation

as Geoffrey Cliffe! Although in William Ashe Mrs. Ward really had a problem made to her hand, she goes little into the rights and wrongs of marriage, consequently it does not afford her that sense of personal exasperation upon which the born *Tendenz* writer must ever depend for a supply of heat and movement.

Another problem writer who sticks to her last (does not Mr. Benson point out that the shoemaker only grows tiresome when he will talk chiffons?) is Miss Elizabeth Robbins. Although this lady is an American, I group her with the English, because she apparently belongs there. *The Dark Lantern*² abounds in the kind of plain speaking which makes some people shiver, and affects others as a wholesome breath of fresh air. The problem in this is far less woman's attitude towards man, than her voyage of discovery in certain regions within herself. If her pursuit of man is less italicized than in Mr. Shaw's plays, the fact is never questioned. An inexperienced girl's first love affair is a tragic failure. The passion thus aroused and cheated turns in upon her destructively. We have of course had every variation of this theme a thousand times before, every variation, that is, but the one chosen by Miss Robbins. We have long heard of young ladies falling into a decline for love, but never, at least in English fiction, of — of — I am unequal to going farther. Suffice to say, Miss Robbins, with many inequalities of workmanship, is never dull, and never coarse. She treats the problem in the only way which is neither empirical, nor childish, merely stating it, never risking a solution. As we have so few novels which deal with woman, it is interesting here again to see that, her economic independence of man being more or less settled, woman and her chroniclers find themselves faced by a baffling fact. After all, the economic independence seems a small fraction of the trouble. Cure that, and enough dependence still remains to create a problem

¹ *The Marriage of William Ashe*. By MRS. HUMPHRY WARD. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1905.

² *The Dark Lantern*. By ELIZABETH ROBBINS. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1905.

capable of the very simplest solution—or none!

Entirely grown-up people of steady nerves will find this whole situation most happily taken off in Von Wolzogen's burlesque on the New Woman in Germany, *Das Dritte Geschlecht*.⁴

Twenty-five and odd years ago, Mr. Shaw was naturally in full swing of exploring woman's gilded dependence upon man. *The Irrational Knot*⁵ could only be made to his taste by instant cutting, and there can be few sensations more piquant than meeting his personal point of view clothed in a language which, to quote his preface, "makes all the persons in a novel, except the comically vernacular ones . . . utter themselves in the formal phrases and studied syntax of eighteenth-century rhetoric." In fact, his own narrative in this early work would not disgrace Miss Edgeworth, which makes it a curious medium for theories of which that lady could never have been guilty. As the story goes on, Mr. Shaw better masters his pen, and epigram at no time fails him. In brief, it is the raw, inexperienced venture of an immensely witty person, formless in a way, full of pith, full of promise. The characters are clearly seen, not always well expressed. Connolly himself, the master figure, is, at a first glance, hardly convincing. Yet his behavior is not really unlike the height of sublimity urged upon Minna Wagner and Otto Wesendonck by Richard Wagner and Otto's wife. True, Minna proved recalcitrant, but Wesendonck bowed beautifully to the needs of another man's genius. If this be true in life, it certainly is not new in fiction. Goethe, in *The Elective Affinities*, merely gave an eighteenth-century variation on the same question of conjugal liberality, differing from Mr. Shaw's rather in manner than in intrinsic impulse. In *The Irrational Knot*, then, our author was only following the steps

of other romantics in riding a tilt against the bourgeois custom of marriage, delightedly and irresponsibly putting his lance in rest and cantering into the ring. Be these giants or windmills, there is always the fun of a scrimmage, and the grinding of corn is after all highly unimportant. Naturally, you compare his attitude toward marriage in this work to that in *Man and Superman*. Whereas in his youth, the human, legal institution was the subject of his revolt, we now see the touch of middle-aged conservatism, in that he apparently has come to accept marriage as a necessary evil, while his real quarrel appears to be with something ineradicable,—how can one say it?—with the fundamental arrangement of which marriage is an outcome. A positively mediæval asceticism has taken possession of him, with the morbidity which, as cause or consequence, always accompanies that asceticism. But is not this being very solemn over a clever and amusing story? Read it by all means; buy it even, and enjoy it as a stimulant for the young, a rod to chasten the old, set, and pompous, and give Mr. Shaw all admiration, not as a prophet, but as incomparably the most brilliant writer of our day, a dazzling, irresponsible, destructive Irish wit, whose opinions, to borrow a phrase from Mr. Anthony Hope, are largely formed by hating those of other people.

There is nothing in the least erratic about *Belchamber*.¹ This is simply one of those substantial, leisurely English novels for which we have no American equivalent. The invalid hero, of delicate perceptions and timid unfitness for a great position, is fairly real. The suffering of a too just-minded, rational creature among a company of greedy instinctives is only too probable. In fact, *Belchamber* presents an odd example of character-drawing above the average, a plausible situation with a rather foolish plot. That is, the people are like real people, but at crucial moments their behavior becomes

⁴ *Das Dritte Geschlecht*. By ERNST VON WOLZOGEN. Berlin: Rich. Eckstein.

⁵ *The Irrational Knot*. By G. BERNARD SHAW. New York: Brentano's. 1905.

¹ *Belchamber*. By HOWARD OVERING STURGIS. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1905.

quite fantastic. Now in real life unimaginable things are done every day, but in the novel of manners the novelist must be chary of taking this license, since he is obliged to prove his people's reality through their actions. Still, whatever its shortcomings, *Belchamber* belongs among those books which are good enough not only to read, but to discuss, and it leaves you hoping that Mr. Sturgis's next story may show as great a gain over former work as Mr. Locke has reached in *The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne*.¹

My notes upon this story are fairly spattered with delighted adjectives, proclaiming the kind of novel for which we are all grateful. It is brisk, witty, gay even, with a minor modulation for relief. Undoubtedly Marcus Ordeyne, the ineffectual and well-bred scholar, is placed in a position which slightly taxes your credulity. But on the other hand, is anything too strange to happen in London? Only a few years since, was not a fascinating rumor current of disloyal Chinamen being tortured in the cellar of the Chinese embassy, while English guests were unconcernedly dining overhead? Doubtless pure legend! But the fact of its being whispered abroad proves that the romancer has infinite scope in the matter of situations. That his plot should be probable matters less than nothing; that he should make it appear so is the question at issue; and long before the adventure befalls Marcus, you have put your hand trustingly in Mr. Locke's and have decided to believe all he tells you. Now how has he gained your confidence? Simply by a lively, entertaining style and by the naturalness of Ordeyne's character and speech. The two women are equally well realized. Judith is put in with a light and sure touch upon the woman of refined but imprudent emotions, driven to find sanctuary in a queer borderland, like the debtors' Alsatia of ancient days. But Carlotta is a much more difficult achieve-

ment,—the harem-bred girl of European blood, with her ignorance, her amazing knowledge, and her frank, soulless animalism. Mr. Locke works out his situation fluently, and while it is by no means easy to accept Carlotta, who can disprove her? As Mark Twain says, never having seen a buffalo try to climb a tree, how do I know that it cannot? Never having seen anything dimly approaching Carlotta, I can only be certain that she is a live, exciting, and at times an almost touching creature; also that when she and "Seer Marcous" undertake to discuss the affairs of the universe, you may look for considerable diversion.

"What is sex?" Carlotta asks, in one of these improving debates. "It is the Fundamental Blunder of Creation," Marcus replies; from which you may see that, if Mr. Locke does not put on the airs of a solemn philosopher, it is not for lack of a neat and pretty wit.

No English novel by a new writer, for serious, restrained ability, bears comparison with *The Apple of Eden*,² the study of a young Irish priest in his struggle of adjustment to the renunciations of his calling. Although less picturesquely staged than Anatole France's *Thaïs*, with its holy anchorites and demoniac jackals, the theme is identical. Mr. Thurston's treatment, however, more resembles the work of certain younger Frenchmen, without the exception which may at times be taken to their over-thoroughness. In their conscientious sociological novels, the new French writers barely make a concession to please you; consequently their books, though edifying, are apt to be a trifle dull. Edmond Haraucourt has lately touched the same subject (except that a layman, not a priest, undergoes the trials), without a tithe of Mr. Thurston's humanity. In *Les Bénédict*³ you face an unpleasant problem. It is stated with dignity and decency, but quite baldly.

² *The Apple of Eden*. By E. TEMPLE THURSTON. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1905.

³ *Les Bénédict*. By EDMOND HARAUCOURT. Paris: Librairie Universelle.

¹ *The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne*. By WILLIAM J. LOCKE. New York and London: John Lane, The Bodley Head. 1905.

In *The Apple of Eden* you read the moving story of a live man, in which that problem plays its part. The story, moreover, is told with infinite delicacy, and with that respect for form which makes a novel something other than an abstract of facts, a mere physiological document. If Mr. Thurston's subject does not legitimately admit of gayety, he contrives at least to color it with human kindness. You feel and see his father, Michael, with understanding sympathy. You do not merely enjoy old father Conolly's horse sense tintured with tender wisdom, but you look upon him with affection. In fact, if Mr. Thurston sees the points of his story like a showman, he tells it with the skill of Sheherazade.

To praise Mr. Swinburne's prose would savor of impudent patronage, though its quality adds greatly to the pleasure of *Love's Cross Currents*.¹ Except as all truth must be serious, in this group of portraits Mr. Swinburne has taken life somewhat lightly. He is not aiming at reform; he is delightfully amoral. Look, gentle reader, upon the spectacle; divert yourself or weep, according to your nature. If you find it surprisingly modern for a book written in the seventies, only remember that good work bears no date, that a Tanagra figurine seems more modish to-day than an angel by Canova. If Lady Midhurst's letters might have been written by a kindly Lady Kew, their sentiments would also be quite in place in an effusion from "Elizabeth's" mother; you would merely note a gain in depth and finish. Clara Radworth is entirely the Englishwoman of later fiction, of our own time, cool, flinty, but craving perpetual excitement. Amicia, Lady Cheyne, is the *grande passionnée* of all time, lovely, lovable, even in the hasty glimpses we have of her. She suggests one of Mr. Mallock's heroines — born good! Very truly good, with all the temptations of a sinner! Reginald's

outbursts to his grandmother, extolling his ill-chosen lady, are models of generous folly. You yourself writhe with all the hapless wrath of an elderly relative who watches a favorite child hypnotized into seeing only nobleness in palpably inferior behavior. There is no exaggerated satire, only a whimsical understanding of the way people live side by side, blind to one another's inward throes. It is as clever as Mr. Hichens or Mr. Benson at their best, as amusing. It is full of charm, breathing cultivation, and whets your curiosity with a fear that you are not always quite fine, quite perceptive enough to catch what is passing under your eyes. You are plunged among a set of strangers, you hear what they say over their gregarious afternoon tea cups, but have no idea what turn their conversation may take when they stroll off in lonely couples by the river. Are they discussing the latest novel, or sobbing in one another's arms? For all its slightness, the book leaves an impression. You remember! You have a far clearer vision of every person than of the elaborately explained Lady Kitty, in *William Ashe*. There is much that you have not been told; no fear of your neglecting any crumbs which have been vouchsafed you.

Mr. Anthony Hope's method is quite different. *A Servant of the Public*² is crystal clear, from cover to cover, — no elisions, no inferences. Not that he dwells upon superfluous detail (how little he tells of Ora Pinsent's past life, yet how completely you realize it!), but simply that he employs that restrained knowledge of anatomy which enables a painter to give his figure legs to stand on, without exhibiting a chart of bone, muscle, and nerve. However laboriously he may have gained this knowledge, you merely see a charming actress, and the disturbance to be looked for when abnormally developed creatures of the stage are let loose upon conventional society. There is no

¹ *Love's Cross Currents*. By ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1905.

² *A Servant of the Public*. By ANTHONY HOPE. New York: The Frederick A. Stokes Co. 1905.

striving for sensation, no attempt to instruct, no hinting at what might have been. A very discreet book, yet losing nothing by perfect decorum. It must always be a thousand pities that memories of Zenda, Hentzau, and *The Princess Osra* constantly prevent Mr. Hope's being discovered by many people as one of the best of our wise and witty chroniclers of contemporary life. *A Servant of the Public* naturally suggests comparison with Mr. Henry James's *Tragic Muse*. Mr. James cuts deeper, reaches dimensions at which Mr. Hope is not even aiming. If Mr. James bewilders you with the extent of his understanding, you may end by suspecting that Mr. Hope, on the other hand, is deliberately suppressing huge ramifications of knowledge, in order to leave a

direct, crisp narrative, sound enough to appease the fastidious, yet sufficiently simple to reassure the most superficial reader.

If the thing any longer happened in America, I should expect every young man who read of her to lose his heart to Mr. Hope's beguiling heroine. But if our current fiction is to be credited, with few exceptions young people no longer fall very badly in love. To believe this testimony (which heaven forbid!), if you should chance upon any young gentleman seasoning his bread with tears and passing troubled, sleepless nights, be very sure that the next morning will find him briskly motoring down town, with the firm resolve to have wrecked at least one rival — corporation by lunch time.

A VILLAGE DRESSMAKER

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

THEY might have reminded one of the chorus of old voices in a Greek play, — the two old women in the last daylight, with but one thought between them; their interest was so impersonal. Life was to them a grave affair; they regarded its slow unfolding with serious, apprehensive eyes. Its tone was that of the dull russet of the long fields and round-backed hills that made their dreary outlook most of the year. They expected nothing fortunate. Their dead level of monotony was disturbed by only one ray of sunshine, — the going and coming of Susanne.

"I do 'no' but it makes me feel real young again, ter see Susanne come along," said one of them, her needle in the air. "She rises the hill like a bird. There's a color in that face, and a touch and go in them feet, thet puts me in mind o' myself fifty years sence. It's a gret while ago. Oh, I'd liketer be young again. But there, what's the use!"

"No use at all," sighed the other, holding at a new angle her needle's impossible flower. "No more'n ter run ef ye see the sky a-fallin'. I'd 'a' made thin's diffrent, seems ter me. Leastwise so fur's a woman's growin' old comes to."

"There would n't be gran'mothers an' gret-aunts, ef they did n't grow old."

"I guess the gran'mothers an' gret-aunts might be considered. You better believe they don't like it. I guess the children can go 'thout gran'mothers better'n the gran'mothers can go 'thout youth."

"I think it would be good to be a gran'-mother."

"I'm 'shamed on ye, Cely! I'd liketer be Susanne's age forever!"

"That's askin' tew much, Ann. I do 'no' but w'at I'd liketer stayed — say forty, a hunderd year. W'en yer forty, ef you was pretty you're pretty still, and ef you was n't you're jes' beginnin' ter be; an' you've got real common-sense fer the

fast time. Yes; I'd liketer've stayed forty a hunderd year, an' then be blowed away."

"You'd be dreadin' the blow drettle, come the ninety-ninth," said Miss Ann, with an absent look.

"I'd feel I'd hed my sheer. As 't is, you don't no sooner sense thin's, 'n puff, they've gone by!"

"Wal, I'm glad Susanne's young, any way. It makes me ache sometimes ter think on her growin' old like us."

"She won't grow old like us," said Miss Celia, bringing her gaze back from out-doors. "Don't ye see w'at makes thet step so light? Her heart jes' lifts her feet. He ain't wuth it, ef he is Squire's son. Lor,' I knowed his mother! But gels will be gels to the eend o' the chapter."

"To the eend o' the chapter," sighed Miss Ann again. And she threaded her needle and went back to her tambour-work. "Don Davison's a takin' feller," she said. "His father was afore him. Seems ter me my spettacles ain't no kind o' good!" And she glanced furtively at her sister.

"Any how," said Miss Celia, "I s'pose we've gotter be content 'ith thin's as they're ordered."

"Content's one thin', an' happiness is another," said Miss Ann, snipping her thread.

"Then, ef we can't hev happiness of our own, we've gotter git it makin' the happiness of others. An' for my part I'm happy w'en I see Susanne happy."

"So be I, so be I! There she is now;" as Susanne came in with her arms full of parcels.

The eyes were bright, large soft hazel eyes. But the seashell color on the cheek was the work of the wind, and already fading. The smile, however, made the face luminous. If they had not loved the girl neither of the old sisters would have liked that madonna type; but a painter might have called her beautiful. A certain serenity of nature, apparent in the quiet face, made you think of the shrine where a lamp burns on a windless night.

Don Davison himself thought Susanne only pleasant-looking. But he had known her since childhood; and at last he had decided that, in default of better, her companionship for life was his desire. And Susanne, whose emotions had revolved around him silently for years, went walking on air.

It was agreed that nothing should be said of the affair at present, except to the old aunts. Her happiness was so great, Susanne would keep it to herself a while before the village picked it to pieces. The village would think Susanne was doing very well for herself, — she the dress-maker of the region, he the son of Squire Davison, but lately come into his inheritance.

"Wal, Susanne," said the old aunts in chorus, "Mis' Pinckney satersfied? Pay ye?"

"Yes, indeed, Aunt Ann. More than I expected, Aunt Celia. She said she'd never had one set so since the gown she stood up to be merried in!"

"Sho!"

"And that put me in mind — and what do you guess I did? I'm most 'shamed to tell! I walked clear 'way over to Riverport, so't the store-folks here would n't know." And the blush mantled her face again as she unrolled first a piece of sheer muslin, and then a roll of net, and then a cloud of tulle.

"For the land's sake, Susanne!" cried Miss Ann.

"A wedding-veil!" cried Miss Celia.

"Yes. It warn't dear, either. The other thin's were cheap. I'd always thought they cost lots more. I'll embroider the musling," fluffing it over her hands, "and let in the net in sprays an' branches, and it'll look like frost on the pane —"

"'T will be reel lace," said Miss Celia.

"But, my gracious, child, the time it'll take!" said Miss Ann.

"I shall do it in the odd minutes. I would n't think of it, only — you know, — his — his wife" — and the blush followed the word again, — "ought to come to him in the best." In the fullness of her

heart she must speak to some one — and the old chorus was, after all, a part of herself. And then, to take their eager eyes from her face, she threw net and tulle over them, as they held their heads together, till they looked as if a snowstorm had fallen on two gnarled and withered trees. And she lifted a corner, and fell upon them with kisses, and gathered it all about herself in surprise, as Don came in and stared at her, having no idea Susanne could ever look like that!

She hurried her finery away before she went out into the orchard with Don. But when later she took it up to the spare room, where she did her sewing, and planned the way she would cut and let in the lace for the garlands of flowers, she was in such an ecstasy as painter or sculptor knows over the dream of his ideal, and it seemed to her that beauty could do no more.

The orchard was always a treasure-house to Susanne. After long wintry weather the first swelling of its buds was like the promise of a friend; and when the twisted boughs were wreathed in bloom, she felt the presence of sweet unknown force, and walking under the fragrant boughs she often impulsively and unconsciously lifted hand and face to caress them. "I shall work apple-blossoms," she said. "I owe it to them. The dear apple-tree stands by the door, and is a part of home, and stretches its boughs like a great brooding mother-bird. There could n't be anything better for a wedding-gown."

It was very inexpensive stuff, the muslin, the bobbinet; but the art of her fancy and her fingers would make it something fine, as the woman marrying Don ought to wear. She knew nothing of mighty Chapman's Helen of Troy, "shadowing her beauty in white veils," but the picture she had of herself when Don should see her arrayed in this snowy cloud, — no, the picture she had of Don, at that future moment, made her heart stand still with joy.

How long she had loved him, — with what worship! And no one had ever

guessed it. He had never known it till now. She had never let her thoughts dwell on it an instant, till its compressed intensity startled her into blushes whenever Don was near; blushes that made her all at once so radiant that he wondered at himself for dallying, — and dallied then no longer.

Susanne would have plenty of time for the work she planned; her aunts, who added to their little income by transferring the French embroidery on old capes and collars and kerchiefs to new ones, having long ago taught her all their pretty open and closed stitches. Don was starting for the West, where were some doubtful mortgages of his father's, and it would take time to adjust affairs there. And although Susanne would cut and baste most of the summer and fall gowns for the upper and lower parishes, she would have this also done by October. And it was then that she would go to the old place under the sycamores where Don was born and where she meant to make his life as happy as a fortunate dream. What hopes, what prayers, what tenderness, what faith went into those odd moments of her weaving flower and leaf and stem, while her flying needle left the trail of snowy bud and bloom behind it! You, who have ordered your wedding splendor from afar, can guess of it. You who have wrought with your own hand, counting the threads, can feel the old thrill in thinking of it. And neither of you can have had anything much lovelier than the mimic frost-work fallen on all the folds when the task was finished.

Don wrote from the West, of course. If the tone of quiet affection in the first letter touched her passionate adoration with a chill, she rebuked herself. She said that was Don's way; he had always found it difficult to express himself fully. She knew he loved her; he had said so. That was enough. She read and re-read what he did say, and carried the letter next her heart till another came. But she answered it in the same tranquil phrase; anything else she felt indelicate.

As time went on, to be sure, another was slow to arrive. But what of that? He trusted her to understand; it was all the more welcome when it did come, even if brief, and, as she might have thought, a trifle cool.

It was long past the promised date when Don himself arrived. Being in the West it had seemed worth while to see it and have its experiences. At last he wrote that all was done for the present; but he would have to go out again some day, and then he would be taking his wife with him. The phrase made Susanne's face burn and ripple with smiles, and tears of pure happiness overflowed her eyes like live crystals.

She could not help showing that letter to her aunts; and the old chorus trembled and fluttered and exclaimed together, and felt the action of the drama, and went secretly to break off a fragment of the remnant of the wedding-cake, baked in a saucer, and taste it with deliberation and chirping, and pronounce it as good as that of Susanne's mother, — "at least, if there had been just one drop more of the O-be-joyful in it!"

And while they were doing that, Susanne went and looked at the wedding-gown overlaid with the veil, finished and put away in one of the deep drawers of the old armoire, with a reverent joy. It was the outward and visible token of Don's love and of all her blest future.

And after that a week passed, and other weeks. There was a light then in Don's room in the old mansion; a light in the dining-room there, too. Don would be with her presently. She kindled a fire on the hearth of the keeping-room, and waited. The clock in the other room struck nine; a long hour, and it struck again. She heard her aunts make ready for the night, and go creaking up-stairs, glad in what they thought her gladness. And still Don did not come. The fire threw strange shadows about the dim place, — disquieting shadows; they seemed to threaten her. An owl in the beechwood thicket at the foot of the orchard began to

shrill his unearthly laughter as if he were mocking her.

There were no lights now in the Squire's house. It must have been a mistake; probably the housekeeper had been arranging the rooms for him. She went to the door and looked out at the night, the soft purple starry night across whose deep a meteor slipped. It gave her a strange sensation of change, — how soon gladness and grief would be gone, — and the stars above still there! She could not have told why it impressed her with foreboding and dull terror.

But the next day she knew that without doubt Don was at home. The postmaster had seen him going into Captain Mayhew's. Then he would certainly be with her before night, she said. It was impossible to sew. She went joyously down the orchard, that he might come after her there in all the spicy odors of the apple heaps; and she sat looking out at the champaign country that stretched below and beyond till lost in violet vapors. But although she lingered till the red sunset burned like a coal in the ashes of the mists, and the smoke of burning woods and stubble was heavy and pungent on the air whose evening chill wrapped her like a cold cloak, Don did not come.

Susanne rose with a heavy heart in the morning. The bright blue garish day made her dizzy. She knew she had no right to feel so, but something told her Don would never come again. She assorted her patterns, and sharpened her scissors, and went to work.

"Cely," whispered Miss Ann, her eyes looking as if they had seen a ghost, "did you know Don Davison was to home?"

"I seen him ten days ago," said Miss Celia. "He was along 'ith that Mayhew gel, — the one thet's jes' home fum the 'Cademy. An' he was lookin's ef he never see blue eyes an' yaller hair afore."

"Rony Mayhew is kind o' pretty, — peaches an' cream sort. Should n't you 'a' thought he'd 'a' ben ter see Susanne fust thin'?"

"Certain."

"S'pose she knows he's back?"

"Look an' see," said Miss Celia.

"Oh, Cely! Oh, Ann!" sighed the old chorus, as at some remembrance too remote for tears. "You rekerlek his father!"

Yes, Susanne knew. She was going about in a half bewildered way. Her face had grown pallid, her features sharp, her wide-open eyes had the gloom of eyes that look into a bottomless abyss.

"She's thinner 'n her own shadder," said Miss Ann.

"Don Davison don't desurve no sech feelin'."

"An' his father did n't afore him," they sighed together again in chorus.

One day came a last letter to Susanne. Don told her that it was best he should be frank. That he had thought she was the one he would take home, and with whom he should live his life. If she held him to the bond, it should be so now, and no more said. But when he made the bond he had not seen Rowena Mayhew. Now, life would hardly be worth living without Rowena. Of course he was not sure; but he thought Rowena felt as he did. He was glad no one had been told of their past relations. He would never speak of them, — not even to Rowena. He was fond of Susanne; but he hoped she would see there had been a mistake, and remain his friend, as he was always hers.

His friend! The great tide of love surged back upon her heart, a frozen flood. To be thrown away like a leaf withered in one's hand! To suppose she could hold him to his bond! And for that child! She walked the room as if driven by a whirlwind; and then she sat among her threads and thrums and patterns, turned to stone. But at last the drop of angry blood fired all the rest; she tore the letter, whose only warmth was that she had given it, from its resting-place, put it with this and with the others, with the pencil case he had given her, with the slender gold chain that had been his mother's, and that she had taken with a double love, his dead mother having to her a certain reli-

gious sanctity. And she took the ring, that she had worn on a ribbon round her neck, the little plain band that was to have been her wedding-ring, and to be buried with her that she might rise with it on her hand the last day; and she made a parcel and went out after dark, her head wrapped in a shawl, and left it in the hands of the old woman who opened the Davison door and peered after her. "Looks like Susanne," muttered the old housekeeper. "But can't be. 'T aint jes' her size, neither. Can't be thet Mayhew gal, meb-be? They're about of a talth." And her old heart leaped with hope; if the Mayhew girl had brought back Don's presents, she, who had grown gray in the place, would not be leaving it.

And Susanne, hurrying home in the black night, with the wind blowing up storm, wished that the darkness might swallow her, and annihilate her, and hinder her forever from all knowing and feeling. Storm and darkness had always terrified Susanne; she had felt like a straw, a mote, in the grasp of the strong unseen wind. But now they were a part of her, — if they could but take her to themselves!

Susanne sat down in her ashes. And the old aunts sat in ashes, too.

"It's too bad, dears, to make you so gloomy," said Susanne at last, one morning when the world seemed wrapped in a gray veil. "You must n't think I care. Much, that is. Only it is in gettin' used to the change." And by and by, when her aunts heard her singing over her work, a gay song she had many a time sung with Don, they looked at each other in consternation, and then looked out of the window to see if the snow were really falling, or if it were only the drift of the cherry-petals of last spring, when the bees were swarming, and before any of this coil came about.

"Land sakes, how can she!" said Miss Ann.

"I'd 'a' thought she'd ben more tenacious," said Miss Celia. "But he's ben gone this some time, and absence is like hangin' suthin' on the line to fade."

Susanne had carried to the minister's wife the new alpaca she had cut and bast-ed for her. It had stopped snowing; and the wide country-side, in its soft folds of white under the pale purpling sky, that a month ago would have made it seem as if the round earth were taking wings, now stretched like the desert of her forsaken life before her. Nothing mattered any more.

"Massy sakes, Susanne!" her Aunt Ann exclaimed, as she came in, staying the pruning of her red geraniums, "who do you guess hes ben here?"

"You'll have ter know. It's Rowena Mayhew," said her Aunt Celia, before Susanne had time to guess. "She's brought her trousser, she says. She wants you to make her dresses."

"Make her dresses!"

"Wal, I thought so, too, the little tyke! But then again you might n't want'er lose the job; an' set folks ter talkin', tew. And I told her ter leave the thin's" —

"Oh, that's all right. I'll make them," said Susanne unconcernedly. "How good that gingerbread smells! I'll have a piece."

"Dear me, dear me!" said the old chorus again, when she had gone. "How can she!"

But Susanne did not let herself think. What difference did anything make? It was all in the day's work.

Rowena came to the village dressmaker the next day; and Susanne took her up to the sewing-room. It was impossible not to see how pretty the girl was, as she hovered over and undid the parcels. What jewel eyes under their long curling lashes, what rose-leaf skin, what sweetness in the smile! How innocent the little thing was, — perhaps how ignorant, — but what a childish grace and charm! No wonder, no wonder — Not that Susanne thought any of this; it was only the instant's impression.

"There's two prints, and a white piqué, and a cashmere, and an organdie, and a silk, and a blue flannel wrapper. And I think that's doing pretty well, don't

you?" said Rowena. "I did think of goin' to the city. Father said I might. But you made Mis' Pinkney's thin's so stylish" —

"You're real kind," said Susanne, as she was expected to say, leaning on the tip of her scissors.

"No," said Rowena, "you're the kind one, to make 'em with all you have to do, and me in such a hurry. And then, you know it's a savin' to me, the difference in price, and I'll have that much more to spend on the parlor. I want a parlor all my own, and not his mother's an' gran'-mother's old thin's!" Susanne caught her breath; they would have been so sacred to her! "Of course, Mr. Davison says he'll git everythin' I want," continued Rowena. "But you know I don't want him to get everythin'!"

"No," said Susanne. "How you goin' ter have them made?"

"I don't know. How would you?"

"They're nice colors," said Susanne.

"Oh, I see you love pretty thin's, an' so do I," cried Rowena. "I know you'll make them up elegant!" And she threw off her wraps and began to rummage among Susanne's poor fashion-plates. "Oh, it don't seem true, it don't seem possible," she said, looking up, — the large, liquid eyes like blue flowers full of dew in the morning, — "that it's me, that I'm goin' to be married, — and to him! You've known him this ever so long — don't you think he's — he's" —

"He'll make you a real good husband," said Susanne. "This cashmere would go well with terra-cotta bands."

"And is n't this organdie lovely? I'll have it flounced," and she threw an end of it round her face and ran to the glass. "Won't I look like a rose in it? Don says I will."

"Now I'll take your measures," said Susanne. "You can come this day next week," — when she had set down the last number.

"Oh, can't I come before that? You know there is n't so very much time. Don's in such a takin' to have it soon,"

"I'll put by Mis' Green's caliker, an' you can come to-morrer," said Susanne.

"You're jest an angel!" cried Rowena. "I wonder Don did n't take you instid o' me! He's known you so long — and you're so good. And you're reely so pretty, too! But love goes where it's sent," she added sagely. "My! You must be tired! You've gone all white. Why don't you set down an' rest? He give me this watch," — putting it on again. "It was his sister's. His sister and I would have ben reel good frien's. How I am talkin'! There's somethin' about you makes me, — I don't know why. You're jest the same's you was at the Districk School when I was a tot an' you useter take me into your seat an' give me nice bits of your dinners an' wash my face an' han's, an' kiss me afterwards. You listen, — an' your great, serious eyes — don't you never smile? Oh, I have n't had any one I could say thin's to, and I'm so happy I can't keep it to myself! I don't suppose you can understand it as well as if you'd ever ben engaged yourself. It's, — it's like a new world. Don says he never was truly in love before, and I'm sure *I* never was! And I never dreamed of such good luck, — it is good luck, is n't it, to marry a good man; and a man you — you care for; and a rich man, too, you know! I shall be the great lady here. Won't the Academy girls be surprised! Oh, I know you think I'm dretfle silly, runnin' on so! I know I had n't orter" —

"That's all right," said Susanne, taking the pins out of her mouth. "Now you can go."

"But can't I stay and sew with you?" asked Rowena wheedlingly, her pretty head on one side. "I'd love to!"

"No. I should n't git along so fast. Here's your jacket. Good-by." And the little person found herself outside the door, without knowing exactly how she got there.

Susanne flung her scissors across the floor, and fell herself, with her arms outstretched and her face hidden from the light of day. She could not have endured

it another moment. Her brain was burning; her heart was a lump of ice. If she could only die! Perhaps an hour passed before she lifted her head. Everything in the familiar room seemed strange. Something had happened; some shock had thrown her off her balance. Yes, she had been forsaken for this little creature who did not know when to speak and when to be silent, who wore her heart on her sleeve! Oh, to be sure, the gowns, — well, she would make them; she would make them so frivolous, so fit for a butterfly, that her husband should see and understand! She dragged herself up, and went across the narrow entry-way to her own room, and threw herself upon the bed, wishing she were never to leave it. And then a great sigh tore itself up to her lips, and she fell to crying bitterly, and in the midst of sobs and tears she was asleep.

When Susanne awoke, it was with the prosaic and practical assurance that she was wasting time shockingly. She bathed her face and smoothed her hair, and put on a fresh neck-ribbon; but her hands trembled so — not with cold, for the room was warmed by the pipe from the kitchen below — as she replaced the box, that she knocked the cover off another, the one where her little treasures were kept, her mother's bosom-pin and yellow old marriage-certificate, certain bits of lace and dried flowers, and the small photograph of Don that she had not had the strength to return. There he looked back at her with grave, unsmiling eyes that made her heart shake as she gazed. She went to the old armoire and opened the deep drawer, and hung over the lovely whiteness lying there in the dusk, with its half-guessed wreaths of snowy bloom shining under the veil. So white, so still, so fair, — it was her dead happiness laid out there. How peaceful, how beautiful! Oh, she had said the best was not too good for Don's wife! What matter who the wife might be? "No, no, no, Don!" she cried. "I will do my best. I will, I will do my best!" And she went back to the other room and picked up her scissors.

She would do the organdie first. She would make the fine pink tissue all ruffles; the girl should look, as she had said, like a little rose in it, a hundred-leafed rose, the pretty thing! Small marvel that Don had dropped a gray stalk of rosemary for such a flower as that! Small marvel that he loved her. Who would n't? As she began to snip and sew, it almost seemed to Susanne then that she loved the girl herself. It was not her fault that Don had chosen one and flung another away; it was her good fortune. As for Susanne herself, was there anything in the world Don wanted that she would not give him? He wanted this pretty dear for his wife. She ought to be glad, — she was glad! — that he could have her. She should go to him as his wife ought to go, dressed as if the wand of a fairy godmother had touched her!

Before the other gowns were quite finished, Rowena brought in the stuff for the gown in which she was to be married. It was a dazzling day of blue sky, with great clefts of ultramarine in the snow, whose sheets made a rosy glow in the blinded eyes; but suddenly it grew gray to Susanne.

"I wanted white satin," said Rowena. "But mother said there'd be no use for it afterwards. I like a bride in white satin, — don't you? All shining and angel-like in her veil. I could have had it dyed, too, and worn it a lot. But mother thinks this nun's-veiling's good enough, — and what mother says goes. And I know you can dress it up with lots of little white satin ribbons. Somehow, white woolen stuff does look dreadful like a shroud. My goodness, you don't suppose that's ominous? I'm awful superstitious. If anything happened to me it would break Don's heart. And, oh, I want to live, I'm so happy!" And the tears overflowing her limpid eyes made them now like stars shining in the dew of violets.

But the nun's-veiling lay in its papers a good many days before Susanne opened them. "Why, you have n't touched it!" exclaimed Rowena in dismay.

"There's plenty of time," said Susanne, not looking up.

"Why, no, there is n't. There's hardly any time at all. I thought you'd have it ready to try on. I've ben lookin' forward to it. I'm reel disappointed," — rolling the head of her hat-pin in her mouth as she spoke.

"I had ter finish Mis' Lawyer Jones's skirt. She's goin' away an' could n't wait."

"I'd 'a' come an' helped you. You'd only had to send. Won't you begin this now?"

"I'll see," said Susanne. "To-morrer, mebbe. I'll send for you w'en it's ready to try on."

But days passed; and Susanne had not sent for Rowena. She said to herself she did not know what possessed her. It seemed impossible to touch the stuff. How could she make the gown for another woman to wear when marrying Don! The alternations of feeling, of determining and of hesitating, so wore upon her nerves that she went to bed with a headache that made her hands useless for anything but wringing.

"I suppose you're all ready for me?" said Rowena, coming in eagerly, a tinge of anxiety on her joyousness.

"I will be to-morrer, shore," said Susanne.

"Oh, you said so before!"

"I've ben sick."

"Yes. I'm reel sorry. You're all right now? I'd 'a' come an' rubbed your head; I'm good at helpin' headaches. But the time's mighty short, Susanne, dear. I don't want to have to put off my wedding," — with a pout. "It's terrible bad luck. An' Mr. Davison'll feel so bad!"

"Oh, well, you won't have to. You come Tuesday."

And Rowena came Tuesday. And there lay the white veiling still uncut.

"I declare I could cry!" she exclaimed "You're treatin' me reel mean! I'm sure you've had it long enough. And you promised! You promised!" And the blue eyes shot fire.

"Look here! You take it to Mis' McIvor, — she'll do it."

"Oh, she can't do anything like you! She ain't got a speck o' style. Besides, they've got scarlet fever in the house. And there ain't any one else." And she looked out the window with eyes held wide open lest the tears spilled. "I've gotter go over to Meridian to see Aunt Stearns this week, too, — she's goin' to give me a whole set of French chiny. And you see that leaves no time at all for fittin' an' alterin'. Oh, I don't want to cry an' make my eyes all red, — you did n't useter treat me this way, Susanne. I do feel so worried!"

"You need n't worry. Go over to Meridian. I can make it fit me. And if it fits me, it will you."

"You truly will have it ready, Susanne? Cross your heart? Hope you may die?"

"Hope I may die," said Susanne solemnly. And she did hope so.

Rowena had returned from Meridian; and she ran in like a thing of sun and summer. It was nipping weather outside, with raw March winds; but as she saw her, Susanne thought of a breeze rioting among roses. She made a quick movement to throw something over the table, where the veiling lay, scattered in loose blocks, not even pinned together.

"I thought you'd keep your word!" cried Rowena accusingly.

"I had Mis' Cap'n Symon's mournin'," said Susanne sullenly. "And everythin' hes ter give way ter mournin'."

"Oh, what am I goin' to do!"

"Wear your organdie."

"And look that way, when a bride should look all white an' sweet an' solemn!"

"You could n't look solemn," biting off her thread.

"I'll have to stand up in that gray travelin' dress," cried Rowena with a sob. "And there'll be no white procession a-sweepin' in. And I can't wear a veil. An' no goin' upstairs to change my dress! And it's your fault. Susanne, I'll

never forgive you till the longest day I live! You've just spoiled my weddin'! And I don't believe Don'll forgive you, either, when I tell him! He asked me why I came to you to have my dresses made, anyway."

Susanne did not look at her. "I can't help it if folks die," she said. "Mournin' 's mournin'. Gownds fer funerals are just as needful as gownds fer weddin's."

"It's awful for you to talk so! It throws a gloom over everythin'. Mournin' an' funerals! An' me so superstitious. And I never heard of disappointin' a bride of her weddin' gownd. I would n't 'a' done it if I'd had to set up nights. It'll hurt your business a lot. You don't know how you've disappointed me. You can't have a speck o' feelin'. You don't know how bad I feel!" And she wiped her eyes with the only dry spot left on her poor scrap of a handkerchief, and went out like a bird drooping its feathers. And Susanne stood looking over the russet fields that the winter had laid waste and spring was repairing with a sort of rosy breath in reddening rose-stems and greening willows, and wondered what ailed her that she seemed to have no will, no wish, — to be beside herself. She moved from day to night in a cloud, and lay from night to day in a blank of consciousness. Only when she was with the old aunts was she able to play the part that let them think her unconcerned.

One day, in passing, it chanced that she looked in the glass. She had looked without seeing, before. Was it herself? Was it an apparition? Was it only two great eyes gazing out of a cloud? "It is shameful!" she said. "To have come to that for the sake of a man who, — who has forgot I am alive! Selfish wretch, I am! I'll make that gown if it kills me!" But it was too late.

"The waters, the waters of Meribah!" sighed the old chorus. "Oh, we have all drunk of them!"

"They've got lights in 'most every window down ter the Mayhews," said Miss

Ann, one night. "It's tew bad you could n't git her gownd fixed, Susanne. As long as you set out."

"I wisht Cap'n Symons could hev made out ter live a week longer," said Miss Celia. "But's I told Mis' Mayhew, a widder's gotter hev her mournin' jest's much's a bride. I was down ter help set out the supper table. I thought 't would show there war n't no feelin'. Rony'd ben cryin'. Her mother said ef it hed ben daytime she would n't 'a' minded so much; but ter be merried in a travelin' gownd in the night-time did look so poverty-struck. They're goin' s fur as Buffalo."

"Wal, we'd better be gittin' on our thin's, sister," said the other. "I guess I'll wear the vandykes 'ith the darnin' needle stitch. You goin' ter wear your cap 'ith purple ribbins?"

"No, I ain't," said Miss Ann, rather shortly. "Every old woman in the parish wears purple. I put pink ones on a-purpose. You ain't comin', Susanne? P'raps 't would look better ef you did. I do' no', though. I do' no 's I would ef I was you."

Susanne went upstairs, and opened her window on the soft night of early spring. "I'll jest stifle!" she said. The stars, the stars of Don's wedding night, hung mistily silver in the purple sky. The smell of the upturned furrows lay fresh on the damp air. The lights were blazing in the Mayhew house, and in the old Davison house on the Knoll, — Don's wedding lights! Suddenly she turned, her heart beating in her finger-tips, her eyes shining in the dark. This was what had possessed her! This was what she had been waiting for! This — far back in her unread, unspoken intention — was what had hindered her! She must have meant to do it all the time, but had not said so to herself! Whether that was true or not, she ran now to the armoire and its deep drawer; she lifted over her level arms the long, lovely muslins and the veil, adjusting them quickly and lightly; she ran, as if evil powers were

after her to interfere, down the stairs, outdoors, no matter about the latch, into the dark, and along the road to the Mayhews', swift and soundless and white as a ghost in the night, in at the back door, and up to Rowena's room, some one telling her the way.

"Make haste!" she exclaimed breathlessly to Rowena. "It's here! Lemme put it on you. Another white skirt. There. There. Gimme a pin. No, a big one. There. I see. Yes. It's jest right. Guess it can be ketched over there, though. That's good. A trifle long, — not much, though, ef you stan' straight. Look in the glass! Now. I'll fix the veil. I'll shower it all round you. There! You look like a sperrit. You look the way you wanten look, — all white an' sweet an' solum!"

"Oh, Susanne!" cried Rowena, shaking with excitement and joy. "You've taken my breath away! And you was meanin' this all the time!"

"I guess so," said Susanne. "And I'm real glad you're goin' to make Don happy. Oh, Rony, you'll try an' make him happy? And I hope you'll be happy, too. I'm givin' you the fust kiss in your weddin' gownd. Gownd an' kiss are my present!" And then Susanne ran away as she had come, catching sight through an opening door of the start the old aunts gave as they saw her.

Perhaps, at the vision of his bride wrapped about in all that vaporous whiteness, Don Davison remembered the vision of Susanne with the snowy films floating about her. But it is to be doubted. Only Miss Ann and Miss Celia looked at each other with great eyes. "You was mistook, Cely," said Miss Ann, as they walked home together in the starlight. "Susanne's goin' ter grow old like us. But it's jest's you say about happiness, — w'en your own's dead an' gone you must git your sheer out'n the happiness of others."

"Susanne looked reel happy, reel bright an' happy, w'en I ketched sight of her comin' downstairs there, Ann."

"Jes' so."

"Wal! I think a woman'd orter be translated thet's happy givin' another woman her weddin' gownd!"

"Susanne is translated."

"Ann, a cross is a cross your life long."

"Cely," said her sister, "you've heern the minister say thet there ain't no cross w'en there ain't no self to suffer under it!"

SPECIAL LEGISLATION

BY SAMUEL P. ORTH

LOCAL or private bills are the weeds in our legislative garden.¹ They consume time, they sap energy, they discourage talent, they conceal iniquities, they make law a byword, they transform legislatures into tribunals of adjudication and courts into organs of legislation. For a legislature is created primarily to make laws. All its energies should be devoted to this important task of statecraft. But our legislative organs have become diseased because we have required of them the performing of abnormal functions. Administration and adjudication are not proper functions for an organ of legislation, and our unfortunate habit of carrying all our local and private ailments to the state capitol, to have the virtuous adhesive of a special law applied, has transformed our law-making bodies into quack commissions with mongrel duties.

In the United States we pass upwards of fifteen thousand laws a year; of these over sixty per cent are private or local measures. And what is a local or private bill? It is a measure that deals with local or private interests only. It is in its nature an exception to the general rule of law. In truth, a special law is a law only in that its passage has conformed to the usages and formulæ of legislatures. In substance it is not a law, but a privilege. The Romans recognized the distinction

between private bills and laws. To them, special laws were *privilegia* or *constitutionis privilegia*. In England they used to say when a public bill was passed: *Le roi le veut*, — it is the king's wish; and of a private measure: *Soit fait comme il est désiré*, — let it be granted as prayed for.

Here is the gist of the matter: a public law is a measure that affects the welfare of the state as a unit; a private law is one that provides an exception to the public rule. The one is an answer to a public need, the other an answer to a private prayer. When it acts upon a public bill, a legislature legislates; when it acts upon a private bill, it adjudicates. It passes from the function of a law-maker to that of a judge. It is transformed from a tribune of the people into a justice shop for the seeker after special privilege. This metamorphosis is accomplished through the efforts of the local members from the district or the home of the petitioner after legislative favors. For legislative comity magnifies the wishes of the individual members into greatness. Whatever may be the theory of the law, the revelation of the practice is that providing special legislation is not a fit task for a state legislature.

Our courts have sustained this deplorable practice, and have built up a theory of legislative omnipotence. For instance, our municipal corporations are declared to be the governmental agents of the state, and agents with closely defined powers. So hidebound has this theory

¹ See Mr. Orth's article on "Our State Legislatures," in the *Atlantic* for December, 1904. The present article suggests a way out of the tangle which was there described.

become that even the stupendous growth of our great centres of industry and population has not been able to burst it in sunder. Thus it follows that all localities, cities, counties, and townships, as well as all individuals, are to turn their gaze toward the state capitol as their Mecca, and pray for the privilege of living and thriving.

In order to give ear to these thousand calls, the legislatures long ago found it necessary to resort to a partial division of labor. They subdivided themselves into numerous committees, assigning to each a specific task. So that to-day a private bill is forthwith placed in the care of its appropriate committee. However, the committees, the "eyes and ears, the hands and feet" of a legislative assembly, have long since ceased to be adequate to the demands made upon them, and an additional organ of legislation has been developed, — the lobby. This third organ has no official relation, no legitimate connection, with the legislature. It is the product of necessity. The lobby not only consists of special pleaders specially paid, but is composed of experts, who have technical knowledge of the needs or the conditions that called forth the bills they champion. The function of the lobby is a perfectly legitimate one. Practically the only experts in legislation are found in its ever-changing ranks. The methods of the lobby, and the objects they often seek to attain, are not so welcome to our praise.

Our legislatures have become largely bodies of adjudication over private measures. They have learned to do their tasks through committees, aided by such experts as the lobby may contain. In actual practice, special legislation takes up the most time and receives the greatest attention.

Have we not arrived at that period of experience when we should relieve the legislature of this task of sitting as a court over private or local privileges? Should we not devise some means to meet the legitimate call for special acts?

The evil has long been acknowledged,

and several attempts have been made to eradicate it. At first it was thought that by lessening the number of sessions of the legislature the amount of legislation would correspondingly be lessened. This was a heroic cure, like the "blister, bleed, and calomel" formulæ of the earlier physicians. It is like a baby, shutting its eyes and thinking no one can see it.

A second resort was to the state constitutions. Our faith in constitutions is both sublime and ridiculous. A constitution cannot take away human needs, nor can it subvert the laws of nature. The experience of New York is instructive. Under the earliest constitution the abuse of private legislation grew to maturity.

The constitution of 1822 provided that the assent of two thirds of the members elected to each branch of the legislature "shall be requisite to every bill appropriating public monies or property for local or private purposes." The clause failed in its purpose.

In 1846 it was revised: "No private or local bill which may be passed by the Legislature shall embrace more than one subject, and that shall be expressed in the title." While this did away with venal "omnibus" measures, yet it was practically unavailing in checking the flood of private bills.

In 1867 a constitutional convention met. A clause was advocated defining the fields upon which the legislature was forbidden to trespass. The author of the provision said that the governor of the state had signed nearly one thousand bills passed by the Legislature of 1867, only two hundred and thirty of which were of a public nature, and that many even of these were of a trivial character. The people rejected the entire constitution.

The evil grew so rapidly that a commission in 1872 prepared an amendment providing that the legislature should not pass a private or local bill for any of the following purposes: —

Changing the name of any person.

Laying out, opening, altering, working, or discontinuing roads, highways, or al-

leys, or draining swamps or other lowlands.

Locating or changing county-seats.

Providing for changes of venue in civil or criminal cases.

Incorporating villages.

Providing for election of members of boards of supervisors.

Selecting, drawing, summoning, or impaneling grand or petit jurors.

Regulating the rate of interest on money.

Opening and conducting elections, or designating places for voting.

Creating, increasing, or decreasing fees, percentages, or allowances of public officers during the term for which they are elected or appointed.

Granting to any corporation, association, or individual the right to lay down railroad tracks.

Granting to any private corporation, association, or individual any exclusive privilege, immunity, or franchise whatever.

Providing for building bridges and chartering companies for such purposes, except on the Hudson River below Waterford and East River, or over such waters as form part of the boundary of the state.

Thus the state deliberately deprived itself of the right to pass laws pertaining to thirteen different subjects.

But even so drastic a measure as this was evaded. The laws were made general in letter, but specific in spirit. Thus a law was passed applying to all localities having a waterfall over one hundred feet high. Only Niagara fulfilled this exacting requirement. The evasions were as numerous as they were tortuous and ridiculous.

Pennsylvania had a similar constitutional limitation, and it was successfully evaded. In Ohio the constitution now in force was written in 1851. It prohibits special legislation in the following words: "All laws of a general nature shall be of uniform operation throughout the state." It also prohibits the passing of incorpora-

tion laws, except under general statutes. For half a century this clear prohibition was flagrantly evaded. Cities and towns were given special privileges and governments, under the phraseology of generalization. These evasions were sanctioned by the state courts until three years ago, when a sweeping return to strict construction pushed aside these palpable infringements on the constitution, and revoked every municipal charter and school law on the statute books. The many cities and towns of the state, with their varied needs, are now governed by a single law, inflexible and clumsy. But private and personal bills are still passed with reckless extravagance. The last legislature passed three hundred and twenty-eight of them.

Twenty-six states have tried the constitutional route to prevent special legislation. All of these have landed in the realm of confusion and special privilege. In all of these states the courts are awakening to the real situation and are returning to a stricter adherence to the letter and the spirit of the fundamental law, and forbidding the prostitution of the constitution to local needs. But this way is not the right way, because it assumes that local needs are uniform, and that private legislation is not based upon necessity. These assumptions are fallacious. There is good cause for some special legislation. You cannot make a general cloak that will fit all shoulders. Geographical conditions, economic and social needs, all dictate variation. The very decisions of the courts allowing the evasion of constitutional provisions are based upon expediency, due to sectional variation.

But the constitution should not be the repository for all manner of irrational prohibitions. The experiences of our states are lurid with failures, in their attempt to erect a constitutional barrier to needed legislation. A half century's experience in trying to convert constitutions into statute books has shown the necessity of returning the constitution to its proper place, as fundamental law and

not subsidiary law; the foundation of the law, not the rambling superstructure.

It is evident that there must be a readjustment of methods to conditions. The legitimate needs of local legislation must be adequately met, without encroaching upon the time and functions of the state legislature. A few makeshifts have been suggested.

An attempt was made in Albany in 1879 to formulate a plan for sifting out the private bills, requiring that all such measures be filed on the first day of the term, and if the taking of private property was involved, all persons concerned were to be previously notified. The governor should then appoint three examiners to see to it that all preliminaries had been complied with. The bills were then to be heard before legislative committees, sitting as courts, with the power of summoning and hearing witnesses and of imposing fines upon those who trifled with the privileges so granted. The plan was not approved. It was too advanced to commend itself to the judgment of the legislators.

Governor Hill, six years later, suggested a much more mild and modest method for saving the time of the assembly. In his annual message he said: "It is suggested that provision be made by law for the appointment of a competent person to act as counsel to the Legislature during its session, who shall receive honorable compensation, to be paid by the state, and whose duty shall be, at the request of any member, to prepare any measure desired to be introduced into either House; to give legal advice in reference to proposed legislation to the members and to the various committees, and to inspect the various bills before their final passage, in order to detect errors and imperfections, and to suggest the necessary amendments; and generally to act as the legal adviser of the Legislature. This duty cannot well be performed by the Attorney-General, who is the law officer of the state, for the reason that his department is already overcrowded with

duties that fully engross his own time and that of his assistants." Even this homeopathic pellet was too strong for the self-reliant assembly-men.

Many of the leading states have from time to time appointed standing commissions for codifying laws upon various subjects, and recommending amendments thereto. The most carefully framed laws in the books are those that have been skillfully prepared by such standing commissions. They are usually composed of eminent lawyers and men of experience and learning. Sometimes members of the legislature sit upon them, though that is unusual. If the legislature could choose a standing commission on local bills, such commission to hold sessions *ad interim*, and to have the power to investigate all local bills and report to the succeeding legislature, many of the private bills could easily be sifted.

The "Peoria Plan" of standing commissions, adopted by the General Session of the Presbyterian Church, admits laymembers to these committees, and it has been suggested that this rule might be wisely followed by legislatures, appointing experts to sit with a standing legislative commission. The principal objection to this plan is found in the changing nature of our state politics. The commission appointed by one legislature would hardly find favor in the eyes of its successor.

In the journey to legislative omnipotence our states have traveled far from the scene of local autonomy, of real self-government. Now it is necessary for every local unit of government, every city and every village, every county and every town, to supplicate the assembly for the doing or the undoing of many necessary things. It is instructive to learn how far a people, so given to the worship of the fetish of self-government, can allow their little liberties, their neighborhood autonomies, to be centred and bound into the supreme authority of a legislature that is more foreign than domestic to the majority of their needs. Yet here we have

arrived, after a hundred and fifty years of wandering, not at the goal of local government, but at the state capitol, whose arching dome is the symbol of democratic autocracy, of legislative omnipotence and representative tyranny. It is now necessary, in the majority of the states, for the neighborhood units to ask for permission to do the most trivial acts of necessity. A county ditch is magnified into an interstate canal, and a village waterworks plant into a grand system of irrigation. If our communities cannot get what they need by respectful petition, they must resort to force, the force of the lobby and its thousand subtle and sinister influences. But these groups, these units, these descendants of the *tūn*, must live and thrive even under most adverse circumstances. I believe in a rational return to the New England pattern, the town meeting. Local autonomy is the Anglo-Saxon ideal. We have got far away from it. The county and the municipality should be given the greatest possible freedom. This very liberty would be a check upon extravagance, and an impetus to clean administration, for no responsibility is more sobering than self-responsibility. The county and the city are proper units of neighborhood government. The vast structure of state autocracy which the courts have reared upon the theory that these units are agents of the mass, that one neighborhood is the agent of all the other neighborhoods in the state, is in need of remodeling. Fundamentally, the state must be supreme, but it should not, in its supremacy, stifle local initiative. We have fallen into the same error in regard to our views of the function of the commonwealth that we have fallen into in our views of the function of the constitution. We have made both the cloak of local abuse. The placing of these local units in their proper relation to the central government will at once absolve the legislature from the task of nearly all local legislation.

From the most progressive European

countries we have yet to learn the science of administration. There are not half a dozen law schools in the United States where administrative law has found a place among the electives, and there are plenty of lawyers and publicists who do not even know what that term means. As our economic conditions approach those of Germany and France, we will be driven to adopt administrative machinery as an adjunct to our system of government. In truth we have already created a complex series of administrative organs. In 1901 alone over forty new boards were authorized in the states, representing all sorts of interests, and endowed with powers varying from the mere power of recommending, possessed by a state forestry commission, to the stringent authority of the board of health. These numerous boards are still discrete, neither well joined in details, nor well coördinated with the other departments of government. But administrative centralization is moving rapidly over the land. Its tendency is everywhere revealed to the student of politics. Every year the states are delegating more of the details of administration to newly created authorities, so that the rosters of some of our leading states are very long. This is not because we are socializing the government. Socialism, in the abstract, has little or nothing to do with this multiplying of state activities. It is because we are learning that the state cannot do all the things required of it, by means of a governor and his staff, a legislature, and the courts. The old orthodox trinity of powers is no longer adequate to the demands of a modern state. Administration must supplant a large share of the work of the executive, legislative, and judicial departments.

Herein lies the strongest hope for the overburdened legislature. The legislature cannot divest itself of the power of legislation, it cannot delegate its legislative authority. But it can impose upon other bodies the function of adjudication and administration. Congress has had some instructive experience, which points

the true way out of this labyrinth of private bills. It has delegated to the Court of Claims adjudication upon all questions arising between claimants and the government. The successful suitor cannot indeed collect his judgment without an act of Congress appropriating the money, but Congress has been relieved of the tedious and irksome task of sitting as judge upon his rights.

So formerly it was the custom for Congress to distribute superannuated cannon, by special act, to the various towns in the Union whose patriotism prompted them to ask for these relics of the Great War. The beggars became so numerous, and therefore such a nuisance, that Congress in 1896 passed an act giving the Secretary of the Navy the power to distribute the cannon. These instances will illustrate how the legislature can relieve itself of a large share of private and local measures. It would be unreasonable to hope for a constitutional amendment to cover this point. Constitutions, especially the Federal Constitution, are amended only after great labor. But general laws can be passed authorizing courts of justice to hear causes that are now carried to the legislature, and authorizing the executive department and its administrative adjuncts to determine many details that are now overburdening the law-makers. Neither the interests of the state nor the rights of the citizens would be placed in jeopardy by such a method of procedure.

As England provided our forefathers with the working model for our Constitution, her experience in trying to solve the problem of special legislation in Parliament will be very suggestive. The evils engendered by private and local bills were as aggravating as they are in our country. The committee system, substantially as we have it, was there fully developed. All private and local bills went to their respective committee rooms. The calendars were congested, the lobbies were jammed, the committees were driven to

distraction, and most of the bills slipped through without scrutiny.

About twenty years ago a campaign against these conditions was begun. In 1888 a select committee of the two houses was appointed to investigate the condition of private legislation. Upon scrutiny it was found that the mere cost of putting these bills through was enormous. The paid lobbies, the expenditure of time and money of the persons directly interested, who were compelled to stay in London often throughout the greater part of the session to watch their bills, and the many other necessary contingent expenses of making the laws, were estimated to cost £750,000 a year, and over £40,000,000 in fifty years. Special legislation is an expensive luxury. This was only a secondary consideration, however. These bills were robbers of time and of talent, as well as of pounds. The committees were not qualified to judge of their fitness, and usually voted only haphazard judgments, relying on such expert testimony as the lobby or the patron might present. The dissipation of public energy on private measures weakened the morale of the Parliament and debilitated the public measures.

Sir John Mowbray, in giving testimony before the select committee appointed to investigate the subject, said, "I do not deny the competence of committees or the satisfaction which their decisions give; but I think there must be a change and that sooner or later Parliament will have to transfer its jurisdiction over private bills to some external tribunal because of the great pressure of business on all members." Out of this investigation of the needs of Parliament a method of dealing with private and local bills was devised. The essence of the plan is that private and local bills are to be tried by a commission under general laws passed by Parliament and called "standing orders."

There are two hearings before the bill goes to Parliament. The preliminary hearing is to determine whether the

standing orders have been complied with. All bills must be deposited in the Private Bills Office sixty days in advance of the session. If a railway or canal project is fostered, five per cent of the estimated cost must be deposited, and if the right of eminent domain is involved, notice must have been given to all interested parties. For all bills, there must be a deposit to cover the expense of the preliminary examination. If there is hostility to the bill, the opponents must file their objections in due form. The "standing orders" must be followed in every detail. *Laches* is fatal to the success of the bill, for the endorsement "standing orders not complied with" at once throws the bill out. If it is successfully sustained in the preliminary hearing, its promoters must then make a further deposit of fifty pounds.

The bills are now classified by the Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee and Chairman of the Committee of Lords. Those concerning railways and canals go to the Board of Trade, the others to special committees. The final hearing of the bill before its proper committee is exhaustive. The trial committee is composed not alone of members of Parliament, but also of non-members who are experts and completely familiar with the technical questions involved. The trial committee prepares a calendar or docket like that of a court. Both promoters and antagonists are represented by counsel, both plaintiff and defendant are given careful hearing. The bill is taken up section by section and subjected to the severest examination. After such a sifting, Parliament rarely feels like rejecting the recommendations of the trial committee.

As nearly as I can learn, the plan has been fairly successful. It costs about one thousand dollars to promote a private bill through Parliament on this plan. This cost alone would prohibit its adoption, *in toto*, in the United States; although what is worth praying for should be worth paying for. The plan, however, is probably

too undemocratic to commend itself to the American public.

The constantly growing inability of the state legislatures to attend conscientiously and wisely to the thousand exacting details of their tasks, the shifting complexion that politics casts over every assembly, and the shiftless manner in which laws are made, have led the people to distrust their law-makers. The people therefore are beginning to look for a way out of the trouble, and, as is usual, they take the matter into their own hands. They have tried the method of constitutional restrictions; that has failed; they are now attempting direct legislation. South Dakota in 1898 provided for this method; Utah in 1900 attempted it; Oregon submitted the proposition to its voters in 1902, and in 1903 Illinois and Nevada followed. The movement has but begun. That it will prove successful in America may well be doubted. But let us hope that it will lead into a realm of greater local autonomy, emancipating the people from the overlordship of a legislature, and emancipating the legislature from the fetters of little local wants.

For in America we must solve this problem of special legislation in our own way. The signs of the times indicate what that way will be. I believe there is a widespread demand for more local autonomy. The movement toward popular initiative and referendum is such an indication. Likewise the latest development in municipal autonomy, as provided for in Missouri, California, and Minnesota, where the largest cities have in large measure the power to make their own charters. It would be but a return to the Anglo-Saxon pattern to allow the rural township greater autonomy in purely local details. And where such freedom is incompatible with the constitution, it can be acquired through administrative powers, exercised under executive control.

This is the second tendency of the times, already very strongly revealed:

that the executive department, through the agency of many administrative bodies, and acting under general laws, attend to all the trivial details of private legislation.

In these two movements, the expanding of local autonomy, and the creation of administrative authority under general laws, we may hope to see a forecast of the American solution of our problem of special legislation. Local laws would then be judged by the locality, and by adminis-

trative agents of the central government, and private bills would be passed upon by administrative and especially established courts, like our Court of Claims.

A long period of evolution and costly experience has led us thus far in this pathway and it will be a long time before such a dual system can be perfected, for all the details must be wrought out with care, and always with that eternal vigilance which is ever the price of legislative liberty.

A GIRL'S WAKING

BY M. LENNAH

WHAT marvel have her still eyes looked upon?
In what new wonder hath she grown adept?
Hath some bright miracle but lately swept
Across the common sky? From what dim lawn
Of fairy woodland hath she just withdrawn?
What secret tenderness that long hath slept,
What love unrealized, what pain unwept,
Now stirs and dreams and trembles for the dawn?

Yea, marvel, wonder, miracle are hers,
And hers all treasure of wild fairyland,
And hers a new god's intimate command;
For see! she holds, still tranced and listening
As listens one to unseen messengers,
A gray old volume where dead poets sing.

ESPERANTO: THE PROPOSED UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE

BY A. SCHINZ

EVERY one to-day has heard of Esperanto, the proposed universal language. But how many know more than the name? A recent and very successful congress of Esperantists, at Boulogne, in France, has rendered the subject a very timely one.

Let me add that I am not an Esperantist, but a mere student who feels with Terence: "Nihil humani a me alienum puto." Moreover, when one looks into it, the problem becomes truly fascinating.

The purpose of this article is to give information on two points, the success of Esperanto in Europe, and the language Esperanto itself.

I

The cause of Esperanto ought not to be confused with another one which was taken up by representatives of the scientific world after the congresses in Paris in 1900. It was found there that, owing to the increasing number of workers in the different fields all over the world, it had become practically impossible to keep well informed. No man can master all the languages required for the purpose, even if he were to devote considerable time to the task. A committee was formed of delegates of the different congresses, and they called themselves: "The Delegation for the Adoption of an International Language." No doubt, several scholars have ultimately in view the adoption of Esperanto as an international language; but the Delegation as such has no preference. They only want to persuade colleagues from all over the world to agree on the question of the desirability of an easy means of communication which could be used on such occasions as international meetings, and by means of which also written contributions could be

put within reach of coworkers who are not familiar with an author's native tongue. The selection of this language is to be entrusted to the International Association of Academies.¹

Esperanto had been invented long before. The first pamphlet of its creator, Dr. Zamenhof, a Russian physician, was published in 1887, — *An International Language*, by Dr. Esperanto. About ten years later, the possibility of success began to be realized by its propagators. It was well received, first in Russia, then in Norway and Sweden. Then it was taken up in France, by M. de Beaufront. The latter had himself invented an artificial language, but gave it up as soon as he became acquainted with the admirable work of his Russian competitor. He is the man who forced the world at large to stop and seriously consider Esperanto as the solution of the great problem proposed by men like Roger Bacon, Descartes, Pascal, Leibnitz, Locke, Condillac, Voltaire, Diderot, and so many others. From France it went to Germany, Austria, Switzerland, Italy, and finally to England, where thirty societies of Esperantists were created within a little over a year.

There were two chief difficulties to be overcome in order to launch the idea. The first was due to the fact that Esperantists had no money and had to rely

¹ This association is composed of the academies or scientific bodies of Amsterdam, Berlin, Brussels, Budapest, Christiania, Copenhagen, Göttingen, Leipzig, London (Royal Society), Munich, Paris (Académies des Sciences, des Sciences Morales et Politiques, des inscriptions et Belles-lettres), St. Petersburg, Rome (Accademia dei Lincei), Stockholm, Vienna, and Washington. They meet every three years.

entirely upon the intrinsic value of their cause. In 1900, the accounts of the central committee in Paris showed a surplus of exactly five cents; their budget was then something like four hundred dollars a year. But they have enthusiastic workers who are willing to devote their lives to the triumph of Esperanto. A young man, M. Jules Borel, has just undertaken in Germany a systematic campaign, about on the same plan as that of M. de Beaufront in France, and he is succeeding very well. In England, W. T. Stead gave them the support of the *Review of Reviews*.

The second obstacle, much more serious than the first, is the prejudice created against the idea of an artificial language by the failure of Volapuk. At present, however, this threatening ghost has almost completely vanished. The remarkably superficial judgment, that argued from one failure to the necessary failure of all similar attempts, has given way to a more sensible view of the question. In fact, every sensible man, whether he believes in Esperanto or not, must recognize that the case of Volapuk proves absolutely nothing, except that this special Volapuk did not fulfill the requirements.

What are the positions gained up to the present day by Esperanto?

Several years ago, I remember having seen a statement to the effect that the number of adepts was over one hundred thousand. Let us not bother about figures, but rather mention a few names; the quality is more interesting than the quantity.

Esperanto has been heartily endorsed in Germany by such men as William Foerster, the well-known astronomer, and Ostwald, the famous physicist and philosopher of Leipzig (who is lecturing this winter at Harvard); and in Austria, one of the strongest supporters of Esperanto is the celebrated philologist Schuchardt, of the University of Prague. In England, we have to mention the name of a still greater linguist, Max Müller, who before his death praised the achievement of Dr.

Zamenhof. More recently, Sir William Ramsay wrote a very enthusiastic article for the *Daily Mail*; the influence of such a name as this was felt at once in Esperantist circles, and a number of important adhesions were received. In France, illustrious men by the score have enrolled under the green flag of Dr. Esperanto. First of all, Berthelot, hailed in his country and abroad as the greatest French scientist now living; he has recently announced an article in Esperanto, which is to appear in the *Internacia Sciencia Revuo* (Paris). Besides Berthelot, men like Brouardel, d'Arsonval, Appel, Becquerel, Picot, Poincaré, Richet, Prince Roland Bonaparte, and others, every one of them recognized all the world over as a leader in his special field of scientific researches.

Books for the study of Esperanto are now printed in twenty-two different languages. About twenty-five journals are published in the new idiom, one of them of a strictly scientific character. Several continental papers, occasionally or regularly, offer to their readers an article in Esperanto.

Esperantist clubs or societies are to be found almost everywhere; the one in Paris counts no less than three thousand members; while those in cities like Marseilles, Lyon, Bordeaux, Le Havre, and Lille, are also of considerable size.

Courses in Esperanto are offered not only in club rooms, but in public institutions as well. A few commercial schools have it on their programmes, as a free elective. In the University of Dijon they have organized an evening class, which is said to be well attended. Not long ago, Professor Carnot, of the national engineering school (*École des Mines*), in Paris, said publicly that he was thinking of introducing Esperanto in the regular courses of his students. In England they have adopted the method of tuition by correspondence.

Esperanto has already proved useful for providing reading for the blind. A system of stenography has been adapted

to the new language. Many commercial firms use it for international telegraphic communications. Several employ advertisements in Esperanto and find that it pays. Not long ago typewriters with the Esperantist alphabet were put on the market.

In another domain, we hear that Mr. Moch, the well-known champion of universal peace, addressed the International Congress of Peace in Esperanto, last September, at Luzerne. Moreover, those in charge of the various international offices in Berne are seriously considering the adoption of Esperanto as their regular language for correspondence.

One instance at least is known to me of a scholar who set the example of adding to his Doctor's thesis a summary in Esperanto for the benefit of foreign reviewers.

There would be no end if I were to tell all the information gathered on a recent tour in Europe. Let me end by recalling a great business success, namely this: that the leaders of the Esperantist movement succeeded, a few months ago, in persuading important publishing houses to make a specialty of books printed in the new language. For instance, a contract was passed with the first firm in France, Hachette and Company. The latter will take up any manuscript recommended by a committee of which Dr. Zamenhof is the president, but on the condition that they will give no work to print to other publishers.

A word ought to be said now of the Congress of Boulogne (August 5-13, 1905), as it brought the most convincing demonstration of the possibility of using Esperanto as a medium for *oral* intercourse. Before, a quantity of instances had been quoted of isolated cases when Esperantists of different countries meeting for the first time were at once able to talk fluently with one another. But never had the experiment been made on such a large scale. Twelve hundred delegates, from twenty-two different countries, had gathered, and while it was possible to tell

the people of the various nationalities from their accent, there was no trouble in understanding every one present. As it was expressed by one of the witnesses of those interesting scenes: "For oratory, for poetry, for disputation, for music, for merriment, for flirtation, Esperanto was put to the proof, and found not to be wanting." For a whole week, speeches were made by representatives of the twenty-two different nations; all their discussions were conducted in Esperanto. In the evenings, they had concerts. One evening they performed Molière's *Mariage forcé*; the characters were enacted by persons of seven countries: of the three ladies, one was Italian, one was a Russian, and the third was a Swede; the men were English, Belgian, Norwegian, and French. On Sunday, the Catholic service was celebrated partly in Esperanto, among other things the Lord's Prayer and the *Ave Maris Stella* being said and sung in words of the new tongue. The Catholics, by the way, have an Esperantist review of their own (*Esperokatolika*).

What seems to me more interesting than anything else is that the French government took the opportunity of this congress on French soil to compliment the creator of Esperanto; and while so many rumors of war were abroad, this manifestation of one of the great world powers in honor of a man who did so well his share in order to bring about a better understanding among men is well worth mentioning, and praising. Dr. Zamenhof was received in private audience by the Minister of Public Instruction, M. Bienvenu-Martin, who heartily congratulated him upon his achievement. Then the city of Paris tendered him a reception in the Hôtel de Ville. Later, a banquet was given in his honor on the second story of the Eiffel Tower; a score of the greatest scholars in France attended; M. Berthelot sat on the right of the chief guest. When Dr. Zamenhof reached Boulogne, he had the pleasure of finding among the delegates General

Sébert, of the Academy of Sciences, Dr. Jarval, of the Academy of Medicine, and M. Benoit, the distinguished Director of the Bureau International des Poids et Mesures. Other nations may one day shower honors on Dr. Zamenhof, but the French wanted to be first.

II

Let us now try and give an accurate idea of Esperanto. This is still the best argument to convince skeptics. One may dislike or disapprove of an artificial language, or one may think that it is impossible to introduce it in the world, but to pronounce the existence of such a language an impossible thing, or even to dispute the fact that, in simplicity and efficiency, an artificial language is superior to a natural one, in a great many respects, is something that no man who understands the few following facts regarding Esperanto will dare to do any more.

The general principle on which Dr. Zamenhof has worked is this: to eliminate all that is accidental in our national languages, and to keep what is common to all. In consequence, and strictly speaking, he invents nothing; he builds entirely with material that has been in existence for a long time. Here then is the way in which he proceeds regarding the various elements that are necessary to the formation of a language.

The Sounds. Sounds that are peculiar to one language are eliminated. The English *th* and *w* are not found in French or German, therefore they are dropped. On the other hand, the French *u*, the German *ü*, and the French nasals do not exist in English; they too are dropped. The Spanish *ñ* and *j*, and the German *ch*, have the same fate. Thus, only sounds which are found everywhere are kept, and no one will have any difficulty about pronunciation, no matter to what country he belongs.

Spelling is of course phonetic: one and the same sound for one letter. There are no mute letters, as in French; neither are

there double letters: *x* = *ks* (*eksist*), *ph* = *f*; as to *ch*, it becomes *k* for the guttural sound (*karakter*), and *ĉ* for the sibilant sound (*ĉivalric* for *chivalric*), *c* remaining for the ordinary sound in words like *cigar*. The *g* is reserved for the guttural (*gril*, *garb*), and *ĝ* is used for the sibilant (*aĝ* = *age*). So *ĉ* and *ĝ* are two new signs, but for sounds which are in no way new. A third simple sign is substituted for a double letter, namely *ŝ* for *sh* (*ŝip* = *ship*, *ŝi* = *she*).

The Accent is always on the penultimate syllable. Esperanto reminds one of Italian, when spoken, and has proved extremely melodious for singing.

The Vocabulary. The principle of internationalism is applied here in a most ingenious fashion. Dr. Zamenhof proceeded thus: he compared the dictionaries of the different languages, and picked out first those words which are common to them all. He spelled them according to the phonetic system, dropped the special endings in each idiom, and adopted them as root-words in his proposed language: for example, *atom*, *aksiom*, *adres*, *form*, *fosfor*, *histori*, *poet*, *profet*, *teatr*, *telegraf*, *vagon*, etc.

Then he picked out those which appear in most languages, although not in all; for example, *bark* (English, French, German, Italian, Polish, Russian, Spanish); *eksplo* (English, French, German, Italian, Latin, Polish, Russian); *flor* (English, French, Italian, Latin, Polish, Russian), etc.

For the remaining words, — and there are comparatively few left, — which are never the same in the different languages, Dr. Zamenhof selected them in such a manner as to make the task of acquiring Esperanto equally difficult or equally easy for all concerned. *Tamen* (however), *sed* (but), *dum* (while), *brak* (arm), *proksim* (near), are taken from Latin. *Tago* (day), *monat* (month), *tapet* (carpet), are German. *Gladi* (to iron), *vidi* (to see), *vosto* (tail), are Slavic, and so forth. One sees that even there it is easy for everybody to make use of some know-

ledge of his own. In *vidi* every Latin scholar recognizes *videre*; in *gladi* the Germans recognize *glatt* (and the verb in dialect, *glätten*); in *tapet*, the English recognize *tapestry* and the French *tapiserie*; in *brak*, the French *bras*; in *proksim*, the English *proximity*.

This is far from being all that is done by Dr. Zamenhof in order to render things easy to students of Esperanto.

He has an ingenious scheme of prefixes and suffixes.

Out of one root, one forms different parts of speech:—

<i>o</i>	indicates always a noun.
<i>a</i>	“ “ an adjective.
<i>i</i>	“ “ a verb.
<i>e</i>	“ “ an adverb.

Thus, the stem *parol* gives: *parol'o*, word (and as a second derivative *parol'ant'o*, orator); *parol'a*, oral; *parol'i*, to speak; and *parol'e*, orally.

Founded on the same principle of saving of time and energy, we have the prefix of contrary notions. In other languages, you will find generally one word for “good” and another for “bad,” one for “weak” and another for “strong,” one for “esteem” and another for “despise,” and so forth. In Esperanto you only have one to memorize in each case, thanks to the prefix for contraries, *mal*. For example, good is *bon'a*, bad will be *mal'bon'a*; strong is *fort'a*, weak will be *mal'fort'a*; to esteem is *estim'i*, to despise will be *mal'estim'i*.

As already seen from the preceding example, the selection of prefixes and suffixes is not arbitrary. Dr. Zamenhof remains true to his method. They are simply importations from the existing languages.

The suffix *ar*, for instance, marks collectivity, as in most national tongues: *arb'o*, tree, *arb'ar'o*, forest; *vort'o*, word, *vort'ar'o*, dictionary. And in English, *vocabul'ar'y*; in Italian, *diction'ar'io*; in Spanish, *formul'ar'io*; in Latin, *vesti'arium*; in French, *ossuaire*.

The suffix *abl* is nothing but the English *able* or *ible* (also French, Italian, Latin, etc.): *kred'i*, to believe, *kred'abl'a*,

credible; *fleks'i*, to bend, *fleks'abl'a*, flexible; *leg'i*, to read, *legl'abl'a*, readable.

Or again, the suffix *ec* (pronounced ess) which stands for abstraction: *bon'a*, good, *bon'ec'o*, kindness. In English also, *goodn'ess*, in French, *fin'esse*, in Spanish *grand'ezza*. *Ig* marks the idea of rendering: *fort'a*, strong, *fort'ig'i*, to strengthen; and *mal'fort'a*, weak, *mal'fort'ig'i*, to weaken. *Il* marks the instrument: *komb'i*, to comb, *komb'il'o*, the comb. *Ist* the profession: *art'ist'o*, *bot'ist'o* (boot-maker), *komerc'ist'o* (business man).

Some one may object that there is no simplification in Esperanto at all, since we have those suffixes ourselves. But to judge thus would be proof that one has missed the point entirely. The great superiority of Esperanto here is that it is more consistent than we have been so far. Advantage has been taken of a principle, which, we know, works very well, but which was used in a happy-go-lucky fashion; in fact, to apply it very often brought about mistakes; as things are now, we must cease to be consistent with a perfectly good principle in order to remain correct in our speech. In other words, with the same principle, you make mistakes constantly in English; you can never make one in Esperanto. An Englishman can make *artist* out of *art*, or *druggist* out of *drug*, just as the Esperantist can, — but let him try with *typograph* or with *tapestry*: can he make *typographist* or *tapestrist*? No, he must know other words, like *printer* or *upholsterer*.

Other little arrangements might be quoted, — for example, ten being *dek*, the Esperanto word for twenty will be *du dek* (2×10), thirty will be *tri dek* (3×10), and so on; — what has been already explained will suffice to show the spirit of the language.

In this way, of course, the vocabulary is very small as compared with other languages. The *Dictionnaire* of the French Academy has in its last edition (1878) 32,000 words; English and German dictionaries, according to the dif-

ferent authors, claim anywhere between 45,000 and 100,000 words (compound words included, of course, which the French has not). The last edition of Webster has between 110,000 and 115,000. But about 2000 words, after dropping too specifically scientific and technical terms, are sufficient to give a good reading and speaking knowledge of Esperanto; of which 2000, only relatively few are entirely new to any person, as we know. This modest vocabulary, together with all the grammar rules, is printed in a booklet containing 24 pages (4×3 inches), which can easily be put in a waistcoat pocket; it weighs five grams, and costs exactly one cent. With the material contained in this remarkably small volume, Dr. Zamenhof claims that he can express practically all human thoughts, at least so far as they may be expressed in words. In order to prove it, he has translated Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, and Shakespeare is considered as having the widest range of terms at his disposal of all the greatest writers of the world, — about 7000 words, if our memory does not betray us. To show the adaptability of his language, Dr. Zamenhof translated also one of Dickens's novels. One of his disciples translated a treatise of Euclidian Geometry; and Hachette has just issued Richet's little book on Spontaneous Generation.

Many persons will feel inclined to doubt *a priori* the possibility of doing these things satisfactorily. Until they decide to try, and put themselves in a position to judge by themselves, I may remind them of a fact, — and my authority for it is Renan himself, — namely, that all that the Old Testament has to say to us is expressed by means of 500 root-words and their derivatives. Now Esperanto has 2000 root-words. The 45,000 to 70,000 scriptural signs in Chinese can in the same way, we are told, be reduced to 450 primitive terms.

The Grammar. The most remarkable achievement of Dr. Zamenhof remains still to be told. Think of the heavy gram-

mars, Latin, Greek, German, French, which are put in the hands of our children. The most elementary do not come down to less than a few hundred pages. The grammar in Esperanto occupies about four pages in the *Manuel Complet*, by M. de Beaufront. There are only sixteen rules, without exceptions. Moreover, those sixteen rules are really needed only if one wants to speak or write the language. For reading they are hardly necessary, as the principles applied are familiar beforehand to any person who has ever used at all our present languages; and the following table will probably prove sufficient.

In root-words

o final marks always the noun: <i>patr'o</i> , father.			
a	"	"	the adjective: <i>patr'a</i> , paternal.
e	"	"	the adverb: <i>patr'e</i> , in a fatherly manner.
j	"	"	the plural: <i>bon'a'j patr'o'j</i> , good fathers.
n	"	"	the direct object, and the place where one goes: <i>mi amas la patr'o'n</i> , I love the father. <i>Li vias Rom'o'n</i> , he goes to Rome.
i	"	"	the infinitive: <i>am'i</i> , to like.
as	"	"	the present: <i>mi am'as</i> , I like; <i>li est'as</i> , he is.
is	"	"	the past: <i>ni am'is</i> , we liked.
os	"	"	the future: <i>vi am'os</i> , you will like.
us	"	"	the conditional: <i>ili am'us</i> , they would like.
ant	"	"	the present participle active: <i>am'ant'o</i> , liking.
at	"	"	the present participle, passive: <i>am'at'a</i> , who (or which) is liked.
it	"	"	the passive participle, past; <i>am'it'a</i> , who (or which) has been liked.

There is only one article, *la*, for masculine, feminine, and neuter, as in English.

The personal pronouns are: *mi*, *vi*, *li* (he), *gi* (it), *ŝi* (she, pronounced *she*), *ni*, *ili* (they); *oni* (one, they); *si* (self). To form the possessive adjectives, add

simply the ending of the adjective, *a: mi'a, my.*

The cardinal numbers are: *unu, du, tri, kvar, kvin, ses, sep, ok, nau, dek — cent — mil.* Add the ending of the adjective, and you have the ordinal numbers.

And this is all. Take a penny dictionary in your pocket, and you are provided to get along in Esperanto. Even without the dictionary, and only with the few words of Esperanto quoted here, plus what everybody knows of his own native tongue, you will almost be able to understand a text in the new language. Try:

La internacia lingvo Esperanto estas facile lernebla, eĉ de la personoj nemulte instruitaj. Unu horo sufiĉas ĝenerale por lerni la tutan gramatikon, kelkaj tagoj por legi, kelkaj semajnoj por skribi. Esperanto estas efektive tre simpla, fleksebla, bonsona kaj vere internacia per siaj elementoj. Kun malgranda kvanto da radikoj oni povas fari tre grandan nombron da vortoj dank al la praktika sistemo de prefiksoj kaj sufiksoj. Tiu ĉi lingvo ne havas la intencon malfortigi la lingvon naturan de ia popolo. Ĝi devos servi por la rilatoj internaciaj kaj por tiuj verkoj kiuj interesas la tutan mondon. Esperanto helpas la sciencojn, la komercon, kaj la vojaĝojn.

Translation

The international language Esperanto is easily learnable, even by (of) people not much educated. One hour suffices generally to (for) learn the whole grammar,

some (French *quelques*) days to read, some weeks to write. Esperanto is effectively very simple, flexible, well-sounding, and very international by its elements. With [a] small (not-large) quantity of radicals, one can make [a] very great number of words, thanks to the practical system of prefixes and suffixes. This language has not the intention to weaken the natural language of any people. It must serve for the international relations, and for all the works which interest the whole world. Esperanto helps the sciences, commerce, and journeys.

The writer is not an Esperantist; he does not speak the new idiom; he never tried to. But having heard of it, he decided to write to M. de Beaufront. Soon he received a little book, *Langue internationale Esperanto*, and one Sunday afternoon (for play, not for work), at about three o'clock, he began to study. At four o'clock he could read without too much trouble. In the evening, after his supper, he wrote M. de Beaufront a letter of thanks in Esperanto. He feels perfectly sure that anybody could do as well. Perhaps much better.¹

¹ The address of the British branch of Esperanto is as follows: 13 Arundel Street, London, W. C.

One can also order the books for the study of Esperanto, by addressing, "Esperanto," Review of Reviews Office, 14 Norfolk Street, Strand, London. Orders will be sent post free on receipt of the prices of the volumes: *viz.*, *Complete Textbook of Esperanto*, by J. O'Connor. 1 s. 8 d. *English-Esperanto and Esperanto-English Dictionaries.* 2 s. 8 d.

ON ACCOUNT OF THE HERR MAJOR

BY ESTHER B. TIFFANY

IN the middle of her spotless, bare little salon, with its snowy curtains, tall white porcelain stove, and waxed floor, towered, hand on hip, Frau Schulze, letter of lodgings in the old North German conservatory town of Leipsic. Facing her sat deprecatingly, upon the sofa, the possible lessee of the lodgings. This was a slight, erect, well-dressed American woman of thirty or thereabouts, with deeper lines in her forehead, and more gray hairs in her abundant dark coils, than seemed explicable in one otherwise so blooming. On the present occasion, however, there might be sufficient cause for the pucker in her delicately drawn eyebrows, for it appeared that she was being weighed in the balance, and Frau Schulze, voluble, dramatic, broad of girth, was putting her through a series of searching questions.

"So none of the Fräulein's six sisters are studying at the Conservatory?"

Miss Jocelyn, in somewhat labored German, hastened to refute the heinous charge.

"Nor play the piano?"

"There will be no piano playing."

"Nor the violin, nor the 'cello, nor the French horn, nor the flute, nor — nor —" Frau Schulze, checking off the various instruments on her plump fingers, paused a suspicious instant, and brought up with an explosive and suspicious "nor the kettledrum, mein Fräulein?"

"A kettledrum! what an idea!"

But the long-suffering landlady held her ground.

"You never can tell, Fräulein, what a lodger may not smuggle in, and now that these ladies' orchestras are all the rage — But as I say, it is all on account of my lodger, the Herr Major, who forbids my taking in any pupils of the Conservatory."

"I wonder you can put up with such a lodger, Frau Schulze."

"Put up! put up with the Herr Major!"

Frau Schulze folded her arms across her ample bosom, and gazed her amazement at the sacrilegious young woman on the sofa. "But then, you are a stranger, and moreover an American, and could hardly be expected to understand. Himmel! it was only yesterday, for instance, while I was weeping bitterly over the death of my father-in-law," — Miss Jocelyn looked sympathetic, — "yes, mein Fräulein, only think, my father-in-law died a rich man, and left me a bare fifty marks! As I say, I was convulsed with grief, when in comes the Herr Major. 'Mein Gott, Hanna!' says the Herr Major, 'you have again been impoverishing yourself on my account; you have undoubtedly been turning away another conservatory pupil,' and down he plumps me a good round sum."

"And when you explained," suggested Miss Jocelyn.

Frau Schulze looked her pitying reproach.

"Explain! Ach Gott! you Americans! So cold, so practical! Plunged in grief as I was, how could I find words to explain? I simply kissed the hand of the Herr Major."

"I see," said Miss Jocelyn. "Well, then, Frau Schulze, will you take us in for a few weeks? We are planning moving into the country later."

But still Frau Schulze demurred, stroking down the rustling expanse of her white apron.

"The Herr Major does not love Americans, *mein Fräulein*; he was once most scandalously cheated by a planter from the banks of the Amazon."

"But the Amazon is in South America, Frau Schulze."

"Surely, Fräulein, you told me you came from South America."

"No, indeed, I said from the Southern states of" —

But Frau Schulze would entertain no such invidious distinctions.

"It is all one, *mein Fräulein*, and I cannot pretend to fathom your extraordinary Indian geography, but seeing that my rooms are temporarily vacant, — it was a Russian pianist last; we put mattresses over the doors of the Herr Major, but it was no use, — and six sisters, you say? Six sisters are a great many."

Miss Frances Jocelyn of Maryland, eldest of seven, rose, drawing a deep breath, as one who had cause.

"Still," she said reflectively, "I cannot well drown them off; your river here is such a muddy little ditch; quite different," she added over her shoulder as she passed out at the door, "from the Amazon."

Frau Schulze received this last sally doubtfully.

"Such singular ways of putting things you Americans have." Then she narrowed her eyes, and nodded knowingly. "There are, however, other means of disposing of young girls; that is, if they have good looks, and — above all," — and here Frau Schulze made a rapid and satisfactory calculation of the probable cost of her new lodger's very tasteful wardrobe, — "above all, money."

"Good-morning, Frau Schulze; then you may expect us to-morrow," said Miss Jocelyn, with her head in the air, and the landlady nodded sagaciously to herself.

"She has come abroad to marry off her six sisters. I must have an eye to the Herr Major!"

For a week after the arrival of the Jocelyns at Pension Schulze all went merrily as a marriage bell. From Alice of twenty-two, eldest of the half-sisters, to Anne, just budding into her teens, they were undeniably pretty girls, and, for Americans, singularly docile and subdued. If at times a certain mutinous gleam in the eyes of Beatrice, the tallest and most striking of the group, hinted at hidden fires, Frau

Schulze failed to take alarm, and softened by their beauty, their orphaned estate, their lavish use of money, she buried all suspicion, and even began to entertain generous notions of assisting the eldest of seven in her matrimonial schemes. Not, however, to the extent of throwing these engaging maidens in the way of so eligible a *parti* as the Herr Major! The Herr Major was, Frau Schulze considered, her particular property. Had she not been born on the family estate, and in fact set up in the lodging business by her young master? He was to be cherished and fleeced, it stood to reason, by no one but herself. What advantage should she reap by a marriage which would carry the Herr Major and his open purse to the banks of the Amazon? Fortunately he took his meals at the club, so there was scant opportunity for more than a chance encounter with the Americans. Still, Miss Jocelyn might be laying her plans, and it would be best to sound her.

"So well behaved, so modest, your sisters," purred Frau Schulze, waylaying Miss Jocelyn in the corridor. "One would never suspect they were Americans. Mees Beatrice, now, — such an air; and Mees Alice with a mouth one could cover with a groschen. But Fräulein Jocelyn is wise; she takes her time; she observes this *parti* and that, and she says" —

"I say nothing at all, Frau Schulze," broke in Frances with blazing eyes, "except that my sisters are not — not" — "Not in the matrimonial market" was what she wished to say, but, her German coming short, she finished with the bald statement, "my sisters never marry."

Frau Schulze, with upraised hands, supplicated the chandelier. "Thou dear Heaven! You design them for old maids! The poor lambs; the little innocents! Have you a heart of stone? And with such hair and eyes, and so rich! Gott! you could marry them to any title. Poor lambkins; little angels of gold; and so sweet, so pious, so obedient, so gentle, so — *Um Gottes Willen*, what, what is that?"

"That" was a gay, brilliant, assured *arpeggio* on the violin, and the next moment a tripping, saucy gavotte was breaking the sacred silence of Pension Schulze. The sounds emanated from the salon of — Heaven help them — the Jocelyn sisters!

Frau Schulze, as fast as her generous size would allow, lumbered down the corridor, Miss Jocelyn following in open dismay.

"Now how did Beatrice — of course it is Beatrice — smuggle it in? I thought they had all been packed away." Then she came to a terrified pause, for a door had burst open, and an irate officer, and an undeniable German oath, had launched themselves simultaneously into the passage. The officer had eyes only for his landlady.

"What is this, Hanna, a violin?"

Frau Schulze wrung her hands.

"Never blame me, Herr Major; they swore on the holy Bible they had none of them ever so much as touched an instrument of any kind. Ach, Gott! here they are, all of them; the Herr Major may see for himself."

And well the Herr Major might see for himself. Headed by Beatrice, who, at the uproar without, had stopped her playing, and thrown open the door, the whole frightened, blushing bevy was discovered hovering on the threshold, and in a moment Miss Jocelyn added another to the group.

"Beatrice, how could you!" she expostulated, and then, turning boldly, she faced the Herr Major.

"I am sorrowful," she said, in her most stately and classical German, and with a dignity which might have carried more weight if in her perturbation she had not addressed the Herr Major endearingly as *du*; "and assure thee it shall never happen again."

Not a ripple of amusement disturbed the courteous gravity of the major's face. He was a tall man of perhaps forty, of a fine carriage and decidedly prepossessing appearance. Despite the accident of the

oath, he was a gentleman, and as such rose to the occasion.

"In future," he said, clicking his spurred heels together, and executing an impressive salute that completely awed the younger girls, "in future when the young ladies play I shall open my door to listen."

But Beatrice was not to be so easily mollified.

"It's very strange," she said, with her head thrown well back from her fine, long, scornful throat, "why the Leipsic people go to the trouble of founding conservatories, and then refuse accommodation to the poor, deluded pupils who come to attend them."

"There, there, Beatrice!"

Beatrice, who was the linguist and the orator, shook off her sister's restraining hand.

"No, no, Frances, I insist on telling Frau Schulze, and this — this gentleman, how for weeks we have been driven from pillar to post, without a place to lay our heads, and simply because we wish to pursue the divine art of music."

"But, Mees Beatrice," broke in Frau Schulze, while the major, stroking his mustache, looked uncertain whether to stand his ground or to fly before this battery of lovely, reproachful eyes, "but, dear, sweet Miss, — seven of you, and all practicing at once!"

Beatrice waved the interruption aside.

"And when we give up in despair, and try and hire a place in the country, — such a dear old place, with only cows and peasants to object to our practicing, — the agent keeps putting us off, and pretending he must make sure of our references — our references! — and alluding covertly to a so-called 'fellow countryman' of ours, a scoundrel from Brazil who hired the place once and never paid."

A sudden illumination lit up the expressive features of the Herr Major, and though he had evidently a moment before been meditating flight, he now turned to Miss Jocelyn with a genial if somewhat

embarrassed eagerness that sat well upon him.

"Might I take the liberty of asking the *gnädiges Fräulein* the name of the estate in question?"

"Grünau!" burst in chorus from all the girls, who had been silent such an unconscionable time.

Frau Schulze clasped her hands. "Thou dear Heaven! the estate of the Herr Major!"

Again seven pairs of reproachful eyes were fastened on the luckless officer. It was he, then, with his insane distrust of Americans, who was keeping them out of Paradise.

"There has been some unfortunate mistake," protested the owner of Grünau with great earnestness, "I will write at once to my agent to place the house at your disposal."

In April not even the flat, uninteresting plain about Leipsic can quite escape the witchery of spring, and it is then that Grünau looks its best. It is a low, red-tiled manor, built, German farm fashion, around a courtyard which is littered with stable adjuncts not of the savoriest, but toward the rear the windows open on terrace and garden and park. Here a noble growth of trees offers cool and secluded retreats; here wild violets lurk and great sheets of yellow primroses dance in the breeze. From one end of the park wall stretches the village, its steep, pitched roofs overtopped by the gray old Lutheran church spire; and in the other direction, breaking the monotony of the green plain, rise the towers of the city.

In the centre of the main wing of the manor a lofty hall, stone-flagged and hung about with antlers and hunting horns, and a rusty blade and firelock or two, imparts a certain dignity; and without in the garden the ancient stone well, the rose-embowered sun-dial, the quaint dove-cote, add their part to a homely charm that soon steals into the heart. This, at least, was the effect on Frances, and it was with a light heart that she set

her domestic machinery to running, interviewed the old servants, who had stayed on, engaged a highly respectable widow lady as governess and general duenna, and made arrangements for certain masters to come from town, and other arrangements for the older girls to be conducted to and from the Conservatory. So utter, indeed, was the content of the eldest of seven, so sheltered seemed this retreat, that it was nothing less than a shock to receive, one fine morning, the visiting card of the Herr Major.

The Herr Major! What was he there for? Under ordinary circumstances it might seem natural for a landlord to visit his own estate on occasion, but the final words of Frau Schulze had put Frances on her jealous guard.

Drawing Miss Jocelyn aside, and with the manner of one who could unfold unspeakable things, Frau Schulze had whispered, "Beware of the Herr Major, *mein Fräulein*; he is on the lookout for a rich wife."

So on the first appearance of the fortune hunter, the wary elder sister, glancing in alarm at Alice and Martha and Beatrice seated feeding the doves by the fountain, sent them post haste to their practicing, and the formal interview was lugubriously accompanied by the disconsolate wail of 'cello, viola, and violin, issuing from various remote quarters of the house.

It would seem, however, that Frances had been needlessly prudent. The Herr Major did not so much as allude to the young ladies. He had come down to speak about the rehabilitating of the crumbling fresco in the dining-room, the restoration of which — with her gracious permission — he might be obliged personally to superintend from time to time.

For a well-kept-up old mansion it was singular to observe how many things were out of order; out of order, at least, in the eyes of their scrupulous landlord. Not a week passed but the Herr Major, profuse in apologies, but firm as to the necessity of overseeing the workmen,

would drive out to Grünau; and, little by little, to the suspicious eye of the alarmed mother bird, ruffling her feathers and spreading her wings to protect her brood, these visits began to wear an ominous air. Quite early in the game, too, it became evident that Beatrice evinced a fluttered interest in the comings and goings of the Herr Major, and invariably found occasion to have business with the particular carpenter or plasterer or gardener whom the master of Grünau had come down to interview. The whole bevy of girls, in fact, sang his praises. So whole-souled and simple, when once the outer conventional crust had dropped off; so well-read, such an interesting talker; and as chivalrously gentle toward woman as if he had been an American. That last trait he had probably acquired through taking care of his invalid wife, dead five years before, and it must have been the loss of his only daughter that made him so particularly nice with merry, romping Anne, just in her teens.

It turned out, also, that, instead of having no ear for music, it was the extreme sensibility of that member which had made the incessant banging and thrumming of conservatory pupils a horror to him; and as to his hatred of Americans, — well, if he still cherished any such sentiments he kept them quite in the background. Indeed, so frank and genuine did he seem, that, forgetting her fears, Frances found herself by degrees actually consulting with him about the best masters for the girls, and whether he considered tennis too violent an exercise for Martha, who was delicate, and if he could recommend a nice, quiet little inn in the Harz Mountains for July. In all these matters how sound was his judgment; how rational his point of view! Men often did see things more sanely than women! What a comfort it must be in married life to have a man to consult, and not to be obliged to settle everything alone!

It was an unpleasant surprise, directly after one of these confidential talks, to

run across the Herr Major and Beatrice behind the magnolias in the garden, Beatrice flushed and excited, and her companion plainly embarrassed. What did it mean? Would a man of honor, and a conventional German above all, entrap an artless girl into secret interviews? Would, moreover, a man of honor allow himself to look at herself, Frances, as he had begun to of late, unless he — And how it set her heart to beating when he did look at her in that way!

So, restless and puzzled, her happy content quite at an end, Frances tried to steel her heart against this all too engaging visitor, and above all to keep Beatrice out of his path. Poor child, growing daily more sparkling and lovely, what did she know of fortune hunting! Alas, there was but one course to take; they must leave Grünau, and all on account of the Herr Major.

It was the praiseworthy custom at Grünau to take afternoon coffee, weather permitting, at the stone table in the garden; and here, shortly after the posting of the momentous note to the agent, breaking the news of their intended departure, the Herr Major discovered Frances. Seven cups, flanking a tempting cake, round like a garland and sprinkled with delicately browned almonds, decorated the board, and it was evident that in a few moments the whole hungry tribe would launch themselves upon it.

Seated stiffly, and in full regimentals, opposite his hostess, in whose dark coils one of the girls had fastened a cluster of yellow primrose, the master of Grünau looked deprecatingly across the cake and coffee.

"Of course it's only a poor little place," he admitted, evidently having been informed of the impending catastrophe by his agent, "but if there is any improvement you could suggest — The servants? they are old house servants, and horribly opinionated, I fear."

"The servants are perfect."

"The dining-room is a barrack, I know, but if a few more rugs" —

"I like a bare dining-room."

"The gardener does not cut flowers enough, perhaps; the drawing-room is too sunny; the — the" —

But nothing the Herr Major could mention seemed to be at fault, and quite humbly he followed her eyes, which fluttered from bosky park to sunny terrace; from sunny terrace to glowing garden, as if in search of some defect, till finally they rested on an ivy-grown gable from whose open French window, quaint with thick-leaded panes, there stole the haunting cadence of an old German love song. It was Beatrice playing on her violin in an upper chamber, and the song of all others was *How can I leave thee*.

After the Herr Major had waited an embarrassing number of minutes, and no answer came to his question, he rose, his early formality wrapped about him like a garment.

"I understand, it is my too frequent presence at Grünau that is the disturbing element. My intentions have been too evident; my devotion unwelcome."

Frances in her turn rose stiffly, and gripped the edge of the table with both hands.

"Surely you must understand" — she stammered — "with these motherless girls to look out for — and I promised their mother on her deathbed — she was an unhappy woman — and I thought if I filled their minds with some interest like music — their mother hoped they never would marry."

"Who is speaking of marrying your sisters?" asked the Herr Major.

Frances flushed rose red.

"Pardon me; I thought — I understood" —

The Herr Major strode around the table.

"Surely you knew, Miss Jocelyn, it was you — you" —

"*Wie ist es möglich dass ich dich lassen kann*," wailed the violin from the gable chamber. When had Beatrice ever played like that? Pricked on to speech by the aching pain in her heart, in part for the innocent little sister thus disclosing her inmost secret, in part, alas, for herself, Frances blurted out, —

"You mistake, Herr Major, it is only my half-sisters have the money."

"Now who, *in Gottes Namen*," said the major, in a singularly gentle voice, "has been tampering with you? Those words were never yours, *gnädiges Fräulein*. I have learned to know you too well; so simple, so clear of soul, so unworldly as only some of you American women can be. In your heart you never believed that, and the question of money, thank God, is not one I have to consider."

But Frances still drew back, lifting imploring eyes toward the gable window, where, if truth be told, the supposedly heart-broken younger sister was taking a gloating and bird's-eye view of the first proposal it had ever been her good fortune to witness.

"How can I, if — if she — if Beatrice" —

"Miss Beatrice?" said the Herr Major, catching at the name but missing the significance of the words; "it is through Miss Beatrice, my particular friend and ally, that I learn the young ladies have lost their hearts to Grünau, and nightly insert a petition into their prayers that their eldest sister may be moved to become *die Frau Major*."

PALMER'S HERBERT

BY A. V. G. ALLEN

GEORGE HERBERT is conventionally ranked among the minor poets. The classification has no great value, and instead of serving a useful purpose may only hinder the recognition of poetic greatness. In this edition of Herbert's poems, Professor Palmer has freed himself from the trammels of relative and conventional estimates. He has done for a minor poet, if such he must be called, what has hitherto only been done for the great masters of song. He has subjected him to a study, encyclopædic in its range, a study minute, thorough, and seemingly exhaustive. He has done a work never attempted before, and it is so final in its results that henceforth every student of Herbert must reckon with it. So long as Herbert is read, or studied, will Mr. Palmer be associated with his name, as the commentator who rescued him from the neglect or ignorance which obscured his meaning and purpose. It is no slight task which Mr. Palmer has accomplished. In the absence of creative work which is the characteristic of our time, he has lifted the veil from the poet of another age, and has revealed to us his beauty and his power. Herbert now lives again, better understood than he was even by his contemporaries, and he speaks to the modern world, bringing to it a message needed and longed for. He can hardly again be classed among minor poets. He is not to be judged by the amount of his poetic work alone but by its quality, by the purpose which inspired him, and by his influence on those who followed him. In the light in which Mr. Palmer has disclosed him he is great and to be ranked among the few to whom the world is most indebted.

Herbert has always had his admirers, — a small number it is true, — who have

seen that he possessed some subtle charm for the religious imagination beyond any other. Such was Mr. Emerson, who in his address on Books (1872) said of him: "He was a person of singular elevation of mind, and I think every young man and every young woman who wishes inspiration from books, should find for their Sunday reading and their Monday reading the little volume of George Herbert's poems. I speak of it, because it is a little the best religious English book that I recall. I don't know any one who has spoken so sweetly to the religious sentiment in us as George Herbert." The late Senator Hoar was a devotee of Herbert, one of those who was looking forward to the appearance of this new study of his life and works. Over the fireplace in his library at his home in Worcester were inscribed these lines from Herbert, —

Man is no starre, but a quick coal
Of mortall fire;
Who blows it not, nor doth controll
A faint desire,
Lets his own ashes choke his soul.

There is deep significance in the ups and downs of Herbert's popularity, or in the names of those who have admired him. In his own age he was recognized for his high merit by his friend Lord Bacon, by Walton and Bunyan; by other poets, — Donne, Vaughan, and Crashaw. King Charles I found solace in reading him; Baxter thought he spoke of God as one who knew Him. But in the eighteenth century he was neglected; with the exception of Addison, Cowper stands alone in praising him, "finding delight in reading him all day long." In the last century there came a renewed interest. "During the last quarter of the century," says Mr. Palmer, "a new edition of Herbert has appeared almost every other

year." But he also adds, "In this period of Herbert's popularity he is more bought than read. Half a dozen of his poems are famous; but the remainder, many of them equally fitted for household words, nobody looks at. They lie hidden beneath ancestral encumbrances which editors have not had the courage to clear away. . . . The arrangement of the book preserves its original chaos. No attempt has ever been made to set the poems in intelligible order. The many religious, artistic, and personal problems which they involve remain unexamined. . . . Present means of access to him are in short elementary."

It has been Mr. Palmer's object to remedy these defects, and to enable the many to find in Herbert what has hitherto been accessible only to the few. It was to have been expected from the author that his research would go as deep as the inmost spring of the poet's life. There is here also a rich combination of author and subject, for Mr. Palmer has put himself into the work. Everywhere is visible the hand of the accomplished translator of the *Odyssey* and of the *Antigone*, the subtle and profound critic, the incessant student and observer of the ways of man in the world. No man, poet or other, could have been more fortunate than Herbert has been in meeting with such a mind whose gifts have been concentrated in one supreme effort to know and to make known. In the preface, Mr. Palmer has told us, better than any one reviewing his work can do, exactly what he proposed to himself to accomplish. It is a preface which will strike the reader with its unwonted tone of personal disclosure. It tells what otherwise we should not have known, why he should have bestowed all his powers, this marvelous labor, these prodigious pains, these years of toil, in elucidating the life and poetry of George Herbert. "There are few to whom this book will seem worth while. It embodies long labor spent on a minor poet, and will probably never be read entire by any one. But that is a reason for

its existence. Lavishness is its aim. The book is a box of spikenard, poured in inappeasable love over one who has attended my life. . . . He has rendered me profoundly grateful for what he has shown me of himself, — the struggling soul, the high-bred gentleman, the sagacious observer, the master of language, the persistent artist. I could not die in peace, if I did not raise a costly monument to his memory."

Professor Palmer's study of Herbert is so comprehensive in its range, so rich and varied, exhaustive and yet suggestive, there is so much which compels attention as new and striking where mere allusion or reference would be of no avail, that it baffles the reviewer who would fain do justice to the subject. His work must be described in his own words as "encyclopædic in its character." He has furnished a "critical dictionary" by which the meaning of the poet may be ascertained, through the text, the facts of the author's life, and the literary criticism of his age. The comment of other students of Herbert is included. His own critical comment includes explanations of words and phrases, the tracing of connections of thought, references to similar passages whether in Herbert or his contemporaries. The cross references attached to every poem, costing an immense amount of labor, serve to illustrate Herbert's curious tenacity of thought or phrase, making him comment on himself, and "out of his own mouth to explain his peculiar locutions." In addition to this fullness of comment, there are chronological tables, lists of textual variations, indexes of titles of the poems, arranged in the traditional order or according to the new classification, as well as an index of first lines to be found in no other edition. These indexes are repeated in each of the two volumes containing the poems. There are numerous illustrations, among them the homes of Herbert and of his ancestors, of the churches with which his name is associated, gathered by the author "in pilgrimages to every spot where Herbert's

feet have stood." The most important of these is the new portrait of the poet which forms the frontispiece of the first volume, and Mr. Palmer justly felicitates himself and his readers in securing a representation of Herbert's features, exhibiting him with "a fullness, complexity and likelihood such as no written criticism can give." The new portrait condemns as inadequate and misleading the work of earlier engravers. It is a face, to use Mr. Palmer's words, "marked by high breeding, scholarship, devoutness, disappointment, humor, fastidiousness, pathos, and pride." the face of one who has "moved in courtly circles, and convinces us that he was once alive."

The greater part of Mr. Palmer's first volume is given up to elaborate dissertations on the life of Herbert, on the man in his personality and character, on the type of religious poetry which he represents, on his style and technique as a poet, and lastly on the text and order of the poems. Special prefaces are also furnished to each of the twelve groups into which the poems are divided. Too much can hardly be said in praise of these essays and prefaces. They are terse and direct, marked by fervor and grace of diction, full of concentrated interest, illuminative and inspiring. Their effect is to beget enthusiasm in the reader, till he marvels at the author's skill and success, as he moves on triumphantly to a great conclusion.

One would like to dwell on each of these dissertations, but they are too condensed, too full of information to be reproduced even in barest outline. One point may at least be alluded to, the analysis of the causes of Herbert's obscurity, which is treated in masterly fashion. Mr. Palmer admits that Herbert is difficult to read beyond any other English poet, nor does "nearness of acquaintance remove the intricacy; it is perpetual." There are moments of lucidity which merely make the prevailing darkness deeper. "What can have made a writer, whose diction is on the whole sound and

who is ever alert, artistic and highly rational, so difficult to read?" In his answer to the question Mr. Palmer may be briefly summarized. The difficulty is owing to the private character of his verse, circulated among his friends but never receiving public criticism. He was analyzing his inner life, apart from the consciousness of a possible judgment by the reading world. Fullness of record was his aim rather than the impression to be made; and he neglected the art of soliciting other minds. For these intimate disclosures we pay heavily, forced as we are to seek connections of thought, explain transitions and allusions, and, above all, catch the mood, or all is blind. Even the titles of the poems are in some cases so many enigmas, not to be solved without patience and imagination. Herbert's object was not so much to gain a hearing as to reveal the workings of a soul. His poetry is a record or "picture of spiritual conflicts that have passed between my soul and God." The intricacy of his verse is in some measure inherent in his theme. In this connection and elsewhere Mr. Palmer protests against the epithet "holy," when applied to Herbert, as most misleading. He always remained to himself, whatever he may have seemed to others,

"A wonder tortur'd in the space
Betwixt this world and that of grace."

And further, the age of Herbert was characterized by a mental exuberance in which he shared, — an age of intellectual audacity, full of enigmas, given to exploiting new doctrines. This intellectualism invaded the church, showing itself in theological refinements; to take a good example, in the complexity of the Westminster Confession, when compared with the briefer, simpler doctrinal statements of the sixteenth century. It was an age which enjoyed difficulties and the accomplishment of feats, such as condensing thought, and putting as much meaning as possible into a given compass. Herbert studied compactness till he became a master in the art of forcing words to

carry a little more than their wonted meaning. Herbert was reacting, also, against the smooth, honeyed mellifluousness of the versifiers in the preceding age. He employed at times rugged words, jolting phrases. The impression in reading some of his poems may be compared with riding in a vehicle without springs over a road paved with cobble stones. He shared in another peculiarity of his time, the use of what are called "conceits;" whose essence, as Mr. Palmer defines it, lies in tracing resemblances. Sometimes they are far-fetched and remote, "false conceits;" or they may be noble conceits, as when "a mind aglow with meditative feeling finds its moods reflected from every object that meets its sight or remembrance." Herbert indulges occasionally in conceits of the baser sort, and they repel the reader; but so did every poet from Shakespeare to Dryden. Herbert is saved from any excess by his artistic sense.

There are reasons enough, then, why Herbert should be a difficult poet to read. His conceits are distasteful, and everywhere he calls for intellectual effort on the part of the reader, for study and sympathetic attention; but the reward is great, — the disclosure of a rich, pathetic, and individual personality. He was a pioneer in the development of the short poem, and whatever his defects, "he chose wise means for reaching his special ends. He is the first of our lyric poets who can fairly be called a conscious artist; the first who systematically tries to shape each of his short poems by a predetermined plan, and that too a plan involved in the nature of his subject. . . . He was in possession of a new method and one of enormous importance."

As to Herbert's character as a man, it can best be read in his poems. It falsifies him to detach in any psychological study his conditions of temperament or intellect or body. In his essay on "The Man" Mr. Palmer has noted some of his peculiarities. Walton says of him that he

was of "a stature inclining toward tallness," and that "he was lean to an extremity." Others have mentioned the "elegance of his person," and how his looks and behavior begot "an awful reverence for his person." He possessed great refinement of the senses, a feature of his character which Mr. Palmer has illustrated amply from his verse. He was most particular in the matter of dress, and given to enlarging on the proprieties. His eye was alert in noting the traits of natural objects, but he had none of the mystic's brooding over nature. Music was his passion. This exquisite physical organization was an essential part of his equipment for poetry. On his moral side, the two temptations he most dreaded were idleness and lust. Woman stands to him for temptation and disturbance. There is strenuousness of temperament with comparative ineffectiveness of result, especially in the earlier part of his life. He was "a lover of retiredness," says Walton, which does not mean that he was exactly unsocial, for he had many warm friendships with able men. Pride was in him, and fastidiousness, and a dignity which would not bend to the ways of others. A certain pessimistic vein appears in his poetry at times, the tendency of the religious artist to "blacken earthly conditions for the glory of the divine;" but in spite of his quivering sense of sin Herbert is an optimist. His mind was capacious and disciplined. He may be called a man of wide learning, in divinity and in other lines as well; he was a linguist, familiar with Greek and Latin, French, Italian, and Spanish; he was full of intellectual curiosity, not indifferent to astronomy and alchemy. But he was independent and self-sufficing; he rarely quotes; what he knows he has incorporated as his own. His friendship with Lord Bacon, and with Lord Herbert of Cherbury does not imply any taste or capacity for abstract philosophy. He does not lack fundamental ideas, but he is not a philosopher, and does not concern himself with questioning basic ideas,

or inquiring into the fundamental principles of things. He is the interpreter of the deeper meaning of things. Primarily and always, he is the artist, contriving forms of beauty, accepting the world as he finds it, and out of its material ready made, constructing a beautiful intellectual home.

Turning from the man to his life and career in the world, it must be said that the Herbert whom Mr. Palmer portrays differs widely from the portrait given by Walton, or rather from the total impression which Walton leaves. What has chiefly impressed Mr. Palmer is the fact that the greater part of Herbert's life was spent in the world, in courtly circles, in the society of the fashionable and the great; that he was ambitious for distinction and for posts of honor in the State; that he turned to the Church in his later years, when disappointment and failure, the loss of patrons and of the favor of the court, loss also of health, made his secular ambition impossible. Walton on the other hand passes lightly over these many years, in order to dwell on the short period — not quite three years — during which Herbert served as rector of Bemerton Church. In painting the "Saint of Bemerton," in giving no heed to the thirty-six "vacillating years" spent in the service of the world, Walton has succeeded in imparting such a romantic color to Herbert that it has taken a firm hold on the popular imagination, and in Mr. Palmer's judgment "constitutes at present the most serious obstacle to the poet's cool assessment."

The ancestry of Herbert is closely related to his personality. He belonged to one of the oldest and stateliest of English families, which included in its extent three earldoms, Pembroke, Carnarvon, and Powis. The Montgomery branch of the family from which Herbert sprang was of a military spirit, a race of courageous men, quarreling easily, sensitive in matters of honor, rough in dealing out justice, but trained as gentlemen, and educated according to their capacity.

The religious tendency in Herbert came from his mother, also descended from a noted family. Her piety may be seen, not only in George Herbert, but in his older brother, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, although in him it takes the form of protest against traditional Orthodoxy, and he is known as the forerunner of the Deistic movement. The mother of the poet possessed beauty in high degree, together with social charm; she had intellect, passion, artistic and literary tastes. Her influence upon George Herbert was one of the most powerful factors in his development. A deep contradiction may have run in Herbert's blood as the result of such an ancestry, reminding us of Augustine with a heathen father and a Christian mother, — the man of the world and the religious idealist struggling in him for the supremacy.

George Herbert was born in 1593, the fifth son among ten children. From his infancy he was destined by his mother for the church, and with this purpose in view he went to Cambridge, where he took his bachelor's degree in 1612, pursuing the study of divinity in preparation for his sacred calling. But instead of proceeding at once to take orders, he continued to reside at Cambridge. He took his M. A. degree in 1616, when he was also appointed Major Fellow, an appointment soon followed by that of Prælector in Rhetoric. In 1619 he gained the post of Public Orator at Cambridge, a position he coveted, and regarded as a peculiar honor. There seems to have been at this point in his life an effort to defend his attitude, as not inconsistent with a religious vocation. His friend Sir Francis Nethersole objected that the position of Orator of the University "being civil may divert me too much from Divinity, at which, not without cause, he thinks I aim. But I have wrote him back that this dignity hath no such earthiness in it, but it may very well be joined with heaven; or if it had to others, yet to me it should not, for aught I yet know."

Herbert held the Public Oratorship

for eight years. During these years he had some ecclesiastical connection with Leighton Church, for whose restoration he solicited funds from his friends. But he was also aspiring to become a Secretary of State, and his expectation was backed by powerful friends at court. He had also won the favor of King James, who conceived a strong liking for him. He had every reason to hope for success, when in 1627 there came the great crisis in his life. The death of his patrons, loss of royal favor, the death of his mother, — a sore bereavement, — a threatened consumption, inward conflicts, — all these constitute what Mr. Palmer calls the crisis period. He now went into retirement for two years, at the end of which he suddenly married, and as suddenly, and not without some external pressure, took priest's orders (1630), and began the short career at Bemerton, where he died in 1633 at the age of thirty-nine.

Beneath the hesitation, and through all the "vacillating years," Mr. Palmer finds one consistent purpose, which constitutes the unity of Herbert's career. He was a poet, and a religious poet, with a distinctive mission before as well as after he went to Bemerton, but with more prolific energy and devotion, and with a greater intensity of religious fervor in those later years. So early as 1610 he wrote two sonnets to his mother in which he declared his resolution that his "poor abilities in poetry shall be all and ever consecrated to God's glory." It should be his aim to "reprove the vanity of those many Love-poems that are daily writ and consecrated to Venus and to bewail that so few are writ that look toward God and heaven." To this aim he adhered, despite the distractions of his secular duties, although the earlier output was small, about one third of the whole number of his poems. Mr. Palmer has shown that there is no evidence of Herbert's having turned aside to secular poetry.

From the features of Herbert's life as thus summarized, with its contradictions, its vacillation, its crisis, and its final con-

secration, Mr. Palmer drew the inference that if the clue could be found the poems would be seen to correspond with the distinct phases of the poet's experience. How the clue was obtained is told in the dissertation on "The Text and Order of the Poems," which is invested with the romantic interest of a great discovery. To do justice to this narrative in any condensed report is impossible. It is the story of a manuscript found some thirty years ago, whose significance had not yet been recognized. When Mr. Palmer turned his attention to this so-called Williams manuscript, he became aware, by a process of reasoning clearly stated and amply justified, that it contained only those poems written by Herbert in his earlier years, before he went to Bemerton. No poems were among them giving expression to the deeper mood of the crisis through which he passed after going into retirement, nor were there any bearing evidence that the author was in holy orders, or dealing with the joys and perplexities of the Christian ministry. Other evidence tending to the same conclusion was the inferiority of the readings when compared with the published poems; also their general character, the majority being of "an average sort, more marked by Herbert's peculiarities than by the traits which commend him to all time." Thus the Williams manuscript became "epoch-making" in its significance, for it afforded "the means of sorting the poetry of Herbert and of distinguishing an earlier and a later portion." This point established, there then remained the task of studying the other poems in order to their reclassification in accordance with a self-evident method.

When Herbert entered upon his work as rector of the Church at Bemerton, he threw himself with absolute devotion into the duties it involved. Mr. Palmer has called this last stage the period of "consecration." The change is most extraordinary, the revolution in his life complete. The secular world, the state with its opportunities and emoluments, the

society of the great with its fascination, all that had once formed the object of his interest or ambition, — to these things he makes no allusion, they seem to be as dead to him, as if they had never been. The years from 1627 to 1633 were critical and momentous for the English nation, and full of the portents of disastrous revolution, but Herbert does not allude to them. He is now shut up to the sphere of God and the soul, God and the church, as if they were the only realities. Such poems as "The Priesthood," "Peace," "The Pearl," "Obedience," "The Rose," "An Offering," "Praise" and "Love," have a new meaning and additional force, as they are read in the new order of arrangement; they furnish the evidence of a compact of the soul with God.

But within the period of consecration there are distinctions calling for further subdivision. At first the poet was supremely happy in his new vocation. He idealized every feature of his high office. Although he ministered to a small flock, mainly composed of farmers or uneducated people, including many poor, he threw a halo around his office, which has made his *Country Parson* a classic,—the romance, as it were, of the Christian ministry. Herbert is here drawing his own portrait, as well, his high birth, his refinement and fastidiousness, his strong common sense, his knowledge of life, of men, and of books, that indefinable quality and charm of the man, which gives force and distinction to all his work. Mr. Palmer has designated this first phase of Herbert's clerical life, "The Happy Priest." The poems which he has placed under this heading justify the new arrangement. They are songs of praise and gratitude, indicated by the titles, "Gratefulness," "Paradise," "The Quip," "Praise," "The Invitation," "The Banquet," "Even-Song." To this group belongs one of the most exquisite of all Herbert's poems, — "The Clasp of Hands," — which reminds one of Shakespeare's *Phoenix and the Turtle*, and has a

certain profound philosophic and theological bearing, more valuable than any dogmatic formula.

Under the title of "Bemerton Study" are given the poems of a more reflective and leisurely character, including one of the longest, called "Providence." But now there came still another phase of Herbert's life,—Mr. Palmer calls it a "reaction," — when after the first exuberance of joy and satisfaction there ensued a consciousness of irksome restrictions. Cut off from society, ministering to a small group of farm laborers, he began to feel the contrast with his earlier and larger life in the full tide of human affairs. At first he had thought and sung as if there could be no satiety in his heavenly occupation. Now the conflicts of the crisis period were renewed. Human desires, personal interests, reasserted themselves, giving rise to "stormy poems" which Mr. Palmer has brought together under the heading "Restlessness." Again one is convinced of the justness of the grouping. Such poems as "Love Unknown," or "The Collar" can be best understood, indeed can only be adequately appreciated, when the conditions which Mr. Palmer describes are kept in mind. To this same group belongs "The Pilgrimage," among the best known and most admired of Herbert's poems, where he anticipates the allegory of Bunyan, in condensed outline. All these poems of "Restlessness" have a pathetic quality, and as Mr. Palmer has remarked of them, it is not the saint, but the man who is here making the appeal. In "The Crosse" the disillusion is most apparent, where even his ecclesiastical ambition, based upon wealth and family, is lamented as having issued in failure.

It may have been that ill-health was partly the cause of the rebellious mood which incited to these intensely personal poems. The last two groups, called "Suffering" and "Death," were written when disease was making rapid headway, and it had begun to be evident that life was drawing to a close. There is no longer

rebellion, as vitality declines, but infinite pathos and submission. But however the body may have decayed, there was no diminution of poetic skill. The poem called "The Flower," which Coleridge thought "delicious," contains a stanza revealing Herbert's gift of poetic imagery at its best, combined with his mastery of words and of their adaptation to their destined end and impression. To this stanza as representative of Herbert's peculiar gift, Mr. Palmer has called special attention.

Who would have thought my shrivel'd heart
 Could have recovered greenness? It was gone
 Quite underground, as flowers depart
 To see their mother-root when they have blown;
 Where they together
 All the hard weather,
 Dead to the world, keep house unknown.

The well-known poem, "Virtue," —
 Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright, —
 is placed by Mr. Palmer among those written shortly before the poet's death.

Among Herbert's poems, there is one called "Hope," which may be taken as a fair specimen of the difficulties of his verse, with its conceits, its condensation and ellipses of thought, where spontaneity and reality seem to be overshadowed by ingenuity. And yet beneath these outward signs there runs the sad intensity of passion. The poem is here given, with Mr. Palmer's interpretation, as an illustration of his power in making Herbert intelligible: —

HOPE

I gave to Hope a watch of mine; but he
 An anchor gave to me.
 Then an old prayer-book I did present;
 And he an optick sent.
 With that I gave a viall full of tears;
 But he a few green eares.
 Ah Loyterer! I 'le no more, no more I 'le bring.
 I did expect a ring.

Mr. Palmer connects the poem with the contradictions of love, a constant subject with Herbert. His lines might have been called "The Weariness of Hope," "To Love I gave my time, prayers and tears. Serving Love long and get-

ting small return, I remind him of time passing, prayers offered, tears shed. Still he gives only hopes, visions, immature fruit. I despair. Translating into abstract terms Herbert's imagery of things, the sequence of his thought might be represented thus, " —

To love I said, "Hast thou forgotten Time?"
 "Time counts for naught with Love for
 Love is Hope."

But I prayed still the prayer I ever prayed.
 "Look far away," said Love, "not on things
 near." I wept.

"Nay, here and now is fruit," he said.
 "Unripe indeed."
 "Why such delay?" cried I. "Give all or
 none."

Mr. Palmer's work is likely to encounter some adverse criticism. That his rearrangement of the poems in chronological order will be justified and in the main adopted there can be no doubt. This is one of his most important contributions to the enrichment of literature. But in going further, and in dropping the general title of "The Church," under which name the poems of Herbert have come down to us from his own day, and probably with his approval, though this is not certain, he will be thought by many to have gone too far. There is a significance in this title to which Mr. Palmer may not have done full justice. He has restricted it to a certain number of the poems where Herbert celebrates Anglican usages; but even accepting his principle of restriction, there are many poems quite as much entitled to a place under "The Church" which he has not included. "Even-Song" and "The British Church," not to mention others, may well have been placed among the poems inspired by Anglican piety.

Again, Mr. Palmer's effort to rescue Herbert from the exclusive appropriation of High Anglicanism will be met by demurrers. On the whole, and from an *a priori* point of view, as it may be called, Herbert's contemporaries, the High Churchmen of the day, including Izaak Walton, probably did not err in claiming him as their own. In the eccle-

siaistical sphere there is an instinct in these things which is sure and well nigh infallible. Mr. Palmer is right in tracing a certain Puritan affiliation in Herbert, but this does not make him any the less a representative of High Anglicanism. There is a type of Anglican High Churchmanship, which is secular in its tone, and which, as in the Caroline Age, sought to strengthen the Church by an alliance with the crown. But there is another type, taking an ascetic view of life, disowning the State or seeking strength by separation from the State, and claiming to be superior to all civil relationships. This latter type, which became so prevalent in the last century, in consequence of the Oxford movement, found its precursor in Ferrar of Little Gidding and in George Herbert, his intimate friend. Such kindred spirits in the seventeenth century might have recognized Keble in the nineteenth as having a common ideal. For the essence of this latter kind of High Churchmanship is identical with the spirit of Puritanism. Augustine and Hildebrand, Calvin and Knox, Newman, Pusey, and Liddon are at one in the dualism they assert between God and the world, in the view that religion consists in renunciation, rather than in consecration, of the world.

It is a small point but it may be deserving of notice, that it was not the usage in Herbert's time, nor has it been since in the Anglican Church, with some exceptions, to speak of the "priesthood" as the one technical designation of the Anglican clergy. In the Prayer Book of Herbert's time the word "minister" is of more frequent occurrence. When Archbishop Laud, according to a doubtful tradition, arranged the Prayer Book for the Scottish Church, he omitted the words "priest" and "priesthood," substituting "minister" or "presbyter" as their equivalent. The word "priest" had become discredited and obnoxious. It was not till the Restoration that the effort was made to rehabilitate it, and then in part for the purpose of making the Prayer Book im-

possible to the Puritans. Mr. Palmer's frequent employment of the word is therefore liable to be misunderstood; it anticipates and seems to sanction the controversial usage of a later generation. Herbert himself used the word Priesthood once, as a title for a poem; he called his book on the pastoral life *The Country Parson*.

But these are minor criticisms which touch only the fringe of Mr. Palmer's great achievement in giving to us the real Herbert, in revealing his place in the long literary perspective, and in vindicating his rightful claim. Herbert is henceforth no longer an enigma, lumped without consideration among the lyric poets of the seventeenth century. He takes precedence of them all. What makes him great is that he established religious lyric poetry upon a sure foundation, illustrating it so supremely as to entitle him to be called its discoverer. This is indeed a claim which will not go unchallenged. Mr. Palmer has anticipated the objections and has made the necessary qualifications of his statement. But even when due allowance is made for these, it was a bold thing to do, requiring courage as well as knowledge, to assert of Herbert that he produced a "new species of English poetry, establishing it so securely and making it so common, that we now forget that a Herbert was required for its production." Those who are interested in this matter should read carefully the author's introductory essay on "The type of Religious Poetry" and also the preface to the poems of the "Crisis" period where possible objections are met. There were visitors to America before Columbus discovered it. There were many workers in the field of the religious lyric before Herbert appeared. Among them in England were Southwell, Spenser, Donne, Crashaw; and if we go back to the mediæval period before the Renaissance others may be found, who uttered "the cry of the individual heart to God" which Mr. Palmer gives as the essence of the religious lyric. There was a preparation therefore for

Herbert. "In no strict sense can Herbert be said to have created it, for it is grounded in one of the most constant cravings of human nature. Yet the true discoverer is not he who first perceives a thing, but he who discerns its importance and its place in life. And this is what Herbert did. He is the first in England to bring this universal craving to adequate utterance."

It may throw additional light on Herbert's place in literature if we condense into a momentary glance the history of the religious lyrical element as it appears in the long range of the Christian centuries. Augustine was the first to give it expression in the *Confessions*. In the matter of form he was not a poet, but at heart he was, and his book is a treatise in poetic prose, where the intensely personal longing finds fullest expression. Before him there was nothing like it, and after him there was nothing till we reach the *Divina Commedia*. It seems strange, almost unaccountable, but in the first three centuries of the Christian era, in the Græco-Roman world, the personal note is almost entirely absent, or if it were sounded it is so faint as scarcely to be heard. If it may be explained, it is on the ground that the Psalter and the Christian Liturgies supplied the need in however impersonal a way. But to a vast extent the need, it must be presumed, was not acutely felt. Dante broke the long silence; the movement to God and the vision of God are the process and the culmination of his poem. Dante was the precursor of the modern age, as also the fulfillment of the age that was passing away. In his devotion to Beatrice he has fused in harmony the yearning for the human as well as the Divine love. But it was Petrarch, his successor, who made the great departure in concentrating his soul on human love; when for the first time in Christian history, in the words of Quinet, "un grand homme enferme avec éclat sa pensée dans un objet qui n'est pas Dieu." Laura occupies the place which hitherto the Church had held. Petrarch was a student of Augustine's *Confessions*; he realized the ex-

tent of his departure and its significance, as in his book, *De Contemptu Mundi Vel Secretum*, where he finally allows himself to be convinced by Augustine's argument of the grave error which was initiating a movement it would be henceforth impossible to suppress. The deification of human love was a tendency in literature from that time onward, taking each of the countries in Europe in turn as they became fitted for its reception. England's turn came with the Renaissance in the later years of Elizabeth. Shakespeare and the poets who followed him domesticated Petrarch's love sonnet. Every poet tried his hand at the human love lyric. There are said to be some two thousand in all of these songs. Herbert sought to reverse the tide, by the lyric celebrating religious or divine love. Others, too, there were who shared his feeling, but he devoted his life to this end. He enriched it with his own ingenuity, precision, and candor, freeing it from sensuous morbidity, taking lessons in art and style from the love-poets as he initiated the reaction against their theme. What Augustine did for the old world of the Græco-Roman Empire, Herbert has done in his measure for the modern day. A distance of twelve centuries separates them, but they clasp hands across the infinite gulf. There are other things which convey satisfaction to the religious cry for God, — the *Thoughts* of Marcus Aurelius and the *Imitation*, two books which, however diverse, have the same essential spirit. Great men like Boethius, or Anselm, or Martin Luther, have their affinity with this mood of the soul. But taking in the long range of history Herbert is more closely akin to Augustine. Among the books which he possessed and valued were the writings of St. Augustine. It may well be that he gained inspiration from the *Confessions*.

Among the points that stand out prominently in Mr. Palmer's treatment of Herbert's life is the long hesitancy before he gave up a secular career and entered the direct service of the Church. It may be an apology for Herbert that his delay is

not without a profound spiritual significance, that the transition was to be accompanied by loss as well as gain. The type of piety begotten in the Anglican Church in the age of the Reformation appears like an effort to harmonize the contradiction, generated by the Renaissance, between the rival claims of the human and the divine, the world that now is and that which is to come. The ideal of the Middle Ages had been the renunciation of the human in order to attain the divine. The Renaissance had brought in an opposing ideal, which in its extreme forms appeared as the renunciation of the divine in order to perfect the human. The new principle which animated the Anglican reformers and underlies their modification of the old religion was consecration, not renunciation,—the consecration of the human to a divine end. Luther also had seen that here lay the great contradiction to be overcome; he too had asserted that there was no such sharp separation between the secular and the religious life as the mediæval church had posited; he had maintained that the shoemaker at his last, or the blacksmith at his forge might serve God in faithfulness to duty as well as by prayer. So far as intrinsic merit was concerned, the act of humble secular service and the aspiration for holiness as in prayer were one. George Herbert, in one of his earlier poems, had given utterance to this doctrine of the gospel of the secular life, more adequately and in more inspired and beautiful form than has ever been done before or since. It may be that his exquisite poem "The Elixer" was written at the time when he was seeking the Public Oratorship, when he was commend-

ing its dignity as not incompatible with Heaven:—

Teach me my God and King
In *all* things thee to see
And what I do in *any* thing
To do it as for thee.

But when the attempt to consecrate the human, to divinize the State by its union with the Church, fails or threatens to end in failure, when the divine is in danger of being sacrificed, there is no other way than to revert again to the ascetic principle, to renounce a world whose consecration it seems vain to attempt. This is the essence of Puritanism as contrasted with the ideal it supplanted. Herbert may have felt the impending revolution in advance, from the time when he went to Cambridge, where Puritanism found its stronghold. He was turning his back on things he had once devoutly believed to be good and true, when the final decision was reached to assume the cure of souls at Bemerton. But his earlier ideal may still have been the higher. To it the world looks forward as the ultimate goal.

The existence of these divergent ideals, the conflict between them and the transition from one to the other, underlies this modern and illuminative interpretation of the Life and Poems of George Herbert. In retelling the story of the life, and setting aside picturesque fiction which has obscured it; in reënföring the mission of that life by the chronological arrangement of the poems, Professor Palmer's work corresponds with the title he has chosen for it. Apart from other merits, and they are many and great, here lies its highest value. The result accomplished is nothing less than giving to the world a new poet and making his message real.

THE MUJIK AND THE NEW REGIME IN RUSSIA

BY HERBERT H. D. PEIRCE

THE demand of the revolutionists in Russia for universal suffrage is a feature of the crisis through which Russia is now passing, the significance of which cannot be fully appreciated without understanding what the condition of the "mujik" is, constituting as he does eighty per cent or more of the population of the Empire. The importance of this great factor of the population has been, of course, appreciated in every revolutionary movement which Russia has seen, but heretofore the leaders have been unable to interest any considerable proportion of the common people in their movement. The present disaffection of the people, however, originating among the students of the universities, became so demonstrative that the authorities deemed it best to close those institutions, thereby scattering the disaffected students over the entire empire, to disseminate among the peasantry their revolutionary propaganda.

The word mujik, a mere colloquial name applied to the common people, means literally an inferior man. More properly and officially the common people of Russia are designated as "krestianin" or peasant, and "mestianin" or burgher, according to the class to which they belong; but they are so intimately associated with one another that the broad term of mujik is a more convenient appellation and has been generally adopted in speaking of the common people. The purpose of the present article is briefly to describe the mujik in the light of his capacity to exercise the right of suffrage.

All Russia lies in latitude north of New York, and most of the Empire is more northerly than Halifax, St. Petersburg at sixty degrees being farther north than any considerable settlement on the east coast of our continent, and on the same

parallel with the southern extremity of Greenland. The monotony of the vast and almost unbroken plain which constitutes nearly the whole of European Russia, in which the forests partake of the unvaried character of the landscape, being limited to some three or four species of trees; the intense and prolonged cold of winter, with its long nights, together with the difficulty of profitable agricultural effort in the greater part of the Empire, doubtless has its effect upon the nature of the peasantry, engendering that sadness which is a prominent characteristic of the mujik, finding its expression in the national music and poetry.

A condition of general unthrift among the peasants is one of the most striking features of Russian country life. Every stranger passing the frontier between that country and Germany is struck by the marked change in this respect which he encounters up to the very boundary line, and which the geographical position does not at all account for. There is no gradual change in the appearance of the face of the country or the people from comparative prosperity to extreme poverty, but a sudden difference in the conditions, marked by totally dissimilar methods of cultivation, dwellings, and habits of thrift. Everything on the German side indicates careful cultivation and industry, while, on the Russian side, the fields show bad tillage and neglect, squalid houses, inferior and uncared-for stock, and tools and implements lying in the fields exposed to the weather.

Whatever may be the theories of economists regarding this condition of unthrift the outside observer can hardly fail to find at least one explanation in the system of tenure under which the peasant holds his lands.

The land of the peasantry is not generally owned by them individually, except in certain districts of the Baltic provinces, of Little Russia and of Poland, but is held in communities, in which each tax-paying individual, or "soul," has a share, and for the taxes of which he is responsible. The taxes due to the government are assessed upon the number of "souls" in the commune, and upon the same basis is allotted to it a certain quantity of land. This land was sold, not given, to the communes upon the emancipation of the serfs, and amortization of the debt thus created was provided for by taxation of the communes. This debt is still unextinguished and the taxation is still in operation. For these taxes the commune is held strictly and rigidly responsible, but it is permitted to collect the amount from its individual members as it may see fit, and so long as the taxes are paid, to manage its own affairs. The commune therefore enjoys a considerable degree of self-government. It elects the officers of its governing body, called the "Mir," by popular vote, and regulates its own finances and matters of local administration without interference from the central government. To each "soul" is allotted, by the Mir, a certain proportion of land of three separate sorts, namely, cultivable, pasture, and marsh or meadow, according to his ability to work the land productively in the interest of tax payments. Thus a man who has a horse is given more land than he who has not, while one who has able-bodied children, sons or daughters, is given more than the man who has no one to help him in his cultivation, the incapacitated being given nothing, but being supported by the community. In these allotments ownership of the land does not pass to the individual; he is simply given the usufruct for a certain term, the duration of which varies in different communes from one year to ten or even more,—from three to five being the most usual, with a general tendency to increase the length of the period. In this allotment the individual has no

option; he may argue his case before the board of officers of the Mir, but he must, perforce, consent to accept the allotment of land made him, together with the share of taxes devolving thereon. In general, it is said that these apportionments are made in a spirit of equitable fairness, but that abuses do exist is not surprising. It occasionally happens, for instance, that a peasant having a reputation for experience at some trade which brings him custom from the neighboring large proprietors, or from other points outside the limits of the commune, by means of which he earns money in excess of what his labor in the fields could produce, has fastened on him an excessive proportion of communal land and consequent taxes.

While in the more productive districts, especially in the black-earth belt, the effort on the part of the individual is to secure as much land as possible, in the northern and other unproductive districts the peasant tries to shirk his communal responsibilities by presenting reasons why he should be allotted the minimum of land.

With the growth of the population in the richer agricultural districts the allotments of land are becoming appreciably smaller, while by emigration to Siberia or elsewhere those in the less productive regions, and the consequent *pro rata* tax, are increasing,—a condition which must sooner or later require a readjustment of the division of the agricultural lands of the Empire.

Not infrequently the peasant seeks employment in the cities, either for the entire year, or, what is still more common, for the winter months only. This may happen on account of one or more of several causes.

Formerly the mujik bound himself to service, agricultural or military, for a period of one year, and once each year he was free to change his master. With the abolition of the feudal system and the overthrow of the Tartar domination under Ivan III, grandfather of The Terrible, the forces of the Kniazes and their subor-

dinate boyars became the obligatory defenders of the Tsar and of the state. Experience showed that the working man employed this privilege to evade military service, and under Feodor, son of Ivan the Terrible, Boris Godonoff in 1593 promulgated a regulation forbidding this annual change of masters, thereby binding the peasant to the soil. This was the beginning of the real serfdom. The very word for serf, *Krieposnoi*, means bound to the soil.

The transition from permanent attachment to the soil to personal bondage to the master was an easy one, so that at the time of the emancipation by the Emperor Alexander II, in 1861, the serf had become as much a chattel of the proprietor as was his horse. The usual method for providing for the cultivation of the soil was for the proprietor to assign to the serf a portion of land for his own cultivation and sustenance, and in return to exact of him three days' service each week in the cultivation of the seignorial lands, or in such other labor as might be required. The serf usually might, however, by the annual payment of a small sum, obtain the consent of the master to absent himself from the estates and seek employment in the towns or wherever else he could benefit his condition; and occasionally a proprietor might boast the ownership of a serf who, by engaging in manufacture or trade, had amassed a large property, — perhaps exacting proportionate tribute for the serf's absence from the land. Still, so cheaply was labor held that the master who had not at least one hundred serfs was held to be poor, while many of the great landlords numbered their serfs by the thousand, the Sheremétiéff family alone owning one hundred thousand.

Upon the emancipation certain lands were allotted to the former serfs to be held by them forever, but not individually nor gratuitously. The land was assigned to them, as previously explained, in communities for their common benefit, and an annual tax imposed on each com-

mune for the gradual amortization of its value, the commune, as a body, being held for the payment of the tax, and itself having power to enforce payment from its individual members. In this it is aided by the state, which upon request undertakes to return absent members of the commune who may be in default, for until the final amortization the peasant can free himself from his communal obligations only by paying the full remaining share of his portion of debt. It is a common and deep-rooted belief among the peasants that during the condition of serfdom, while *they* belonged to their masters the *land* belonged to them, and that on the emancipation they were cheated out of their just rights by a corrupt bureaucracy which is now reaping the benefit of the amortization. Thus they regard this tax as the oppression, not of the Tsar, but of his arrogant officials, against whom, however, they are powerless to contend.

It is evident, therefore, that although the peasant is freed from bondage to the master, he still remains bound to the land until this debt is finally amortized. But, however, he still possesses the right to absent himself, provided he pays to the commune his annual quota of its tax.

It is thus that the industrial classes are recruited. The peasant goes to the town to take up some trade, leaving some member of his family, not infrequently his wife, to cultivate his allotment of land, perhaps returning at harvest time, or even for the whole season of the "*strada*" or summer's work in the fields. He may be sent by the head of the family to which he belongs to earn money to assist in paying the joint share of their communal taxes, his allotment of land being, if the absence is during the summer season, operated by the other members of the family; or he may, upon his own account, desire to add a little to his income; or even, finding his land unprofitable, he may abandon its cultivation to seek a livelihood in the city; but whatever may be the cause of his absence from the commune, he does not escape his responsibility for the taxes. For,

while the central government permits the Mir to collect the taxes from the individual, it also assists it in so doing by keeping track of him, and by returning him to the commune, in case of his failure to remit his share, and even by inflicting punishment, when the resources of the Mir in that respect fail to compel him. Still further, the complaint of the head of a family to the Mir that an absent member is not remitting his share of the taxes of the family allotment may cause the delinquent's arrest and return to his commune.

Individuals who misbehave themselves in the city may also be sent back to their commune by administrative process. To render possible this control of the individual requires a very careful system of enregistration. Thus, on taking up a new habitation, every sojourner and inhabitant in a city must be duly inscribed in the books of his police district, and for such enregistration the proprietor of the house is held accountable. As it not infrequently happens that the peasant, or mujik, knows no other than his baptismal name and that of his father, and sometimes not even the latter, the difficulty of keeping track of individuals can be imagined. Ivan Ivanovitch (John, son of John), of such a commune, may be, and not infrequently is, the sole designation he can give himself, and perhaps even he can only say that he is John, son of a soldier. But the name of the commune to which he belongs is inscribed on his passport when issued to him, and without this document he is not permitted to remain in any city; nor, indeed, is it easy for him to find any abiding place at all.

Thus the industrial class, including a large proportion of the people of the towns, not belonging to the privileged classes, is intimately associated with, indeed belongs to, the agricultural peasantry. But further, the Mir is obliged to take care of the mujik. It can, while he is able to labor, force him to pay his share of the taxes; but if he becomes incapacitated, it must at least keep him from starvation.

The government of the village and of the commune is absolutely democratic, all questions being settled by vote of the male members in village meeting, after full discussion, which is carried on in groups and in which the opinions of the older and more intelligent members usually prevail. In this way the *starosta*, or elder, of the commune and its other officers are elected, and through these officials such affairs as it may have with the central government are transacted. These chiefly relate to the payment by the commune of its annual taxes, including the amortization of the land, to the delivery to the authorities of malefactors, and to such other matters as may affect the business of the central government itself; for as regards the internal government of the commune and village it does not attempt to interfere. The peasant cannot therefore be said to be entirely ignorant of the principles of popular government.

The "izba" or log house of the peasant, consisting usually of three rooms, has been constructed by himself or by one of his progenitors with his own hands, for every mujik is a natural born carpenter of extraordinary dexterity with the broad-axe, performing with this single tool a variety of operations for which the western carpenter would require quite an extensive kit. It is built of logs which he has cut himself in the neighboring forest—often without seeking the permission of the proprietor to whose domain it belongs—and which he hews and mortises together, calking the interstices with dried moss. The "petch," or stove, constructed of brick and tiles, is built so that one half of it is in the kitchen and living room, and the other half in the sleeping apartment. The beds consist of shelves placed against the petch for warmth, and usually swarm with vermin. The third apartment of the izba is simply a storehouse for tools and implements.

The izba does not stand in the middle of his little farm, but in the single village street; and this building, with its small surrounding lot, belongs to the mujik or

his family in fee; but the productive land lies sometimes versts away from the village, and consists of a long narrow strip, or perhaps several of such strips, apportioned out with a view to give to each "lot" an equal share of the best and of the poorest soil.

The inevitable result is that the mujik, feeling that at the end of a period more or less brief his allotment will be subject to a redistribution, in which, if he has improved it by careful cultivation, expending upon it time and money with an eye to the future, the greater part of it will probably be taken from him, puts into his land only such cultivation as will give him, for the existing season, the best returns, without expending upon it capital or labor of which he is not to enjoy the full fruits. Hence, he ploughs but the top of his soil, not only to save labor, but that his manure may be consumed by his own crop and not by a future one. He has no attachment to the soil to which he belongs, but which does not belong to him, and he is devoid of that self-reliant independence which characterizes the agricultural classes of other countries. If we add to this the fatalistic view which the mujik takes of every event in life, whether of good or evil fortune, we have a combination of temperament and surroundings well calculated to develop unthrift.

While the affairs which relate only to the commune itself are settled by it, those matters which pertain to communes collectively in their relations to one another are settled by the Volost, which has jurisdiction over several communes, and the officials of which are elected, except the police, who are appointed by the central government; and here self-government among the peasants ceases.

There is, however, a further assembly, or Zemstvo (from "*Zemlia*," land), which has an advisory rather than an administrative character, although certain executive functions are delegated to it, such as local posts in those districts in which the sparsity of inhabitants makes it impracticable for the central government to es-

tablish national post routes. The delegates to these land assemblies, or Zemstvos, are chosen by popular vote from among the landed nobility, the priesthood, or the peasants themselves. The peasantry have, however, shown but little interest in the election of these delegates, and the Zemstvos do not appear to have accomplished the results which were hoped from them upon their creation soon after the emancipation.

The dress of the peasant consists of a shirt, generally of red cotton more or less ornamented by embroidery, which is worn belted outside of the loose trousers, and, for the more prosperous, a pair of high boots into which the trousers are tucked. The poorer mujiks are content to wind rags about their feet, and wear over them shoes made of plaited birch bark. Over all is worn, in winter, a caftan of sheepskin, the wool inside, the outside being the leather of the pelt. From time to time the caftan is subjected to a baking process to free it from vermin; for while the mujik religiously bathes himself every Saturday, observes the greatest care in washing his hands before touching food with them, and is neat about the preparation of his food, he is indifferent to other trifles.

The village bath or sweatbox, for it is nothing else, is a hovel heated by a brick stove, or by hot stones, on which water is dashed to make the necessary vapor to encourage perspiration, and on finishing this sweating process the mujik plunges himself into the snow, or has cold water dashed upon him. This bath is a necessary part of the mujik's life, for, until he has taken it, the Church does not regard him as fit to attend the service of communion on Sunday.

The greater part of the agricultural peasantry in Russia enjoys the luxury of meat only upon holidays, subsisting for the rest of the time upon black bread made of rye flour, slightly fermented previous to baking, whole buckwheat baked in an earthenware pot, resembling in its preparation the baked beans of New Eng-

land, and cabbage soup, or "steche," to which, if he is fortunate, the mujik adds a little fish or meat in its preparation; and upon this frugal fare the peasant performs the arduous labors of the strada, or agricultural season, as well as those indoor occupations which occupy him during the winter.

During the season of the strada, every man and woman who can handle a hoe, rake, or scythe, or guide a plough, and every child except the youngest, is busy through nearly all the long hours of daylight in the cultivation of the soil, and those of the commune who have gone to the towns return to their villages for labor in the fields.

During the winter, on the contrary, many of the peasantry resort to the cities and towns to find work in the factories, those who remain at home engaging in a variety of minor industries, including home weaving, manufacture of small articles of bone and horn, toy-making, metal working, and a multitude of other manufactures. In some cases the articles produced are manufactured in the peasant's own home; in others there is a village workshop where they unite among themselves for the manufacture, under the artel system.

This artel system among the Russian mujiks is one of the most interesting phases of peasant life, illustrating, as it does, the mujik's capacity for coöperation and combined effort. It pervades every branch of Russian industrial labor except the cultivation of the communal lands, where, strangely enough, it is not resorted to except among some of the sects of the dissenters, or *raskolinki*. On the other hand, peasants frequently combine in an artel to hire of a landed proprietor a piece of land and cultivate it on the coöperative system. Engage half a dozen peasants to go and perform any piece of labor upon the wage system or by piece work, and before many days the chances are they will have united into an artel and have chosen a starosta, or elder, as foreman, who does little else than di-

rect the work, while all unite in an equal division of compensation.

Bands of traveling artels in various trades go about the country seeking employment, especially in connection with building operations. The fisheries of the great rivers are almost all operated by artels, some of them numbering very many members. In the cities artels of a higher class are formed for furnishing clerical work; and in place of the clearing houses existing between the banks of our cities, the transfer of cash from bank to bank to balance accounts is handed over to an artel, the entire association being responsible for the honesty of the individuals.

The government of these artels, however large or small they may be, and they vary from half a dozen members to thousands, is as democratic in principle as is the government of the commune. Every member has his vote in the framing of rules and regulations as well as in the election of officers. The work performed by them is as good as they can do, and their contracts are rigidly lived up to.

With regard to the division of profits, there is perhaps a tendency to favor the least competent and efficient, a characteristic of the Russian temperament, which is ever inclined to be lenient to weakness of nature, whether it exhibit itself in physical disability, in the yielding to sensual temptation, as drunkenness, or in the commission of crime. The criminal is generally regarded, especially by the mujik, as an unfortunate, and a subject of sympathy rather than of censure.

There is a peculiar gentleness in the Russian nature, whether it be that of the noble or of the peasant, which shows itself in the treatment of animals and of children. True, wife-beating is not uncommon among mujiks, but it is not of an excessively brutal type, and all the songs and traditions of the people show that the woman regards it a part of her necessary lot. Herberstein, the first ambassador from any western state to Russia, narrates an incident which came un-

der his observation. A German, living in Moscow, had married a Russian woman who complained to her liege lord that he did not love her. To his inquiry how he had failed in his affection she replied that he never beat her. Whereupon he commenced the practice and finally killed her.

On the other hand, even when inflamed by intoxication, the mujik rarely becomes pugnacious. His drunkenness takes the form, more ordinarily, of maudlin sentimentality or absolute stupor. While drunkenness is common among the mujiks both in town and country, it is not apt to be so often habitual as has been depicted. On occasions of fêtes, of which, unhappily, there are many in Russia, the holidays in the year numbering over ninety, it is not uncommon for all the male inhabitants in a country village to get drunk, but the habit of daily drunkenness is not common.

Still it must be admitted that it is not rare to find among them those who habitually go upon periodical sprees, lasting several days; while in the larger towns, among the factory operatives, pay-day, fêtes, and the separation from family influence result in a good deal of intemperance. Formerly, in the country villages, the influence of the proprietor of the dram shop, who was generally also a money-lender, tended to increase habits of intemperance among the country people. He would loan money upon almost no security, and especially upon crop prospects, at an exorbitant rate of interest, taking care that the bulk of the money so loaned should be expended in the purchase of vodka. The government is now endeavoring to counteract this by taking the sale of vodka into its own hands, and it is alleged that the results have been most satisfactory in the promotion of temperance.

The daily drink of the mujik, both in town and country, and that upon which he absolutely depends — as does every Russian — is tea. Several times during the day all labor ceases for the tea hour.

Kvass also, a thin and sour beer, generally brewed from fermented black bread and water, is a favorite and, indeed, universal beverage. It is probably wholesome and so slightly alcoholic as not to be intoxicating.

While the mujik is extremely devout and deeply imbued with the spirit of reverence, his highly emotional religious belief is strangely mixed with the pagan legends of a previous time. His reverence for the Church, however, does not include a high regard for the priesthood. The village priest depends for his subsistence upon the tithes which he can gather, necessarily meagre, and with difficulty wrung from the poverty of the peasants. Unfortunately but too frequently the priest loses the respect of his flock by drunkenness, while the demands which he makes upon the peasantry for performing the offices of marriage, baptism, and burial, as well as for the ever recurring tithes, which are regarded by the mujiks as extortionate, add to his unpopularity with them. He is satisfied with performing the functions of his office among the peasants, without much regard to their moral or spiritual welfare so long as they observe the outward forms of religious devotion.

Among the many superstitions of the mujik one of the most firmly rooted is his belief in the Domovoi. The Domovoi is the spirit of the house who is believed to inhabit the *petch*, or stove, from which he emerges at night to work good or evil in the household, as the case may be. If he is conciliated and made content, his influence is generally for good, but he sometimes takes unreasonable and inexplicable umbrage and wreaks vengeance upon the family. Sometimes he is believed to tolerate only some particular color among the household animals, and the peasant carefully avoids offending his prejudices in this regard.

Food must be left for him on certain nights, should he come out and wander about the house, and that food to his liking. If the family moves into a new *izba*,

with mysterious rites and incantations the Domovoi is removed with the fire and ashes from the patch to the new habitation; and even if the particular house spirit is evilly disposed, the peasant prefers a devil whom he thinks he knows, to running the risk of encountering a new or more malignant one.

The ordinary view of the peasant regarding Divine interference in human affairs, is that, if God only knew his sufferings he would relieve them, but that the priest is indifferent, or by reason of his immorality has no influence with the saints, and so the Almighty is kept in ignorance of his needs, as is the Tsar by the Tchinovicks who surround him. He believes, therefore, that what has been ordained will happen, and that it is useless for him to attempt to change the course of events; hence his lack of forethought for the future.

If some piece of temporary good fortune comes to him, as a gift of money, he accepts it gladly and quickly squanders it, while if misfortune comes, his elastic nature enables him soon to forget and to accept patiently his hard lot in life. It is in this spirit that heretofore he has accepted the obligation imposed upon him by the government to pay for the land which he believes is of right his own. He is convinced that the tax is an unauthorized one, collected by a corrupt bureaucracy for its own profit.

In honesty, the mujik will, on the whole, compare favorably with the peasants of other countries. It is a fact that he inherits certain of the traditions of serfdom when, as the property of the landholder and part of the estate, he believes it his right to take to himself for his own use that which belongs to his master. If, for instance, he were hungry and lacked food, he would not hesitate to take it from his owner. If to-day, in the cultivation of the property of the landholder on the share system, he finds some implement useful, he does not hesitate to appropriate it for the cultivation of that land; but theft of money or valuables in

the ordinary sense is rare among the mujik class in town or country.

Referring again to the question of self-reliance, it is a curious fact that the mujik is better satisfied with a gift than the payment of wages earned. The following instance is illustrative of this: In the distribution of the grain sent by the United States to relieve the famine sufferers in 1881, the grain was sent by rail to various stations, whence it was transported by wagon to the actual localities within the famine district. At a certain station on the railway where famine existed the peasants were employed, with their horses and carts, receiving adequate cash compensation therefor. Learning, however, that the grain they were transporting was given away to the peasants at the point to which they were taking it, they applied to the official in charge of the distribution for gifts of grain for themselves. The official replied to their appeal that it was true that grain was given to the peasants of the remote village to relieve their dire necessities, but that they who carried it were paid in money for their labor and the use of their horses and carts, wages sufficient to enable them to purchase not only grain but such other things as were necessary for their comfort and support. After some deliberation, they returned to the official and declined to continue to transport grain unless they received, also, the same gift *per capita* as the other peasants. The official then proposed to them to give them grain upon condition that they should transport the grain for the remote village as charity to the sufferers. This proposition they readily acquiesced in and thereafter continued to carry supplies, receiving what they regarded as a gift in lieu of wages.

The mujik is usually depicted as not only illiterate and steeped in the deepest ignorance, but as incapable of intelligent reasoning. This is far from being a fair estimate of either his acquirements or his capabilities. It is true that the peasants in the remote districts and often, indeed, in more accessible parts of the Empire,

are wholly illiterate, but in the larger towns, where education is easily obtainable, and in not a few country districts, they often get a very fair common school education. It is by no means rare to find the son of a petty tradesman speaking four languages with considerable fluency. However illiterate, and wherever found, he shows considerable acumen in dealing with questions which pertain to the management of matters of which he has a fair understanding. While slow to grasp a new idea, in the ordinary matters of the commune, for instance, he shows no little hardheaded sense. Once convinced of the truth of his point of view it is difficult by arguments to shake his faith. He is emotionally conservative and holds tenaciously to all his beliefs. His conservatism finds expression in the very dissent from the orthodox faith, a religious movement of considerable extent, known as the "raskol," now divided into many sects. It had its origin in the belief that certain corrections which had been made in the much corrupted church books were heresies and deviations from the faith prescribed by the fathers. The original ras-

kolinki called themselves "old believers" as do those still who adhere to its early beliefs. Once alienated from the established church, the tendency has been to grope for what was the original and therefore the true faith, and hence the many sects of dissenters of which the "Duhkoborski," who recently emigrated in a body to Canada, is one. In morality, sobriety, temperance, industry, and thrift, the raskolinki generally greatly surpass the orthodox peasants, though it is true that certain sects have admitted as part of their ritual grossly immoral practices. But in superstition they all exceed the orthodox.

The orthodox peasant is as little accustomed to question governmental as religious questions, holding equally to his faith in God and in the Tsar. If he has heretofore submitted to what he regards as the oppression of the bureaucracy, it is because he has seen no way of combating it. Once, however, convince him that he has rights which by exertion he can obtain, and he becomes a fanatic, pressing on with irresistible force to the attainment of his end, as the recent strikes have demonstrated.

SIGNIFICANT BOOKS: AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY

BY M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE

THERE is nothing more significant in a collection of new American biographies than that their subjects should present all the diversity one finds in the occupants of an American railroad car. It would be a rare vehicle — unless indeed a football game were its destination — which should contain at one time poets, fighters, diplomats, statesmen, reformers, and historians. But, wherever we meet our fellow citizens, we must even take them as they come. Here let us begin with the poets.

The poet who after Poe may be taken as the most eloquent and characteristic voice of the South surely deserves what he has now received, — a biography¹ worthy to stand amongst the best of the American Men of Letters Series. A cardinal distinction of the book is closely related to the distinction of its theme. Lanier came to his appointed place by steps memorably different from those of practically every other conspicuous writer in America. Mr. Mims has therefore a highly individual story to tell. A boyhood in the South on the verge of war, a young manhood in the camps and on the battlefields of the Confederacy, a subsequent period of finding himself, artistically, as a flute-player in a Baltimore orchestra, — here was a unique progression to the place of poet and interpreter of literature to the young men of Johns Hopkins University. It was a progression, however, which accounts for two of the most interesting points which the biographer emphasizes in his estimate of Lanier's life and work: the part which music played in his equipment and achievement, and his constant utterance of a national as opposed to a sectional spirit. In the pages setting forth

these two aspects of Lanier, as in the no less important passages dealing with Lanier's feeling for music, not only as a source of pleasure but as a civilizing influence of the first importance, Mr. Mims has shown himself possessed of no mean powers of appreciation and interpretation. The passages of the broadest significance in all the book are perhaps those which reveal Lanier as one of the earliest representatives of the spirit of the New South. To hold the attitude he held thirty years ago toward the problems of a reunited country was to encounter more of loneliness than such an attitude would involve to-day. His place was among the pioneers of the new spirit. Through the chaos and confusion of the years immediately following the war, it must indeed have required something of the poet's vision to foresee a new and tolerable cosmos. "He was national," says Mr. Mims, "rather than provincial, open-minded not prejudiced, modern and not mediæval."

That Lanier had the poet's vision it is of course a part of Mr. Mims's task to point out. Here again he shows himself a biographer worthy of his theme. There was a time when the Southern critic was hardly expected to write with moderation about the Southern author. Our national habit of labeling

"The American Bulwers, Disraelis and Scotts, And in short the American everything elses," seems to have persisted longer in the Southern states than in any other region, with the possible exception of Indiana. But there is in Mr. Mims's estimate of Lanier as a poet the same substitution of national for provincial standards which characterized Lanier himself. The limitations of his poetry are as clearly recognized as its peculiar merits. The prose is similarly treated, with a frank recogni-

¹ *Sidney Lanier*. By EDWARD MIMS. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1905.

tion of the circumstances which withheld Lanier from taking rank with critics of the first order. It is a palpable advance in biographical writing, a palpable evidence of widening horizons, that biographers are learning not to claim too much for their subjects. Have not the readers of the *Atlantic* been reminded that human nature abhors a paragon? Mr. Mims allies himself with the best modern biographical writers in trying honestly, and with apparent success, to tell what Lanier's work was, not merely what it might or should have been. The dignity and clearness both of the narrative and of the critical portions of the book are in pleasant harmony with its spirit. The volume is a welcome and valuable addition to American biography.

If not in the columns of the *Atlantic*, where else, by the way, should it be asked why the *Letters of Lanier*, edited by Mr. W. R. Thayer and published in the *Atlantic* in 1894, are not included in the list of Northern recognitions of Lanier and other Southern writers?

In Mr. Greenslet's life of Lowell¹ we have the first considerable attempt by one of the generation to which Lowell must be chiefly an inheritance to reconstruct, explain, and estimate his personality and achievement. The book may be taken as a new-century view of the man who through the first *Biglow Papers*, the *Fable for Critics*, and *The Vision of Sir Launfal*, had, before the middle of the old century, established the name which has endured. How, then, does this production of the new period relate itself to the old, from which the divergence has been so rapid?

If there is any more convenient and comprehensive way of dealing with the qualities of a book than by regarding first its substance and then its manner, that way has not yet come into common use. Let us look first at the substance of Mr. Greenslet's *Lowell*. What is revealed

is a thorough and sympathetic knowledge of its theme, an admirable grasp and mastery of the material and conditions with which it must deal. An external evidence of this mastery is the arrangement of the book. A true sense of proportion and values is shown in the mere divisions of the subject. The orderly grouping bespeaks an orderly mind and prepares one for the just weighing of critical considerations, the clear analysis of purpose and methods, by which the volume is really distinguished.

Though excellent criticism is to be found throughout the more strictly biographical portions of the book, one looks more narrowly for it in the concluding pages, devoted to Lowell's Poetry and Lowell's Prose. The limits of space forbid even a summary of the valid conclusions, the genuine appreciations both of shortcomings and of surpassing merits, with which these critical pages abound. A critic of the older generation might have hesitated to point so frankly at some of the weaknesses in Lowell's poetic work, at some of his limitations as a writer of enduring prose. But the weaknesses and the limitations are there, and it is well to have them indicated by one who at the same time recognizes so quickly the qualities in Lowell's work which have overtopped and, happily for most readers, obscured them. For the substance of the book, its structural plan, its unostentatious and effective use of new and illustrative material, for the abundance of clear and true thinking with which its outlines are filled, — for these things there are few terms of praise which would be excessive.

Regarding the manner of the book, one would be glad to make similar statements. It is hard to understand why one with so just a critical view of the whole body of another man's work did not subject a single book of his own to a stricter discipline. Mr. Greenslet complains of Lowell's "gargoyles of phrase," and "the prodigious sesquipedalian . . . too obviously dragged in by its inky

¹ *James Russell Lowell: His Life and Work.* By FERRIS GREENSLET. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1905.

heels." The biographer's own offenses in this kind frequently color the warp and woof of his writing, and make it seem calculated to promote the sale of dictionaries. These catholic volumes hold many good words — albeit sometimes designated *obsolete* — which the writer for modern readers may not use too casually. Such words are *revenants* and *katharsis*, anglicized, and *glamourie*, *velleity*, *caducity*, *cantillating*, and *florilegium*. There are adjectives coined from proper names, in which a cautious indulgence may be permitted. But the multiplying of words like *Popian* and *Lambish* is perilous. The Boston Frog Pond surely has not a name so unfit for the ears of Mrs. Boffin that it must be called "Boston's far-famed Batrachian Pool." If space forbade to enumerate merits, it must hold the hand from copying specimen phrases and sentences which, like the single terms just cited, and like Lowell's own enormities, are "too obviously dragged in" by "inky heels."

It would be the height of unfairness to leave the impression that Mr. Greenslet's writing is made up entirely of "gargoyles" and "sesquipedalians." There are many genuine felicities of phrase, many accurate interpretations in words of acute perceptions in thought. There is a manifest danger that some of the merits of substance may be hidden by the tricks of manner. The genuine merits are so many and so positive that it would be the greatest of pities for the apprehensive reader too quickly to take alarm and lose the benefits of Mr. Greenslet's searching study of Lowell the man and the writer.

When Mrs. Taylor and Mr. Scudder brought out, twenty-one years ago, their *Life and Letters of Bayard Taylor*, there must have been a considerable residuum of biographical material. It is apparently to this that Mrs. Taylor has now turned, for the substance of her book¹ gives no

evidence of recent accumulation. One must admit that much of the volume, especially in its earlier portions, belongs to the class of intimate family reminiscence printed rather for private than for public circulation. The pleasant un-Anglo-Saxon naïveté which makes this offering to the general reader, and perpetuates off-hand verses and personal episodes, quite disarms unfriendly comment. On the contrary, the reader may well be grateful for the glimpses of the New York group of writers with whom Taylor was affiliated, for the light that is thrown upon the strange American simplicity of an earlier generation in its reception of a lecturer with Taylor's reputation, and for the record of his important part in holding the friendship of Russia for the Union cause in the Civil War. One carries away from the book also a definite notion of the German influences which caused the name of Taylor to be so honorably associated with that of Goethe. If the volume does not take its place with biographies of commanding importance, at least it will do its part in preserving the memory of a significant name and personality.

From the poets to names which owe their continuance to a poet's work the transition is obvious. The significance of the two new biographies dealing respectively with Myles Standish² and with Paul Revere³ is negative rather than positive. Here are two men whose present existence in the consciousness of the world is due in largest measure to Longfellow. Their portraits in prose are so drawn as to show that many of the familiar poetic outlines are mythical. The authors of the two books have been at considerable pains to search and select from the mass of contemporary record more or less directly connected with the names of

² *Captain Myles Standish*. By TUDOR JENKS. New York: The Century Co. 1905.

³ *The True Story of Paul Revere: His Midnight Ride, His Arrest and Court-Martial, His Useful Public Services*. By CHARLES F. GETTEMY. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1905.

¹ *On Two Continents: Memories of Half a Century*. By MARIE HANSEN TAYLOR. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1905.

Standish and Revere. Incidentally Mr. Jenks has produced what is virtually a brief history of the beginnings of the Plymouth Colony. Both have done their work with care and skill. But when all is said, the negative significance of the books lies in the fact that the familiar, perhaps partially distorted, figures of Myles Standish and Paul Revere as Longfellow depicted them are the enduring figures. The curious may wish to know what their outlines should have been; the many really prefer to have them retain the accepted shapes.

A volume which relates itself readily with the reminiscences of Bayard Taylor, with his foreign marriage and diplomatic service, is the new collection of letters¹ by a Diplomat's Wife, Madame Waddington. More than twenty years ago Lord Dufferin is reported to have called the attention of one of the most communicative of London journalists to the extent to which the diplomatic corps of Europe had been Americanized by marriages with our countrywomen. Since Madame Waddington's marriage the tendency has increased rather than diminished. This second volume of her letters is a fresh illustration of the life which an American woman who makes the best of foreign marriages may under favoring circumstances find herself leading. It was not strictly as a diplomat's wife that Madame Waddington wrote the letters forming the present collection. The first visit to Italy with which it deals occurred in 1880, immediately after M. Waddington's resignation from the premiership of France, and before his appointment to the London embassy; the second visit was twenty-four years later, ten years after her husband's death. Her own early residence in Rome fitted her peculiarly to enjoy the opportunities offered to the wife of so distinguished a husband. The letters reveal an honest enjoyment of social pleasures much more characteristic

of the New York of Madame Waddington's origin than — shall we say? — of New England. This enjoyment is in a measure contagious, though one to whom Italian society and affairs are unfamiliar must be more nearly immune than other readers whose roads have led to Rome. For readers of whatever experience the letters are at their best when they have to do with the two latest occupants of the Quirinal, their queens, and their three contemporaries in the Vatican.

From Roman courts we turn to scenes and persons essentially American. Fresh contributions to the political history of the first half of the nineteenth century are *The True Henry Clay*,² by Joseph M. Rogers, and *The Life of Thomas Hart Benton*,³ by William M. Meigs. The writers of "true" biographies lay themselves open to objections similar to those that certain early Unitarians urged against the term "liberal Christian," by which some of their brethren designated their sect. There was in the one case an implied aspersion upon all other Christians, as there is in the other upon the whole body of biographers who omit to label their work "true." If the *Clay* is true, must the *Benton*, lacking the label, be untrue? Both books recall the most important persons and conditions contemporary with Clay and Benton; yet neither seems to fulfill an imperative demand. It is more particularly the virtue of the *Life of Benton* that its author handles with a firm historical grasp the national events and tendencies with which Benton's activities were associated. The man is shown behind and through these matters more than they are employed as a background for his life. In a word, the biographical appeal of the book does not quite bear the accepted relation to the historical.

Within a year from the appearance of

² *The True Henry Clay*. By JOSEPH M. ROGERS. Philadelphia and London: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1904.

³ *The Life of Thomas Hart Benton*. By WILLIAM M. MEIGS. Philadelphia and London: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1904.

¹ *Italian Letters of a Diplomat's Wife*. By MARY KING WADDINGTON. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1905.

these volumes, the one dealing with the victim of narrow escapes from the presidency, the other with the author of the *Thirty Years' View*, a life of Blaine¹ is given to the public. The correspondences and contrasts in the three careers, two entirely preceding the Civil War, one entirely following it, would make a fruitful study in comparisons.

There could hardly be a more difficult task in the domain of American biography than, at this time, to write a life of Blaine. Mr. Stanwood has fully realized what he was undertaking. Let him speak for himself: "When one has to deal with a personage over whom controversy has raged as it did over Blaine, almost every man's view will be distorted. His adherents exaggerated his virtues and powers no less than those who take another view of his character magnify every fault, and even discover some faults that others cannot perceive. Death does not close the controversies regarding such a man. Nevertheless, the material facts upon which a sure judgment may be based are more abundant and accessible as soon as the life has ended than they are afterward; and consequently a truer estimate of the man, apart from his service and achievement, may then be made by one who is able to divest himself of partisanship, than at any subsequent period. It would be uncandid on the part of the present writer were he to pretend that he possesses the impartiality and the passionless judgment that qualify him to make the final estimate of this man and of his career. Such bias as a life-long friendship, sometimes amounting to intimacy, necessarily gives, must be frankly admitted." Again, in approaching the episode of the Mulligan Letters, the author acknowledges without hesitation that any summary of the points at issue "is sure to be unsatisfactory to every man who has engaged in the controversy."

It is only fair, then, to consider such a

¹ *James Gillespie Blaine*. By EDWARD STANWOOD. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1905.

book upon the terms it proposes for itself. And it must be said that, even if Mr. Stanwood's friendliness toward his theme carries him occasionally near to the limits of special pleading, he has in the large performed his task with marked success and skill. Let us have done at once with perhaps the most conspicuous instance of a personal bias. This occurs in the treatment of the unfortunate correspondence with Fisher, especially the communication ending, "burn this letter." Mr. Stanwood says: "His sending a draft letter and his request that the communication be destroyed is not inconsistent with absolute innocence of wrongdoing, and can therefore not be used even as cumulative proof that he was guilty of wrongdoing." Admitting the validity of the first clause of this sentence, — a sentence framed with evident care, — does not the second part go farther than impartiality can follow? The instance is an exception; the rule of the book is that of a fairness so manifest as at times to seem overscrupulous.

Still another general consideration is whether the writer of a volume for the new American Statesmen Series is under the obligation of paying to the public life of his subject an attention far in excess of that which his private career and attributes receive. The brief final chapter, "The Man and the Statesman," gives clear enough evidence that Mr. Stanwood has grasped and appreciated the personal characteristics of the man. Were it otherwise, there would be less regret that the "magnetism" which it is hard to dissociate from the name of Blaine does not make itself more constantly felt throughout the book. There are frequent references to its existence, but the quality has not quite woven itself into the fibre of the narrative.

Of Blaine's public life, the record is most admirable and complete. The things he stood for, and the way in which he stood for them, are presented with a sure mastery of the matters in hand. The writer's abundant knowledge of the po-

litical history of the period, and of that which preceded and determined it, is manifest at every turn. One result of this thorough research and effective presentation is, incidentally, that the book is much more than the record of any one man's life.

For the bearing of the book upon present politics and policies, a few passages stand out with special distinctness. One of these discriminates between the party leader and the boss. Blaine appears as the former. The latter is a more recognizable contemporary type. Another passage of special present interest describes the beginnings of Blaine's Pan-American policy and the related tendency of the United States to take its place amongst the "world-powers." It requires no searching vision to note that the very forces which in recent years have most sturdily opposed "imperialism" are those which twenty and thirty years ago arrayed themselves most resolutely against Blaine and his policies.

In spite of the fact that the total portrait emphasizes the statesman more than the man, a final impression which one carries away from the book perhaps more definitely than any other is quite human in its quality. This is an impression of the sadness of the story, the pathos of a career which almost formed a habit of stopping short of its highest possibilities. If Blaine had been a smaller man, the pathos of this aspect of his life would have been materially less. It is just because his capabilities were so far beyond the common that one's sympathy is touched as deeply as it is. And just because one feels this pathos with a certain poignancy, one is led at the end to reflect that the man himself must have been seen with some clearness through the windows of Mr. Stanwood's biographical edifice in order to make so direct and personal an appeal.

If the part is to be taken for the whole, this *Part of a Man's Life*,² by Colonel

² *Part of a Man's Life*. By THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1905.

Higginson, suggests a whole of remarkable variety. It is yet another collection of the author's reminiscences, and its range of topics sweeps through Transcendentalism, Antislavery, and the Lyceum Lecture system, to Butterflies and Books Unread. It is when the recollections concern themselves more with specific subjects than with general conditions that they make their strongest impression. There are, for example, few survivors of the Lyceum system — survivors from the platforms, not the audiences — who could tell the new generation just what the system was, and probably none who could tell it so well as Colonel Higginson. Again, the chapter "Intensely Human," dealing hopefully with the past and present problems of the liberated negro, has all the value of shrewd, if naturally partial, observation at first hand. In sheer biographical interest, not autobiographic, the chapter describing Una Hawthorne is of paramount value. From no other single source can the reader gain so definite a notion of what this first-born child of the Hawthornes really "came to." There are letters of her own, bespeaking uncommon gifts of comprehension and expression, and — like the letters, printed for the first time — there is a brief sketch of Una Hawthorne by her frankly bewildered father. "It is of itself deeply interesting," as Colonel Higginson, without the least overstatement, remarks of this sketch, "even apart from its subject, as showing the minute personal observation which its author habitually applied to the few human types with which he came very closely in contact. Nothing else, as it seems to me, gives such a glimpse from original sources of the manner in which this shy and reticent man pursued his observations."

If there are portions of the book less significant than those which have been mentioned, the balance is measurably restored by the portraits and facsimile letters with which the volume is richly equipped. The letters have to be read in the more or less legible handwritings in

which Colonel Higginson received them. There are peculiar difficulties in the four pages of manuscript from Edward Fitzgerald; but the letter is worth deciphering, especially for its comment on the superiority of "American Reviews of English Books" over "English of English." One word of special distinctness in the letter is *intoxicated*; and this, in Colonel Higginson's quotation of the sentence containing it, is rendered *astonished*. It may be hoped and believed that this was a slip rather than an application of Kipling's "Mellin's Food" recipe. The handwriting of Froude is easier of interpretation. But, for the benefit of readers who run too rapidly to decipher manuscript, it is well worth while to reproduce in this place his remarkable words about Carlyle and the *Reminiscences*: "You will not misunderstand me when I say that I am not sorry myself that the rush of unmeaning adulation which burst out at his death was checked by the *Reminiscences*, for which I am responsible. That book is an exact picture of him, and when men begin to think seriously what he was, and what he did for the world, they will feel forever grateful that they have a genuine picture of him as authentic as it is beautiful. Nothing could have disgusted him more than a general agreement of England and America that he had been a great man and that he must have a statue, etc., while the lessons which he taught are repudiated or forgotten. A little before his death he said to me, 'the world says now that I am this and that, and proposes to admire me, but they do nothing which I have told them, and they do not believe what I say.' A statue will be raised to Carlyle bye and bye — many statues — but it will be when people are in a wiser state of mind and have learnt that he saw deeper into the spiritual and moral conditions of the modern world than any one of the false prophets whom they take as their practical guides.

"He was an extraordinary man, — extraordinary in his intellect and peculiar in his character. I should be false to him

and false to my duty if I were to think of him as a painted idol, for the mob to put in their temples like their Christs and Virgins, while the 'keeping the commandments' they think as little of, with one as the other."

May one more passage, of special interest to American readers, be quoted? "I have come," says Froude, "reluctantly to realize that the future of the Anglo-Saxon race is with you and not with us. We *cannot* assimilate our colonies, and without them we can now be nothing but a considerable commercial State. As an Imperial Power, our end is formidably near."

The deeds of Colonel Higginson and the words of William Lloyd Garrison had their intimate relations. It was a happy thought to mark the centennial of the birth of Garrison by publishing the little volume¹ which brings the reformer vividly to life again. Nearly half of the slender bulk of the book is devoted to Garrison's words in prose and verse upon the various topics of reform to which his life was given. The second portion contains a biographical sketch prepared by two of the sons whose filial service it has already been to issue the four-volume life of their father which is the chief repository of facts related to the anti-slavery movement. With what Garrison said and with what he did, admirably summarized, the reader is now provided with something worthy of the name of "A Reformer's Handbook." A remarkable element of its interest is the applicability of many of the sayings to present conditions. Garrison's famous declaration, "I will be heard," may thus, by the renewal of his message, be heeded in our own day and generation. The message is still worth hearing and heeding.

¹ *The Words of Garrison: A Centennial Selection (1805-1905) of characteristic Sentiments from the Writings of William Lloyd Garrison, with a Biographical Sketch, List of Portraits, Bibliography and Chronology, etc.* Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1905.

It is not the least distinction of the latest life of Prescott¹—a book demanded rather by the exigencies of a series than by absolute necessity—that it illustrates both the disadvantages and the advantages of committing a biographical subject to a writer whose sympathy with its background is inevitably limited. Mr. Peck on his fifth page declares that Mr. Barrett Wendell's "critical bias is wholly in favor of New England," and surrounds the statement with many pages which at least suggest that his own bias is in other directions. In the opening chapter of generalities the differentiation of early New England from the Middle and Southern states is drawn with exactness at many points, but at others with that partial truth which must characterize one who does not know all three of the regions under consideration. Certainly the next chapter, describing the early influences surrounding Prescott, gives quite a different impression of the intellectual impulses of New England in the years before its "Augustan age," the years of Prescott's boyhood. A typical illustration of the author's attitude toward what may be called the local aspects of his theme occurs later in the volume. In describing Prescott's English visit, the author says: "He chatted often with the Duke of Wellington, and described him in a comparison which makes one smile because it is so Yankee-like and Bostonese." The comparison which "makes one smile" is Prescott's allusion to the Duke as "a striking figure reminding me a good deal of Colonel Perkins in his general air." Now if a New Yorker of the present day should write in a familiar letter that an English ecclesiastic he had just met reminded him of Bishop Potter, the analogy would be complete: the recipient of the letter would see precisely what the writer meant. And the Bostonian who sixty years hence should smile at the comparison would

betray something of the provinciality of which even a metropolitan is occasionally guilty.

But the disadvantages besetting what may be called an outside treatment of a New England theme are offset by distinct advantages. When Mr. Peck takes up such specific subjects as Prescott's personality and historical work,—the really important subjects of his book,—he handles them well. He pictures effectively the gayety of nature which really did distinguish Prescott from most of his associates. The heroic conduct of Prescott's life stands out with a fresh brightness from the rather breezy treatment of his temperament. Though giving him a higher rank amongst American historians than that to which many critics of historical writing would agree, Mr. Peck argues his case with authority and skill. The evidences of first-hand, independent judgment are many. The author has weighed the statements of those who show that Prescott's authorities were untrustworthy, and yet persuades the reader, as he has persuaded himself, that Prescott put them to a use which justified all his travail of research and composition. The upshot of the matter is that if this were the only existing life of Prescott it would leave much to be desired; taken in connection with the lives by Ticknor and Mr. Rollo Ogden it will serve a genuinely useful purpose.

Having looked at the latest life of one of our first historians, it remains but to consider the first biography, brief though it be, of John Fiske. This new accession to the Beacon Biographies,² though a little slenderer than its fellows in the series, carries within its covers much that will be welcome to the multitude of Fiske's readers. The inevitable limits of space have rendered it rather a summary than a comprehensive view of the man's life and labors; and, because the theme was a man of letters rather than affairs, the

¹ *William Hickling Prescott*. (English Men of Letters.) By HARRY THURSTON PECK. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1905.

² *John Fiske*. (Beacon Biographies.) By THOMAS SERGEANT PERRY. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. 1905.

qualities of an extended essay are more conspicuous than those of a biographical narrative. This is not to say that the essential facts of John Fiske's life are slighted; they are effectively recorded. But the true achievement of the little book lies in its estimate of John Fiske's historical and philosophical work. The fact that Fiske was a popularizer of science and history rather than an investigator is frankly accepted, and receives the full justification it deserved. The merely literary skill to which his work owed much of its vogue is analyzed by one who gives frequent evidences that he himself not only appreciates, but possesses, the genuine literary quality. There are, moreover, convincing tokens that Mr. Perry had a

personal knowledge of John Fiske quite intimate enough to impart authority to all the personal comment and reminiscence. Besides this, one feels in the spirit and outlook which form the background of the little book the peculiar qualifications of Mr. Perry for undertaking what he has performed so well. The authoritative life of Fiske, announced so long ago and still awaited, will of course contain a wealth of original material to which there is no indication that Mr. Perry has had access. But it remains to be seen whether the full-length portrait in oils will yield a truer interpretation of the value and significance of what Fiske was and did than that which this sketch in crayon affords in advance.

THE CHINESE BOYCOTT

BY JOHN W. FOSTER

THE Chinese boycott of American goods is a striking evidence of an awakening spirit of resentment in the great Empire against the injustice and aggression of foreign countries. It seems singular that its first manifestation of resentment should be directed against the nation whose government has been most conspicuous in defending its integrity and independence. The explanation of this is that the boycott movement owes its initiative, not to the Chinese government, but to individual and popular influence, and is almost entirely the outgrowth of the ill-feeling of the people who have been the victims of the harsh exclusion laws and the sufferers by the race hatred existing in certain localities and classes in the United States. Much the largest portion of Chinese foreign emigration has come to this country, and it is here they have suffered the most personal injustice and indignity. Being in large measure from the lower and middle classes of the popu-

lation, they remember only their wrongs and maltreatment, and give little heed to the friendly relations which have so long existed between the two governments.

The Imperial Government has much more serious grievances against Great Britain, on account of the two wars which that country has waged against it in order to force upon its people the admission of opium, and because of the important territory taken. It has suffered greatly at the hands of France, in the conquest of its suzerain state of Annam, and from unprovoked wars. Russia has been an aggressor for two hundred years and has absorbed large areas of its domain. The act of Germany in its high-handed seizure of an important harbor and adjacent country in Shantung caused momentary indignation. The conduct of these nations has in greatest measure contributed to the general anti-foreign feeling which prevails throughout the Empire. But it was reserved to the United States, the

only one of the great powers which has not despoiled its territory and never assumed an attitude of hostility to its government, to have its people and its commerce singled out as the objects of popular proscription.

An examination of this anomaly in international affairs will show that the boycott has not been a sudden outburst of popular passion, but that it is the culmination of a long series of events extending through a generation, and marked by various phases in the intercourse of the two governments and peoples. It will, therefore, be interesting and helpful to an understanding of the question to look into the origin and cause of the boycott.

Anson Burlingame was a prominent and somewhat picturesque personage in the exciting times which ushered in the American Civil War. As a congressman from Massachusetts he was one of the leaders in the anti-slavery discussion. His challenge to mortal combat of Brooks of South Carolina, the assailant of Sumner in the Senate Chamber, will be remembered as one of the noted episodes of that stormy period. President Lincoln appointed him Minister to China. By his attractive personality and his genial manners he won the confidence and esteem of the rulers of that Empire, and when the time came for the Imperial Government to emerge from its seclusion, and establish permanent diplomatic relations with the outside world, Mr. Burlingame was placed by it at the head of an imposing embassy to visit the capitals of the Western world, and negotiate treaties of amity and commerce.

The embassy first came to the United States and was received by the President and Congress with a hearty welcome and distinguished ceremonies. It came at a time when our country was entering upon a new era in our foreign intercourse. Following the Civil War, our newly acquired possessions on the Pacific Coast were assuming greater importance, and hopes were awakened for enlarged trade possibilities in the Far East. In order to

unify our nation and bring the Pacific states into easy communication with the rest of the Union, the construction of a railroad across the continent and over the mountains became a necessity. Labor was scarce on the Pacific Coast, the construction of the railroad was delayed, and a resort was had to China for workmen. They came in large numbers, and by their aid that great trans-continental work was being carried to successful completion. But the Chinese were brought in under a contract system which was practical slavery, naturally repugnant to the views of our government, much as it desired the presence of the workmen, and the system was likewise condemned by the Chinese government.

The arrival of the embassy was regarded by our government as highly opportune, and it was one of the last acts of the distinguished career of Secretary William H. Seward to negotiate with it a new treaty, to place our commercial and social relations with that vast Empire upon an advantageous and secure basis. The articles of the treaty secured greater privileges to American citizens in China, recognized the autonomy of the Empire, disavowed any intention to interfere in its internal affairs, prohibited the coolie contract system, guaranteed the free and unlimited immigration of Chinese into the United States, and extended to them the treatment of the most favored nation.

The treaty of 1868, known as the Burlingame treaty, was hailed as a great triumph of American diplomacy, and the President, in communicating its consummation to Congress, spoke of it as a "liberal and auspicious treaty." Some delay, however, occurred in its ratification by the Chinese government, and serious uneasiness was felt in the United States lest it should fail to be carried into effect. Under President Grant's direction, Secretary Fish instructed our minister in Peking to exert his influence with the Chinese authorities to bring about its early ratification. He wrote: "Many considerations call for this besides those

which may be deduced from what has gone before in this instruction. Every month brings thousands of Chinese immigrants to the Pacific Coast. Already they have crossed the great mountains, and are beginning to be found in the interior of the continent. By their assiduity, patience, and fidelity, and by their intelligence, they earn the good will and confidence of those who employ them. We have good reason to think this thing will continue and increase;" and the Secretary said it was welcomed by our people.

The treaty was finally ratified by China, it was followed by the completion of the Pacific Railroad, and our government congratulated itself on being instrumental in bringing China out of her seclusion, and inducing her "to march forward," as Mr. Fish expressed it. Ten years after this treaty was signed, President Hayes, in a message to Congress, thus spoke of its leading provision: "Unquestionably the adhesion of the government of China to these liberal principles of freedom in emigration, with which we were so familiar and with which we were so well satisfied, was a great advance towards opening that Empire to our civilization and religion, and gave promise in the future of greater and greater practical results in the diffusion throughout that great population of our arts and industries, our manufactures, our material improvements, and the sentiments of government and religion which seem to us so important to the welfare of mankind."

But within twelve years a situation was developed which led our government to ask for a modification of our treaty relations with China. This was the demand which arose on the Pacific Coast that some check should be placed on Chinese immigration, in the interest of American labor. This demand was so persistent, especially in view of a pending presidential campaign, that the President gave an assurance that an effort would be made to change the treaty. Accordingly, in 1880, he dispatched a commission to China to negotiate, under instructions

prepared by Secretary W. M. Evarts, for such change in the treaty of 1868 as would allow the United States to restrict the immigration of Chinese laborers. This commission was composed of President Angell of Michigan University, John F. Swift of California, and William H. Trescott, the diplomatist — men of ability and distinction. They were cordially received at Peking and attentively heard. The Chinese government, however, was reluctant to change the terms of the treaty of 1868, which had been entered upon at the special request of the United States. It was the more reluctant because it would create an offensive discrimination against the Chinese, not enforced against the people of any other nation. But when it was insisted that some modification was absolutely necessary for the internal peace of our people, China consented to such modification as would not essentially change the principle of that instrument. And thereupon the immigration treaty of 1880 was agreed to, restricting the coming of Chinese laborers.

In communicating to the Secretary of State the signature of the new treaty of 1880, the American Commissioners wrote:

"In conclusion, we deem it our duty to say to you that during the whole of this negotiation the representatives of the Chinese Government have met us in the fairest and most friendly spirit. They have been, in their personal intercourse, most courteous, and have given to all our communications, verbal as well as written, the promptest and most respectful consideration. After a free and able exposition of their own views, we are satisfied that in yielding to the request of the United States they have been actuated by a sincere friendship and an honorable confidence that the large powers recognized by them as belonging to the United States, and bearing directly upon the interests of their own people, will be exercised by our government with a wise discretion, in a spirit of reciprocal and sincere friendship, and with entire justice."¹

¹ *Foreign Relations of U. S.*, 1881, p. 197.

But even this treaty, which had been obtained from China so reluctantly, yet with the generous exhibition of friendship on her part just described, did not prove satisfactory to the increasing demands of the labor unions. Before ten years were passed, under the spur and excitement of the presidential campaign of 1888, and upon the hesitation of the Chinese government to make a further treaty modification, the Scott Act was passed by Congress, which was a deliberate violation of the treaty of 1880, and was so declared by the Supreme Court; but under our peculiar system it became the law of the land. Our government had thus flagrantly disregarded its solemn treaty obligations. Senator Sherman, then chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, stated in the Senate that we had furnished China a just cause for war. But, at the request of the Secretary of State, that government consented to negotiate a new treaty of immigration, in 1894, which took the place of the treaty of 1880, and by means of which the Scott Act was modified so as to allow the Chinese laborers lawfully in the United States to visit China and return under certain restrictions. The treaty was limited by its terms to ten years.

It is thus seen that our government, which at first heartily extended to the Chinese the privilege of free and unrestricted entrance and residence in the country, was forced by the labor unions to change its policy, and that it secured from the Chinese government the right first to restrict and then to prohibit the coming of Chinese laborers. But this right was obtained upon the distinct promise that it would "be exercised by our government with a wise discretion, in a spirit of reciprocal and sincere friendship, and with entire justice."

The subsequent history of these treaties will show in what manner this promise has been redeemed.

Article IV of the treaty of 1894 stipulates "that Chinese laborers or Chinese of any other class, either permanently or

temporarily residing in the United States, shall have for the protection of their persons and property all rights that are given by the laws of the United States to citizens of the most favored nation, excepting the right to become naturalized citizens." A similar stipulation appears in the treaties of 1868 and 1880.

Let us examine what are "the rights given by the laws of the United States to citizens of the most favored nation." Take as an example the treaty with Japan, an Oriental country, a near neighbor to China. The treaty of 1894, negotiated the same year of the treaty with China, in its Article I provides that the citizens or subjects of each country "shall have free access to the courts of justice in pursuit and defense of their rights; they shall be at liberty equally with native citizens or subjects to choose and employ lawyers, advocates and representatives to pursue and defend their rights before such courts, and in all other matters connected with the administration of justice they shall enjoy all the rights and privileges enjoyed by native citizens or subjects." In the treaty of 1859 with Paraguay, the smallest of all the Spanish-American states, having a population less than Washington city, it is provided that "the citizens of either of the two contracting parties in the territories of the other shall enjoy full and perfect protection for their persons and property, and shall have free and open access to the courts of justice for the prosecution and defense of their just rights; they shall enjoy, in this respect, the same rights and privileges as native citizens; and they shall be at liberty to employ, in all causes, the advocates, attorneys, or agents, of whatever description, whom they may think proper."¹ Similar provisions are found in many other of the treaties of the United States.

By these stipulations the citizens or subjects of the foreign governments named are guaranteed the full and perfect protection of their persons and property in

¹ *Compilation of Treaties in Force, 1899*: "Japan," p. 358; "Paraguay," p. 486.

the same measure and under the same conditions as citizens of the United States. Hence, under the favored nation clause, Chinese laborers and all other Chinese in the United States are guaranteed the same rights as to their persons and property as the citizens of the United States. What are some of the rights guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States, that great charter which cannot be infringed by any legislative enactment or executive order? No person shall be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law. In all criminal prosecutions, the accused shall enjoy the right to a trial by an impartial jury, to be confronted with the witnesses, and to have the assistance of counsel for his defense. Excessive bail shall not be required, nor excessive fines imposed, nor cruel and unusual punishments inflicted. The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated. The privilege of the writ of habeas corpus shall not be suspended.

An examination of the treatment of the Chinese by the authorities of the United States will show that, from time to time, all these constitutional and treaty guarantees have been disregarded. In a recent case decided by the Supreme Court (United States *vs.* Ju Toy, May 8, 1905) Justice Brewer pointed out that under the laws of Congress and the regulations of the Immigration Bureau the Chinese were deprived of due process of law for the protection of their liberty and property, of the right of trial by jury, of being confronted with the witnesses, and of having the assistance of counsel; and he characterized the examination or hearing to which they were subjected on their arrival in the United States as "a star chamber proceeding of the most stringent sort."

I do not know how I can better illustrate the kind of protection, or want of protection, extended to the Chinese, as guaranteed by the Constitution, the treaties, and the solemn promises of the government of the United States, than by

recalling a notorious case which occurred, not on the sand lots of California, not under the auspices of labor agitators, but in the enlightened city of Boston and under the conduct of Federal officials.

The following narrative is condensed from the newspapers of that city. At about half past seven o'clock on the evening of Sunday, October 11, 1902, a number of United States officials of Boston, New York, and other cities charged with the administration of the Chinese exclusion laws, assisted by a force of the local police, made a sudden and unexpected descent upon the Chinese quarter of Boston. The raid was timed with a refinement of cruelty which did greater credit to the shrewdness of the officials than to their humanity. It was on the day and at the hour when the Chinese of Boston and its vicinity were accustomed to congregate in the quarter named for the purpose of meeting friends and enjoying themselves after a week of steady and honest toil. The police and immigration officials fell upon their victims without giving a word of warning. The clubs, restaurants, other public places where Chinese congregated, and private houses, were surrounded. Every avenue of escape was blocked. To those seized no warrant for arrest or other paper was read or shown.

Every Chinese who did not at once produce his certificate of residence was taken in charge, and the unfortunate ones were rushed off to the Federal Building without further ceremony. There was no respect of persons with the officials; they treated merchants and laborers alike. In many cases no demand was made for certificates, the captives were dragged off to imprisonment, and in some instances the demand was not made till late at night or the next morning, when the certificates were in the possession of the victims at the time of their seizure.

In the raid no mercy was shown by the government officials. The frightened Chinese who had sought to escape were dragged from their hiding-places, and stowed like cattle upon wagons or other

vehicles, to be conveyed to the designated place of detention. On one of those wagons or trucks from seventy to eighty persons were thrown, and soon after it moved it was overturned. A scene of indescribable confusion followed, in which the shrieks of those attempting to escape mingled with the groans of those who were injured.

The case of one old man was particularly sad. In the upsetting of the wagon two of his ribs were broken, and he was otherwise bruised and injured. The attending physician made oath that his age was such that the injury might develop pleurisy or other serious complication as the result of his injuries. The rough usage to which he was subjected was a great strain upon his feeble frame, weakened by age. When the raid burst upon the Chinese quarter, he had just come downstairs from his lodgings when he was caught in the police drag-net. He informed the officers that his certificate was in his trunk upstairs, and that he could lay his hands on it without loss of time. But he was not permitted to go to get his papers even under guard, but was thrown into the overloaded wagon. The result was that this innocent man, who under treaty had a perfect right to reside in the country free from molestation, was made to suffer untold tortures in body and mind, in order that the immigration and police officers might satisfy their thirst for sensational activity.

About two hundred and fifty Chinese were thus arrested and carried off to the Federal Building. Here they were crowded into two small rooms where only standing space could be had, from eight o'clock in the evening, all through the night, and many of them till late in the afternoon of the next day. There was no sleep for any of them that night, though some of them were so exhausted that they sank to the floor where they stood. Their captors seemed to think that they had to do with animals, not human beings. Some of them were released during the night, when relatives brought their certificates or mer-

chants were identified. But the greater part were kept till the next day, when the publicity of the press brought friends, or relief through legal proceedings.

One of the Boston journals reported that the Federal Judge, who had a case set for hearing in an adjoining room the next morning, had to adjourn to another part of the building because of the foul exhalations from the overcrowded prison pen. It would hardly be believed that the "Black Hole of Calcutta" could at this day have an imitation in such an enlightened community.

So strong was the indignation of the respectable citizens of Boston, that a large public meeting was held in Faneuil Hall to denounce the action of the immigration officials and the police. Prominent men who took part did not hesitate to refer to that action in the strongest terms as a brutal outrage, a disgrace to the city; and the resolutions adopted assert that the Chinese were seized without warrant of law, and, after being brutally handled, were placed in close and ignominious confinement; and they declare that the lawless acts of the officials are dangerous to liberty and in defiance of constitutional rights, — arbitrary, unwarranted, and outrageous.

It was announced by the immigration officials that their raid was organized under the belief that there were a number of Chinese in Boston and its vicinity unlawfully in the United States, and this method was adopted for discovering them. The official report of the chief officer soon after the event showed that two hundred and thirty-four Chinese were imprisoned, that one hundred and twenty-one were released without trial or requirement of bail, and that only five had so far been deported, but that he hoped that he might secure the conviction and deportation of fifty; as a matter of fact, however, the deportations fell much below that number. But even if these men were unlawfully in the country, they were entitled to humane treatment, and, above all, to the orderly process and application

of the law. The act of Congress prescribes "that any Chinese person . . . found unlawfully in the United States or its Territories *may be arrested upon a warrant issued upon a complaint*, under oath, filed by any party on behalf of the United States," etc.¹

Even as to the guilty Chinese the arrest and confinement was without warrant of law. But what justification can be offered for the arrest of the two hundred peaceable and law-abiding Chinese, — the indignities, hardships, and insults to which they were subjected? Although earnest complaint was made by the Chinese Minister to the government at Washington, not a single officer was punished or even censured for his illegal and brutal conduct, and no reparation was obtained by the Chinese.

The American Commissioners who went to Peking expressly stated that it was only the coolie class of laborers whom their government desired to exclude, and the treaty of 1880 in terms stipulated that the restriction "shall only apply to Chinese laborers, *other classes not being included in the limitation.*" But when Congress came to legislate respecting the treaty it provided that only the five classes of merchants, teachers, students, travelers, and officials, should be admitted. Under this law and the construction placed upon it by the Immigration Bureau the large majority of the upper classes of the Chinese were excluded from entry or residence in the United States.

The treaty provided that to entitle the exempt class to admission into the United States "they may produce a certificate from their government . . . viséd by the diplomatic or consular representative of the United States . . . in the port whence they depart." The plain intent of this provision was that the certificate should state that the holder thereof was a merchant, student, or whatever might be his occupation. But the laws of Congress and the Bureau regulations require that the certificate, if issued to a merchant, for

instance, must state the name, title, if any, description of the person and all physical peculiarities, former and present occupation, place of residence, nature, character, and value of business, and where the holder expects to locate.

But it is not held sufficient if the holder presents himself with such a certificate duly viséd by the United States Consul. The applicant for admission is subjected to a most searching examination, and the strictest technicalities are applied. I illustrate some of these technicalities by a case, taken from many, given by Minister Wu in a communication which was sent to Congress and published, as follows: —

"Last year several merchants came to San Francisco with a good supply of money and credit to make purchases. They were provided with the legal certificates viséd by the American consul, but it appeared that in their certificates some parts of their former career were not filled up in English, although properly filled up in Chinese. The objection was raised by the customs authorities that the certificates were defective. It was contended on their behalf that the law was complied with, as every detail was mentioned in the certificate, although some of it was only in Chinese, and it was offered to supply the omission in the English from the Chinese text, but the authorities would not allow it. The case was appealed to the Treasury Department, and the decision of the San Francisco authorities was confirmed. It was of no avail that these merchants had come ten thousand miles, that their certificates were quite sufficient as far as the Chinese text was concerned, and that the American consul who viséd the document was at fault in not seeing that all the parts were filled up in the English text. It was suggested that the merchants be released under bonds, and that their certificates be sent back to China for correction. There was no suspicion of fraud, yet the suggestion was not heeded, and these merchants were compelled to return to China."

¹ Act of September 13, 1888, section 13.

The treaty expressly states that students, without qualification, are to be admitted. But they are required to present a certificate similar in detail to that described for merchants and to undergo a similar examination. But the Immigration Bureau proceeds to further neutralize the treaty by a ruling that a student to be entitled to admission must show that he is — “a person (1) who intends to pursue some of the higher branches of study, or who seeks to be fitted for some particular profession or occupation (2) for which facilities of study are not afforded in his own country; (3) for whose support and maintenance in this country, as a student, provision has been made, and (4) who, upon completion of his studies, expects to return to China.” And a fifth condition has been added, — that during his attendance at college he must not engage in manual labor, although it is well known that many young men in American colleges support themselves in that way.

A provision of the treaty is that Chinese laborers may cross the territory of the United States, en route to a foreign country, under suitable regulations. But without warrant of treaty, or even of law, the Immigration Bureau requires Chinese gentlemen, merchants and other like classes, who desire to pass through the United States, going to or coming from Europe, on arrival at a port of the United States to produce a prepaid through ticket across the continent; and it is required of each person that he give a bond of five hundred dollars that he will make a *continuous* transit through, and actually depart from, the United States within twenty days; he must furnish three photographs of himself and submit to a carefully prepared description of his person; and when he reaches the port of departure he must submit to another examination of his person and be compared with his photograph. When all this is done and the officer at the port of arrival is notified of his certain departure, his bond is surrendered.

If space allowed, other instances of exactions, not warranted by treaty, applied to Chinese seeking admission to the United States, might be given. The examination to which Chinese are subjected at San Francisco, where most of them apply for admission, is one of their most aggravating experiences. All are required to undergo a very strict examination, even if their certificates are in proper order and duly viséd by the American Consul. During the pendency of the examination the applicants are confined in a wooden shed or loft, not only without comforts but without many of the decent conveniences of life; and this confinement sometimes is extended into weeks and months. The Chinese person on arrival is not permitted to communicate with his friends, he is deprived of the benefit of an attorney, and the examination is conducted by the immigration official alone. The position is the merest travesty of a hearing or trial, and it is not strange that in many cases it results in injustice and great hardship.

The treatment which the Chinese residents have received at the hands of hoodlums, ruffians, race-haters, and mobs has been a disgrace to our civilization; but that has not been so shameful as their treatment by the officials of Federal and local governments. The Boston raid furnishes an illustration. Let me give one more.

Tom Kim Yung, the military attaché of the Chinese Legation in Washington, was in 1903 sent to San Francisco on a temporary duty. One night, after spending the evening dining with the president of the Chinese Merchants' Association, when returning to his lodgings at the Consulate General, and near that place, he was accosted by a policeman in most indecent language and struck with gross indignity. This resulted in an encounter participated in by another policeman. The attaché was beaten and severely bruised, and finally handcuffed and tied by his queue to a fence until the arrival of a patrol wagon, into which he was

forced and taken to the police station. Here he was kept for some time, until released on bail given by a Chinese merchant, about half past one o'clock at night.

He was held for trial on a charge of assaulting a police officer, and when his diplomatic character was brought to the attention of the chief of police by the consul general, that officer refused to dismiss the charge. The excuse of the policeman for his conduct was that he mistook the attaché for another Chinaman for whom he was on the look-out. The attaché, not being able to secure the dismissal of the charges or any punishment of the policeman, was greatly chagrined; he felt that he had "lost face" with his countrymen; and brooding over what he regarded as his disgrace, he committed suicide.

He was followed to the grave by thousands of his countrymen who regarded themselves as personally outraged. The Secretary of State brought the subject to the attention of the Governor of California, and the latter to the mayor of the city, but no redress was given or punishment inflicted.

The foregoing recital running through a series of years—and it might be greatly enlarged—furnishes some of the reasons for the resentment of the Chinese which is manifesting itself in the boycott of American goods. The laws of Congress and the Bureau regulations have practically nullified the treaties so far as the higher class of Chinese are concerned. I have not discussed those laws and regulations as they affect the Chinese laborers, although as to them they are scarcely less unjust. The laws and regulations and the harsh treatment of Chinese subjects in the United States have been the occasion of frequent and reiterated complaints by the Chinese Legation to the Department of State. That Department has given them a sympathetic hearing and forwarded them from time to time to Congress or the Bureau of Immigration, where they have fallen upon deaf ears.

American merchants and companies engaged in the China trade have in recent years sounded a note of warning without any influence upon Congress. American missionaries have wrought up their denominations to a state of fear for the missionaries and of indignation at the inhumanity of our conduct as a nation.

It is not to our credit as a Christian and liberal-minded people and as a just government that all these complaints, warnings, and appeals have been of no avail, and that our interest and sense of duty could be awakened only when our trade was threatened. Not until the boycott began to be felt was any check placed upon the harsh treatment of and unwarranted discrimination against the Chinese in or seeking admission to our country. The President's order of June last has been effective in bringing about a more reasonable enforcement of the laws and regulations, and has greatly relieved the situation. But the laws of Congress and the regulations to carry them out are still in force, and until they are repealed or modified, the grievance of the Chinese will continue.

President Roosevelt, during his Southern tour in October last, set forth in his Atlanta speech the true remedy for our present unsatisfactory relations with China, when he said:—

"We cannot expect China to do us justice unless we do China justice. The chief cause in bringing about the boycott of our goods in China was undoubtedly our attitude towards the Chinese who come to this country. . . . Our laws and treaties should be so framed as to guarantee to all Chinamen, save of the excepted coolie class, the same right of entry to this country, and the same treatment while here, as is guaranteed to citizens of any other nation. By executive action I am as rapidly as possible putting a stop to the abuses which have grown up during many years in the administration of this [exclusion] law. I can do a great deal and will do a great deal even without the action of Congress; but I cannot do all that should be

done unless some action is taken. It is needed in our own interest, and especially in the interest of the Pacific Slope and of the South Atlantic and Gulf States. . . . The action I ask is demanded by considerations that are higher than mere interest, for I ask it in the name of what is just and right. America should take the lead in establishing international relations on the same basis of honest and upright dealing which we regard as essential between man and man."

The same view is also urged by the President in his annual message to Congress now in session. If Congress shall take the action during the present session which is indicated by the President as just and right, and called for in the interest of international comity, the boycott will speedily come to an end. If, on the other hand, the present legislation is continued in force, the boycott of American goods in China will not only continue, but will grow in extent and vigor. And the danger is that it will not only affect our commerce, but extend to all other American interests.

The churches of the United States of almost all denominations have entered

upon the mission work in China. Duty and opportunity seem to call them to enlarged efforts in that great Empire. But that work can speedily be brought to an end, not by proscription or persecution, but simply by the Chinese government applying to American citizens in China the same laws and regulations that are now applied in the United States to Chinese subjects. And by the same means an effective stop can be put to all other American enterprises in China. By such regulations all American bankers, capitalists, railroad contractors, builders, and engineers, mining experts and operatives, manufacturers and machinists, missionaries and physicians, would be barred out of that Empire, because such classes of Chinese are by the laws of Congress, as now interpreted and enforced, excluded from the United States. And no American merchant, student, or traveler could enter China without being submitted to conditions so humiliating that they would be spurned by every self-respecting American. It can hardly be believed that Congress will, by its inaction, bring such misfortunes upon our commerce and our citizens. and such disgrace upon itself.

THE PREFACE

BY EDMUND KEMPER BROADUS

A preface is more than an author can resist, for it is the reward of his labours. When the foundation stone is laid, the architect appears with his plans, and struts for an hour before the public eye. So with the writer in his preface: he may have never a word to say, but he must show himself for a moment in the portico, hat in hand, and with an urbane demeanour. —ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, *An Inland Voyage*.

GOOD old Jeremy Taylor, in the preface to *A Dissuasive from Popery*, tells the story of a "Roman Gentleman [who] had to please himself written a book in Greek and presented it to Cato; he desired him to pardon the faults of his expressions, since he wrote in Greek, which was a tongue in which he was not perfect Master. Cato told him he had better then to have let it alone, and written in Latine, by how much it is better not to commit a fault then to make apologies. For if the thing be good, it needs not to be excus'd, if it be not good, a crude apologie will do nothing but confess the fault, but never make amends." Whereupon the Lord Bishop of Down, pointing the moral of his own tale, devotes eleven pages to his prefatory apologies.

The case is typical; for forewords, be they the poetic prologue of the drama, or the prose preliminaries of philosopher, poet, essayist, or novelist, are not infrequently fraught with more danger to the author than is the book which they would excuse. *Hours of Idleness*, had it appeared anonymously, might have won at least the safety of oblivion, and the noble author might have been spared more than one *mauvais quart d'heure*. But young George Gordon, Lord Byron, wrote a preface apologizing for his poetry on the score of his youth and inexperience, and quite went out of his way to provide a peg for the Edinburgh reviewer to hang

a gibe on. "As an extenuation of this offence" (the publication of the poems) remarks Brougham in the *Edinburgh*, "the noble author is peculiarly forward in pleading minority. . . . Much stress is laid upon it in the preface, and the poems are connected with this general statement of the case by particular dates substantiating the age at which each was written. Now the law upon the point of minority, we hold to be perfectly clear. It is a plea available only to the defendant; no plaintiff can offer it as a supplementary ground of action. Thus, if any suit could be brought against Lord Byron for the purpose of compelling him to put into court a certain quantity of poetry; and if judgment were given against him; it is highly probable that an exception would be taken, were he to deliver *for poetry* the contents of this volume. To this, he might plead minority; but as he now makes voluntary tender of the article, he hath no right to sue, on that ground, for the price in good current praise, should the goods be unmarketable. This is our view of the law on the point, and, we dare to say, so will it be ruled. Perhaps however, in reality, all that he tells us about his youth is rather with a view to increase our wonder than to soften our censures. He possibly means to say, 'See how a minor can write! This poem was actually composed by a young man of eighteen, and this by one of only sixteen!'"

O acrid Brougham! O writhing Noble Minor! One can imagine the young poet wishing that he had been compelled, like exiled Ovid, to say: *Sine me, liber, ibis in urbem*.

No less fatal was Keats's deprecatory plea when *Endymion* was offered to the world. "Knowing within myself," he

says, "the manner in which this poem has been produced, it is not without a feeling of regret that I make it public. — What manner I mean will be quite clear to the reader, who must perceive great inexperience, immaturity, and every error denoting a feverish attempt, rather than a deed accomplished." On this boyish apology the fiend of the *Quarterly* seizes with avidity; but it is a subsequent admission which seals the author's doom. "The two first books, and indeed the two last, I feel sensible are not of such completion as to warrant their passing the press." Here indeed is an opening in the victim's wavering guard. "*Je touche*," cries Mr. Reviewer-Cyrano, triumphantly. "Thus 'the two first books' are, even in his [Keats's] own judgment, unfit to appear, and 'the two last' are, it seems, in the same condition, — and as two and two make four, and as that is the whole number of books, we have a clear and, we believe, a very just estimate of the entire work."

Nor is it unusual for the author quite unconsciously to suggest in his prefatory remarks the basis for the most deservedly severe criticism of his work. The creator of Peter Bell and the Idiot Boy never came to realize that he was programme-ridden, and that much of his best writing was done when he was most oblivious of his thesis. The preface to the *Lyrical Ballads* was not only an epoch-making *pronunciamento*; it was also a confession of a mechanical method. To Wordsworth's way of thinking the poems of the edition of 1798 were not primarily poems; they were *experiments*, — written "chiefly with a view to ascertain how far" (in his now famous phrase) "the language of conversation in the middle and lower classes of society is adapted to the purposes of poetic pleasure."

Just two years before the future English Laureate pronounced his arduous programme, a Scottish poet brought to its troubled close a life whose ideal had been much the same, — who had done because he could not help it what Words-

worth did because it could be done. Oddly the prefatory explanations contrast. "None of the following works," Burns had written in the preface to the collection of 1786, "were ever composed with a view to the press. To amuse myself with the little creations of my own fancy, amid the toils and fatigues of a laborious life; to transcribe the various feelings, the loves, the griefs, the hopes, the fears in my own breast; to find some kind of counterpoise to the struggles of a world, always an alien scene, a task uncouth to the poetical mind, — these were my motives for courting the muses, and in these I found poetry its own reward."

But if the preface has occasionally served no higher purpose than to furnish a theme for the "chorus of insolent reviewers" or to point out the weak spots in the champion's armor, it has also at times thrown more than one fascinating sidelight upon the personality of the author. It has not infrequently been a medium of naïve self-confession, as when Charles Kingsley, setting out to write an historical novel of fifth-century Christianity, confesses to his somewhat prudish public that though he has endeavored "to sketch the age, its manners, and its literature" as he found them, his Anglican conscience has rather balked at telling the whole truth. "Oh, don't be shocked at this or that," — so Mr. Gosse rather flippantly interprets the author's preface. "It is nothing to what I could tell you if I chose. You think that Orestes was a very wicked man, do you? Shall I make your flesh creep by explaining, — but no, I won't; your dear little Early Victorian ears would n't stand it."

Or, to make a leap back over the centuries, one finds Lord Berners, in the prologue to his translation of "The Hystorye of the moost noble and valiaunt Knyght Arthur of lytell Brytayne," quaintly admitting that he set out to translate the book before he had read it, and that, as he proceeded, he had been so staggered by its "unpossibilities" that he had more than once been of a mind to lay it down.

Treacherous as are the seas upon which he finds himself embarked, however, he takes comfort in the thought that the book has been put together probably "not without some measure of truth and virtuous intent."

One is reminded of Caxton's skeptical preface to the *Morte Darthur*: "For to pass the time, this book shall be pleasant to read in, but for to give faith and belief that all is true that is contained herein, ye be at your liberty." And indeed this same honest Caxton, "simple person" as he confesses himself to be, set type to no better purpose in the *Morte Darthur* itself than in the modest preface with which he gave it to the world: "Wherefore . . . I have under the simple conning that God hath sent to me, under the favour and correction of all noble lords and gentlemen, enprised to imprint a book of the noble histories of the said King Arthur, and of certain of his knights . . . to the intent that noble men may see and learn the noble acts of chivalry, the gentle and virtuous deeds that some knights used in those days, by which they came to honour, and how they that were vicious were punished and oft put to shame and rebuke; humbly beseeching all noble lords and ladies, with all other estates of what other estate or degree they been of, that shall see and read in this said book and work, that they take the good and honest acts in their remembrance, and to follow the same. Wherein they shall find many joyous and pleasant histories, and noble and renowned acts of humanity, gentleness and chivalry. For herein may be seen noble chivalry, courtesy, humanity, friendliness, hardiness, love, friendship, cowardice, murder, hate, virtue and sin. Do after the good and leave the evil, and it shall bring you to good fame and renomnee."

It was with equal sincerity if perhaps less charm of style that Defoe in his prefaces used to point the moral of his adventurous yarns. That remarkable personage, Colonel Jacque,—"who was born a Gentleman, put 'prentice to a Pick-

pocket, flourished six and twenty years as a Thief, and was then kidnapped to Virginia; came back a Merchant, . . . went into the Wars, behaved bravely, got preferment, was made Colonel of a Regiment, came over and fled with the Chevalier, is still Abroad completing a Life of Wonders, and resolves to die a General,"—enjoy his rascality as we may to-day, was conceived by the author in a spirit of the most commendable piety. "The various turns of his fortune in the world make a delightful field for the reader to wander in; a garden where he may gather wholesome and medicinal fruits, none noxious or poisonous; where he will see virtue and the ways of wisdom everywhere applauded, honoured, encouraged, rewarded; vice and all kinds of wickedness attended with misery, many kinds of infelicities; and at last, sin and shame going together, the persons meeting with reproof and reproach, and the crimes with abhorrence.

"Every wicked reader" (this is refreshing; the class has apparently ceased to exist to-day) "will here be encouraged to a change, and it will appear that the best and only good end of an impious, mis-spent life is repentance; that in this there is comfort, peace and oftentimes hope, and that the penitent shall be returned like the prodigal, and *his latter end be better than his beginning*."

The italics are Defoe's,—which leaves no doubt about his pious intentions, whatever we may think of the fact that, so far as the book is concerned, the beginning is much better than the latter end. The old Adam in Defoe rather loses zest in the redoubtable Colonel after the latter's reformation is effected.

But not all the prefaces of former times are marked by such a sweet humility as Caxton's or such a worthy piety as Defoe's. Burly Ben Jonson is never burlier than in the poetic forewords to his plays; and in the first of them—that the prologue of *Every Man in his Humour* may have been composed at a later date is of no moment—his prefatory remarks are

of no uncertain tenor. Not for him the base truckling of those poets who would serve the "ill customs of the age." Rather

be pleased to see

One such today as other plays should be, — wherein, instead of the crudities and impossibilities of the romantic drama, you shall find

Deeds and language such as men do use,
And persons such as comedy would choose.

Izaak Walton, as became his calling, was not so self-assertive as the author of *Every Man in his Humour*, but he is every whit as indifferent to criticism; and nowhere in the *Compleat Angler* proper is the cool self-sufficiency of the true brother of the angle better brought out than in these words from the preface: "And though this Discourse may be liable to some exceptions, yet I cannot doubt but that most Readers may receive so much pleasure or profit by it, as may make it worthy the time of their perusal, if they be not too grave or too busy men. . . . And I wish the Reader also to take notice, that in writing of it, I have made myself a recreation of a recreation; and that it may prove so to him, and not read dull and tediously, I have in several places mixed, not any scurrility, but some innocent, harmless mirth, of which, if thou be a severe, sour complexioned man, then I here disallow thee to be a competent judge."

"A recreation of a recreation!" — happy the man who can confess to such a cheerful spontaneity of composition! So Bunyan, in the quaintly rhymed preface to *Pilgrim's Progress*, testifies that the work was done, "mine own self to gratifie:" —

But yet I did not think
To show to all the World my Pen and Ink
In such a mode; I only thought to make
I knew not what: nor did I undertake
Thereby to please my neighbour; no, not I.
I did it mine own self to gratifie.

. . . And so I penned
It down, until at last it came to be
For length and breadth the bigness which you
see.

Well, when I had thus put mine ends together,
I shew'd them others, that I might see whether

They would condemn them or them justifie:
And some said, Let them live; some, Let them die.

Some said, *John*, print it; others said, Not so;
Some said, It might do good; others said, No.
Now was I in a straight, and did not see
Which was the best thing to be done by me:
At last, I thought, Since you are thus divided,
I print it will; and so the case decided.

When Ben Jonson blustered, he also "made good;" and Bunyan could afford to thank Providence that his neighbor's "John, print it," had decided his uncertain course; but it is not uncommon to follow the preface through its throes of parturition only to find that the product is little more than a ridiculous mouse. Dr. Johnson's cynical reference to his early instructor in English, who "published a spelling book and dedicated it to the universe," will be remembered; and I have before me an ancient grammar which makes its bow to the waiting world with no less pomposity. Published in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1854, it purports to be "A Compendious Treatise on the Languages English, Latin, Greek, German, Spanish, and French, founded on the immutable principle of the relation which one word sustains to another." By way of frontispiece rises a gigantic tree-trunk from which juts out a massive limb. Upon the trunk in great black letters is the word "God," and along the limb in print of equal magnitude are the words "hath spoken." "God hath spoken!" Could a more effective preface be imagined? It is true that, upon closer examination, lettered twigs devolving from trunk and limb resolve themselves into a pictorial grammatical analysis of the first verse of the first chapter of Hebrews; but the primary impression, the awful sensation of *Jupiter tonans*, remains unimpaired.

The worthy author of this forgotten grammar threw the responsibility for its fate upon the Almighty, with apparently no doubt that, between author and Sponsor, the days of the *Compendious Treatise* would be long in the land. Other and more mundane support had he, too, for

upon the fly-leaves clusters a very muster-roll of the great names of his day, — Millard Fillmore, H. Clay, Winfield Scott, William H. Seward, Hamilton Fish, Bayard Taylor, Henry W. Longfellow, Jared Sparks, and a score of others — all the signatures in unmistakably authentic facsimile. With such stately inaugural the *Compendious Treatise* takes its oath of office. How the little barefooted poets and novelists-to-be must have climbed the lamp posts to catch a glimpse of the majestic figure! How the man who had been made Laureate of England four years before, had chance of traffic brought a copy to his hand, — how Tennyson would have smiled! and perhaps turned back musingly to the preface of a thin little volume entitled *Poems by Two Brothers*, — “*Hæc novimus esse nihil*” had been its modest motto, — and the preface: “We have passed the Rubicon and we leave the rest to fate, though its edict may create a fruitless regret that we ever emerged from the shade and courted notoriety.”

The prefatory pronouncement of the *Compendious Treatise* had at least the merit of brevity; and, indeed, unless the nature of the case calls for an elaborate disquisition, or unless, as in the case of Scott, the book in question has already won a recognition which warrants unlimited personalia, the proud author has generally been content to “show himself for a moment in the portico,” and then turn the public loose in his vaulted corridors. “If brevity is the soul of wit anywhere, it is most especially so in a preface,” remarks Dickens, who did live up

to this principle in his prefaces, however he violated it in his stories; “firstly, because those who do read such things as prefaces prefer them, like grace before meat, in an epigrammatic form; and secondly, because nine hundred and ninety-nine people out of every thousand never read a preface at all;” and to this brevity the hopeful author must add a special savor of personality, if he do not wish to be a candidate for the oblivion of the nine hundred and ninety-nine. It is the rare preface which inspires in the breast of the reader the hope of Nick Bottom, the weaver, — “I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good Master Cobweb.”

After all, it was a fellow countryman and contemporary of the forgotten author of the *Compendious Treatise* who could most skillfully compound his prefaces of these two indispensable elements, and put the gentle reader into the best possible humor with himself, the world, the author, and the volume in hand; and of Dr. Holmes’s many genial prefaces, one likes best to recall that which ushered the delightful series of Autocrat papers to an audience even larger than the *Atlantic* could furnish. “I cannot make the book over again,” wrote the old Doctor, twenty-five years after the papers had appeared in the magazine, “and I will not try to mend old garments with new cloth. Let the sensible reader take it for granted that the author would agree with him in changing whatever he would alter; in leaving out whatever he would omit.”

Could anything be more urbane?

THE SOUL OF ART

BY ELSA BARKER

I LISTEN to the rhymers' praise of art,
Of the immortal form, the measured phrase,
Of the one mirror and the many ways
The poet's pale reflection to impart, —
But not a word of the initiate heart,
Of the incarnate Light whose volatile blaze,
Intimate of the soul, eludes the gaze —
Man's goal of yearning, and his counterpart.

I too am learned in the lore of sound,
In the cold measurement of lyric speech;
But what availed my knowledge till I found
The hidden Thing mere art may never teach.
The selfless Thing, too great to be renowned,
So high — it is within the lowest reach!

THE GHOST IN FICTION

BY T. R. SULLIVAN

SOMEWHERE, in what has been classified as the eighth period of English Literature, beginning about the year 1830, the ghost-story, all over the world, became very much the fashion. The perfection which this form of romantic narrative had reached through the art of Irving, Poe, and Hawthorne made dealings with the mystic, the weird, and the supernatural widely popular, and every new writer was moved to try his hand at it. The current of scientific investigation had not set in that way, time and space were not yet minimized by steam and electricity, and local tradition, with an archaic or feudal background, aided by that lurking dread of something after death which, according to Hamlet, we all inherit, combined to make the wildest freak of the clever writer's imagination almost credible. He

could sound what stop he pleased, when every respectable English neighborhood busily circled round the whispered word about its haunted chamber, when any sluggish, ill-tempered old Scotchman ran the risk of being avoided as a warlock, and even the virgin forest of North America was full of spells and warnings. In consequence, we were overwhelmed by a legion of purely fictitious phantoms, varying from the mute and dignified courier-like type in old lace and high-heeled shoes, to the merry, whimsical intruder from the other world, with a good-humored twinkle in his eye, or the shrouded, shrieking raw-head-and-bloody-bones nuisance who drove his chance acquaintance mad at sight.

Many of us now find these monstrous attempts to shatter our peace of mind

very dreary and childish; but that the world at large is neither entirely cured of its superstitious faith, nor even convalescent, must be clear to any traveler who penetrates to regions remote from great cities. Belief in the evil eye is uncomfortably prevalent throughout Italy, where charms are worn against it, and the sign to ward off its dire effects is still made by intelligent persons who ought to be above such nonsense. And after generations of enlightenment, Scotland would rather be haunted than not. The other day I talked with a very modern young woman who lives next door to Glamis Castle, and is akin to the heir, who is popularly supposed to be weighed down by tidings from the secret chamber, whenever he comes of age. She laughed at my reference to the story, and said: "Oh, when I want to know about that, I always consult an American." She then cheered me by reciting a legend of the castle touching a certain Lady Griselda, who, following her lord and master in the dead of night, was caught and punished for her curiosity by having her tongue torn out and her hands cut off; and at the present time wanders up and down stairs, waving her bleeding stumps wildly, to the terror of the servants.

"After all," her relative continued, "it is n't strange that any tale of horror should be believed about Glamis. For the house is low, dark, and peculiarly gloomy, carpeted everywhere with old India matting which deadens the sound of a footstep, so that even the living members of the family glide over it like spectres."

"How about *your* house?" I asked. "Is n't that haunted too?"

"Oh, we haven't any ghost, — inside," she said. "But in one of the park-alleys there is sometimes seen a sheep with a human head. Nobody ever goes there after dark."

So outlandish a hobgoblin would hardly daunt a nursery-maid here, were she within reach of a telephone; but it was plain that the narrator had a certain respect for the fable, if she did not quite

credit it. At any rate, it was not her habit to walk in the park at twilight.

Talk about this recalled an occurrence very near home. One of my friends hired for the summer Hawthorne's Old Manse, at Concord. And, before moving into it, he lent one of the servants — a wide-awake young woman — the *Mosses from an Old Manse* to read by way of preparation. Unfortunately, in the introduction Hawthorne makes a humorous reference to the minister, the first tenant of the house in provincial times, and to his silken gown which may still be heard rustling through the passages by discreet listeners of finer sense. The girl put her finger upon this, and declined service in summer quarters where such things were possible. Nothing could induce her to change her mind. There it was, printed in the book, — and she ended by resigning her place.

To return to the unauthentic bogie of pure fiction: when Bulwer came along, he rang some splendid changes upon the familiar theme, juggling with occult science, and working in natural phenomena, by the way, most artfully. The caldron, refreshed with new ingredients, bubbled up again, and the mystical tale was given another lease of life, — but with a difference, which was really an immense gain. The reader no longer was asked to believe in a ghostly visitant stepping directly from the other world with the habit of this one, as he lived, fresh, unwrinkled, and complete to the last button. This manifest absurdity was done away with, and the far more subtle trick was to get the gentle reader off his guard in lonely places, to chill him with damp and mould, and cloud his brain with vaporous association; then, all conditions being favorable, to leave him in doubt as to the conjuror's own state of mind regarding the manifestation or apparition; this, with consummate charm of style, and a strict attention to business in the setting of the scene, where all must be conceivable, nothing exaggerated.

Execution, perhaps, has greater value

in this form of fiction than in any other. The Russians have never been beaten at this, and there are certain ghostly tales of Pouchkine and Tourguéneff which may be read over and over again with pleasure, merely for the excellence of their preparatory, descriptive passages. Such is that remarkable story, Tourguéneff's *Apparitions*, to which even the most hard-headed old skeptic that ever lived must pay the tribute of a second reading, — if only to assure himself that there is nothing in it. And, of course, there is no impossibility in momentary hallucination, of which all humanity, at times, is susceptible. Witness, that unaccountable case from the note-book of Lord Brougham, to whom a friend of early life appeared, or seemed to appear, at the moment of death, after a separation of twenty years, in fulfillment of a jesting compact, written in blood during their college days.

By these concessions in the literary attitude the visions, so-called, were brought much nearer to life, and shorn to a great extent of their incredibility. The story of *The Signal-Man*, so realistically told by Dickens as to justify that "slow touch of a frozen finger tracing out the spine" which the *Ego* of the tale describes in it, is a perfect example of this method, where skepticism is frankly met half-way. The victim passes his monotonous existence at the mouth of a tunnel in a deep gully of the railway line, which reeks with moisture, from which the light of day is almost wholly cut off. His duties consist in recording telegraphic signals, in responding to them, and in displaying a flag when the train approaches. The gloom of his life there is so well suggested that the effect of it upon his mind at which the writer hints is hardly a matter of surprise. Gradually the man becomes convinced that he has been warned by supernatural means of some impending catastrophe. He starts when no bell rings, imagines that he hears voices, that he sees beckoning shapes at the tunnel's mouth. The coming disaster proves to be his own

death. Finally, unnerved by these cumulative experiences, he makes a false step in front of one of his passing trains. That is all. But the thing is done so simply and so reasonably as to carry conviction with it. The reader feels at the end that Dickens must have known that man, and has related in a perfectly straightforward way a real incident.

Imaginative work of that sort naturally prepared the way for scientific research. The gauntlet was thrown down, and before long it was taken up. The Psychical Society ran a good many disreputable old ghosts to earth and laid them. Those that still walked were chiefly of the milder sort, and seemed to flourish in outlying districts of the British Islands, largely on hearsay. When your cousin's cousin, living two hundred miles off, has a friend (represented by an initial letter) who thinks he saw a ghost thirty years ago, accuracy becomes expensive, and such distant prosecution of it is scarcely worth while. About this time, as the almanacs say, Andrew Lang saw his opportunity, and came to the front with his treatment of the question in a brief extravaganza, called *In Castle Perilous*, which ought to be read at least once a week by any writer who purposes to make a living out of the supernatural. His spectre is "up-to-date" indeed, discussing the phenomenon of his own appearance in modern scientific terminology. From that he passes lightly to criticism of Shakespeare's use of that ancient superstition, the cock-crow, and his introduction of the glow-worm on a midwinter night in the ghost-scenes of *Hamlet*. Furthermore, he asks if a real cock and real glow-worm are employed to heighten the stage effect, nowadays, in the best theatres. Finally, with a quotation from the London *Spectator*, he vanishes, after imploring the narrator not to think in the morning that he was "all a dream."

Shakespeare, himself, might have called Mr. Lang's work "admirable fooling." When I read it for the first time, it seemed to me a knock-down blow. I

felt as if the old-fashioned, or, indeed, any-fashioned ghost business were done for. But the next time I saw the Royal Dane, he was, for once, impersonated by a great actor. His magnificent lines were as impressive as ever. How could finical witticism over cocks and glow-worms affect that gracious figure? And what were any details of stage-management in comparison with the immortal visitation to whet the almost blunted purpose? The scenic appliances faded into insignificance, and the impression would have been equally fine with no canvas or calcium at all. Then, in the face and eyes of Mr. Lang, and the whole Psychical Society to boot, there started up a modern master, Stevenson, who struck a new note upon the old chord, and made it vibrate in a way that no one could resist. And I began to see that its vibrations must go on eternally, — at least, so long as our great mystery of the unknowable remains without solution. The essential thing, be the performer ancient or modern, is to strike the chord in the right way, — to know the touch of it! That is all.

One night, a little later, I took up Shakespeare again, and read the closing scene of the fourth act in *Julius Cæsar*, where the boy plays the harp to Brutus and falls asleep over it.

Brutus says:—

O murderous slumber!

Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy
That plays thee music? Gentle knave, good
night:

I will not do thee so much wrong to wake
thee.

If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instru-
ment;

I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good
night.—

Let me see, let me see: — is not the leaf turn'd
down

Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

(Enter the Ghost of Cæsar.)

How ill this taper burns! Ha! Who comes
here?

I think it is the weakness of mine eyes

That shapes this monstrous apparition.

It comes upon me! Art thou anything?

Art thou some god, some angel, or some
devil,

That mak'st my blood cold and my hair to
stare?

Speak to me what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Brutus.

Why com'st thou?

Ghost. To tell thee, thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Brutus. Well: then I shall see thee again?

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.

There is the eternal touch, — given with that prophetic conformity to modern conditions of thought which often recurs so curiously in Shakespeare. "Art thou anything?" It is as if the poet had just been reading Clark on *Visions*. And the Ghost speaks just two lines; but such lines! They have passed into the language, and can never grow obsolete.

When we are endowed with ghosts like this, why should the authenticity of a few old nursery scarecrows in the crumbling walls of English country houses vex us? We can let them pass. Especially, since we have to consider puzzling manifestations, equally authentic, much nearer home. A little while ago a well-known man hired for a year a colonial house within five miles of Boston. And, before long, he was oppressed by a mysterious, disturbing, yet invisible presence in one of its upper rooms. He kept the matter to himself, at first. But, one by one, each member of the family in turn obtained from it the same discomfort, until, finally, the room was closed, locked, and left unused. Doubtless "it is in ourselves that we are thus or thus;" and the Society for Psychical Research perhaps would find nothing in that room from one week's end to the other. The incident only goes to prove that we are still susceptible of treatment, and that a writer, even in the present hour of negation, may make the hair to stare without much difficulty, if he sets to work in the proper way.

It happened once, when I was a very small boy on a visit to some relatives in the country, that I was left alone one evening with the servants, the elders of the family having gone out for an hour or two. The cook and the housemaids offered me the hospitality of the kitchen,

and we sat there together through the twilight in a small group around an open window. It was a warm summer night, — too warm for lamps; outside, there was a grass-plot, with some low shrubs through which the fireflies glanced. The crickets were crying, but there was no wind, the room was remote from the road, and otherwise all was absolutely still. While I sat by, trying to be interested in the talk though somewhat bored in the process, the maids gossiped in a subdued undertone, appropriate to the hour. Undoubtedly, our condition was finely receptive. In thinking of the scene, I am always reminded of the story about a twilight group in a French country house where the man turned to the woman in white, sitting next him, and asked if she believed in ghosts. "*Jele crois, jele suis,*" she said, and vanished! Well, we sat there in the stillness and the dark, until suddenly on the outer wall of the house, as it seemed, close to the window, a little way above our heads, there came a sharp knock, two or three times repeated. The group scattered instantly. There was a great craning of necks into the open air, where, of course, nothing was to be seen; and nothing more occurred outside. The conversation, indoors, became exceedingly lively for a few minutes. Everybody had heard the noise, and everybody wished to describe at once the impression it produced. The cook, who had a vivid, but limited imagination, said it sounded to her like the handle of a carving-knife; while one of the maids was sure that it must have been a broom-handle. The

source of the noise was never determined, and the appalling mystery knocked out the talking-party forever. For my own part, I discovered very promptly that it was bedtime, and went away to uneasy slumber with a bright light burning close by my pillow. And, never, during my childhood, was I quite comfortable again in that house.

This unimportant circumstance merely illustrates further the disadvantage under which we all labor in conflicting with those impenetrable mysteries that science has thus far failed to overcome, that surround us all from the cradle to the grave. So far as they go, we are still children, — at a disadvantage, as aforesaid. And this may serve as text for a conclusion. So long as the disadvantage exists, a skillful literary craftsman may still avail himself of it effectively in more ways than one. The wise reader has no real confidence in ghosts; he scoffs at the old wives' tales of haunted houses, very properly; when strange footsteps scuffle about in the night, where he knows that no human feet may fall, he whispers to himself "*Rats!*" and goes to sleep again. But by and by there turns up some fellow like Stevenson or Tourguéneff to take his step just over the line into the borderland. He has the skill to give the knock! Then, in the startled scoffer's mind the unexpected happens; something, that he was quite unaware of before, stirs there, inducing him to listen. Half unconsciously, he applauds the masterstroke, and is forced, against his will, into tolerance, if not into approval and admiration.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

A SHORT STUDY OF EDITORS

FROM time to time there appear in various of our periodicals certain bland, paternal columns in which the Editor discusses the Young Writer. The burden of these discourses is, Little Children, we do not bite. I do not know that the Young Writer has to any great extent discussed the Editor. I am moved to do so, and that quickly, while my impressions still have the spice of novelty. When editors become as thick in my acquaintance as huckleberries in the upland pasture, their personalities may become obscured. I write in haste, therefore, in a race against my own fame, for already I have had personal interviews with seven living editors.

My sensations in regard to editors are still whetted with awe, and I want to record them before all that disappears, and it is going fast. In fact, if you wish to preserve intact your fearsomeness of the mere word Editor, as well as your fervor for writing, don't write; that is, don't get accepted. There is a very simple rule for this: continue to write what you want to write, and continue to send it to people who don't want it. The writer's happiest days are those when no one appreciates him. Unaccepted, he may believe himself a Shakespeare; accepted, he knows himself a Grub-Streeter. The low world has laid its thumb; he is sunk to the sordidness of all things labelable. Unaccepted, he may believe himself what he pleases, and write what he pleases; accepted, he is no longer free, but bondservant; he alone is free of whom no one expects anything.

My respect for writing and my respect for editors began to decline from the moment they began to accept me. Up to that time, editors were entirely without personality except such as was expressed in the quantity and quality of the sugar with

which in their printed slips they covered the pill of rejection. These official communications, however, in the elaborateness and ingenuity of their courtesy, are not to be compared with the adroitness and delicacy with which the personal editor, brave in his own chirography, can state the fact that your wares are not to his liking. I should blush to tell him that I am really unworthy of his inventiveness, that rejection is not the stab he evidently thinks it ought to be. How can I tell a man who shows so much sensibility himself as he administers the blow, that my own sensibilities as I receive it are inferior to his?

In my experience editors acquired personality slowly. It began with initials. These initials attached themselves with a slight word of encouragement to the printed rejection. The initials invited me to try again, but for long the invitation was a snare. After a very weary time the initials appeared after the printed acceptance, then after the personal one, and at length the editor stepped boldly out of his official obscurity and signed his full name. It was then that I was first moved to try to meet him, to track him to his lair. I well remember my first editor, — also, immediately prior to the editor, the sensations of throat and knees as the elevator mounted, and the sickening plunge into a great, cavernous room, in which crouched, not one editor, but twenty, it appeared. My first editor proved no more formidable than the friendly letters that had preceded our acquaintance. He was a big, breezy man, with no taint of printer's ink about him, suggesting rather tennis and football and abundant tubbing. I forgot he was an editor. He confided to me his own literary ambitions. All editors have their own literary ambitions, and a way of talking of them that suggests that you are much more a some-

body than they can ever hope to be. It is the ringmaster's complimentary bow to the acrobat, his confidential, "I do a bit of the trapeze myself sometimes in other tents than mine."

This editor, furthermore, was brisk and businesslike. He told me what he wanted, and I told him I'd give it to him. I left him with a sense that I had gained a lesson in the tricks of my trade.

From my practical editor I proceeded to my poetic one. I thought to find out what it was *he* wanted of me. I call him my poetic editor partly on account of the love-songs to which I see his name attached in the magazines, partly on account of his hair. He is young; the dust of college not off him. When boldly and baldly I put the question, what did he want? he blushed for me, politely and patiently blushed for me, through a homeopathic philippic lasting fifteen minutes. A writer should never try to please an editor, he said; a writer should let the winds of fancy blow through him, and write at their æolian dictates; he should never try to trim his personality to the imagined pattern of an editor's taste, — he should be his own pattern; "please yourself, and you will please me," concluded my poetic editor, dismissing me; but, curiously enough, I never have pleased him.

I have met but one editor whose soul was neither that of a gentleman nor a scholar. He conducted a potent newspaper, and he wanted a column a week for it of literary chat, nothing learned, nothing commonplace, something altogether novel, something wholly brilliant, a show of intellectual fireworks that would make his paper famous. Was my name to be appended? I asked. Oh, no, for anonymity would enable him the more easily to turn me off and put another in my stead. His price? I cannily inquired. Shylock wore no gaberdine, but he answered, "Five dollars a week." I was so new a writer as to be almost non-existent, but I rejected this editor.

This is my only mercenary editor. As

a rule, editors embarrass me by being so little mercenary when I myself am greatly so. They seem to expect me to be as little commercial as my pot-boilers aim to appear. It is a serious trouble, the fact that editors seem to expect, when they see you in the flesh, that you will be that person you have appeared to be on paper. This failing is not confined to editors, but that is exactly my grievance; editors ought to be the last of men to expect you to live up to what you write.

As a matter of fact, there is but one editorial room where I can be myself. Here there is a keen-eyed editor who knows me the child of darkness if I do write moral tales, knows me a sad bluffer if I do write criticism, does not expect me to lisp in numbers if a bit of verse does sing itself off my pen in an unguarded moment, does not expect to cull psychological or biological flowers from my workaday conversation just because I sometimes in stories sport with subtleties and curious phenomena. Thank Heaven for one editor who sees through me, and gives me the satisfaction of knowing it.

So do they not all. For instance, there is the editor who loves phrases, and counts on me to appreciate them. His letters require the elucidation of a Reader's Handbook, a Biblical Concordance, and the *Century Cyclopædia of Names*. His briefest communications drip with erudite allusion. This editor really knows things, and I am sure he thinks I appreciate his intricacies of reference because, forsooth, I have sometimes written for him essays in which I trigged myself out in my few shreds of learning, wearing them bravely, as if I had whole drawerfuls of ornamental knowledge to supplement them.

O editors, you are of all men most unsophisticated. I am not learned, although I write so; nor, O gentle arbiters of my fate, am I good because I write so.

My pen paces on here to my pious editor, him for whom I write those moving moral tales for the young, in which I pipe to the reader's emotions, and the reader in response politely pipes his eye.

To this editor I here make confession. I dare to do so only anonymously, but what weary weight of insincerity he has made me carry! Dear Sir, forgive me; I am poor, and you pay so well for piety. I write to your order, as per your printed circular, "short, inspiring tales in which a character crisis is involved," and I always let my sin-tossed hero, *à la* fifteen, land cat-like on his feet. I bedew with simple pathos the eye of grandam and grandchild, but O Sir Editor, I who write thus am myself full of the Old Boy. I who write thus innocently for the tender juvenal could with this same red right hand write for the tough senior tales of riot or of ruin, of divorce, destiny, or naughty Paris!

I shudder to recollect that before I met him I fancied my pious editor, — he who supplied the public with the milk of human kindness, germ-proof, hygienic, fresh-bottled weekly, — was just such another even as I — his — his *cow*! (Heaven save us from our own metaphors!) In my first interview I actually caught a wink on the wing, and in the nick of time clapped it into my pocket, marked for future reference, "Not for editors or the clergy."

I met the extreme of my pious editor some weeks ago. His is a Sunday School publication and it was my proud purpose, judiciously concealed, to use him as a scrap-basket in extreme need. But even as a scrap-basket his appreciation of my wares needed stimulating. I speak commercially, otherwise his appreciation overflowed several typewritten pages. He pressed me to call, but first he sent me a small devotional book of his own. Now, I can bear religion in the open, when I'm all alone, in woods or fields, with the wind blowing, and the world all about big and breezy; but compress religion into a book, a little gold and white book, with versicle, canticle, and prayerlet for every day, tack my soul sensations to a calendar thus, — well, my soul is too fond of playing truant for that.

I called, I waited in a room ornamented

with texts and typewriters and lank begonias. Then, my card having preceded me, I was passed on into the sanctum. Just because he was thrice as old, did he need to hold my hand so fervently, and to say, "I want to know you, to look into your eyes, to be your friend"? My embarrassment must have embarrassed him. I shot off into business as dexterously as possible, and, having moderately accomplished my aim in coming, rose to go, but was detained. "We have talked of your writing, now let us talk of you," persisted my host. He discovered my college, my class, my birthplace, my boarding-house, my mother's maiden name, my church connection; but he did not catch *me*. Pray, why should he have tried to? Is it not enough that we who write must cook up out of our inmost sensations and experiences appetizing dishes for an editor's palate, without having either editor or public think they have a right to knock at the kitchen door? I am willing to cook, but when I entertain I do so on the front piazza, or anonymously, as now, at the rooms of the Contributors' Club.

CHOKED UTTERANCES

The Contributor takes his well-gnawed pencil and his scribbling pad in hand with some degree of insecurity. For many years he has admired the wit and ease with which various members of the Club seize and hit off as literary material the things that all of us have always known, but that none of us have ever noticed. He has more than once, on turning over the new *Atlantic* to those ever alluring pages at the back, found the familiar subjects which he discussed that morning with his wife while dressing for breakfast, clothed in language, dignified by print, accepted and inserted in the coveted spaces of the magazine. It was like discovering a picture of one's own kitchen-garden or blackberry patch illustrating an article on "Beautiful America:" a homely, accustomed thing brought into the public eye. It had been within a

stone's throw of him his entire lifetime, a helpless prey to his kodak; but some one else had seen the possibilities and done the photographing.

Once the Contributor thought of a familiar, but as yet unexploited, topic of his own; he tried to treat it lightly, to lend to its commonplaceness a certain touch and go, and to have it printed. The subject was something like "Borrowed Umbrellas" or "My Neighbor's Faults." Whatever it was he sent it off. That same day another Contributor discovered the chances for development that lay in that same homely topic, wrote it up, sent it to the Club — and had *his* version published. The blow was temporarily crushing; the Contributor gave his new foolscap pad and his providently whittled pencils to his youngest child, and went humbly back to his pursuit of the Law.

And now again a topic has come to mind; hurriedly, feverishly, the Contributor begins to write; distractedly he is conscious of a score of other Club members all over this land inspired with the same idea, and putting it into better and more *acceptable* English than his own. Into his throbbing head comes Matthew Arnold's "Consolation," but the inward chaos of hurry and hope and fear changes the lines: —

Yes, while I scribble,
Every where countless
Contributors work on my theme,
And countless versions
Flow from their pens.

The topic whose happy
Unexpressed possibilities
I would eternalize,
Ten thousand others
Submit respectfully.

The brief, civil note,
Whose certain refusal
I would escape from,
Holds for the others
Acceptance, joy.

The lines shout themselves, but through the din, clear and lucid, the Contributor comes to his point, begins to gild the homely subject, and to cheat fate.

Even as he writes, the new issue of the *Atlantic* comes to hand; it has happened again; some one else has taken his theme and done it ample justice; too many cooks have spoiled his broth; and, this time permanently, the Contributor returns to the Law. *Vale, vale*, — "there is no new thing under the sun," — the game is to say the old thing first.

SUCH STUFF AS DREAMS ARE MADE ON

I have been reading an epoch-making book, which only Titanic minds like that of its author (so I am told) can criticise; but Lilliputian minds, fortunately for me, may confess their personal bewilderment. At one point in his exposition the author deals with the theory of "recapitulation," according to which the human body and soul repeat the development of the race from monad to man. Dwelling on the fishy stage of man's career, he mentions the testimony of dreams to a former aquatic existence. "In sleep, which is a kind of decapitation of higher functions, ancient ancestral experiences crop out. . . . One of the present writer's most persistent dream experiences was that, by holding the breath and controlling it in a peculiar way, he could rise from the ground and float through the air by slight movements of the limbs and body. So urgent and repeated was this experience that he has many times awaked with a sense, projected for some moments into waking life, that he could now demonstrate to his friends the astounding trick of levitation over houses and fields at will. . . . Now, as lungs have taken the place of swim-bladders, these unique hovering experiences of sleep suggest that here traces of a function have survived their known structure. Our ancestors floated and swam far longer than they have had legs, and why may the psyche not retain traces of this as the body does of its rudimentary organs? It may be that these are some of the oldest strata or elements of our psychic life, a reminiscent echo of

the sea which was our primeval home and mother."

This is very interesting, and most consoling to those who have a craving for experience but dislike the effort necessary to attain a sufficient variety. If, without leaving my easy chair or even my downy couch, I can recapitulate ancestral adventures of a multitudinous nature, why need I exert myself to see, hear, touch, and taste, or even to read historical novels? Why need I laboriously do, since I am already a part of all that has been done? Yet a suspicion irks me that I am not to be let off so easily. I, too, have had dreams. I, too, have murmured to myself: "This is a law of nature which is not ordinarily understood. They call it levitation." I, too, have floated at will, downstairs, through the family sitting-room, two feet from the floor, up to the ceiling, through the window, over hill and dale, dependent on will-power for my buoyancy, on will-power and one other factor. As a child I floated without effort, sometimes against my will; terror made me float, rendering me not only lightheaded but lightfooted; but I always kept the vertical position, with feet downstretched to meet the first reassuring touch of firm earth. It is only within recent years — say eight or ten — that I have been able to transform myself at will into a flying-machine; but now I do it every two or three months, with about the same frequency as that with which I find myself in the school of my childhood, with lessons to recite, but with a vacant mind, with no books and with no knowledge of "the place." While that is a painful experience, floating is in every way pleasurable, being a delight in itself, a convenient annihilation of space, and a demonstration of my superiority to my kinsfolk and acquaintance, none of whom can float. I feel myself, in fact, the Ivory Soap of humanity. And always there persists in me the determination to demonstrate in my waking hours what I discover in my sleep, that only faith and personal force and one other factor are necessary to conquer gravity and over-

ride its laws. Indeed, I sometimes find myself demonstrating in broad daylight what, I explain, has hitherto been possible to me only in sleep; and then, alas! I wake, — and behold, that, too, was a dream.

Now the other factor, to which I have twice referred, is the disturbing element in my hopes of "recapitulation." Combined with the posture in which I float, or swim, it seems to set me aside from a truly human line of descent. In truth, I cannot figure that I am descended from anything, human, inhuman, aquatic, or nautical. The posture of the fish in the stream, of the sea-serpent in the sea, of everything that swims within the waters, is familiar to the keen-eyed naturalist. My posture, "when I float," is that of a wise man in the easiest of easy chairs; I lean back upon the elastic atmosphere as if it were furnished with the most highly-evolved and responsive of springs, and so, in a sublimation of comfort, contingent merely upon my confidence that it exists, I sail through the window, *feet first*, and *bend* my way whither I will, dependent for buoyancy and direction not only on my will-power, but on a peculiar pedal dexterity, on a hitherto unsuspected intimacy between my psyche and my nether limbs. That is to say, I go whither my feet point the way; I rise in graceful curves, clear the church steeple, sweep to the right hand or to the left, and anon descend and skim the surface of the sea, all by an occult power resident in my pedal extremities. If it were not for this knack of rhythmic gliding, I remind myself, this power to rise, not by force of arms, but by force of feet, I should straightway grovel in the dust; and the moment I lose faith in my feet groveling symptoms set in, which are speedily rectified by pedal re-assertion. So, by a sort of graceful sculling motion, my feet serve both as steering-gear and as means of propulsion; but I must infer that my ancestry is not nautical, because every known craft sails not toward but away from its propeller, is steered by a rudder not in front but in the

rear. So ethereal is this experience that to speak of my pedaling as a means of propulsion gives too mechanical a connotation to a process that is purely psychological. The whole art lies in knowing how to aim: Point your feet in the right direction, and then follow them faithfully, is my subconscious law.

No explanation that I am able to invent is satisfactory, no analogy is analogous. Here I have a positive, oft-repeated, vivid experience, which cuts me off without a shilling from an ancestral inheritance. For what fish swims tail first? What sea-serpent reclines at ease on the cushions of the deep, and watches his nethermost extremity insinuate itself in the desired direction while the whole self luxuriously follows? What batrachian monster reposes on an imaginary Morris chair and wriggles himself by his toes into the haven where he would be? If any, speak, out of sheer altruistic pity; for him I may claim as an ancestor. But until I know that I have a pedigree I cannot rest in any dream of "recapitulation," I cannot brood over racial experiences, I cannot rock myself to sleep on the topmost branches of the family tree; I must be up and doing, in the sad suspicion that, like Topsy, I "jes' growed." I must at least conclude that I cannot claim descent from an old family. Things with the steering-gear in front are of modern invention, — bicycles, automobiles, — and I seem to feel in the importance of my dream-feet a much modified reminiscence of the time when I was learning to ride a wheel.

ON LIVING LIVES

We are a primitive folk in Ithaca; Arcadian, not to say Bœotian, in our isolation from the great currents of modern thought. We were still reading Tolstoi when the Ibsen era was half done, and we missed Beardsley altogether. We continued to be strenuous weeks after we should have become simple. As for Mr. Bernard Shaw, we do not even yet know if he is really "it."

Nevertheless, we yield place to no community in our admiration of things Japanese. Nothing Japanese, I may say, is foreign to us, except those impossible creatures, the women; but our best hold has been our appreciation of the Japanese Spirit, especially since we discovered how nicely this can be made to fit in with our interest in Arts and Crafts and Colonial furniture.

I am afraid that I did not get quite all of Penelope's essay, "Eastern Ideals in Western Life" — the fact is I was too much engrossed with looking at Penelope. If ever an advocate of fewer things and better looked her part, it was she. Her costume was plain to austerity, though I venture that even the much-enduring Ulysses gasped when he saw the bill; and she wore no ornaments except her wedding ring and one gold clasp at her throat — a simple thing, Tuscan, of the fifteenth century, — I don't know how she ever managed to pick it up. Altogether she made the rest of us look like gilt ginger-bread.

We walked home together, Penelope and I, and naturally enough fell to talking about East and West and the lessons that each might learn from the other. "I myself," Penelope went on soberly, "feel most strongly on this subject. If we could but discard the superfluous from our lives, be more spontaneous and serene, — we whose position in society," — but perhaps I would best not quote Penelope's remarks in full; her sentiments are wont to be rather admirable than striking. She at least was convinced that in Japanese ideals of life and art is the surest refuge from that "deplorable tendency toward artificiality and ostentation which" — in short, she was refurnishing her parlors in teak-wood after Morris designs, and purposed having the more ornate portions of her silverware made over at the Handicraft Shop.

How much more the elimination of the unessential was to cost the Much-enduring I could not learn; for at this point we were joined by Diogenes. The old cynic

has always been something of a favorite of Penelope, for whom he is accustomed to temper his bark to a faint growl. This time, however, she was so noticeably cool that the poor gentleman was quite abashed and left us at the next corner.

"I think," Penelope went on, "that Diogenes ought to be made to understand that he carries his independence of other people's opinions quite too far. I don't object, particularly, to his tramping about over the country in his old clothes, with a packet of sandwiches in one coat pocket, and the nose of a bottle sticking out of the other. I certainly do approve his interest in nature; that, of course, is quite the thing now, though it does not seem to me that the very nicest people are taking it up. But a man in his position ought never to allow himself to forget what is due to a reasonable propriety."

My objection that Diogenes had always been doing exactly as he liked, with no fear of Mrs. Grundy before his eyes, brought out the details of the latest scandal concerning him. It seems that the

philosopher, in one of his peregrinations, had found himself in a lonely place on the wrong side of the river from the little station where he planned to take the train home; and had thereupon proceeded to swim the inconvenient stream, pushing his clothes before him on a stray log. Then, to add to this offending, he had lingered to frolic with certain small boys whom he found disporting themselves near the further bank until he nearly missed his train and had to tie his neckscarf as he ran. The small boys, delighted beyond measure, had reported the matter at home. Thus it leaked out, and the two Apostles of the Unostentatious are no longer friends.

They tell me that the Oriental is unruffled. I certainly do not see how he manages it. The Japanese life has already worried me more than all the other lives that I ever led. To do it after the manner of Diogenes is to risk getting talked about; Penelope's version is altogether beyond me to afford. If the Japanese life becomes the mode, I shall welcome the double life as a relief.

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EXPLORATION

BY N. S. SHALER

Now that the explorer's work seems to be done, the great lands all trodden to their recesses, the seas thoroughly searched for any islands, their depths well searched by the plumbist, and only the poles awaiting his feet, it is time to take some account of his motive and the chance there may be for his successor to satisfy it in the age to come. To accomplish this, we shall first see something of the place of this world-searching impulse in history, and then, in the manner of the naturalist, seek how it came into the hearts of men.

We do not have to look far in order to find that the exploring motive is characteristic of certain times and peoples. In the old world of men among the folk of Eurasia and North Africa, though their culture was in many cases comparable to our own, the marks of the geographic form of curiosity shown in explorations are very limited. The Greeks of classic time whom we are accustomed to regard, and justly, as our near intellectual kinsmen, essentially lacked that motive. On the sea, though their ships were as good as those of the Norsemen, they never ventured beyond the Mediterranean and the Euxine; and they were obstinate coasters, keeping, when possible, within sight of the shores. On the land they never made any remote ventures; there is no account of a Greek in classic times having penetrated as far as western India or China on the east or to the Alps on the west. They were content with the fields they knew, and went only so far in them as they found immediate profit from traffic with their people. The few travelers, such as Herodotus, limited their goings to the easy

ways of trade and to a range of a thousand miles or so from Athens; for the rest of the world their limited curiosity was satisfied with stories of wonders they did not seek to behold.

The Romans, for all their desire to master the earth and their wide ranging conquests, show as little of the exploring motive as the Greeks. I have been unable to find a trace of a traveler who deliberately set forth upon such a search. It is curious that with all their administrative skill they do not seem ever to have sought information of the countries and peoples about them, even when they were planning long ahead for expeditions where the need of such knowledge should have been most evident: their humor seems to have been to march straight into the dark until they brought up against the impossible. Only among the Carthaginians do we find any evidence of the searching humor; on the sea they worked their way to the British Channel, developing a trade route which they used for centuries; and in at least one expedition they seem to have won south as far as the Cape of Good Hope. They seem also to have had a better sense of the land than any other of the ancients. The march of Hannibal into Italy, and that of Hasdrubal to Hannibal's relief across Spain, southern France, over the Apennines and the Alps and down the Valley of the Po, with the evident purpose of descending the eastern coast of Italy, was planned and executed, until the defeat that overwhelmed him at the battle of Metaurus, in a way that showed he knew the lay of the land better than did the Romans of his time.

Both these movements were worthy of Cæsar and more skillfully planned in relation to a wide field than any he made. There have, indeed, been no better executed marches in modern days.

Among the other Semitic peoples, the Carthaginians and the Arabs alone have shown any signs of an interest in unknown fields, and this did not lead them far over the seas, and, save in mere conquests, not at all over the land. The Hebrew folk, considering their high intellectual grade, had surprisingly little interest in the world beyond the narrow limits of their own country. Not only do they afford no trace of the exploration motive in Old Testament times, but to this day the Jews have had no part in such work. I have been unable to find an instance where an Israelite has become an explorer of the earth's wildernesses. In view of the fact that in work of research in every department of natural science they have proved themselves able leaders of inquiry, this limitation is curious. We can understand this lack of interest of the race in the unknown world in the olden days for it is characteristic of all peoples when, escaped from the nomadic state, they come to have allotted fields for tillage and strongholds for safety; but the failure of this able people to take their share in the modern searching-out of the earth is curious.

The lack of the exploring motive which in ancient times characterized the peoples about the Mediterranean — for that matter all the settled folk of the world — continued down to about the end of the tenth century of our era. In all this period of about two thousand years, when the Mediterranean swarmed with ships perfectly well suited to cross the Atlantic in the tropical belt, there seems to have been no desire whatever to try that venture. In our state of mind, with such an opportunity for a dash into the unknown, half the craft of that sea would turn their prows westward; encountering the dangers for the chance of adventure and discovery. Nothing shows so well the

difference between the ancient and the modern sense of the world and its mysteries as this failure of the wide sea to tempt brave and imaginative men to search its mysteries.

In part, the lack of the earth-exploring motive among the able people of ancient times is to be explained by the curiously obdurate belief that the earth was an unlimited surface with a boundless ocean lying beyond the lands. The Atlantic appears to have been generally believed to be a part of this circumambient, beyond which there was no reason to hope for other lands. The Greek men of science knew that the earth was a sphere; they had fairly well measured the curve of it and knew approximately its size; but their knowledge never became a part of the common store, and was forgotten until the beginning of modern times, when it had to be rediscovered. If we had the notion that the Atlantic was a limitless sea it is doubtful if it would prove tempting to explorers. It would be like a balloon course in the stellar spaces. In other part, the lack of the exploring motive among the ancients was due to the prevailing distrust in nature; to the belief that beyond the limits of demonstrated safety all was in the control of powers inimical to man. This is not the place to discuss the effect of the demon theory of nature, but it is evident that it had much to do with the development of the exploring as well as all other motives of inquiry.

Naturally enough, the first steps in exploration were made by the Norsemen, a folk who had remained apart from the Mediterranean civilizations, and had developed as no other people a valiant attitude as regards the sea. Their boats were less good than those of the south, and they had no better art of seamanship, but their hearts felt the temptation of the horizon. In the tenth century they began the attack on the North Atlantic in a succession of brave ventures which led to the discovery and settlement of Iceland and Greenland; and so further explora-

tions were made, perhaps as far south as Nova Scotia and, as some have believed, even to the New England coast. While there may have been hope of gain in these daring voyages, they show the exploring motive; they are the first since the Carthaginian on which men ventured beyond the trodden ways of the seas, the very first where the ship masters dared to steer straight away from the land over the unknown deep.

Five hundred years before Columbus set sail on his memorable voyage, the Northmen had broken through the mystery of the western sea, and shown that it was only a larger Mediterranean, not a limitless expanse of waters; but their discoveries had no effect upon the imagination of man. But the state of mind of people had undergone a vast change in three centuries. The motives which had led to the crusades had given place to that of our modern life. Men believed in this world, and were eager for its opportunities of knowledge and of wealth. Quickly the states that faced the Atlantic were afoot for conquest. Spain, naturally the first, and with admirable courage and swiftness in the work; and England, France, and Portugal were no laggards in the race to the far-off goal. It was in this scramble for empire and for trade that the impulse of exploration came to be the most modern, and, in some ways, the most significant of all the motives awakened by the Renaissance, the new birth of European man.

In its first stages of growth the exploration motive was mingled with other impulses, with those of trade and of religious propaganda. With the Spaniards it remained associated with the desire for clerical and civil conquest. We find in it little trace of seeking for knowledge for its own sake. It was much the same in France, save that the religious motive had a larger share; the explorer's motive among its wonderful group of missionaries is often very evident. In England, because of its previous religious history, and its partial emancipation from priestly

control, the hampering influence of the propaganda motive had little share in western adventures. Now and then we hear of projects for Christianizing infidels, but it is a small voice in that roar for conquest of lands and trade which began in the days of Queen Bess. While in France and Spain the religious motive remained strong, almost dominant, in the purposes of the conquests of those states, it had no real place in England; our ancestors did no Christianizing of any account,—they were content with the simpler work of winning empire.

After all the attractive parts of the new world had been pillaged, and there were no more enticing fields for plunder, the better and purer form of the exploration motive began to take shape. In two hundred years the parting of the world had been substantially effected except as regards Africa. At the beginning of the eighteenth century the well-affirmed spirit of discovery had to find its way on other paths. Then begins what we may term the purely scientific stage of the motive,—that in which the main if not the only end sought is the extension of knowledge. Probably because of the semi-agnostic state of mind of the English people, and consequent general lack of interest in religious propaganda of the Spanish kind, the separation of the existing motive from its old associations was more quickly accomplished among them than elsewhere. Other folk have done nearly as much in revealing the land and seas, but the British were the first to send forth a host of explorers who sought knowledge for its own sake.

It is interesting to note that the waters of sea and land were the first features to stimulate this scientific curiosity. When the shapes of the oceans were fairly well-determined, the imagination of these seekers of the unknown turned to the rivers, a field of enduring and fascinating mystery. All who have had the good fortune in their youth to dwell by a great river,—and even the small are in this regard great,—must have felt the desire to seek out its sources

and trace their passage to the sea. In my childhood, I dwelt beside the Ohio, and found in its tide the greatest stimulus that came to my youthful imagination. The floods and shrinkings of the stream, the boats and rafts upon it, all moved me strongly to run away and turn explorer. That I did not essay the adventure was due to that fear of the unknown which is strong in infancy, and in most persists after maturity. This curiosity concerning the sources and courses of rivers was strongest concerning the Nile, the supremely mysterious stream. More than any other geographic feature it has served to quicken the minds of the British folk to exploration. So, first through the seas and then through the streams, in a far lesser way across the great lands, men gave shape to their interests which bade them search the world.

It is interesting to see the diversity of the exploration motive among diverse peoples; in general it may be said to be a possession of certain branches of Aryan stock, for while there are exceptions, as in the case of the Carthaginians, they are unimportant. The able Turanian folk, though now and then they have broken forth in marches of conquest, seem never to have felt the exploring impulse. From what we know of them we cannot conceive a Chinese Marco Polo making his way to the Mediterranean. The eastern Aryans of Persia and India appear to have been as little moved to assail the seas and lands as the Chinese. It was about as easy to journey from the Bay of Bengal to Australia as from the Mediterranean to Britain, but the journey seems never to have been made. Among the western Aryans, those alone whose states bordered on the Atlantic or the Mediterranean spontaneously came by the motive. Germany and Russia have shared in this spirit but it has been second-hand, by the contagion of example. Among the people of all these states in touch with the western sea, it remains strong at least with those who have manly strength. Admirable examples of the exploring motive in its best

shape abound in the biographies of English-speaking people from Great Britain and America. For their numbers the Scandinavians have afforded an even larger proportion of these brave adventures, while Germany and France have made notable contributions to this valiant host of truth-seekers. That the motive still lives in those of Iberian blood is shown by the recent remarkable explorations of General Reyes of Equador, said to be of pure Spanish blood, in about the last remaining great unexplored field,—that of South America just east of the Andes. Report has it that he began his remarkable journeys in fleeing from his enemies in a revolution, by way of the Orinoco River to the sea. In the adventures of this escape he acquired that hunger for the horizon which is apt to possess all hardy spirits who by any chance are cast away in the wilderness. His journeys are, in certain ways, among the most important achievements of the explorers of his generation, and make us look with unwonted interest upon his last revolutionary essay, by which he has become dictator of his country.

It has been my good fortune to know several men who were possessed with what we may call the divine fury of exploration. The most interesting of them, as an illustration of the suddenness and intensity of the possession, was Captain Hall of Arctic fame. When I was a lad, Hall was a seal engraver in Cincinnati, a rather commonplace person engaged in an eminently sedentary occupation. Stories of Arctic travel had a curious fascination for me even before my teens, so I came to know something of him, and shared in his longing for the preposterous north pole, in itself no more worthy of seeking than any other point in a square mile of inhospitable sea or land. Hall's ideas gradually became fixed on this crusade. He gave up his business and, in time, his life, to the mad search. His mania, as my childish devotion to the pole, was probably in part due to the traditions of Symms of "Symms' hole" fame, who

shaped his mania in Cincinnati, and left a curious and enduring tradition of it among the many speculative people of that town.

Although about the beginning of the nineteenth century, exploration for conquest having practically terminated, the motive took on its truly modern scientific shape, the work done by these seekers after pure truth has still had no small influence on the history of the states whence they came. The territorial interest which England has in Africa, which now promises to give her substantial control of the more valuable parts of that continent, is in large measure due to the wilderness-breaking spirit of her adventurous men. It has made all her boundaries here and on other continents no more than camp lines to be moved onward at the next beat of reveille. Other folk have built walls to their empires and been content to seek no farther, but her explorers have kept up the search, and her banners have followed them. So in the later, as in the earlier, form of this hunger of the unknown, have been the shapes of our great modern states. Whether in association with the motives of trade, of political conquest, of religious fanaticism, or in the later day as a pure seeking for knowledge, it has been a momentous influence in the destinies of men.

Turning now to the natural history of the exploration motive let us see if we can trace it in the life below the level of our kind, and so determine whether or no it is a property of man's intellectual estate. As in all such efforts to look downward into the life whence man was derived, we encounter a serious difficulty in the fact that our lineal ancestors among the brutes have vanished from the earth: it is effectively certain that not a single species is now living that had any share in handing on our life in its long advance. In all our studies of this kind we have to trust to what we can observe among our collateral kindred, our cousins of remote degree. We do this safely as regards the main psychic features of animals, for our

knowledge shows that the likeness in the mental realm is, so far as the simpler impulses of the mind, quite as great as in the bodily parts between the manlike apes and man; there is no difference save in proportion in their organs, bones, muscles, and other elements of structure, and in both we find the fundamental qualities of the intelligence equally alike, though with far greater differences in proportion.

Among the apes we find the impulse of curiosity, which is at the foundation of the exploring motive, as well-developed as it is in man. In this regard they are curiously like human children or the grown people of the lower races. They are in their way explorers; their habits are generally social; they form herds or droves, and these groups are not domiciled but of wide ranging habit. They have pushed out very far from their centre of origin, which seems to have been somewhere about the shores of the Indian Ocean, so that they have come to occupy every part of the earth to which they could gain access which was fitted to their needs. In fact, there is no group of mammals which in the same length of geologic time has won so far around the world. Considering that all the apes are arboreal in habit and that only the rare and higher species are accustomed to travel for any distance on the surface of the earth, the distribution of the group shows that they have long been — probably from the beginning — explorers of the unknown.

Among the mammals of a lower grade than the apes, at least among all those of social habits, the exploring motive in the form that makes them seek for "fresh fields and pastures new" is, if not stronger, even more traceable than in the nearer kindred of man. Every country-bred person knows by experience the insistent way in which our domesticated animals, though wonted to barriers, and selected for their willingness to be confined by them, are always "breachy," that is, addicted to exploration. Even among sheep, the dullest-witted of the servants we have on a farm, the primitive desire for the

unknown is most evident. This is well shown by a recent experience I have had with them. Half a dozen Hampshire-downs were well fenced in a small field where they had every element of ovine luxury, yet they chafed and studied every chance of freedom. On one occasion they escaped through the gate to the chance of lean pastures. When harried back by the shepherd and his dog, one would have supposed that their experience with the wilderness would have bred content, but ever afterwards they watched that gate, and the buck when he thought he was unobserved would try to butt it open. Here was an evident case of that hunger for the horizon which seems even more innate with most beasts than with men.

Among certain mammals, most evidently with the rodents, the exploring motive at times takes on what seems a maniacal form. This occurs occasionally among the squirrels of the Alleghenies, when they move westward in hordes which sometimes bring devastation to the crops of the country over which they pass. It is even more clearly shown in the lemming of northern Scandinavia, which, at intervals of years, move in great hosts westward as fast as they can travel, stopping at no bounds, but going onward until the survivors of the expedition reach the sea, and swim out into it until they are drowned.

Among the birds the outgoing humor is even more manifested than in the mammals. It has been with many forms wonderfully organized into systematic migrations, which may take the hosts over waters as wide as the Mediterranean in their biennial movements between Africa and Europe, — the small, weak-winged forms, it is said, taking passage on the backs of the stronger creatures, such as the storks. We may note the same motive in the lower vertebrates, the fishes, or, yet further down the scale, in the insects, — it is excellently well shown in flies, — so that we find that the humor for marching forth for new chances in life seems to be almost a common quality of

intelligence, whether we name it rational or instinctive. As to the origin of it we may, if we please, have recourse to the notions of the extreme selectionists, — not the true followers of Darwin; they tell us that the form of geographic curiosity which leads to the exploring habit of animals is profitable as it adds to the chances of survival, and that the slightest beginnings of it would be accumulated by the process of natural selection from generation to generation, so that it would be in the course of time firmly established. There is no better cloak for ignorance or more effective check to inquiry than this ready system of question-begging by the use of the phrase "the survival of the fittest." Here, or often elsewhere, we have no evidence whatever that the exploring motive was developed by such a process. It is safer to take it as a quality of intelligence, and thus to certify our ignorance as to the manner in which it came to be.

Thus far only can we see into the mystery of the motive which leads sentient creatures to explore the world about them. We see that in every species of animals wherein any kind of intelligence develops to a high grade, curiosity awakens. Where they behold something that is unfamiliar, though the sight of it commonly awakens fear, it at the same time provokes an insistent desire to know more of it. We note this state of mind in squid, in some of the insects, in fishes, in reptiles, and in practically all the species of birds and mammals. Where it leads the creatures, as it commonly does, to explore the fields about them, we can give the most rational account of the process by supposing that, as in ourselves, the imagination makes some sort of a picture of what the unseen holds; this excites the curiosity, and action must be had to relieve it.

However we may seek to account for the impulse to go forth in search of the unknown, it is evident that it is not a peculiarity of man's estate, but came to him, as the beginnings of all else, from the

lower life, where the seeds of his good and evil were shaped. So, too, it is plain that in the first stage of his life as man he was by nature a nomad. This wandering stage was long-continued; it probably represents many times the duration of his sedentary life such as we see about us. Thus the American Indians, an able people who were well advanced in the way towards civilization, were still so possessed with the wandering humor that their tribes moved about ceaselessly in the process of conquering or being conquered. It is evident that individuals became explorers of no mean ability; some of them ranged in their passages from the Atlantic to the Pacific side of North America. The movements of the tribes in Africa and of the better known peoples of the great Eurasian land show the same excursive motive. The vast migrations of the Teutonic tribes which broke down the Roman Empire, from the naturalist's point of view much resemble the occasional eruptions of the lemming as above described. A large part of human history is to be read in the light which a knowledge of this exploring impulse throws upon what would otherwise be inexplicable.

When in the course of advance towards civilized conditions originally nomadic, man came to have possessions that tempted competitors of his kind; when he had come by flocks and herds; and even more, when he became the soil tiller, and advanced farther in wealth, — he needed strongholds for defence. As soon as a tribe has built any efficient fortress it becomes attached to the field it occupies and protects. This place of safety, as the art of war develops, soon represents the largest and most important property of the folk. The hold almost always encloses a dwelling-place where, because of the permanence of occupation, houses take the place of tents; the commonwealth is organized with reference to it; shrines and memories help to make the place dear. In this, the domiciled state of man, the main object of the society is to

keep itself safe from the foes who are certain to be nearby and ever dangerous. Any indulgence of the exploring motive leads the wandering among aliens, and commonly enough to death. Thus it comes about that forth-going is apt to be condemned, so that even in a highly civilized country, such as Japan was half a century ago, any effort to go beyond the boundaries of the state may be looked upon as treason. It is, in some part, to this effect of war in making men profoundly sedentary that we may fairly attribute the decay of the exploration motive in the civilizations of classic times, such as we have noted among the Jews, the Greeks, and the Romans.

The return of the nomadic exploration motive in the period following the Renaissance appears to have been due, as are most such events, to several causes: to the intensity of the competition in trade of several strong states, each able to give a good measure of protection to its citizens who might wander; to a better sense of natural law, which, in part, cleared away the old notions of danger from demons in the wilderness. In part it may have been brought about by one of those curious tides of the common spirit, such as sets herds of animals in motion after a long period of repose. It is evident that the first stages of this modern movement of exploration have passed. There are still a few rivers to be traced to their sources, the poles are untouched, and there are untrodden peaks to be climbed; but as a field of cursory exploration in the manner of the great leaders in such adventures, the resources of the world are so nearly exhausted that a generation may bring the end of opportunity. The question arises, will this end lead to another decay of this primitive motive, as did the beginnings of civilization when man first became sedentary? The answer to this is easily made by any one who will attentively regard the curious movements of the inquiring humor of which the exploring motive is but one phase.

Considering the future of exploration,

we should at first note that, while from the point of view of the path-breaker, who has his main satisfaction — sometimes the whole of it — in knowing that his feet are the first to break the way, the seas and lands are, so to speak, worn out, they are still virgin fields to those who have the modern sense of what exploration really means. So far, we have done for the greater part of the world no more than would a traveler who, bent on discovering Rome, should make the rounds of its walls, jot down the sites, and note the appearance of certain of its buildings, and then go on. If Rome had never been seen before, this might be a useful thing to do, as it might lead to real inquiries. This is about the condition of the work done by most, we may fairly say all, of the so-called explorers; they make the ways ready for true exploration. Those who try to find the basis of large understandings in their records are always disappointed; they see only the place where work needs to be done. This is no basis for blame; they were path-breakers, and the place of such is sure and they are worthy of praise.

The real exploration of the world has to be done, and endlessly done over, by men who go to its fields of land and sea for very definite purposes, — to satisfy the needs of the learning of their time. Only the mere fringes of this endeavor will be devoted to climbing peaks or winning a few miles nearer to a mere geographical definition, such as the north or south pole. The cause of true exploration will be vastly advanced when some real observer with the spirit of the naturalist finds himself within, say, fifty miles of the pole, with a sea beneath him that by soundings proves that there is no land polewards; who then deliberately gives up the satisfaction of putting his feet a little nearer to that field in which the wobbly axis of the earth ends, in order that he may save time and force for better uses. That man will stand for the new type of explorer who represents the motive of our time as the captains of the

Spanish forays in the new world represented the crude and brutal form of the impulse four hundred years ago. We are to glance at those fields that await the modern explorer, and are to give him the same inspiration that the men of old won when they knew they

. . . “were the first that ever burst —
Into that silent sea.”

There is, it is true, a certain pure physical delight in being, won in the mere seeming, for it is rarely we are sure that we are the first in the seeming unknown. But this delight is somewhat childish; it is like that of the big game hunter who has the satisfaction that in killing an elephant he has done what no one else has done, or will do, for that particular beast. Most newly discovered seas have been plowed by unknown keels, and there are few square miles of land which have not been trodden by many feet. The mountain-climber — one of the commonest embodiments of the exploring motive — most often finds on the virgin summit or in the cañon a beer bottle and the card of John Doe.

As a lad, I found my way to the exploring motive in the caverns of Kentucky; they are endless in number and in their narrow range of beautiful and mysterious ways. I well remember, on breaking into the first of these untraversed, as it seemed previously unknown, deeps, how delighted I was to feel that I was where no human being had ever been before. It was short-lived, for soon I found in the dust the print of Indian moccasined feet, showing that before the wall of stalactites and stalagmites, through which I had broken my way, was formed, those ancients had been there. To the real explorers who are to discover the earth this question of antecedent keels or feet will have no importance, for they are sure that what they seek has been found by no predecessor.

Taking first that part of the work of exploration which has the charm of coming from the battle with the elements and the difficulties of the earth, — in the

realm of modern geography there is a host of most important problems resting upon the shape of the surface. Every ridge, lake, and hill has the value to the student in this field that the inscriptions of antiquity have to the historian. These records cannot be brought into our museums; they must be interpreted by the geographer on the ground and with strenuous labor. When that task is done, comes the geologist, who, beginning where the geographer leaves off, sets himself to read the remoter past of the area. His problems are so numerous that no one man or age can command them all. He brings back his store for discussion, to find that for one point which his explorations have settled, there are two others that are raised in the process, each more important than that which has been determined, — that is the best part of his large rewards. To the outsider, the non-naturalist, this may seem a Sisyphean occupation; but if Sisyphus had been paid a good wage for the first rolling of his ball, and found his wage doubled for each subsequent journey, he would have liked his task.

It is not possible to give here, even with the utmost brevity, an idea of what awaits exploration. Some notion of the problems as we see them — the man of a hundred years hence will surely double the host — may be formed by considering what has to be done in North America alone, the best known of all the true continents, for Europe is but a fringe of the great Eurasian land. Considered from the point of what is termed the modern geography, perhaps one third of this land is fairly well understood, though every decade demands new investigations with reference to questions which were not suggested ten years before. So far as we can foresee, the geographic problems of the continent will need the explorer for generations to come.

In the domain of geology the expansion of problems, with the process of solving those we have in hand, is vastly greater than in the more limited field of

pure geography. A few years ago the more confident men of science seem to have been of the opinion that the riddles of our continents might be read with a few decades of hard work, such as is now being devoted to them; but at every step the horizon expands, and a wilderness of new questions opens before us; something of what the geographer essays to do with the earth as it is, the geologist must strive to do for the stages of the past. One of his tasks is to trace the steps by which the vast structure took its present shape, whence came the forces which built it, and in what successions and in what areas they were applied. Another is to decipher from the records what were its climatal conditions at various stages in the succession. Thus, to give a single instance, I may cite the problems raised by certain beds of salt which occur in the United States: in brief these are as follows:

The rock salt deposits above referred to lie in two fields, the one in the district near Lake Erie, the other near the mouth of the Mississippi. Now a deposit of salt means that enclosed basins existed in an extremely arid climate, such as we now find at the Great Salt Lake of Utah, and in sundry other desert countries. Such conditions depend upon peculiarities of geography; they are never of world-wide extension. At present, and for all recent geological time, we have evidence that the climate of the places where these salt beds occur has been blessed with a large rainfall. What then were the conditions which led to the development of *dead seas* in these areas? The solution of this interesting question will depend upon the results of a great amount of geological exploration; on the study and interpretation of the continental form in former geological periods; the course of the currents of the air and sea; in effect, on the reconstruction of an ancient geography. Volumes could be filled with a mere list of these riddles, the solution of which will lead the explorer far afield over the surface of the earth, back into

remote ages, and most of all into his divining spirit, the widest of the great deeps.

Interesting as are the questions of physical geology, there are very many like that just above noted; they are not the best that science affords. Better are to be found: better because they call for yet higher ability and farther-going inquiry for their solution. Of these, the more important concern the origin of the earth and its relation to the other spheres of space, and the history of organic life upon it. Both these fields of inquiry are, even in the imperfect seeing of our day, amazingly rich in problems which call for the best the exploring spirit has to give, and in return will give to it the noblest rewards that come to the path-breaker. Of the two groups, that which concerns the history of life is the richer, and work in it involves more of contact with the earth's surface. These problems of Paleontology — that tedious word for ancient life — once seemed delightfully simple. You had only to gather the fossil remains period by period, describe the species in set phrase with good pictures, and behold you had done your paleontology. We begin to see that this dry-as-dust performance is a parody on the history of ancient life: it is no more than a list of Greek verbs would be in the story of Hellenic life. It will be centuries before the records of that life are explored, and the task demands that the surface of every visible part of the continent be scanned often with the care of those who search for a lost jewel. Even when they are least expected these records may be found by the eye trained as that of an Indian in following a trail. Again, an instance from my own experience.

Near thirty years ago, in a deposit of glacial drift on Aquidneck Island, near Newport, I found a fragment of stone with a mere ghost of a fossil upon it, so faint that many persons skilled in such matters were not sure that it was really an imprint of a trilobite, which it seemed to me to be. The bit of stone

had evidently come far and been carried along by the ice of the last glacial period. Taking the course of the ice flow from the averaged direction of many glacial scratches, I followed up the trail, searching the exposures of drift for other like bits. Spare time for ten years went to this task; days of searching often brought nothing but a sense that I was off the trail. Turning east and west it would again be found. At length, some thirty miles away from the first discovery, well hidden from view, the bed rock from which the bits came was found. The locality yielded a treasure in the remains of some twenty species of fossils, proving the existence of an ancient assemblage of marine life in a field where it had not been known to exist. I have felt a bit of the pleasure which comes from the feeling that one is the first to stand where man's foot has not trod before, and I know that successful trailing, such as has just been described, affords a far nobler delight.

The task of the student of organic fossils, unseen a generation ago for all that thousands of works had already been printed concerning it, now begins to be disclosed. He is to trace the steps, admirably well recorded in the rocks, though hard to find out, by which in its ascending series each of the groups of animals and plants advanced. He is also to trace the march of those great hosts of living beings, the combined faunas and floras of the past, in the seas and on the lands, in their endless journeys for fit dwelling-places, or for a chance of life in the course of geographical and climatal change. These are vast and far-ranging problems. Hosts of able men of the centuries to come are to be engaged in their solution, and from the good work of these explorers our successors will know amazingly more of what life is than we can hope to. Every step of these journeys, whether made on the earth or in the realms of the imagination, whereto the naturalist even as the poet has to take himself, will give the uplifting sense that is the explorer's reward.

Besides the great and long-enduring work of far-ranging inquiry which relates to the surface and understructure of the earth, and so makes it necessary for the investigator to spend a large part of his days in its wildernesses, there is endlessly more to be done in the laboratory in ways where, though he has not the inspiration of the open nature, he still may have a full share of the joy that discovery brings to the seeker. The range and scope of these problems is practically infinite, for they go to the infinite field of natural action. In the sciences of physics, chemistry, and astronomy, even more than in geography and geology, each solution brings a revelation of new problems to be solved. Each step upwards in understanding even now is seen to lead to the limitless. How it grows may be seen by a glance at the recent development of our knowledge concerning those movements of matter which we call rays. A generation ago, physicists generally believed that they had in a way touched bottom in this field of inquiry. They thought they saw pretty certainly that all matter had a foundation in minute somethings termed atoms, each indivisible, endued with unchangeable properties. These bits, more or less aggregated, were supposed to swim in an ocean of organized nothingness, the ether. Through these masses of atoms and the all-enveloping ether certain kinds of movements, such as those we sense as light and heat, in variety rather limited perhaps, in all a dozen or so kinds, were known to run. This was conceived to be something like the story of matter in its more general aspects. Now began the recent path-breaking into this great wilderness; in succession one group of rays after another was discovered, so that it became evident that the realm of the invisible was the seat of, perhaps, innumerable kinds of these movements, each with its peculiar qualities and effects upon matter. A step further and the phenomena of radioactivity were found out, and it began to be seen that in a great variety of atoms, per-

haps in all of them, there is a local indigenous production of rays, as in the so-called radium, by virtue of which these supposed obdurate units of matter are now seen to be in their nature like the sun, able in some way, as yet uncertain as to its nature, to pour forth energy in the form of light and heat even as does the sun.

It is too soon for certainties as to the ultimate meaning of the recent discoveries concerning the constitution of the atoms and the range of vibrations and pulsations which take place in it. For my purpose it is only necessary to see that they have opened a wider realm to the explorer than did the voyage of Columbus. As in his day, a host of hardy adventurers are forth to win what the first of the path-breakers showed the way to. They are sure of a nobler pleasure in their reward, for it is free from the greed of material conquest. They have the Columbian spirit, but it is purged of the ancient iniquities that made the results shameful. Theirs is the better winning, in their own eyes as in those of men to come.

Looking back over the history of the exploration motive, we see, even from this mere glance at the successions of its development, a beautiful series of events which well illustrates the way in which the impulses sent on to us from our ancestry among the brutes and fishes are developed in the brutal stages of man, and finally enlarged and purified in his higher estate. The foundation of the motive is clearly to be found in that curiosity concerning any unknown thing which attracts the attention of a mind even when it is lodged in a lowly form. This is intensified as the minds become abler, until in the apes it becomes characteristic and we see a passion for a primitive kind of inquiry. In the first stages of man it was evidently strong, for it impels these creatures, ill-provided with strength for journeys or with protection from evils of climate, to range over the earth as no brute has ever done.

When peoples originally migratory

come to the soil-tilling state, or even before that stage is attained, the need of protection from the dangers of war leads to building strongholds and to the residence habit. In that state the hunger for the horizon is for a time stilled; it is further limited by the fear that develops of the unknown, peopled with demons that will assail the traveler. Finally we come to the modern stage, where men begin to see the world as a realm controlled by natural law; they learn that it is not infinitely large, but a sphere that can be compassed by the imagination and round which they can hope to sail. They go forth for conquests, for booty, for new kingdoms, for aggrandisement of faith or fatherland, or for trade; not at all at first for knowledge pure and simple. Gradually, as the earlier greeds are satisfied, or no longer can be for lack of further opportunity, the scientific exploring stage is attained; men now seek to break into mysteries for the sake of knowledge.

Now that the crude ransacking of the earth, to find how its remote parts look to uninformed eyes, is by, we are coming to the last stage of the developing motive of exploration, or at least what seems to us to be the last stage, and can fairly well discern what are hereafter to be the paths

of the path-breakers as they go forward with their tasks. So far as the interpretation of the earth's shape and structure is concerned, the explorer of the eighteenth century type is as archaic and unserviceable in our contest with the unknown as the military engines and tactics of Roman times would be in modern war. Fortunately the change in the spirit of exploration has come with the change in conditions. We see that the mad desire for the pole as pole is as chimerical as de Soto's search, for we have come to set further and more rational goals for our quests than the men of his time. If our ideal be no higher than the pleasure to be had from striving and success, we know that the reward of a Newton or a Pasteur or any of the great host who explore the vast wildernesses of the realm, though it may be in their closets, is greater than awaits the man who discovered a continent. Men have come to see that the place and privilege of the higher explorers is, in the language of Virgil concerning the gods, to fare through all the realms of the seas and lands and the depths of the heavens, —

. . . ire per omnes
Terrasque tractusque maris cœlumque profundum.

THE UNITED STATES SENATE

BY WILLIAM EVERETT

It should seem that most Americans who think of politics at all entertain an uneasy feeling about the United States Senate,—a feeling that all is not well with that branch of our government. Probably those in whom this feeling is strongest would find it hard to reduce it to any definite accusation; but perhaps it is a fair account of the uneasiness to say that we feel that the Senate has come to be what it was never intended to be by its founders, and that it misuses its powers despotically. Now these are very different charges. It is almost impossible for any political institution to maintain its original character unchanged, even for a shorter time than is the age of our Senate,—less than twelve decades. Changes there are always bound to be in all institutions; and, whatever strict constructionists may think, it is generally better that these changes should come about insensibly by usage, than be made by legislation. But if any person or body is either tyrannical or inefficient, we care very little if it can be shown that the original institution has been strictly carried out, and its law literally obeyed. If the people of the United States feel that the Senate is a source of inefficiency, obstruction, and mischief, it makes not the slightest difference that it can be shown that every power it exercises is the legitimate offspring of the organizing clauses in the Constitution. It raises a discussion somewhat analogous to that about "tainted money." If a rich man uses his wealth solely for greed, dissipation, or tyranny, the fact that he inherited every cent of it from his father, or made it all in honorable pursuits, cannot excuse his bad use of it. There may be a question if ill-got money should be used for a good purpose; but nothing

can excuse a bad use of money, tainted or untainted.

There is in the Constitution of our own Commonwealth a stately sentence, due, I suppose, to John Adams, as follows:—

"ART. XXX. In the government of this commonwealth, the legislative department shall never exercise the executive and judicial powers, or either of them: the executive shall never exercise the legislative and judicial powers, or either of them: the judicial shall never exercise the legislative and executive powers, or either of them; to the end it may be a government of laws and not of men."

But there never were laws yet which did not depend for their operation on the characters of the men who are to make, enforce, and interpret them. The best constitution fails in the hands of feeble men, or of those who mistake force for strength. It fails when men whose purposes are questionable succeed in entrenching themselves behind the law, as much as when they avowedly break the law. A tyrannical act need not involve usurpation by any department.

The act depositing the public money in the United States Bank, under the care of the Secretary of the Treasury, who was responsible to Congress, was as unmistakably drawn as any act could be. President Jackson ordered the secretary to remove the deposits, and on refusal removed two secretaries in succession. It would be hard to say that he had usurped the functions of either Congress or the judges. The former had done its work; the latter had no conceivable chance to pass upon the question; the deposits were ultimately removed by a secretary who had been attorney-general, and as such the President's legal adviser. That General Jackson was guilty of an outrageous encroachment I entirely believe; but it was the

encroachment of one executive officer on the powers of another, not on those of the legislature or the judiciary.

The framers of the United States Constitution did not copy the proviso of our own. They carefully kept the executive and judicial servants out of the legislature; but they gave the upper house a direct share in executive power. In fact, in the earlier drafts before the convention a much larger share was proposed, — namely, that the Senate should make treaties, and should appoint to some of the highest and most important offices.

Our ancestors were in deadly fear of the legislature's being controlled by a monarch or his ministers; they dreaded the name *king* as much as the Romans did. After the convention broke up, and before its report was issued, a member, being asked about the plan, made this reply: "I cannot tell what we did; but I can tell you one thing we did not do; we never once thought of a king." Yet, there are men to-day who will tell us that General Hamilton advocated the establishment of a monarchy, — of course a deliberate falsehood, like much else that is said about the greatest constructive intellect ever enlisted in the service of the United States.

Under this nameless fear of a monarchy the convention of 1787 clothed the upper house with such powers that less by usurpation than by natural growth it has come to hold the President and the House of Representatives by the throat, and almost dictate to them whatever appointments and measures it sees fit. Senator Lodge has recently published an elaborate essay discussing a single instance of this dictatorial use of power, — the treatment given by the Senate to the Hay-Pauncetote treaty. He maintains there that the Senate did nothing which it has not repeatedly done since 1789; and probably a like demonstration could be offered with reference to every so-called usurpation. But such proof does not affect the fact that the Senate in comparatively late years has done what I said

above, — held the President and the House by the throat, and kept them strangled till they should accept its terms; and that was certainly not intended in 1787.

I have spoken of the fear that early American statesmen had of a king; or rather, to use the subtle distinction made by English publicists, the Crown. There was prevalent at the time, quite as much outside the United States as inside, a belief in "checks and balances." The government of England was admired as one of checks, — King, Lords, and Commons all checking one another, and preventing what the Greeks meant by tyranny, that is, the seizing upon unconstitutional power. It does not seem to have occurred to any of the eulogists of "a balanced constitution" that a power to check, if invariably used, is virtually a power to decree and enact. If all check, nothing is done, till some one stops checking, and acts. The House of Lords rejected the Reform Bill of 1832; that was their constitutional check on the Commons. The ministry proposed to the King to create peers enough to swamp the majority; it was admitted that, if he chose to use it, that was his constitutional check on the Lords. He shrank from its exercise, and the ministry resigned. He tried in vain to find some other ministers who could direct the House; that was the way the House of Commons checked the King. The old ministry came back, and got the King's written consent to make peers by wholesale. The House of Commons, by pressing its check, had, if I may be allowed a very bad pun, checkmated the King and stalemated the Lords; the system of checks had brought the country to the verge of civil war. What was done? The King's private secretary wrote in his name to various peers, advising that a sufficient number should stay away from the vote; — and the mere fear of the King's using his constitutional check made them submit to his utterly unconstitutional — recommendation!

The convention of 1787 decided by an

overwhelming majority that there should be two chambers, — each a check on the other. They did this far more from custom and immemorial tradition — as old as Homer — than from conviction. Two states, Pennsylvania and Georgia, had organized their constitutions with only one house; but Georgia was not likely to be much of an authority; and when Pennsylvania had given what would now be called a complimentary vote, out of deference to Dr. Franklin, all thought of a single house was dropped. But in constituting the upper house a very serious deadlock ensued, the delegates from the larger states advocating a representation in both houses proportioned to population; the delegates from the smaller states steadily refusing such a plan. The whole machinery for forming a new constitution had very nearly broken down. To Oliver Ellsworth of Connecticut the credit is due of proposing the existing plan, of equal representation of states in the upper house; and then the settlement of its powers was tolerably easy.

To trace the history of the Senate of the United States from 1789, showing the successive elevations and depressions of its membership, and the higher or lower estimate in which it has been held in the country, would be an excellent subject for an historical monograph, but decidedly beyond the bounds of an *Atlantic* article. I have derived the impression from such notes as I have been able to make, that in the earlier decades the senators were generally men of great distinction, and that their proceedings were held in high respect. I conceive that the standard of membership gradually fell. The great discomforts of travelling at the beginning of the century, and still more of residence in Washington, far less attractive than any of the large cities, deterred many eligible senators from so disagreeable an exile. When the nation was entering upon its second quarter-century under the Constitution, Mr. Jeremiah Mason of New Hampshire, whose fitness for the post was equal to that of any other man

in the country, be he who he might, positively declined a second term. The House of Representatives that met in 1813 was recruited by a large number of very brilliant young men, and maintained an exceptional standard of ability for several years, to the proportionate discredit of the Senate.

In 1827, Mr. Webster being a representative, and a vacancy in the Senate impending, it was seriously doubted by his friends whether he had better be transferred to a body where he was not likely to acquire influence; "but," wrote Mr. E. Everett, "it is a comfort that the Senate can never fall lower than it is now." In point of fact it was on the eve of attaining the highest repute it has ever held. No new states were admitted between 1821 and 1835; existing states were evenly divided between North and South, Slave and Free. After the cessation of party strife in 1820, new parties formed themselves on strictly national lines, and each was led by senators, from both sections, of supreme eloquence, energy, and patriotism; as Mr. Webster emphatically said, "men of individual honor and personal character, and of absolute independence." It is an oft-repeated phrase that the Senate is not what it was "in the days of Webster, Clay, and Calhoun." That may be true; it may be that the average worth of senators has degenerated; but as nearly as I can make out, those three men were as far above their contemporaries as it is supposed they would be above men of our time, if such ranking were possible. If one studies the names of the forty-eight senators of the year 1833, when Mr. Webster made his great reply to Mr. Calhoun, and will strike out those three names, there remain scarcely half a dozen which have passed into permanent history, unless we count a few astute party managers.

The Senate seems to have changed rapidly in the next few years; following the fourteen years when no new states were admitted, came a like period when six new ones came in, and very soon a

seventh. The new senators had little respect for the old traditions, and little concert among themselves. Two of the new states sent a father and son, who generally voted on opposite sides. The debates became very furious. The Southern senators adopted a most arrogant tone, and many of their Northern opponents a rough one. There can be no species of excuse for the attack of Brooks on Senator Sumner; especially as the South Carolina Representative was cowardly enough to bring a body-guard with him to keep off any one who might choose to interfere in Mr. Sumner's behalf. But it must be a most uncompromising partisan who can deny that much of Senator Sumner's language was utterly unsenatorial, and merited resentment, though not in that form.

I do not know that the war had any special effect on the relative regard paid to the Senate and the other departments of government. Everything was in extremes then. The best senators were very good, and the worst were very bad. The secession had removed several able men on the Southern side, whose power was felt in the councils at Richmond. But the impeachment of President Johnson attracted great attention to the Upper House. It was exercising a power directly granted by the Constitution, of an entirely unique and exclusive nature, — of which one would say that, in plain opposition to the doctrine of the Massachusetts Bill of Rights, one house of the legislature exercises functions that should belong to a purely judicial body, and, in fact, under the presidency of the chief justice. Of course the trial of impeachments by the Senate is the direct offspring of the like power of the House of Lords; but the House of Lords, entirely outside the impeachment issue, is the supreme court of England, to which an appeal lies from the entire bench, common law and equity, civil and criminal. The Senate holds no such position.

The incidents of this trial too were in the highest degree dramatic, and have

been admirably described in a monograph by Mr. Dewitt. The mingled absurdity and malignity of the accusers, some of them cross-roads politicians who fancied themselves constitutional lawyers; the annihilation their arguments underwent at the hands of such jurists as Curtis and Evarts; the passionate attempt to dragoon every senator of the dominant party into a vote of guilty; the heroic independence of the seven recalcitrants, — all these incidents combined to set the United States Senate on a conspicuous pinnacle, which it has occupied ever since. It has not always been honored; but no one has ventured to slight it.

Imperfect as this historical sketch is, it may serve to keep prominently forward this idea, which those who uphold the power of the Senate insist upon, and which its critics ought not to dispute, — that its history is that of a continuous body; that it has had its ups and its downs, now honored and now even despised; but after one of its periods of disfavor, it has always reasserted itself, and gained ground every time.

The Senate then has a share in all the departments of government, the executive, the legislative, and the judicial. It is true that this last rarely comes into operation, and only at the call of another body. But one reason why it is rarely put in operation is that experience has shown the Senate sitting to try impeachments to be a thoroughly unsatisfactory tribunal. Not originally constituted for judicial purposes, it has more than once displayed a total absence of the judicial temper, as any one may see for himself who studies the trial of Judge Pickering.

In respect to the executive and the legislature, the Senate's power is constantly, obviously, and imperiously exercised. The President is directed by the Constitution to nominate, and with the advice and consent of the Senate to appoint, to the various civil and military offices. I take these words, "with the advice and consent." to be of extreme

antiquity, a recognition of the primitive theory of government which held that a king who did not ask or adopt the counsel of his elders was a tyrant, however good his title to the throne. It is a phrase which may be interpreted with very great latitude; "consent" may be stretched to include the acquiescence of sycophants, and "advice" to mean the resistance of tribunes. But we can hardly suppose that it was ever meant to authorize the Senate to reject nominations which to an impartial observer are faultless, on account of personal pique; or to withhold any action on nominations, giving neither advice nor consent, but simply delay, regardless of how necessary such appointments may be. We know that these things occur often. We know also that the Senate, construing the words "advice and consent" to apply before nomination, and to individuals instead of the body, does not hesitate, I will not say to suggest or recommend, but to dictate nominations to the President.

Here of course the House of Representatives is even more persistent, though having no earthly claim to advise the President. As a rule the senators throw the mass of the offices, and the drudgery of asking for them, to the representatives. But woe to the member of the Lower House who forgets that there are behind him two overshadowing pillars, the Jachin and Boaz of his state. If he, or if the whole state delegation, is too eager to appropriate what a colleague of mine used to call the "quoto" of the state, without finding out if the senators have views on any office,—they will be made to know their place. For here comes in the strange doctrine of senatorial courtesy; like so many strange things, an unexpected deduction from an earlier idea. The Senate was supposed in 1789 to represent the States; therefore now an appointment to office in any state shall not be taken up, much less confirmed, till the two senators from that state are graciously pleased to have it so. Nay, when a post-office is to be filled, if a senator happens to reside in

VOL. 97 — NO. 2

that city, politics are thrown to the winds, and it is understood that the resident senator may extort from a hostile administration an acceptable appointment. When General Jackson was removing officers right and left, an attempt was made in a hostile Senate to limit his power of removal, and Mr. Webster took the ground, in opposition to Mr. Madison's opinion in 1789, that removals as well as nominations should be subject to control by the Senate. When the second Tennessee Andrew, Andrew the less, was President, the Senate tried to revive the doctrine that the President cannot of his own power remove; but it fell to the ground by President Johnson's appointing to the disputed office General Grant, whom the Senate did not dare to reject. In the height of animosity a "tenure of office" act was passed, taking the power of removal from the President's hands; but after not very many years it was repealed. It is appalling to think what would become of the country if the Senate had any farther control of the offices than it has. If the Constitution were amended to make its words conform to their accepted meaning, we should read for "advice and consent" of the Senate "dictation and sufferance."

The Senate's share in the treaty-making power, where it ceases to be a legislative body altogether, and becomes an executive one, was made the subject of fierce criticism when it amended to the point of rejection the treaty made by Lord Pauncefoot and Secretary Hay. Senator Lodge has since published, as above mentioned, a very elaborate essay, in which he proposes to vindicate the Senate completely from any charge of encroaching on any province other than its own. He calls attention to the words of the Constitution, which associates the advice and consent of the Senate in the very making of treaties, not merely in the process of ratification; and seeks to show, by a variety of instances, that this authoritative advice of the Senate has been actively exercised even to the extent of volunteering it; that it has been sought

by various Presidents, and that the Senate has controlled treaties in every conceivable way, amending, rejecting, or accepting. He is quite surprised that an English Secretary for Foreign Affairs should affect ignorance of this power of the Senate, and expresses his surprise in terms implying that he thinks the secretary was really ignorant of it. It is not best to say much of such ignorance on the part of English officials, when a very well known American secretary appeared never to have heard of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. But supposing it is proved to a certainty that the Senate has only exercised constitutional powers, — what have been the manner and the tone of its action? Has it acted as the counsellor of the President or as his master? as a body of whose share in our government foreign officials were bound to take cognizance, or one to which they were to look over the head of the President as the real treaty-making power? When the Spanish ministers in 1699 thought they might insult King William III, their ambassador addressed himself directly to the House of Commons, as the real power in the state. Our Constitution declares that the President shall "receive" ambassadors; apparently this is held to relate only to ceremonial receptions, while the real persons to whom envoys are to address themselves are senators. Mr. Lodge recalls how General Washington began by consulting the Senate in its own chamber; he recalls also how their treatment of him was such that he left it declaring — it amuses some people to say swearing — that he never would enter it again. The whole line of precedents he gives to show that Presidents accepted and even sought the Senate's advice on treaties, indicates to me only that they thought it was most expedient to humor their lordships, and conciliate their good will, in matters that the Senate ought to have left respectfully in their hands alone. The Senate may have been within its rights in the matter of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty; but it forgot its manners, — if it ever had any.

There is one particular form of discourtesy to the President and his Cabinet which the Senate has more than once indulged in, — letting a treaty lie on the table, and doing nothing with it, till the President recalls it in despair, years after its negotiation. Such was the fate of the copyright treaty of Mr. Fillmore's administration, a treaty which if ratified in 1853 would have saved years of hard work, not to say of bad blood. There was never any excuse for this inaction.

In its fundamental office of the higher chamber of the legislature, the Senate stands on surer, because more ancient, ground. As I have occasion in this address to pass some severe criticisms on the Senate, I am bound to say that it has some very just views of its duty as a revising body, and puts them into sensible operation. Indeed, the lower house knows this, and often makes use of the Senate's revising judgment with much more regard to the good of the nation than of its own dignity. Many a foolish measure is carried in the House, and many a needed vote omitted, to please demagogues; and the word is quietly passed round by the intelligent leaders, "That will come all right in the Senate." President Roosevelt, in an essay on the congressional attitude toward Civil Service Reform, is very bitter on its Democratic friends in the Fifty-third Congress for allowing their spoils-loving colleagues to make an open attack on it in an appropriation bill, which but for ignorance or cowardice its friends might have defeated; while the Senate, better informed and braver, thwarted it. President Roosevelt, never having been a member of either house, is hardly their best critic. The method which he insists should have been adopted by the reformers was of very doubtful practicability; they knew perfectly well that the Senate would restore the appropriation which the demagogues had struck out, and the right course was taken with neither ignorance nor cowardice at work.

It would seem hard for the most ra-

pacious upper chamber to clothe itself with any legislative powers not its own, in the teeth of the Constitution, so free yet so explicit; but the Senate has managed to do this. The original instrument, copying what was understood to be the theory of the English government, declares that all bills for raising revenue shall originate in the House of Representatives; but it adds, the Senate may propose or concur with amendments as on other bills. The reason for this proviso was that the House of Lords is held incapable of amending a "money bill," as it is called; and as a consequence, about two hundred years ago, the House of Commons, which had become utterly wanton in the abuse of its enormous powers, fell into a practice which was called "tacking," — attaching to bills for raising revenue clauses of general or specific legislation, which they knew the Lords hated, but would not dare strike out, forcing them to pass the bills as they were, or lose a large amount of revenue when sorest needed. This practice went to such atrocious lengths that public opinion rose in revolt, and for a century and a half the privilege of the Commons was generally exercised with moderation; yet never allowed to be disputed. At length in 1860 Mr. Gladstone included in his budget the repeal of the newspaper duty. The Tories in the Lords, hating cheap newspapers, and seeing no reason for sacrificing a substantial income to a doubtful end, kept in the tax. A great contention arose, and the particular question was settled. But the practice was introduced of combining all the resolutions raising money into a single act, which the Lords must accept or reject as a whole.

It was to avoid such tyranny by the Representatives that the Constitution gave the Senate the amending power. This has resulted in a worse tyranny. The bills for raising revenue, more particularly bills affecting the tariff, are habitually amended by the Senate to an indefinite extent, even that of substituting a wholly different bill with a differ-

ent preamble. This then goes to a Committee of Conference; the senators insist on their amendments; the House members refuse them. "Very well, gentlemen," say the senators, "the burden is on you, with whom alone rests the duty of originating bills for raising revenue, of refusing this bill, which we have simply amended, and so depriving the nation of revenue," when in fact the bill literally originated in the Senate. This was the course taken in 1872 and again in 1883. The House in the first case passed an indignant resolution against the unconstitutional action of the Senate by an overwhelming majority; but several lawyers refused to vote; and General Garfield, who was prominent in protest, encountered some questions as to the possibility of limiting the Senate's power of amendment which he scarcely succeeded in answering. Nothing came of the controversy. In the end each house passed a separate bill embodying its own views, which the other accepted, and the President signed.

A similar action took place in 1883. The Senate forced upon the House a bill of its own, which was declared at the time to be in no sense an amendment. But it was near the end of a Republican administration, when it was known that the Democrats were likely to come into power, and a tariff act had to be carried through, that the other party might be hampered. In 1889 a similar performance caused the subject to drop, rather than that the House should accept the overgrown pretensions of the Senate. In 1894 the Senate amendments to the Wilson Tariff Bill, though not so avowedly a substitution, were yet such an utter trampling on the wishes of the House and the President, that the latter would not ratify the action of the former by his signature, and the bill became law without it by the process of delay. At the close of a recent session of Congress the Senate had behaved with such arrogance to the Lower House that Speaker Cannon resented it most emphatically, with great

applause from his fellow members and the newspaper press. My impression is that Mr. Carlisle did the same thing about fifteen years ago, which led to a unanimous rising vote of thanks moved by Mr. Reed. But the Senate's insolence thus far has proved incorrigible.

Thus we have seen that the Senate of the United States, if it has not actually usurped any ungranted powers, has so inflated those it has as almost to burst their constitutional limits; and it has done so with an assurance, an arrogance, an air of "what are you going to do about it?" that has had no precedent in Parliamentary history for centuries. Let us see for a moment how the Senate has been equipped, or has equipped itself, with the ability to do these things.

First, then, the senators hold their seats in regular course by a much longer tenure than any other officials in the public service except the judges in the United States courts and in some of the states. Some states still elect their officers annually; a larger number hold elections every two years, and such is the length of service of the national House of Representatives. In a few states three years is the term, and in a very few four, which is that of the President, Vice-President, and certain appointive officers in the national service, and even these last may be removed earlier. But senators are chosen for six years, far outlasting the legislatures which chose them, the governors who signed their credentials, the Representatives, Vice-President, and President whose terms began when theirs did. Now, in the public life of America six years is a long time to hold a position of great authority and distinction, and not meanly paid as offices go. A man in middle life who can look ahead with perfect certainty for six years to come, with great probability of reelection, must feel himself superior to those who, in a like career, hold inferior positions for not more than a third of the time, and fully on an equality with the handful of persons whose posts may be more exalted and lucrative, but whose

tenure of them is only two thirds as long as his own.

In the next place the Senate is a continuous body. Its membership never wholly changes. The extreme change that it could undergo by its constitution would be the retirement of one third of its members at the end of every two years; but owing to frequent reelections such a fraction never does go out at once. Of course other vacancies occur; but it is fair to say that after a long course of years more than half the body will be unchanged.

Thirdly, the Senate to-day is a small body, and for many years was a much smaller one. It has been deliberately kept down in size; for the State of Texas is entitled by the terms of her admission to quadruple her senatorial representation, by breaking up into several states. The Senate has now ninety members when full, and every now and then some are lacking, as was the will of the State of Delaware,—that state which of all the old thirteen profited most by equality in the Senate, yet preferred for that most nonsensical of all reasons, party politics, to renounce its senatorial representation. It should be remembered that by virtue of a special and exceptional provision in the Constitution, the State of Nevada, with a population much smaller than the city of Lynn, has two senators, which she can keep as long as she chooses, while there are many cities whose population exceeds Delaware, Florida, and Vermont.

As a result of being a small and continuous body the Senate has become a luxurious club. Every member has a chance to know every other; the whole temper is that of good-fellowship, and if any senator fails to fall into this club temper and tone, he must be a queer stick. But pleasant as this tendency is for the members, it is hardly so good for the country as a less sociable temper would be. Many things are passed in the Senate, and more things are passed by, against all public interests, not by virtue of logrolling, or mutual jobbery, but from a habit-

ual practice of obliging and not annoying one's colleagues. Perhaps the most pernicious result of this clubbiness, combined with the feeling of State independence, is the inefficiency of the Senate rules. It is hardly an exaggeration to say there are no rules; practically any senator may talk about anything he likes and as long as he likes. The Vice-President has no power of control; yet the Constitution makes him President of the Senate, with no hint of any limitation on the ordinary duties attached to such an office. I believe this strange state of things is due to Vice-President Calhoun, who, among his many hair-splitting interpretations of the Constitution, seemed to think he was in the chair to preserve decorum, but not parliamentary order. I have often speculated on what would have happened if the awful blow that put President Roosevelt in his present position had not fallen, and he had remained somewhat longer in the chair of the Senate. I think his indomitable longing for efficiency and dislike of humbug would have led him to assert his rights as presiding officer in some extremely emphatic way, — to the great benefit of business. There is now no way to hurry the Senate from within or without, except through the constitutional or rather accidental rule whereby the alternate sessions of Congress cease and determine; and that is a far more serious thing for the Representatives than for the Senators.

If the long tenure, the small numbers, the continuity and the sociality of the Senate increase its complacency and tempt it to defy the other departments of government, still more do they lead to its being extolled and courted in outside opinion. When an entire body consists of ninety and can always be controlled by less than fifty men, yet has its hand on the throttle valve of the machine of government, what wonder that its members are approached by every species of persuasion, personal, political, and social, and absolutely made to feel, if they did not feel so of themselves, that they

are the nation's rulers. There was once an English governor of the Punjab whom the natives worshipped as a god. Disgusted by the blasphemy, and perhaps even more by the absurdity, Nicholson drove away his worshippers with whips; but they continued to adore him all the same. Such is the adulation offered to the Senate in Washington; though I never heard of any senator's rejecting it as either impious or absurd. The difference between the position of Senators and Representatives in the city of Washington is inversely proportional to their numbers, — five to one.

A great deal is said about the Senate's being composed of rich men; it is largely so; but at the same time there are always many members, and those not the least influential, who are anything but rich. And when I hear abuse of rich men, and invectives against the money power, I always think, "Whose fault is it?" It is the fault of the country which has for years set before the eyes of its young men money-making as a paramount duty, — which considers that success in making money is an excellent recommendation for political service, if only the money-maker can be induced to enter it. Senators will not be for sale, unless because the national temper believes in using any means to make money.

The senators being chosen by the state legislatures, and held in some states, notably Virginia, to represent the states as such, a system of instructions was proposed, whereby a senator might be ordered by his state legislature to vote according to its wishes, while a representative, as chosen by the people, could only be requested. In accordance with this theory, many strange things have occurred. The tariff act of 1846 was carried by the vote of Spencer Jarnagin, a senator from Kentucky, and a declared protectionist, who had spoken against the bill. The legislature of his commonwealth had instructed him to vote against his convictions, — and he did so. He was disinterested; for it was already settled that he would not be

reelected. One hears little now of instructions; but one hears a great deal of amending the Constitution so as to have senators chosen directly by the people.

I have no belief in any such scheme. It is in the power of the people of any state to let their legislatures know in half a dozen ways whom they want for senators, and to enforce their will, if they choose. A stream can rise no higher than its fountain. It is said the senators are chosen by corrupt legislatures; but by whom were the corrupt legislatures chosen? The fault is in the people of the states, and in them only.

Moreover, I believe the practice of amending the Constitution is pernicious in the extreme. Let us have something in the United States of America that does not change. What good has tinkering the Constitution done? The first ten amendments may be considered conditions subsequent to its adoption. The eleventh is an absurd sacrifice to state conceit, which may stand in the way of proper litigation. The twelfth was practically necessary; but when a really serious crisis in choosing a president occurred it gave no help. The thirteenth may bear a higher and

more creditable renown; but it and the utterly nugatory fourteenth and fifteenth amendments are disfigured by an undignified proviso that Congress may enforce them by legislation.

No — keep the Constitution as it is, and administer it as its founders intended it should be administered. And if this seems vague advice, let me give it a more specific meaning by saying that I believe both the President and the House of Representatives have been wrong in not standing to their rights, as the Senate has to its. Let the President break away once for all from the stupidity, and as I believe the illegality of the congressional spoils system, and absolutely refuse to listen to senators' recommendations for office; let the House of Representatives risk the loss of revenue rather than let the Senate dictate its bills; I believe the people would come to the support of the President and Representatives as against a body which they have already learned to dislike, and are not far from utterly distrusting; but which in the end must rest for its authority on the advice and consent of them, the people of the United States.

ISRAELS: A BIT OF BIOGRAPHY

BY MAARTEN MAARTENS

"IF I were rich — a thing I never shall be — I should chuck up the whole thing to-morrow." The speaker was a man in middle life, — Dante's five and thirty, — pale-faced and nervous, the sort of man who lives by ploughing and harrowing his own brains. He was a fairly successful journalist and writer. At this moment he lay back, tired, in an easy chair at his club.

The other man, also in an easy chair, also tired, also a journalist, looked up lazily, watching the blue smoke of his cigar.

"Have you ever reflected," he asked, "what you would do instead?"

"A score of times."

"Do you know, I never have. It has never occurred to me that I could, by any possibility, become rich. In fact, I know I can't."

"Nor can I. It is quite as impossible for me. That constitutes the chief charm of thinking it out."

"I don't quite understand, but I suppose you have more imagination than I have."

"I have plenty of imagination of a kind. But I have to be the hero of my own imaginings. I don't run to a novel or a play."

"You could live a drama, but you could n't get one acted by other people." The voice indicated banter. "In other words, you are a strictly subjective genius."

The middle-aged man — he was a good deal the younger of the two — did not like banter. "I am not a genius at all," he answered shortly. "Would you pass me a light!"

"H'm; I'm not so sure," said the elder man, complying. "Well, tell me, Kortum, if you came into a fortune to-mor-

row, what would you do? Chuck up all the writing; get away from the treadmill, — naturally; — and then?"

"I should live absolutely and entirely for myself henceforth."

"In these altruistic days that sounds frankly refreshing. You mean you would spend all your money in having an unmitigated good time?"

"Yes."

"Like the once famous Jubilee Plunger!"

"No, not a bit like that. My enjoyments, as you can realize, Hackner, if you choose, would be largely intellectual. Not only so. They would also be sensuous."

"Invite me, please."

"You willfully misunderstand. My chief delight would be to escape at once, and forever, from this gray town, from this chill country, from the whole bleak, ugly North. I should never again, during this brief life, leave sunshine and orange groves, blue seas and oriental color. That, I admit, is merely sensuous — up to a point. For there is more artistic enjoyment in a month of Spain or Italy than in a cycle of — Cathay."

"You know the South?"

"Know it? — no. I have glimpsed at it, — twice, in a tourist's trip, — seen its possibilities, as a hungry boy at a pastry-cook's window. Seen just enough to keep a craving at my heart, forever. Oh, what's the use of talking! I say, is n't this a beastly glum hole, this murky native city of ours? Would n't you be precious glad to escape from it?"

"Well, I don't know," replied the elder man, musingly watching his rings of smoke. "It is a beastly place, but I suppose I've got past wanting to leave it."

"Not I; every year makes it worse,

and the horrible grind. However, this sort of talk is n't much good. I'm out of sorts to-night. Something's happened to upset me. A fellow had much better simply play the game."

The gray-haired man looked kindly at the black-haired one. "At your age," he said, "there's always a chance of something turning up."

"Oh, no. And it's a poor sort of chap who hopes for that! Besides, we once had an only chance and lost it. That's as much as would fall to the lot of any man." He shook himself together. "Please don't think, Hackner, that I'm the sort of fool who goes through life grumbling, and playing in a lottery, or helping old bodies over crossings in hopes of a legacy. You know me better than that."

"I know you better than that, dear boy. It was I that set you building your castles in the air. I assure you I built plenty in my day, if not on the impossible chance of a fortune; but my castles, like many an older one, are — ruins. I am sorry something has occurred to put you out."

"Oh, it's nothing; only, I suppose it was that set me talking about money. You know the rich paper-manufacturer, Ostlar?"

"By sight. I hear he is very ill."

"He is dying. I met his doctor this morning. He can't live through the night, the doctor said."

"Well, I suppose he is one of the richest men in the city. His mills and his money will go to some distant relatives, Heaven knows where."

"Or perhaps to charity?" said Kortum.

"Possibly. One never heard of his having any relations. And it is quite in accordance with the present craze for vast philanthropic bequests."

"I hate," said Kortum, "this parade of charity now-a-days. What a sickening thing is all our philanthropic notoriety, in the papers after death, and on the platforms before. I am burning to write a series of articles on it, showing the people up. Any villain nowadays can earn uni-

versal respect by large public donations; any fool can make himself interesting by talking about the poor. And the meanest of all are those who wait to disgorge some of their ill-gotten gains till they're dead."

"T is easiest for those that have nothing to disgorge — or to leave behind them, to any one."

Kortum remembered that his companion was a married man with a family. He edged away from what might become delicate ground.

"The public like articles abusing the rich," he said. "That's the strange thing about our time; they like them, because they think they're deserved. Never, I suppose, not even in Juvenal's day, has money been so entirely the one thing desired, and desirable. In the Rome of the Decline, in the Byzantine corruption, there were always a great many superstitions, and a good many class distinctions, left; we have absolutely nothing but the greed, and the recognition, of gold. Yet, at the same time, even in my day, since I was a boy, there has come up an uncomfortable feeling that the new religion is a base religion, — that great wealth is a thing to be ashamed of; — the very wealthy themselves are ashamed of it and try to apologize, as it were, by making some sort of philanthropic stir. I mean the intellects among them; of course there are plenty of hereditary fools that just fool along."

"Yes, I suppose that is true," said the other thoughtfully, a little comforted about his own property, as Kortum perhaps had intended he should be.

"Now, if I were rich," continued Kortum, "I should resist all that modern affectation. It would n't touch me. I should use my money, as intended, rationally, for myself."

"That's why you don't get it."

"That, if correct, — which it is n't (look around you!), — would only prove what a blind idiot is Fortune. Spending money is a far better way of diffusing it than giving it, far more beneficial to the community. All this talk about charity,

luxury, the simpler life, is rubbish, economically and socially unsound."

"Old Ostlar made all his money for himself, and kept it to himself, and now he is leaving it behind him," moralized the older man, the poorer man, the man with children.

"What we need," said Kortum, not heeding him, "is to get away from all this maudlin controlling of each others' actions. The whole world just now is conscience to its neighbor. We want to get back to 'Every man for himself, and the State to see fair play.'"

"Well, that's a generous attitude, at any rate, in a man as — un-wealthy as yourself. The social conscience of most of us have-nots is just wanting to get at the haves."

Kortum laughed. "I treat of these things theoretically," he said. "As a matter of fact, I am really quite happy as I am. The work's interesting enough, though one abuses it, and I've always a spare coin for a cigar or a drink, to a friend. Yes, I'm happy enough. I should be awfully bored, say, with a large business, or as a thieving lawyer, or in a dozen other positions that one sees men happy in. A thousand a year and Italy; that's my ideal. Old Ostlar set me thinking about rich and poor."

"But why should the thought of him put you out?"

Kortum reflected a moment. "Why should n't I tell you? It's really of little importance. You were saying he had no known relatives. But you've heard, I suppose, of his friend?"

"No. Who was he?"

"Dear me, I thought everybody knew about that business. How we exaggerate our own importance. Well, it's long ago. For the first quarter of a century of their lives, Ostlar and my father, living side by side in the same village, and then working together in the same foreign surroundings, were inseparable comrades. At the age of fifteen they ran away from home to the same ship. They slept together in the same berth, atop of each other; they used

to lie under, alternate nights. As a grown man, Ostlar fell violently in love with a young woman; he worked long for her, got engaged to her; then my father stole her away from him. I'm afraid my father — did n't behave very well. But my mother was worth it. She told Ostlar she could n't love any one but my father. He never spoke to either of them again, or took any farther notice of them. They tried several times to make up, but he never answered."

"Probably he could n't trust himself. It was better so," said Hackner, with a sympathetic whiff of his pipe.

"I dare say. But you know, he grew into a dreadful old curmudgeon; his temper was awful. All his work-people hated him, I believe. When I was born, they — my parents — asked him to let bygones be bygones and come and stand godfather. That was the only time he ever took any notice, or made any reply."

"What did he do?" asked the other with interest.

"Sent them the will, torn across, which he had made, before his engagement, in his early days, by which he left the little he then possessed to my mother, or to my father, if she died without heirs."

Hackner, the worn man with the kindly eyes, looked straight in front of him, and, as the silence deepened, he remarked: "It was hardly judicious, perhaps, however well-meant — that asking him to be your godfather."

"I suppose not. But, you see, I seem to have missed, somehow, being, either by my mother or my father, old Ostlar's ultimate heir."

"In rather a topsy-turvy manner — don't you think?"

Kortum broke into a peal of merriment. "Well, yes. I did n't mean to be literal. Talking of money, do you know, the Chief told me the other day he was going to raise my salary?"

"He ought to have done it long ago. They have been underpaying you for years."

"Do you think so? I'm so glad you think so! If it has to be one or the other — and I suppose it mostly has — I for one would much rather be under- than over-paid. At least" — and again he laughed — "I would much rather have my friends, my *colleagues*, take that view."

And then they talked on of "the shop," as they called it, the office of the great morning and evening daily, with its incessant worry, through most hours of the twenty-four. They talked on, as men do who have great part of their life in common; dozens of petty interests cropping up along the road, as they talked on.

"Please, sir, you're wanted at the telephone," said a noiseless waiter at Kortum's elbow.

"Nine o'clock!" cried Hackner, at the same time, rising. "Dear me, I must hurry home."

Kortum had taken up a review. "It's only my landlady," he said, "wanting to know whether she must still keep my dinner. I had told her I should dine at home to-night. Just speak to her, as you go down, will you? that's a good fellow! and tell her I shan't dine at all."

"For a man who is going to live in luxury some day, you are wonderfully abstemious at present," said Hackner.

"I should go to my dinner fast enough, if it were a particularly good one." He settled himself in his deep leather chair. "It is the thought that one will never be able to command a very much better meal which is so depressing; it keeps one from enjoying this."

"Fie, Kortum! And just now you were saying you were contented."

Kortum looked up from his *Quarterly*, with the shine in his dark eyes that every one who knew him liked. "Are you always consistent?" he said. "Besides, if I may say so, I should n't care about ordering the banquet unless I could get somebody to share it." He had not read many pages — of an article on "Labour Colonies in Rumania" — when Hackner once more stood between him and the light.

"It's not your landlady who wants you," he said, "but Rosberg, the lawyer."

"Well, what does he want? I don't know him. I suppose I must go." Kortum rose.

"He asked whether you could come round to see him. I said you would, unless I telephoned afresh."

"I don't know where he lives. Somewhere on the Heerengracht?"

"Yes. He gave the number — 87. Well, good-night. I must get home to my wife."

"Good-night. I suppose it is some tiresome charity business. But they won't get me on to any more of their committees. I had enough of the last."

Meditating on the follies and iniquities of charity bazaars, concerts, and balls, Hans Kortum started for the Heerengracht. It was a bitterly cold winter evening. The east wind whistled along the blackness of the gloomy streets. People hurried past, wrapped close, as if eager to get away from the weather. At a corner a child held out its hand. "Get away," said Hans, "it's very wrong to beg." The child ran beside him, whining. "Get away," he said, "it's very wrong to give to beggars." The child ran beside him, whining. He gave it a silver piece. He turned on to the Heerengracht, which is a sombre, a stately, a cold canal. He passed one of the biggest mansions upon it, and looked up at the dead stone front. "Old Ostlar's house," he said to himself. "I must be getting near the lawyer's number. He looked under the next street-lantern — 99. He retraced his steps. 87 was old Ostlar's.

He rang; the bell sounded away into the hollow stillness with a foolishly persistent clang. The whole front of the house was dark. After a wait there approached a feeble shuffling; bolts were drawn back and, by the light of a flickering candle, an old woman appeared, in a great, empty marble hall.

"This — this is not Mr. Rosberg's?" said Kortum lamely. "Could you direct me where he lives?"

"It's all right, sir," replied the old crone, in a shrill voice. "Are you Mr. Kortum? Come in. He is waiting to speak to you." And she flung open a heavy oak door, and stood aside.

Hans Kortum entered a lofty dining-room, the walls of which were covered with Italian landscapes above oaken wainscoting in the Dutch manner of the eighteenth century. Unlike the hall, this handsome room was well lighted, by Japanese bronze oil lamps, and on one half of the broad table silver and glass had been laid out for a meal. A decanter of wine stood there, and the lawyer had helped himself to its contents.

"Yes," said Rosberg, a little old notary, with a brisk, impertinent manner. "I had to speak to you at once, and it is best we should meet here. Old Ostlar is dead. Did you know him?"

"No," replied Kortum.

"So much the simpler. Well, he has left you all his money."

"Good heavens!"

"You may well say so. So should I, if Providence had ever acted so well by me, but it has n't. He has made you not only his sole heir, but his executor. I have the will here," — he leaned with his hand on a long blue document. "There are one or two things you must do to-night, and do here. That's why I asked you to come round."

"Can I read the will?" asked Hans.

"By all means. Shall I read it to you?"

"I think, if you don't mind, I should like to read it by myself."

"By all means," replied the lawyer, offended. "Well, yes; he says a thing or two, — but I daresay you will understand. Would you like to do everything else by yourself too?"

"Is there anything very special?"

"Well, perhaps not to-night. There will be formalities to-morrow. But he wishes you to stay in the house to-night." The lawyer replenished his glass. "It is perhaps hardly a festive occasion. Still, you must allow me to drink to your good fortune, Mr. —"

"Oh, not to-night! Not here!" cried Hans.

The lawyer emptied his glass in silence. Then he said: "It's a very fair claret," wished Kortum a curt "good-night," and took his leave.

Hans sat down in the nearest chair, — a fine old bit of flowered Utrecht velvet, and stared round, like a man demented. In the deadly silence he gazed at the splendid room, and then at the bit of blue paper, which, the lawyer had said, gave all this to him. All this? A great deal more. He was one of the richest men in the town.

Then he thought of the dead man lying upstairs, with whom he had never exchanged a word in his life, whom he only knew by sight. He supposed he must go and see him now, for the last time — near at hand, for the first; — a curious thrill of unwillingness ran through him. The lawyer had said there were things he must do at once. He drew the document towards him.

It was simply worded. It said that Hans Kortum's mother had been the hope and the joy and the ruin of Ostlar's life. He could not forgive her, and he could not leave off loving her. He told this to her son. And after her death, her husband being dead also, — only a few years ago, — the old man had made this will, leaving all he possessed to her only child.

He asked Hans to come immediately upon the news of his death into the house no Kortum had ever entered, and not to leave it, till after the funeral. "I have lived alone; I shall die alone," he wrote. He was evidently anxious that his heir should protect the remains and see that they were treated decently. Moreover, he asked him to burn, unread, within twelve hours, a parcel of letters, and to place on the dead breast, before it was cold, a portrait and a lock of hair.

Kortum rang at once. The old woman conducted him to the death-chamber. It was a sombre room, with green hangings. He stood looking at the cold yellow face. In an escritoire he found the things, as

described; he recognized the girl-portrait of his mother. At the moment when he took the keys from the dead man's table he felt that the change in his own life came true. By the light of his solitary candle he crept downstairs again. He remembered now that old Ostlar had taken over this whole house, with all the furniture, in a bankruptcy which he himself had brought about. He had lived in it with the old charwoman-housekeeper and a slavey.

In the dining-room he found the old woman placing several dishes, cold, all of them, — an aspic, a French *pâté*, a fruit jelly, — a luxurious, if somewhat peculiar repast. "*He said I was to get them from the pastry-cook's for you,*" remarked the old woman. "*He told me to spend twenty florins on them. He must have been wandering in his mind. But I done it. He never spent five on a meal for himself in his life.*"

Something rose up in Hans Kortum's throat and choked him for a moment. It was all the mourning old Ostlar had.

Hans ate some of the good things, and that cleared his mind wonderfully. He leaned back in his chair and surveyed the situation.

Well, he was rich now, suddenly rich beyond his wildest dreams. A little too rich, he was afraid, but he must not mind that. He could do all he had ever wanted to do. And he had written his last unwilling article. Oh, joy! he had written his last unwilling article.

Within a fortnight he would leave for Italy, would leave all his old murky world behind him, would leave, and begin a new life. At last he would enjoy, to the full, his long pent-up love for all that is beautiful. Here, in this Northern city, everything was ugly. Oh, yes, of course, there were a few beautiful pictures in the Museum, and you could occasionally hear very beautiful music. But that does not make life beautiful. The city itself was monstrous, the streets, the shops, the clothes, the factories, — everything he could think of, — the faces, the climate

(winter and summer), the ideals, the conversations, the money-making, the vulgar newspapers. Especially the newspapers. All life was a persistent nightmare of ugliness and vulgarity. In a fortnight he would be away from it all.

His eyes rested on the temples and nymphs of the painted landscape around him. The walls of the room were a blaze of sunlight and a maze of revelry. In this way the old seventeenth century Dutchmen endeavored to escape from the gray platitude of their daily lives. Soon he would be amidst the real thing. Dear me, these Italian landscapes were very well done. So well, they really might be Moucherons. He took up a lamp to examine them. What a sensuous delight of color and movement! What happiness! What a joy of living, unknown in these latitudes! He wondered, — were they Moucherons? Admirably done.

And, suddenly, a desire seized him to discover what other treasures the house possessed, that had now become his. What was behind those two finely carved folding-doors? He flung them open, and stood, lamp in hand, on the threshold of a white and gold Louis XV saloon. The furniture and hangings were dark blue and silver silk. Against the walls hung a number of pictures in gilt frames. Modern art, as he saw at a glance. He advanced towards the nearest. An Israels! The great living Dutch painter of pathos in humble life. A poor woman by an empty cradle in the gray sorrow of the lonely room.

He went on quickly to the next. A fisherwoman by her open door, looking out to the stormy sea. An Israels. A very fine one. Full of subdued anguish, and stress in sea and sky. The next. Two old peasants, in the dull, drab cottage, at their all too scanty meal. Under this a title, "*Their daily crust.*" He stood looking at it a long time; as he turned away his eyes were soft. He remembered now having heard that the man on whom Ostlar had foreclosed had been a great art connoisseur, and had wasted his money buying

pictures. Why, every one of these paintings must now be worth many thousands of pounds!

Another large picture arrested him as he turned. A splendid thing. A sick child in the cupboard-bedstead at the side. In the middle father and mother, by the table, his pockets inside out, a few coppers on the board. And near to this another sadly simple, impressive scene. A young man, neat and poor, in front of a closed door, in the dark drizzle, turning away, looking straight at you with despair in his eyes; — under this also a name, though unnecessary: "No Work." The whole room seemed to be hung with Israel's; the pinched poverty stared out too terribly, against the heavy gilding and brocade.

He went back to the dining-room and sat for a long time thoughtful, his head between his hands. He must spend the whole night in this house, by the dead man's will. He had no wish to go to bed; he knew he would not sleep. When he lifted his face his eyes were still full of the pictures in the dark room behind him. He did not see the Italian landscapes. "It is a beautiful emotion!" he said, and laughed at himself. And he went back to the pictures again, and spent another hour with them.

At midnight a knock came at the dining-room door, startling him. A man entered, evidently an artisan of the most superior class. "I beg your pardon, sir," said the man. "I understand you are the new master. I arranged with the house-keeper to watch here, while she lay down."

"Oh, yes, quite right. But, how do you mean — master? Are you —" Kortum looked dubious — "a servant of —"

The man smiled. "I've been foreman at the Paper Mills for thirty years," he said.

"Oh, of course! The Paper Mills!" exclaimed Kortum.

"Begging your pardon, sir; this is a very important event for all of us, sir. There's eight hundred hands at the Paper Mills."

"Eight hundred hands!" exclaimed Kortum.

"And, if I might be so bold as to say it, sir," — he paused; then, with an effort: "It's a very anxious moment for us." Kortum did not answer. "You'll forgive me, sir, if I can't keep silence. The — Mills will be kept on?"

"Doubtless. Of course. I shall sell them."

"God help us, if that be true!"

"What do you mean? You'll probably get as good a master as you've lost."

The old foreman shook his head. "May I speak, sir, to-night, while there's time?"

"Speak, if you like," answered Kortum. "Sit down!" With a respectful movement the old man declined this invitation.

"You can't sell the Mills, sir, and that's the truth. You can only close them. My old master was not an easy man to get on with; he was soured, somehow, but he had his soft side, sharp man of business as he was, and he was terribly just. I could get on with him, though I say it myself, and he'd often talk over matters with me, having been with him all his life, that even the gentlemen in the office did n't quite know the rights of. Well, sir; he'd made a power of money out of the Mills, but in the last years they did n't even pay their expenses. 'It's my own fault, Brest,' he would say to me; 'I can't put in the new improvements. I'm too old. We must rub on like this now; it is n't for long.' He knew he was breaking up."

"Well, the new man will put in the new improvements."

"No, he won't, sir. There's too much to do. It would n't be worth any man's while to buy the Mills."

"Then we must close them. I am going to live in Italy."

"There's eight hundred hands, sir.

And master, he said to me, 'The new master must work the business up. There's plenty of ready money to keep it going and put it right.' He did n't say who the new master would be, sir, but, 'He's a young man,' he says, 'and ener-

getic, and he's chosen an occupation that you have to be quick in, and sharp. And I see his name down in charity committees, so, you see, he cares about the people. He'll probably have all the new-fangled notions about libraries and pensions, Brest; so he'll be a better master than I. I hope and believe he will,' says master, with such a break in his voice, that I stood up to him. 'Why, you've kept the Mills going at a loss, for the people, all these years,' says I. 'And what business is that of yours?' says master, — he was like that. 'Ain't I one of the richest men in this city? Did n't I make all my money out of my Mills?' says he. There, sir, now I've told you all. God forgive me, if I was wrong."

"Did your master tell you to tell me?" demanded Kortum, shading his face.

"No, sir — but he did n't tell me not to tell you."

"There is no need of the Mills. Why, the pictures in the next room alone must be worth far more money than I shall ever want."

"The pictures of the poor people, sir?"

"But I could n't manage mills."

"There's very good men in the office, sir. Old master, he had a wonderful gift of selecting men, so I thought we must be all right in his selecting you as his heir. He only turned away one manager once. 'He's a genius,' says he to me, 'they're the only sort you can't use in a business.' Beg your pardon, are you a genius, sir?"

"No. There is n't a word of all this in the will. He expressly says what he wishes me to do."

"About the Mills, sir?"

"No, about other matters. Eight hundred hands at the Mills?"

"Yes, sir."

"It is a splendid vocation."

"I beg your pardon, sir?"

"Look here, you had better leave me alone now. I am going to Italy for a couple of months with a friend. After that, I suppose I shall come back here."

He motioned the man away. Then he went back to the white and gold saloon, and closed the door upon himself and the pictures, passing slowly from one to the other, and harking back.

THE MOODS

(After reading certain of the Irish poets)

BY FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS

THE Moods have laid their hands across my hair:
The Moods have drawn their fingers through my heart;
My hair shall nevermore lie smooth and bright,
But stir like tide-worn sea-weed, and my heart
Shall nevermore be glad of small, sweet things, —
A wild rose, or a crescent moon, — a book
Of little verses, or a dancing child.
My heart turns crying from the rose and book,
My heart turns crying from the thin bright moon,
And weeps with useless sorrow for the child.
The Moods have loosed a wind to vex my hair,
And made my heart too wise, that was a child.

Now I shall blow like smitten candle-flame;
I shall desire all things that may not be:
The years, the stars, the souls of ancient men,
All tears that must, and smiles that may not be, —
Yes, glimmering lights across a windy ford,
Yes, vagrant voices on a darkened plain,
And holy things, and outcast things, and things
Far too remote, frail-bodied, to be plain.

My pity and my joy are grown alike;
I cannot sweep the strangeness from my heart.
The Moods have laid swift hands across my hair:
The Moods have drawn swift fingers through my heart.

THE STATESMANSHIP OF TURGOT¹

I

BY ANDREW D. WHITE

When the flood which sweeps through modern society, and which still carries with it good and evil, shall have deposited its impurities, what names will float on the surface of the quiet waters? Who will then be considered the true precursors of the modern world?—those who gave the terrible signal call for revolution, or those who have wished to found the progressive reign of liberty and fraternity among men by peace, by the power of natural order, and by universal harmony?—LEONCE DE LAVERGNE.

I PRESENT to-day one of the three greatest statesmen who fought unreason in France between the close of the Middle Ages and the outbreak of the French Revolution,—Louis XI and Richelieu being the two others. And not only this: were you to count the greatest men of the modern world upon your fingers, he would be of the number: a great thinker, writer, administrator, philanthropist, statesman, and, above all, a great character and a great man. And yet, judged by ordinary standards, a failure. For he was thrown out of his culminating position, as Comptroller-General of France, after serving but twenty months, and then lived only long enough to see every leading measure to which he had devoted his life deliberately and malignantly undone; the flagrant abuses which he had abolished restored, apparently forever; the highways to national prosperity, peace, and influence, which he had opened, destroyed; and his country put under full headway toward the greatest catastrophe the modern world has seen.

Anne Robert Jacques Turgot, Baron de l'Aulne, was born in 1727, of a family not only noble but of characteristics which had become very rare among the old French nobility.

¹ The first of this series, a sketch of the life of Paolo Sarpi, was printed in the *Atlantic Monthly* for January and February, 1904; the second, on Hugo Grotius, in December, 1904, and January, 1905; the third, on Christian Thomasius, in April and May, 1905.

Several of his ancestors had been distinguished for public spirit and for boldness in resisting tyranny. His father had been Provost of the Merchants of Paris, or, as we might say, mayor of the city, for a longer term than had any of his predecessors, and had won fame not only by enterprise in works of public utility but by resisting the fury of mobs.

The son, at an early age, showed himself worthy of this lineage. As a boy at school he was studious, thoughtful, modest, dutiful, firm in resisting evil; and it throws light on personal tendencies which continued through his life to learn that his pocket money was quietly lavished upon those of his fellows who were meritorious and needy.

Yet his condition was not at first entirely happy. He was diffident, shy, and greatly lacking in the manners necessary to social success. In all lands and times, simple, easy, good manners have been of vast value to any young man, but in the first years of the reign of Louis XV, manners were everything. Reversing the usual rule in such cases, his father appreciated and admired him, but his mother misunderstood him and had, apparently, little hope for his future.

Being the youngest of three sons, and not having the suppleness necessary to success at court, it was thought best that he should become a priest; and, after a very successful course in two of the best lyceums of Paris, he was sent to the semi-

nary of Saint-Sulpice. That divinity school included among its professors, then as ever since, many noble and earnest men, but it was, of course, mainly devoted, not to the unbiased search for truth, but to the buttressing of dogma.

With ninety-nine young men in a hundred, the régime then applied to Turgot produced the desired effect. The young man destined for an ecclesiastical career was placed within walls carefully designed to keep out all currents of new thought; his studies, his reading, his professors, his associates, — all were combined to keep from him any results of observation or reflection save those prescribed: probably, of all means for stifling healthy and helpful thought, a theological seminary, as then conducted, — whether Catholic or Protestant, Jewish or Mohammedan, — was the most perfect.

The greatness of Turgot now began to assert itself: while he performed all the duties of the seminary and studied thoroughly what was required, he gave himself to a wide range of other studies, and chiefly in two very different directions: to thought and work upon those problems in religion which transcend all theologies, and upon those problems in politics which are of vast importance in all countries, and which especially needed discussion in his own.

But the currents of thought which were then sweeping through Europe could not be entirely kept out of Saint-Sulpice. The French philosophy of the eighteenth century was in full strength. Those were the years in which Voltaire ruled European opinion, and Turgot could not but take account of his influence. Yet no one could apparently be more unlike those who were especially named as the French philosophers of the eighteenth century. He remained reverential; he was never blasphemous, never blatant; he was careful to avoid giving needless pain or arousing fruitless discussion; and while the tendency of his whole thinking was evidently removing him from the established orthodoxy of the Church, his was a broader

and deeper philosophy than that which was then dominant.

As to the two main lines of his thinking, it is interesting to note that his first important literary and scholastic effort was a treatise *On the Existence of God*. Few fragments of it remain, but we are helped to understand him when we learn that he asserted, and to the end of his life maintained, his belief in an Almighty Creator and Upholder of the Universe. It did, indeed, at a later period, suit the purposes of his enemies, exasperated by his tolerant spirit and his reforming plans, to proclaim him an atheist; but that sort of charge has been the commonest of missiles against troublesome thinkers in all times.

Theology becoming less and less attractive to him, he turned more and more toward his other line of thought, — upon the amelioration of the general wretchedness in French administration; and he now, in 1749, at the age of twenty-two, wrote to one of his school friends a letter which has been an object of wonder among political thinkers ever since. Its subject was paper money. Discussing the ideas of John Law, and especially the essay of Terrasson which had supported them, he dissected them mercilessly, but in a way useful not only in those times but in these.

Terrasson's arguments in behalf of unlimited issues of paper had been put forth in 1720. He revived the old idea which made the royal mint mark the essential test of value, and he declared that the material used for bearing the sign of value is indifferent, that it pertains to the ruling monarch to determine what the material object bearing this sign shall be, and that if there be placed in circulation a sufficiency of such objects thus authorized, the people thereby secure the capital necessary for commercial prosperity.¹

¹ For a very early cropping out of this error, see Duruy, *Histoire des Romains*, tome iv, chapitre upon Nero. For the latest appearances of it, see sundry American publications of recent years.

Warming with his subject, Terrasson claimed that paper money is better than any other, and that if a sovereign issues enough of paper promises he will be able to loan or even to give money in unlimited amounts to his needy subjects.¹

The French have generally, and most unfortunately, gone to the extreme length of their logic on all public questions, and Terrasson showed this national characteristic by arguing that, as business men constantly give notes for very much greater sums than the amount of money they have on hand, so the government, which possesses a virtually unlimited mass of property, can issue paper to any amount without danger of depreciation. One premise from which this theory was logically worked out was the claim asserted by Louis XIV, namely, that the king, being the incarnation of the State, is the owner of all property in the nation, including, to use Louis's own words, "the money we leave in the custody of our people."²

Terrasson also made the distinction between the note of a business man and notes issued by a government, that the former comes back and must be paid, but that the latter need not come back and can be kept afloat forever by simple governmental command, thus becoming that blessed thing, — worshiped widely, not many years since, in our own country, — "fiat money."

This whole theory, as dear to French financial schemers in the eighteenth century as to American "Greenbackers" in the nineteenth, had resulted, under the

¹ For the arguments of Terrasson and other supporters of John Law's system, see the *Collection d'Économistes Français*, Paris, 1851, tome i, pp. 608 et seq. For his "fiat-money" idea, see Leonce de Lavergne, *Les Économistes Français du Dix-Huitième Siècle*, pp. 220, 221.

² For the theory of Louis XIV regarding his ownership of the property of his subjects, see his own full statement in *Les Œuvres de Louis XIV*, Paris, 1806, tome ii, pp. 93, 94. And for a full statement of his whole doctrine regarding his relations to the State, see Laurent, *Études sur l'Histoire de l'Humanité*, tome xi, pp. 9 et seq.

Orleans Regency and Louis XV, in ruin to France financially and morally, had culminated in the utter destruction of all prosperity, the rooting out of great numbers of the most important industries, and the grinding down of the working people even to starvation.

Never was there a more perfect demonstration of the truth asserted by Daniel Webster, that of all contrivances for defrauding the working people of a country, arbitrary issues of paper money are the most effective.

Turgot's attempt was to enforce this lesson. He showed how the results that had followed Law's issues of paper money must follow all such issues. As regards currency inflation, Turgot clearly saw that the issue of paper money beyond the point where it is convertible into coin is the beginning of disaster, — that a standard of value must have value, just as a standard of length must have length, or a standard of capacity, capacity, or a standard of weight, weight. He showed that if a larger amount of the circulating medium is issued than is called for by the business of the country, it will begin to be discredited, and that paper, if its issue be not controlled by its relation to some real standard of value, inevitably depreciates, no matter what stamp it bears.³

Out of this theory, simple as it now seems, Turgot developed his argument with a depth, strength, clearness, and breadth which have amazed every dispassionate reader from that day to this. It still remains one of the best presentations of this subject ever made; and what adds to our wonder is that it was not the result of a study of authorities, but was worked out wholly from his own observation and thought. Up to his time there were no authorities and no received doctrine on the subject; there were simply records of financial practice more or less vicious; it was reserved for this young

³ See Turgot, *Œuvres*, in the *Collection d'Économistes*, Paris, 1844, tome iii, pp. 94 et seq.; also, Neymarck, *Turgot et ses Doctrines*, Paris, 1885, pp. 10, 11.

student, in a letter not intended for publication, to lay down for the first time the great law in which the modern world, after all its puzzling and costly experiences, has found safety.

His was, indeed, a righteous judgment on the past and an inspired prophecy of the future. For refusing to heed his argument the French people had again to be punished more severely than in John Law's time: the over-issue of *assignats* and *mandats* during the Revolution came forty years after his warning; and paper money inflation was again paid for by widespread bankruptcy and ruin.¹

For similar folly, our own country, in the transition from the colonial period, also paid a fearful price; and from a like catastrophe the United States has been twice saved in our time by the arguments formulated by Turgot.²

Having taken his bachelor's degree in theology at Saint-Sulpice, he continued his studies at the Sorbonne, the most eminent theological institution in Europe. The character of this institution was peculiar. It had come to be virtually a club of high ecclesiastics united with a divinity school. Around the quadrangle adjoining the sumptuous church which Richelieu had made his mausoleum, were chambers for a considerable number of eminent theologians, and for a smaller number of divinity students of high birth, great promise, or especial influence. Though fallen from its highest estate, its prestige was still great. Its modes of instruction, its discussions, its public exercises, futile though they often

were, certainly strengthened many men intellectually, but generally in ways not especially helpful to their civic development. With Turgot it was otherwise. He soon won the respect and admiration of all in the establishment by his moral earnestness, by his intellectual vigor, by the thoroughness of his general studies, and by his devotion to leading lines of special study, theological and political.

So rapid was this recognition that within six months of his entrance at the Sorbonne his position as a scholar and thinker was recognized in a manner most significant: he was elected by his associates to be their prior; the highest distinction they could offer.

It thus became his duty to deliver two discourses, one on taking office, and one several months later.

The subject of the first of these was "The Services rendered to the World by Christianity." In this he laid stress upon the morality developed by the Christian religion, upon its ideals and its practices as compared with those of the pagan world, upon its nobler view of the relations of mankind to God and to one another, upon the beneficent impulses which had proceeded from it, upon the salutary restraints it had imposed, upon its incidental benefits to science, and upon the new fields it had given to literature and art. But to its theological garb, — its dogmas, forms, observances, and even to its miraculous sanctions, there was hardly a reference.

There were, indeed, a few perfunctory limitations and concessions due to his environment, but throughout the whole discourse he showed clearly that he cared nothing for proselytism, and abhorred intolerance. Noteworthy was it that his tributes were paid, not to churchmanship, but to Christianity. Curious, as showing the ideas of his time, is his reference to the architectural triumphs of the Roman Empire. Speaking especially of the circus and amphitheatre as monuments of Roman skill, power, greatness, and inhumanity, he bursts forth into an

¹ For a short account of the Assignats and Mandats of the French Revolution, see *Fiat Money Inflation in France, How it Came, What it Brought, and How it Ended*. By ANDREW D. WHITE. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1896. For a more extended treatment of the subject, see Levasseur, *Histoire des Classes Ouvrières avant 1789*, liv. i, chap. 6.

² The very remarkable speeches of Mr. Garfield, afterward President of the United States, which had so great an influence on the settlement of the inflation question throughout the Union, were on the main lines laid down in Turgot's letter.

apostrophe: "How much more I love those Gothic edifices designed for the poor and the orphans! Monuments of the piety of Christian princes and of religion: even though your rude architecture repels us, you will always be dear to tender hearts." Here is manifest the spirit shown at that same period by the wife of John Adams, who, when she passed Canterbury Cathedral, had no thought of entering, but compared it in appearance to a prison; and the spirit of Thomas Jefferson, who, while he adored a ruined classic temple, — the *Maison Carrée* at Nîmes, — drove for days through eastern France, so rich in cathedrals and churches, and never noticed them.

Many expressions give evidence of Turgot's keen vision. Of certain philosophers he speaks as "indifferent to the gross errors of the multitude, but misled by their own, which had only the frivolous advantage of subtlety."

This discourse, while causing misgivings among the older sort of theologians, increased his influence among the younger; even sundry bishops and archbishops expressed almost boundless admiration for him. But their tributes seem to have had no injurious effect upon him; they seem only to have increased his zeal in seeking truth and his power in proclaiming it.

Some months later came his second discourse, — its subject being "The Successive Advances of the Human Mind."

This was vastly superior to his earlier effort, especially in originality, breadth, and clearness. Its fundamental idea was that the human race, under the divine government, is steadily perfecting itself. In view of the discouragements and disenchantments the world has encountered since that day, it is difficult to appreciate the strength of this belief; but there can be no doubt that it inspired and sustained him throughout all his labors and disappointments, even to the end of his life. In combination with this was his fundamental idea on the philosophy of history, given in these words: "All the ages are

linked together by a sequence of causes and effects which connects the existing state of the world with all that has preceded it."

No doubt that, as to its form, there was a hint from Bossuet's famous discourse on universal history; but in Turgot's work one finds a freedom and breadth of vision greater by far than had been shown in any other historical treatise up to his time. In every part of it were utterances which, though many of them have now become truisms, were then especially illuminative. One passage shows a striking foresight. Speaking of colonial systems, he develops an idea of Montesquieu, and says: "Colonies, like fruits, are only held fast to the trees up to the time of their maturity. Having become ripe, they do that which Carthage did, and which America will one day do."¹ Thus was the American Revolution prophesied by Turgot in 1750, nearly a quarter of a century before leading American patriots began to foresee it. Bear in mind that Franklin denied a tendency in America toward independence very nearly up to the time of the Declaration, and that, less than two years before the Declaration, Washington wrote that independence was desired by no thinking man in America.²

In close relations with this second discourse were Turgot's sketches in *Universal History and Geography*. Only fragments of these remain, but they give us the torso of a great philosophic and historic creation. As in all his writings in this field, the fundamental idea was that the development of the human race goes on, ever, by the methods and toward the goal fixed by the Almighty, and is proof of the divine forethought and wisdom.

¹ For the famous prophecy regarding America, see Turgot, *Œuvres*, tome ii, p. 602, in the *Collection d'Économistes*, tome iv.

² For an excellent statement regarding the reluctance of leading American thinkers — both Whigs and Tories — to foresee independence, and especially for the attitude of Franklin and Washington toward the question, see M. C. Tyler, *Literary History of the American Revolution*, vol. i, pp. 458 ff.

While one does not find in it the confident theological statements of the first Sorbonne discourse, the theistic view is never lost. Regarding this work, the most sober and restrained among all the modern historians of France declares, "There is nothing greater in the eighteenth century than Turgot's plea against Rousseau, regarding the tendency and high destiny of universal humanity."¹

In taking account of Turgot's writings, both at this period and during his after life, his early training may well be noted. It not only included a vast range of general reading, but the foundation of the whole was the best discipline and culture to be obtained from mathematical and classical studies, while not neglecting natural history. Like Lord Bacon, he seemed "to take all knowledge for his province." With leading philosophers of his time he corresponded on even terms. As to mathematics and astronomy, he occupied himself at various periods, even to the end of his life, with the works of such princes in that realm as Newton, Euler, and their disciples; as to natural science, he interested himself especially in geology and kindred studies, and corresponded with Buffon; as to the classics, the range of his reading was astonishing, and as to his faculty in Latin, it may be mentioned that the two great discourses at the Sorbonne, as well as other writings during his scholastic life, were first written and delivered in that language. In this field bloomed one of the flowers of modern Latin poetry: his tribute to Franklin,—*"Eripuit caelo fulmen sceptrumque tyrannis."* Of all tributes ever paid to the American philosopher, this line undoubtedly sped farthest and struck deepest.

As to modern languages other than his own, he made extended translations of leading English and German writers. Light is thrown upon his character by the fact that he wrote out, carefully, Pope's *Universal Prayer*.

On leaving the Sorbonne, at the age of

¹ See Henri Martin, *Histoire de France*, tome xvi, p. 186.

twenty-three years, he was confronted by the question as to his future profession. This he solved at once, declaring that he could not enter the priesthood, and that he purposed devoting himself to the law and the civil service.

From this decision several of his companions sought to dissuade him. They had, apparently, no more belief in the dominant theology than had Turgot. Though they were under the influence of the eighteenth-century philosophy, they evidently held that the great mass of people can never rise above the current beliefs of their time, and that certain men are appointed to control them by means of these beliefs, and to be well rewarded for exercising this control. They held up to Turgot the prospect of wealth and power in the ecclesiastical career, showed him that the most lofty positions in the Church would be his, and, knowing his patriotic aspirations, they especially displayed his opportunities in these positions to be of use to his country.

To all this Turgot made a reply which has passed into history. Thanking his friends for their kind efforts, he said, "Take for yourselves, if you like, the counsels which you give me, since you feel able to do so. Although I love you, I cannot understand how you are able to do it. As to myself, it is impossible for me, during my whole life, to wear a mask."²

² Various efforts have been made to show that this reply by Turgot, in view of his Sorbonne discourse and other contemporary utterances, is probably legendary; but the testimony of Dupont de Nemours is explicit, and there is no better authority. The statement made by Condorcet in his *Vie de Turgot* seems to strengthen rather than to weaken Dupont's account. Strangest of all, on the side of those who prefer to think these words legendary is the argument by August Oncken, Professor at Berne, who urges that, as Turgot was not an atheist, and as some of the highest dignitaries in the Church at that time did not hesitate to avow atheism, there was no reason why Turgot should make such a remark. This argument would seem fully to refute itself. Nothing, in view of Turgot's moral character,

Here these friends separated. Of those who became ecclesiastics, and sought to persuade Turgot to do likewise, were Véry, later Grand Vicar of Bourges; De Cicé, afterward a bishop; Boisgelin, who became an archbishop and a cardinal; and, above all, Loménie de Brienne, who secured the utmost of place and pelf which an ecclesiastic could obtain in France: two archbishoprics, a cardinal's hat, the post of Prime Minister, and, finally, retirement after merited political failure, with the plunder of several abbeys and the unbounded scorn of every right-thinking Frenchman from those days to these.

It may be remarked here that Brienne's effort to combine his "philosophic" views with the duties of a high ecclesiastic brought him to ruin. Rebuked by Pius VI, he flung back to the Pope his cardinal's hat; but not all his concessions to the Revolution could save him from its devotees; he died in 1793 in prison at Sens, the seat of his second archbishopric, after cruel insults from his revolutionary jailers, — the only doubt being whether he died as a result of their cruelty or by his own hand.¹

On the announcement of Turgot's decision, he was, to all appearance, speedily left behind by his old associates; but, in this new field, his moral and intellectual force rapidly won him promotion. Modest and quiet though he was, he must have had from the first a consciousness of his great abilities. This was never shown offensively, indeed, it may be justly said that it was never shown at all; but one thing he could not but show, and

this was his deep sense of responsibility for the use of his powers in every station to which they lifted him. Never at any time was he the prostitute attorney who from that day to this has burdened the world, never a venal defender of criminals, never a partner of marauders, never a hireling supporter of men and measures hostile to the welfare of his country or of mankind. Foremost in his heart and mind was devotion to the public good. Well did Malesherbes say that this devotion was in him "not merely a passion, but a *rage*."

Higher and higher positions were opened to him. In accepting them, there is ample evidence that his leading motives were constantly patriotic; but one such acceptance cost him dear. The Parliament of Paris, which had played so large and so noxious a part in French history, had become intolerable. Like the twelve other French parliaments its real functions were judicial; yet in spite of this, it had long usurped legislative and, at times, something very like executive functions. With occasionally a good thing to its credit, it had long been a curse to the country. When the sovereign was strong it had usually groveled; when he was weak it had usually rebelled. It had finally endeavored to block a series of absolutely necessary reforms, had been banished from Paris, and a new court had been established in its place. Into this court Turgot had been called, and had accepted the position; but thereby he aroused the bitter hatred of various old members and parasites of the Parliament, and among these was no less a personage than Choiseul, — perhaps the most powerful intriguer since Cardinal Mazarin.

Engrossing as was his professional work, Turgot still devoted himself to the study of all questions whose solution was important for France, — whether within or without his official duties. We find him constantly engaged in thorough research and profound thought, not only on political and administrative problems,

could be more likely under these very circumstances than such an utterance. It ought, also, to be said that, valuable as Oncken's book may be, there is, in all its treatment of the physiocrats and Turgot, far too much of that *de haut en bas* style, so often to be observed in references to a Frenchman of genius by a German of talent. See Oncken, *Geschichte der Nationalökonomie*, Leipzig, 1902, p. 436.

¹ See *Biographie Universelle*, article "Loménie." Also Rae, *Life of Adam Smith*, pp. 177, 178.

but on great questions in science, in philosophy, and in literature.

Of all he wrote at that early period, by far the most interesting to the general scholar were his discourses and his drafts of elaborate treatises upon universal history and political geography. These show an amazing breadth of knowledge, and a no less wonderful grasp of the significance of events, especially in their bearing on human progress. They impress themselves deeply on the reader, not only by their matter, but by their style. Out of the innumerable pungent expressions of weighty truths in them, one may be cited as containing food for reflection in America of the twentieth century, — "Greed is the ambition of barbarians."

He did not lose himself in these broader views of human destiny; he constantly studied the practical problems rising in his own country, — most of all, those which pertained to public administration; and in this latter field also he became more and more widely known throughout France, and, indeed, through Europe. The French *Encyclopédie*, so powerful in bringing in a new epoch, gives striking evidence of the vastness of his fields of thought and of his thoroughness in cultivating them. He wrote several of its most valuable articles, and while their subjects lay in widely differing provinces, all were recognized as authoritative, and each took high rank as combining the best results of wide observation, wise reflection, close criticism, illuminating thought, and thorough sympathy with the best currents of opinion flowing through his time.

But the most directly important in the series of writings thus begun were those upon Toleration.

About the year 1753 the ecclesiastical power in France was making every effort to restore the old persecution policy of Louis XIV. That policy had culminated in the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, involving enormous cruelty to the best part of the middle classes, the exile of the most thoughtful manufacturers and their adherents, with a transfer of various great

industries to rival nations. Thus began an evil epoch in France, which is, indeed, not yet fully finished. The injury thereby done has been not only material, but, even to a greater degree, political and moral. When one considers the history of Germany, England, and the United States, it seems certain that had that vast body of Huguenots who were driven by the bigotry of Louis XIV into those countries been allowed to remain in their own, the Jacobin phase of the French Revolution and all the ruin and misery which that and the various despotisms following it inflicted upon France would have been impossible.¹

After that monstrous intolerance there had, indeed, come a milder policy, but in Turgot's time there had set in a reaction against this, and a large body of courtiers were, by clerical influence and ecclesiastical pressure, brought over to the idea of restoring the old system of persecution, and were doing their best to bring Louis XV into it. Against all this Turgot wrote his *Letters on Toleration*, and his *Conciliateur*. As a motto for the latter he took the noble words of Fénelon: "No human power can destroy the liberty of the affections. When kings interfere in matters of religion they do not protect it, — they enslave it." He then showed cogently the reasons why toleration was true statesmanship: that in matters of belief neither right nor expediency sanctions state interference, and that toleration should be carried to the farthest point possible.

Especially characteristic are the first words of his first letter. They embody the doctrines which in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries have taken or are taking possession of all the really great powers of the world. These words are as follows: "You demand 'what is the pro-

¹ For a most careful and thorough statement of the injury done to French interests by the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, see Levasseur, *Histoire des Classes Ouvrières et de l'Industrie en France, avant 1789*, Deuxième Édition, vol. ii, pp. 344 et seq.

tection which the state ought to give to the dominant religion?' I answer, speaking exactly to the point, 'No religion has the right to demand any other protection than liberty, and it loses its rights to this liberty when its doctrines or worship are contrary to the interest of the state.'" ¹

He then goes on to argue that the only cases in which the State has a right to take cognizance of dogmas are those where clear, direct results upon the public safety are concerned. Hence, he argues the right to exclude polygamy. But he constantly takes pains to show that a government should be slow in concluding that the practical results of any dogma are injurious. While constantly respectful to the religion in which he had been nurtured, he urges the establishment of a system of education which shall make moral men and good citizens, leaving to the Church the teaching of religion.

Of course, all this led to resistance. In spite of his efforts to make every possible concession to the clergy consistent with the welfare of his country, their leaders now began to treat him as an enemy. Despite his deeply religious nature, which always kept him from the aggressive excesses of Voltaire and the French philosophers generally, he was none the less marked as an object of ecclesiastical hatred; and from that day to this he has been maligned by the representatives of those he thus angered. Even in recent years, a venomous biography of him in pamphlet form has been spread throughout France. The men who accomplished this piece of work thought, doubtless, that they were doing a service to the Church. Possibly they were; for this libel upon Turgot, revered as he finally is by every thinking French patriot, is undoubtedly one of the causes which have in our own time produced the most effective of all French revolts against clerical sway, — the abolition of the teaching congregations and the divorce of the French Church from the State.

In all these writings Turgot was at his

¹ See Turgot, *Œuvres*, tome ii, p. 675.

best, — clear, strong, and effective. His plea for toleration became at once a main agency in ending all plans and intrigues to entangle Louis XV in the persecuting policy of Louis XIV. In this, as in his other arguments, there was a remarkable depth and breadth of thought, with quiet force in expression. Here and there they take an epigrammatic form, but never at the cost of truth. There are pithy statements, cogent phrases, illuminating summaries, but all permeated by an earnestness which forces conviction, — as no utterances of a venal advocate could ever do. Their ability and honesty carried them far. Through Frederick the Great they made a triumphant entrance into Germany; through Franklin and Jefferson they entered America; through Cavour they took possession of Italy; and through Waldeck-Rousseau and Combes they have won France.

Mention should be made here of Turgot's ideas on education. His presentation of this subject, like that of his views on many other subjects, had begun in private letters to honored friends; his earlier thoughts upon it being given in his correspondence with a gifted writer, Mademoiselle Graffigny. The roots of many of them are to be found in Locke, but their best development is his own. Very striking is his treatment of the Rousseau ideas which became such an affliction to the world a few years later. With his usual clearness of vision, Turgot forewarned France against that hotbed of folly, the "State of Nature" theory, in which were to sprout the sentimentalism and ferocity of the Reign of Terror, with Robespierre as its most gaudy flower.

During this period, also, Turgot was deepening and extending his study of political economy. Up to his time hardly a germ had appeared of the modern science of economics, and little if any practical recognition of those truths in political economy which are considered in this century as fundamental. These problems had now become crucial. The fate of the monarchy was hanging upon them. Col-

bert, the greatest of the ministers of Louis XIV, and the most devoted to French interests, had, indeed, carried on what was called the "mercantile system," but that was simply the building up of favored industries, — a makeshift system which considered all competing nations as enemies to be bullied, cajoled, or crushed.

Colbert, as Comptroller-General, had stood at the head of French industry as a great manufacturer stands at the head of his mill; grasping, conceding, using cunning or force as the case might seem to need. His was a system carried out by innumerable edicts, decrees, regulations, often conflicting, always leading to much trouble within France, planting the seeds of terrible war between France and her neighbors. This system it was which had most to do with bringing on the exhausting war with the Netherlands, which finally entangled and embarrassed every leading European power, and brought France to the verge of bankruptcy.¹

Bad as this system was, its evils were mitigated as long as a really great man like Colbert stood at its centre; but after him its results speedily showed themselves to all men; and finally, under the Regency and Louis XV, his successors, without either his genius or his honesty, brought France to wretchedness. Of these, the Abbé Terray was an example. Terray's only effort had been to squeeze out of the nation the largest sums possible for the king and court, without regard to the public interest. Some industries were protected into debility, others were taxed out of existence. Loans were raised without regard to the danger of bankruptcy; more and more, under him, was developed utter carelessness regarding national financial honor.

One of the consequences of this system is especially instructive. Certainly no

system is so costly as one which tampers in the slightest degree with national credit. So it proved in this case. State loans could be obtained only at rates of interest which would make up to the lender not only the proper usance, but the risks rising from the caprices of ministers, the trickery of courtiers, and the general want of financial probity.

Even while this system held full sway, various thinkers had stirred new thought on economic doctrines as applied to national administration. Early among these was Locke, but the first man who began effectively to lay a basis for the modern science of political economy in France was Quesnay. He had contributed articles to the *Encyclopédie*, especially upon agriculture and the regulation of the grain trade; and these articles attracted attention and formed a school of thinkers. Gradually there was brought together a body of patriotic and thoughtful men who cared little for the prizes held out by court favor, but much for the substantial prosperity of their country; these were known as the "Economists," or, more widely and permanently, as the "Physiocrats."

In the thinking of these men lay some fallacies. A natural reaction from the mercantile policy of Colbert led them to lay stress almost entirely upon the agricultural interest. They believed the soil the only source of real wealth, agriculture the only productive labor, and all other forms of labor essentially different from agriculture, as not adding to real values.

Mistaken as their theory was, and injurious as it at times became in the legislation of the years following, its defects were far more than atoned for by the real contributions which they made to economic science. In their whole history we see a striking evidence of the truth that exact statements of fact do far more good than mistaken theories can do harm. Indeed, their mistaken doctrine was vastly outweighed for good by another on which they laid especial stress: this was that

¹ For a brief but fair judgment of Colbert and his policy, see Adam Smith, *Wealth of Nations*, chap. 9; and for a not less impartial but far more thorough judgment, see Levasseur, *Histoire des Classes Ouvrières*, as above, tome ii, chap. 3.

the main trust of nations should be, as far as possible, in individual initiative, — in the general good sense and ability of men to look better after their own interests than any government or any functionary can do.

This idea, that governments should govern as little as possible, was a force sure to produce good effects in that chaos of general and local powers, general and provincial tariffs, monopolies, special privileges, interferences of functionaries, and governmental meddling of every sort. The economists first planted in the modern world the idea of commercial and industrial liberty as both right and expedient; more than any other thinkers they enforced the statement that "every man should be allowed to buy or sell when he pleases, where he pleases, as he pleases, and as much or as little as he pleases." They first gave to the world that formula which has since exercised such power in the political economy of France and of the world: "*Laissez faire, laissez passer.*"

With Colbert, carefully planned regulation from the centre of government had been everything; with Quesnay and his followers toward the end of Louis XV's reign, liberty for manufactures and trade was everything; with men of the former school, that government was best which governed 'most; with men of this new school, that government was best which governed least.

The Economists naturally won Turgot's sympathy. In that seething mass of courtiers, ecclesiastics, sham statesmen, tax contractors, venal lawyers and mistresses, — all pushing for place and pelf without regard to the future of their country, it was inevitable that he should turn to the only body of true men and strong thinkers who really had at heart the interests of France. One of these, Gournay, had an especially happy influence upon him. Gournay had been made Intendant of Commerce, and his duties obliged him to travel through various provinces of France in order to study

commercial interests, and the condition of the people. During two years Turgot accompanied him on these journeys and devoted himself to the practical questions constantly arising, thus becoming familiar with the needs of all classes and the best ways of meeting them. Although Gournay died a few years later, his influence over Turgot remained. Well has one of Turgot's recent biographers said: "Almost every social and every economic improvement in Europe and America for the last hundred years or more has had its germ in the teachings of men who belonged to that early school of French Economists."¹

And here let me commend the example of Turgot and Gournay to American students who may be ambitious to take part in public life. To such I would say: having developed your powers by the best means accessible, bring yourselves early into touch with men as they are, with facts as they are, with problems to be actually solved, and with the practical solutions of them. As early in your career as possible get yourselves placed on town boards, county boards, grand and petit juries. De Tocqueville was right when he pointed out jury duty as a great political education in this republic. Study men and things in town meetings, in county sessions, in public institutions created to deal with evil and develop good. But while thus keeping in relations with everyday practice, do something by reading and reflection to keep yourselves abreast of the higher thinking on political and social questions. Mingle with your practical observations study and reading in history, political economy, and social science, under the best guides you can find. In these days our leading universities, seeking to send out into public service men who shall unite practical knowledge with the higher thinking, seem our best agencies for sane progress and our best barriers against insane whimsies. James Bryce, the most competent foreign observer of American affairs since De

¹ See Stephens, *Life of Turgot*, p. 65.

Tocqueville, has cogently supported this view.

But while Turgot sympathized with the Physiocrats, even in some of their errors, he never surrendered to them or to any sect, religious, philosophical, or economic, his full liberty of thought. One of the most striking passages in all his writings is his discussion of the sect spirit, and it can be read with quite as much profit in the twentieth century as in the eighteenth. He says: "It is the sect spirit which arouses 'against useful truths' enemies and persecutions. When an isolated person modestly proposes what he believes to be the truth, he is listened to if he is right, and forgotten if he is wrong. But when even learned men have once formed themselves into a body, and say '*we*,' and think they can impose laws upon public opinion, then public opinion revolts against them, and with justice, for it ought to receive laws from truth alone, and not from any authority. Every such society sees its badge worn by the stupid, the crack-brained, and the ignorant, proud in joining themselves to it to give themselves airs." ¹

In 1761 came one of the main turning points in Turgot's career. His merits had so generally aroused attention that the ministry now determined to avail themselves of them, and he was made Intendant of Limoges.

The "intendancies," or "generalities," were among the most effective organizations developed by the absolute monarchy in France in its effort to make head against the manifold and monstrous confusions which finally brought on the Revolution.

To all appearance, the old provinces — dating from the Middle Ages, and earlier — were the important divisions of France, and the men placed over them as governors were the most showy figures in local administration; but, in fact, these governors were, as a rule, courtiers sent to the various provincial capitals, some-

times as a reward, sometimes as a ridicule. The really important divisions had become the "generalities" or "intendancies," which had been carved out of the old provinces. To take charge of these it was thought best to have men who knew something and could do something. Turgot, though hampered badly by the central authority at Paris and Versailles, thus became, in a sense, viceroy of an important part of central France. Though the work set before him in this capacity might well seem thankless, he gladly embraced it. With his ability and knowledge he might have shone in the salons of the capital as a man of science or letters, — but there was a chance here to render a service to his country by showing what could be done in carrying out better ideas of administration, and this determined his choice.

The district to which he now gave thirteen of the best years of his life was one of the poorest and most neglected in France. Authentic pictures of it during the period before Turgot's intendency are distressing: the worst abuses of absolutism and feudalism had enjoyed full and free course, — with poverty, ignorance, and famine as their constant results. The Marquis de Mirabeau declared that the food of the peasantry, as a rule, was buckwheat, chestnuts, and radishes; that there was no wheat bread, no butcher's meat; that at best the farmer killed one pig a year; that the dwellings of the peasantry were built of raw clay roofed with thatch, — without windows, with the beaten ground as a floor, — and that their clothes were rags. Taine tells us that there were no ploughs of iron, that in many cases the plough of Virgil's time was still in use.² Boudet declares: "Everything in these God-forsaken countries reflected the image of ignorance and barbarism, in the middle of the eighteenth century." One expression in a letter from Turgot to a rural functionary throws

² This may well be; for the present writer saw, in 1856, the plough of Virgil's time in various parts of Italy.

¹ See quotation in Higgs, *History of the Physiocrats*, p. 4.

light upon the intellectual condition of the people: he says, "I have seen with pain that in some parishes the curate alone has signed, because no one else could write." And Turgot follows this with exhortations to spread the rudiments of an ordinary education.¹

His first care in this new position was to secure thorough and trustworthy information. To this end he set at work every agent under his control or influence, and sought not only accurate knowledge of conditions, but the widest possible acquaintance with men. Especially striking were his friendly letters to the parish priests; though differing from them in religious theories, he besought their aid in behalf of a better system among the people at large. Nothing could exceed his kindly sympathy with them and the shrewdness and tact of his questions; and to the credit of the French rural priesthood it must be said that they were won by Turgot's evident devotion to their poverty-stricken parishioners, and that they effectively aided him in his efforts to know the exact condition of every part of the intendancy and to secure acquaintance with vast numbers of men, even among the humblest, who had ability or real character.

He infused his spirit also into his official agents. Addressing the officers of police of Limoges, he said, "The way to succeed is to reply with suavity and in detail to the popular complaints you every day hear,—to speak more in the language of reason than in that of authority."

Turgot's first grapple was with the *taille*, or land tax. No tax could have been more unjustly laid: the nobility and clergy virtually escaped it, and it therefore fell with crushing force upon the middle and lower classes.

He was powerless to abolish it, but, in every way possible, he mitigated it. It had become absurd, both in its character and administration. Local men of influence

used every sort of intrigue to escape it; inequalities and injustice made it especially obnoxious to the poorer and weaker classes. Turgot wrought steadily to mitigate the exactions of the central government, and though his representations were never wholly yielded to, they at least lightened the burden. He also sought to secure real information as to the exact ability of every community, and, indeed, of every unit in each community throughout his intendancy, to bear taxation; but efforts to abolish the *taille* he was obliged to reserve for a later period. Not only were these great taxes imposed with injustice; they were collected with inhumanity. The duty of collecting this and other taxes known as "direct" was forced upon unpaid peasants and other men of small means in a way which often brought them to ruin. Fundamental in the practice of the time was the personal responsibility of collectors for the whole tax of their districts, and the added responsibility of selected taxpayers for the total amount required: all being responsible for the taxation of each, and each for the taxation of all. For this state of things Turgot substituted within his jurisdiction a system of collectors carefully selected and suitably paid, and in various other ways greatly mitigated the hardships of the older practice.²

Still another of his efforts, which proved to be far more successful, and which set an example to France and, indeed, to the world, was his dealing with the royal *corvée* for public works. It had been devised first under feudalism; it had then been carried still further by the central monarchical government as an easy means of financial oppression. Against feudal *corvées*, Turgot could do little or nothing, but his main attack was upon the royal

¹ See citations in Stephens, *Life of Turgot*, pp. 26-32.

² For a very full and lucid statement of the classification and imposition of the taxes before the Revolution in France, see Esmein, *Histoire du Droit Français*, Paris, 1901, pp. 573 *et seq.* For a brief but especially clear summary, see Rambaud, *Histoire de la Civilisation Française*, Paris, 1897, chap. 9.

corvée. This consisted mainly of two parts: first, the making and repairing of the public roads, and, secondly, the transportation of military stores, by the forced labor of the peasantry. The immediate result of this system as regards the public works had been that they were wretched, — the roads almost impassable in bad weather, — and their cost enormous. This outcome of that old French system we can understand by looking at a similar method in various parts of our own country. Probably in few other parts of the civilized world have roads been so bad as in the state of New York, and the main cause of this is a survival of this same old system by which the rural population were required to construct the highways, and allowed to make them as badly as the most narrow-minded of them pleased.

But this was the least of evils under the French system. Bad as was the condition of the public roads, it was better than the condition of the peasants themselves: they were liable to be withdrawn from their work at any moment in order to repair the roads for the passage of this magnate or that body of soldiers. To make matters worse, there came the transportation of military stores and munitions, — an even more disheartening burden: no matter how occupied their farm animals might be, army material of every sort must be transported at a moment's warning, nominally at about one fourth of what would have been a fair compensation, — really, in most cases, without compensation at all. The loss of effective labor and the disabling of their beasts of burden became fearfully oppressive: cases are authentically mentioned where the farmers of large districts were left after such *corvées* virtually without draught animals.

Against this whole system Turgot won a victory. For the *corvées* he substituted a moderate tax, and instead of building roads after the old shiftless plan, he had them made in accordance with the specifications of good engineers, under careful-

ly drawn contracts; with the result that throughout his intendency a network of highways was developed better than any others then known in France, and at a cost far below the sums which had previously been wasted upon them.

Closely connected with these measures was the breaking down of barriers to internal commerce. One can hardly believe in these days the perfectly trustworthy accounts of the French internal "protective" system in those. Typical is the fact that on the Loire between Orleans and Nantes, a distance of about two hundred miles, there were twenty-eight custom-houses; and that between Gray and Arles, on the rivers Saone and Rhone, a distance of about three hundred miles, the custom-houses numbered over thirty, causing long delays, and taking from twenty-five to thirty per cent in value of all the products transported.

Pathetic and farcical is the story of M. Blanchet's wine, — a true story. M. Blanchet bought a quantity of wine in the extreme south of France, intending to bring it to Paris. At the chief village of each little district duties were levied upon it, not only for the municipality, but for various individuals. At Nevers five separate and distinct tariffs were levied, — one for the Duc de Nevers, one for the mayor and town council, one each for two privileged nobles, and one for the bishop. At Poids de Fer four different tariffs were imposed, at Cosne two, and so on, at place after place, single, double, triple, or even more numerous duties by towns, lords spiritual, lords temporal, monasteries, nunneries, and the like, along the whole distance.¹

To break down such barriers as these, Turgot exerted himself to the utmost;

¹ For the customs duties on the Loire and elsewhere, see Levasseur, *Histoire des Classes Ouvrières*, etc., as above, tome ii, p. 83. For a multitude of instructive details, see Taine, *The Ancient Régime*, Durand's translation, book v, chap. 2. For Blanchet's wine, see the detailed account given in Stourm, *Les Finances de l'Ancien Régime et de la Révolution*, tome i, pp. 473-474.

and, in logical connection with these efforts, he obtained in 1763 a declaration from the king permitting free trade in grain, followed during the next year by another edict to the same purpose. In thus declaring against an internal protective system, especially as regards agriculture, he braved a deep-seated public opinion. Every province insisted that, when Heaven had given it a good crop, it should have the main enjoyment of that crop, and that, whether crops were good or bad, the only safety from famine was in the existing system of "protection."

To educate public opinion, Turgot wrote, in 1764, his *Letters on Free Trade in Grain*. They were mainly prepared during various official journeys, and dashed off at country inns, wherever he found himself. It was a hard struggle. Of all things done by him during the Limoges period these letters and the effort to put their ideas into practice brought upon him the most bitter opposition. From the Abbé Terray down to the people who suffered most by the old order of things, all attacked him. There came mobs and forcible suppression of them. But Turgot, braving the bitter opposition both of theorists and of mobs, insisted that the consecrated system of interfering with the free circulation of grain throughout the kingdom was one of the greatest causes of popular suffering; and while this argument of his had but a temporary effect at that period, it afterward did more than anything else to prepare the French mind for the final breaking up of that whole system of internal protection, — with the result that famines disappeared forever.

In close relation to this was his direct grapple with famine, in 1771 and 1772. Famines in various parts of continental Europe were frequent throughout the Middle Ages and, indeed, down to the French Revolution; and they were produced by the same causes which underlie the frequent and terrible famines in Russia to-day: ignorance, superstition, want of public spirit, want of that knowledge

in agriculture and political economy necessary to maintain a suitable supply, want of discernment between harassing regulations which increase the evil and the liberty which prevents it.

The measures which Turgot took in his house-to-house and hand-to-hand struggle against peasant starvation are given in detail by various biographers, and they present a wonderful combination of sound theory with common-sense practice. These measures proved to be more successful than those of any other intendant in France; and it is worthy of note that, in the midst of all the severe labors which this effort imposed upon him, he was steadily on his guard to prevent the people from becoming beggars. The ingenuity of his devices to avoid this evil makes them worthy of study even in our day. Nor should his private efforts to aid the starving be forgotten: in these he not only exhausted his own immediate resources, but incurred personal debts to the amount of twenty thousand livres.

Of especial value also were his exertions to improve the wretched agriculture of the country. In various ways he stimulated agricultural studies; he introduced new food plants and grasses, and, with these, the potato. Here came curious opposition, not only in France, but in other countries. It was claimed that potatoes ought not to be eaten, because they produced leprosy, and also because no mention of them was made in Scripture. By a world of pains, and especially by inducing the upper classes to adopt potatoes as a part of their diet, he at last wore away these prejudices; but to aid in overcoming them finally, no less a personage than the king himself was induced to order the new vegetable served at his own table.

An evil with which he then grappled — in some respects the most serious of all — was the prevailing militia system. It greatly injured not only the industry, but the personal character, of the people. Its whole administration by the nobility

who commanded in the various regiments was barbarously cruel, and among all the evils which beset the peasantry of France, this service was the most detested. Exemptions from it were, indeed, many, but they were entirely in favor of the upper classes. So dreaded did the drawing of militiamen become that young men, in great numbers, deserted the villages, and large country districts were at times thus crippled for want of laborers. Those who had been so fortunate as not to be chosen then joined in the chase of those who had drawn unlucky numbers, and innumerable petty civil wars were thus promoted.

Turgot dealt with this subject after his usual fashion: he studied it carefully, appealed to the peasantry judiciously, secured volunteers by bounties, and made the whole system not only less obnoxious, but appreciated as never before by those whose temperaments best fitted them for army life. Closely connected with the other evils of the militia system was the custom of billeting troops upon the inhabitants, — resulting in endless conflicts and immoralities. Turgot constructed barracks, kept the troops in them, and thus relieved his people materially and morally.¹

Hardly less fruitful were his efforts to stimulate and extend manufactures. To him, in large measure, is due the creation of that vast porcelain industry at Limoges, which, in our own time, largely in the hands of Americans, has produced works of ceramic art hardly equaled in beauty or value by those of any nation outside of France.

But his efforts had a wider scope. While struggling thus to save and improve the people of his intendency, he was constantly writing reports, most carefully thought out, to clear the vision and improve the methods of the ministry at Paris, and these have remained of great value ever since. Noteworthy is the fact that when Napoleon took in hand the ad-

ministration of France his main studies, in preference to all else that he had received from the old French monarchy, were the reports and discussions of Turgot.²

So great was Turgot's success in making his government an oasis in the desert of French rural misery that it finally became a matter of interest, not only in France, but throughout Europe. This led his friends to urge upon him other and more lucrative positions, among these the intendency of Lyons. But all such attempts he discouraged. He felt that it was more important to show France what could be done by carrying out a better system in some one province, no matter how poor; and all personal considerations yielded to this feeling.

While thus abolishing throughout his intendency some of the worst oppressions of the absolute monarchy, he was steadily mitigating feudal evils. Worthy of special note is it that down to this period, hardly twenty years before the Revolution, the nobility not only persisted in all the monstrous exactions which had been developed during the Middle Ages, but took advantage of famine to sell agricultural produce to their peasants at starvation prices, to break the agreements which they had made with them, and to evade contributing to save them from starvation. Against this Turgot exerted himself to the utmost, straining his authority even beyond its legal limits, until he had forced the great landed proprietors to treat their peasantry with more humanity. To do this, of course, endangered his position. The nobility naturally had friends at court, and through these they made the corridors and salons of Versailles resound with their complaints against his interference.

It would seem that in all this heavy work he would have found full scope for his ability. Not so. During this period he

¹ For striking revelations of the militia horrors, see Taine, *Ancient Régime*, book v, chap. 4.

² See Daire, Introduction to the *Œuvres de Turgot*, p. lviii, and for Turgot's Reports on Mines and Quarries, etc., etc., see the *Œuvres*, tome ii, pp. 130 *et seq.*

found full time to write essays and treatises, which have exerted a happy influence upon France and upon Europe from that day to this.

As the first and greatest of these should be mentioned his treatise, "On the Formation and Distribution of Wealth." It was written in 1766 and published about three years later. Though he accepted the fundamental fallacy of his fellow economists in making agriculture the sole source of real production, this work was fruitful in good. Even his errors, resulting, as they did, from honest thinking, led men to the discovery of new truths.

Perhaps its greatest result was the stimulus it gave to Adam Smith, who shortly after it was written visited France, made acquaintance with leading Physiocrats, including Turgot, and about ten years later, in 1776, published that work which Buckle declares "probably the most important book ever written," the *Wealth of Nations*.¹

Regarding the relations of Turgot to Adam Smith growths of partisanship have sprung up, many of them, on either side, more rank than just. Of this there is not the slightest need. While we may recognize the fact that Buckle, in his panegyric of Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, forgot Grotius's *De Jure Belli ac Pacis*, and while one of the latest and most competent editors of the *Wealth of Nations* acknowledges that its author "was greatly indebted to the Economists," and that "in the first book, important passages will be found which are almost transcripts from Turgot's divisions and arguments," we must agree that Smith's place is secure among the foremost bene-

factors of the modern world, and that Turgot, though his arguments were presented in a different form and manner, stands closely beside him.² But while a place in the highest rank must be assigned to Adam Smith, and while it must be conceded that he cleared political economy of Physiocratic error regarding the relation of agriculture to the production of wealth, it is only just to keep in mind that, ten years before Adam Smith's book appeared, Turgot, as one of the most fair and competent of American economists has shown, made the first analysis of distribution into wages, profits, and rent, discussed the distribution of labor, the nature and employment of capital and the doctrine of wages, gave the main arguments for free trade and free labor, laid down some of the fundamental principles of taxation, and asserted very many other doctrines precious to the modern world, — and that he did this with a force and lucidity to which Smith never attained.

In forming an opinion of the characteristics and claims of these two great men, it may well be taken into account that while Smith's work was the result of inductions from facts observed during his whole life and passed upon during twenty years of steady labor on these and similar subjects, the work with which Turgot preceded him was struck out in the thick of all his vast labors as Intendant of Limoges and as adviser to the central government of France on a multitude of theoretical and practical questions, and that it was written, not as an elaborate treatise, but simply as a letter to two gifted Chinese students who, having studied for a period in France, were returning to their native land. Each of the two works has vast merits, but as an exhibition of amazing original power, that of Turgot unquestionably stands first.³

² See Thorold Rogers, *Introduction to Smith's Wealth of Nations*, Oxford, 1880, chap. 23.

³ For the statement above referred to, see Seligman, Review of Léon Say's "Turgot," *Political Science Quarterly*, vol. iv, p. 180, cited by R. P. Shepherd in his *Turgot and the Six*

¹ Buckle makes this assertion twice, and to his first declaration adds that the work "is certainly the most valuable contribution ever made by a single man towards establishing the principles on which government should be based." *History of Civilization in England*, American Edition, vol. i, chap. 4; vol. ii, chap. 6. For interesting particulars of the intercourse between Adam Smith and the Physiocrats, including his opinion of Turgot, see Rae, *Life of Adam Smith*, London, 1895, chap. 14.

Still another treatise in this same field of Turgot's activity was his *Loans at Interest*, published in 1769. An attempt made within his district to defraud sundry bankers by accusing them of charging too high a rate of interest caused him to take up the whole subject of usance. For ages, France, like the rest of Europe, had suffered from the theological theory opposed to the taking of interest for money. From sundry texts of Scripture, from Aristotle, from such fathers of the Eastern Church as St. Basil, St. Chrysostom, and St. Gregory of Nyssa, from such fathers of the Western Church as St. Ambrose, St. Augustine, and St. Jerome, from St. Thomas Aquinas, the foremost of mediæval thinkers, from Bossuet, the most eminent of all French theologians, from Pope Leo the Great and a long series of Popes and Councils, and from a series almost as long of eminent Protestant divines, had come a theory against the taking of interest for money, and this had been enforced by multitudes of sovereigns in all parts of Christendom.

The results had been wretched. The whole policy of the Church having favored the expending of capital, there was far less theological opposition to waste and extravagance than to that investment of capital at interest without which no great progress of industry is possible.

Turgot's method of dealing with this question took high rank at once, and despite the authoritative treatises of Bentham and of Jean Baptiste Say, which appeared more than twenty years afterward, his may be counted as, on the whole, the most original and cogent work in the whole series of arguments which

Edicts, p. 32, which also contains a short but able discussion of the arguments between the partisans of Smith and of Turgot. Also John Morley, *Crit. Misc.*, vol. ii, p. 149. For perhaps the most magnanimous, concise, and weighty of all tributes to Adam Smith, see E. Levasseur, *L'Économie Politique au Collège de France*, in *La Revue des Cours Littéraires*, for December 20, 1879. For details regarding the two Chinese students, see Neymarck, *Turgot et ses Doctrines*, tome ii, pp. 345, 346.

have obliged every branch of the Christian Church to change its teachings, and all civilized governments to change their practice, regarding the taking of interest for money.¹

The last of Turgot's important writings during the Limoges period was his letter to Terray on protection to the French iron industry. In the course of this, not foreseeing the use of mineral coal in the manufacture of iron, he fell into a curious error. His theory was that only nations in an early stage of development, with great forests at their disposal for conversion into charcoal, can make iron. Strange as this idea seems to those who have observed the growth of the great iron industry in the leading modern nations, it must be confessed that his conclusion was better than some of his premises. His arguments favoring more freedom to the admission of iron may be read to good purpose even now, and one sentence, regarding protective duties between nations, may well be carefully pondered. It is as follows: "The truth is that in aiming to injure others we injure ourselves."

As time went on, Turgot's work at Limoges became more and more known and admired. Arthur Young, whose personal observations give us the best delineations of French agriculture before the Revolution, visiting the Limousin shortly after Turgot left it, dwelt upon the results of his administration as the best ever known in France up to that time; and Young's picture of the transformation of the whole region under Turgot's control

¹ See Léon Say, *Turgot*, Anderson's translation, p. 88; also Morley and Stephens.

For the passages from which the theological doctrine regarding interest was developed, see Leviticus, xxv: 36, 37; Deuteronomy, xxiii; Psalms, xv: 5; Ezekiel, xviii: 7, 17; St. Luke, vi: 35. For a detailed account of the long struggle against this form of unreason, and citations from a long line of authorities, see *A History of the Warfare of Science with Theology in Christendom*, by the present writer, vol. ii, chap. 19, on "The Origin and Progress of Hostility to Loans at Interest."

produced a marked effect on public opinion, not only in France, but throughout Great Britain and in Continental Europe.

During the last years of Louis XV, recognition had come to Turgot as never before. To men of public spirit, and especially to the philosophers who had long dreamed of realizing their ideals of a better government and a more prosperous people, he had become an idol. Even many who had mobbed him for his interference with agricultural protection in the provinces now became his strong support-

ers. Though he was intensely hated by a vast body of reactionaries, self-seekers, and grasping place and pelf, the great majority of thinking Frenchmen loved him all the more for the enemies he had made.

He had wrought and fought thirteen years in the intendancy when, in 1774, occurred the death of Louis XV. The accession of Louis XVI was hailed as the approach of a new and better epoch, and of all men who were thought capable of aiding to bring it in, Turgot was named most widely.

(To be continued.)

PIANISTS NOW AND THEN

BY W. J. HENDERSON

IN these infant days of the twentieth century the pianist stands next to the singer among the princes of the musical world. But it was not always so. The singer was the first to mount the public throne and reign with the sceptre of sweetened sound. Next came the violinist, and after him the virtuosi of wind instruments. Early concert programmes show the names of singers, and flute, horn, and oboe players, but not of manipulators of the keyboard. The concert pianist of to-day, sweeping the keyboard of his grand and the heart-strings of his hearers with sinewy hands, emerged slowly from the humble state of a poor dependent, creeping with anxious offerings to the door of his princely patron. It was not till almost the middle of the eighteenth century that the performance of solo feats on the harpsichord began to attract public attention and to form the substance of concerts.

The pianist is a child of the organ, for in the beginning the clavichord, one of the forerunners of the piano, was used for the home practice of organists. From that

state the instrument advanced to the dignity of becoming a home companion in the houses of the social elect. In 1529, for instance, Elena Bembo, daughter of the famous poet, Pietro Bembo, wrote to her father from the convent in which she was a pupil, asking that she might learn to play the monochord, the clavichord of that period. Bembo's answer, preserved in Caffi's *Storia della Musica*, and translated in Weitzmann's *History of Piano Forte Music*, runs thus:—

"Touching thy request for leave to play the monochord, I answer that by reason of thy tender years thou canst not know that this playing is an art for vain and frivolous women. And I would that thou shouldst be the most amiable, and the most chaste and modest maiden alive. Besides if thou wert to play badly, thy playing would cause thee little pleasure and no little shame. But in order to play well, thou must needs give up ten or twelve years to this exercise, without even thinking of aught else. And how far this would befit thee, thou canst see for thyself, without my telling it. Should thy

schoolmates desire thee to learn to play for their pleasure, tell them that thou dost not care to have them laugh at thy mortification. And content thyself with the pursuit of the sciences and the practice of needlework."

The teacher at Elena's convent was Adrian Willaert, the father of the great Venetian school of organists. He died laden with honors in 1562, and left behind him a splendid progeny of pupils who spread his doctrines through Italy and into other lands. But Willaert was not in any sense a piano virtuoso. The instrument of the time was nothing more than a small oblong box containing a few stretched wires, which were struck by brass uprights on the inner ends of the levers, the outer ends of which were depressed by the blows of the fingers. Not much could be done with this instrument, and yet from it developed the modern piano.

A lineal descendant of Willaert was the great Girolamo Frescobaldi, father of the Roman school of organ-playing. Frescobaldi was born in 1577 or 1578, and the days of his glory were from 1614 to 1640. He played in St. Peter's in 1614 to an audience as large as that now drawn by a Yale-Harvard football game. He was the greatest organist and clavierist of the first half of the seventeenth century; but to us as we look back, he stands forth wholly a church performer. He was not a pianist in even the early sense of the term.

Nevertheless he was a sire of virtuosi, for the famous Johann Jakob Froberger, of Halle, was his pupil. Froberger was a protégé of the Kaiser Ferdinand III, who sent him to Rome to study. In 1662, having become the greatest organist and clavier player in Europe, Froberger obtained permission to go to England. Westward the star of keyboard virtuosity took its way. Froberger went as an organist, but he was the *avant courier* of those pianists who have swarmed across the channel from the Continent for the London season, and those who now come three thousand miles across the western

ocean to gather the dollars of the sons of freedom.

England had not been without clavier¹ performers before Froberger's time. There is a pretty fable that the virginal, one of the early forms of the harpsichord, was so named in honor of the Virgin Queen, and there is a volume long called *Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book*, containing pieces by a coterie of English composers, including the good Dr. John Bull, who invented the theme stolen by Henry Cary for his *God Save the King*. But these men were all chapel-masters and private performers. Even Froberger made his sensation, not as a pianist, but as an organist.

On the way to England he was robbed and almost lost at sea. He went into Westminster Abbey to give thanks for his safety, and the organist offered him work as blower. When he blew, however, he neglected his duty and was discharged. He seized the opportunity a moment later to fill the organ with wind, and sound a few chords. A lady in the church had been his pupil. She said to herself, "It is Froberger's style." True enough, and so the organist was brought to the attention of the king, whom he much amazed with his feats upon the keyboard. Froberger must also have astonished some persons by his compositions. Mattheson, the German historian of musicians, says: "I possess an allemande by the formerly celebrated Froberger, intended to depict his perilous voyage on the Rhine. Therein is represented how one person hands the boatman his sword, and falls thereby into the water; there are twenty-six special notes, among them being a *casus* where the boatman gives the sufferer a shocking blow with his long pole." Verily this was the Richard Strauss of his day.

Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch, the English musical antiquarian, and his wife, must be thanked for giving contemporary music lovers some idea of the music played by these old-time virtuosi and of the instru-

¹ "Clavier" is German for piano, and also means the clavichord.

ments on which it was performed. One needs to hear a clavichord only once to realize that it could not have been used as a concert instrument. Its faint metallic tones are audible through a large room only when the resonance of the chamber is high and the auditors most attentive. The harpsichord, the instrument of a later period, was a little better suited to concert purposes. Its strings, plucked by the quills set in the uprights at the ends of the levers, gave forth a clear and penetrating twang. Under the fingers of such a virtuoso as Mrs. Dolmetsch the harpsichord becomes fascinating. But it was not the representative instrument of the period of Frescobaldi and his great pupil.

Those men, as we have seen, were organists. They played organ, wrote organ, thought organ. They made little discrimination between the technic of the organ and that of the clavier, and none at all in the character of the music written for the two. Their compositions were all cast in the churchly mould. The old ecclesiastical scales, with their solemn and even mournful characteristics, dominated the harmonic scheme, while the tonal architecture was that of the fugue, the great base of all the songs of the sanctuary in those days.

Only in their suites did these early masters succeed in escaping the thrall of the Church, whose hand-maiden artistic music had been since the fourth century. In the suites the musicians found pleasure in alternating different kinds of dance movements. The gavotte, the galliard, the sarabande, the pavane, and others, contributed contrast and variety to these compositions. A still wider range was found by building one movement after the recitative of the opera, another after the fugued flights of the cathedral, and another after a dance. Thus were prefigured those larger and more elastic forms which led toward the splendid sonatas and symphonies of Beethoven.

But the suites of Froberger's day were primitive, and even the resources of to-

day's piano cannot give them the semblance of anything more than experiments. It was after Froberger, in the period of the first of the world-renowned piano virtuosi, that the suite began to be firm in design and captivating in detail. This was in the days of the three giants of the keyboard, Domenico Scarlatti, George Frederick Handel, and Johann Sebastian Bach. These were indeed extraordinary figures in musical history. They were not only amazing performers, but also master composers, pathfinders, and creators.

To-day critics and music lovers with one accord concede to Bach the leadership of the trio; but in their own time Scarlatti, by reason of his brilliant performances on the harpsichord, had the widest celebrity. And indeed, in so far as the technical resources of the harpsichord went, Scarlatti was as great an inventor as either of the others. Born in 1683, Scarlatti entered the world but two years before Bach and Handel. He was for a time a pupil of Handel, yet in the fullness of his maturity he introduced into his compositions wonderful running passages in double notes, wide leaps for one hand, and other figures not employed by other masters till long after his day.

In Rome Cardinal Ottoboni arranged a contest between Handel and Scarlatti. In harpsichord playing they were found evenly matched, but at the organ Handel was easily the victor. The nature of the contest well illustrates the conditions of the time. Pianists were under the patronage of some dignitary, and their performances were in salons, surrounded by perukes, swords, and voluminous skirts. The public concert with admission by ticket had not yet welcomed the piano virtuoso into its fold.

Bach never shared the glories which shone upon Scarlatti and Handel. He was a solitary laborer in the cloistered field of church music, and it was many years before his wonderful clavier works, *The Well Tempered Clavichord* and *The Art of Fugue*, became known outside of a few

German towns. Yet he revolutionized piano-playing. He introduced a new system of tuning which made it possible to play in all the keys. By the old system composers for keyboard instruments were limited to a narrow range, and the enormous tonal flexibility of modern music was out of the question. Bach, too, systematically used the thumb in playing, and in doing so adopted a new position of the hand, more natural and powerful. The earlier players had not used the thumb. Bach refingered the scales and laid the foundation of the modern method of brilliant runs. Yet Bach was distinctively a composer of choral, orchestral, chamber music, and organ works, and his clavier playing was not a public performance.

It was after the deaths of Bach and Handel in the middle of the eighteenth century that the concert pianist, or harpsichordist, as he was then, came into existence. Concerts to which admission was charged were given as early as 1682 in London, and some Continental cities, but the clavier player was not a star at these entertainments. The famous *Concerts Spirituels* were established in Paris in 1725, but up to 1735 at least, the soloists seem to have been singers, violinists, and wind instrument virtuosi. Bach's distinguished son, Karl Philipp Emmanuel, who revolutionized the method of harpsichord playing, and whose treatise on the art was authoritative, was not known as a concert virtuoso. He was soundly berated by contemporary critics, but for his compositions, not his playing. Dr. Burney, who met him in Hamburg in 1773, declared that if those critics could have heard Emmanuel Bach play his own works, "with a tenderness and vivacity peculiar to himself," they would have formed a very different opinion of the music. But they had no such opportunities; the day of the piano virtuoso on the public platform had not come.

That is, it had not come for Emmanuel Bach. Yet it had dawned, and some of those who proclaimed their gratitude to

him as their master received public plaudits for their playing. Both Haydn and Mozart declared that in clavier-playing they were children sitting at the feet of Emmanuel Bach. Even Beethoven, who was eighteen when this Bach died at seventy-four, was not insensible to his influence. Mozart, who lived from 1756 to 1791, was beyond doubt the first of the modern piano virtuosi. He reigned royally as a wonder-child. He played through Europe when still little more than a baby. He performed almost incredible feats on the keyboard. And he did these things over and over again, in public concerts to which admission was charged, and from which the returns were too often small.

Mozart's father, who was not only his teacher, but also his manager and press agent, invented one method of advertising well known to the pianist of to-day. He made a "society idol" of his boy. We find him writing home about the large sums spent in traveling, for he had to keep up appearances, and he and his two children moved only in the company of nobility. They hobnobbed with emperors. Little princes and princesses threw aside etiquette and kissed and played with little Mozart, who frankly offered to marry Marie Antoinette because she sympathized with him after a fall. The boy was voted a darling by all the titled women. His fame went forth from palaces. Then father Mozart gave public concerts, and the receipts amazed him. People came in chariots and afoot. Swords switched among laces and furbelows. Perukes wagged with wonder, and snuff-boxes snapped delight.

"I saw him as a boy seven years old," said Goethe to Eckermann, "when he gave a concert on one of his tours. I was myself fourteen, and I remember the little fellow distinctly, with his powdered wig and his sword."

The advertising was not confined to the chatter of the great. A newspaper announcement of one concert in which Mozart's sister was to appear with him reads thus:—

"The little girl, who is in her twelfth year, will play the most difficult compositions of the greatest masters; the boy, who is not yet seven, will play on the clavier or harpsichord; he will also play a concerto for the violin, and will accompany symphonies on the clavier, the manual or keyboard being covered with a cloth, with as much facility as if he could see the keys; he will instantly name all notes played at a distance, whether singly or in chords played on the clavier, or on any other instrument, bell, glass, or clock. He will, finally, both on the harpsichord and the organ, improvise as long as may be desired in any key, thus proving that he is as thoroughly acquainted with the one instrument as with the other, great as is the difference between them."

Mozart did not play the harpsichord throughout his career. While yet a juvenile prodigy he became acquainted with the piano, then a new instrument, and adopted it for concert use. The harpsichord, in which the strings were twanged by quills, was at best a thin-toned and inelastic medium for the utterance of such flowing melodies as those of Mozart, and the piano infinitely delighted him by reason of its ability to give loud or soft tones as desired, and by its sustaining power. The piano of his day, however, was feeble as compared with that of ours, and the brilliant, bold, even majestic effects of contemporaneous music are not to be found in the compositions with which he soothed his audiences.

Mozart's playing was distinguished for its smoothness, fluent elegance, and perfect taste. He was opposed to all extravagant movements; he advocated a quiet position of the hand and a perfect equality of finger. He held that passages should flow like oil. The crystalline sparkle of the scale was the brightest radiance that flamed in the Mozart piano-playing. The time for the bigger effects had not yet come. Mozart himself never forgot his hearers. He was not of the metal to carve a path through opposition. He wooed and won the pub-

lic by composing in a style which it could understand, yet he contrived to make good music.

The vocal style of the opera pervaded all his instrumental writings. The profound learning of the fugue lay behind it all, but it was concealed. Music now aimed to sing with a single voice, accompanied by a cheerful support of lucid harmonies. The intellectual exercise of listening to polyphonic composition, such as that of Bach, would have failed to attract the sunny populace of Vienna in the late years of the eighteenth century. Rubinstein describes good old Papa Haydn as bringing every day to the court his musical bonbon. Mozart never failed to manufacture sweetmeats for the people, but he made them the finest sweetmeats ever known. Mozart defined for his children the form of the piano concerto and thus paved the way for the most dazzling exhibitions of modern virtuosity. He himself was the first of the great virtuosi to perform concert sonatas with orchestral accompaniment. What had gone before was uncertain and largely experimental.

The ground was now prepared for the fruitful harvest of the great classic period of piano-playing, of which Beethoven was the ripest product. But before Beethoven came Clementi, an explorer in the realms of piano technic and a performer of the greatest repute in his own day. Clementi lived much of his life in England, where pianos were built with heavier strings and more powerful hammers than those made in Vienna. Consequently he took advantage of the resources of the instrument and composed accordingly. His music is filled with crashing, sonorous chords, rapid successions of heavy groups of notes, and all the other devices which make for splendor of tone and brilliancy of style. In these matters he went as far as the imperfect piano of his time would let him. The instrument was a great advance over the Viennese piano, but it was infantile compared with the piano of today.

In 1781 Clementi had a meeting with

Mozart in Vienna, and was deeply impressed by Mozart's singing touch. After that time he endeavored to combine this style with the sonority of his own playing. Beethoven had a high admiration for Clementi as a composer for the piano, and indeed it must be said that this Italian was the first clearly to define the difference between the manners of playing the harpsichord and the piano. His concert tours were crowned with success, for the public concert of a virtuoso was now an established thing. Clementi's concert career was long. It lasted from 1770 (the year of Beethoven's birth) till 1810. He died in 1832, after spending the last years of his life in teaching and composing. When he was born, Handel was yet alive. When he died, Beethoven, Weber, and Schubert had passed before him.

Beethoven studied the technical ideas of Clementi thoroughly, and his compositions contain nothing that goes beyond them. It was by the adaptation of the technics of the piano to the utterance of noble and eloquent musical thought that Beethoven ushered in the dramatic era of piano-playing. Of the nature of Beethoven's music no study need be made here. It is familiar to all music lovers. But Beethoven the virtuoso, the founder of a school of virtuosi, is less known. Yet he played often. Beethoven was without question a giant at the keyboard, but he was lacking in finish. Some of his contemporaries called him a rough performer, but all agreed that he had power. It is not astonishing that the fullness of his grandeur was not speedily appreciated at a time when John Baptist Cramer was regarded as the most elegant player in Europe. Cramer was a pupil of Clementi and was unsurpassed in delicacy of touch, in grace and fluency of style, in perfection of technic. Beethoven preferred him to all other pianists. So in general did Europe. But Cramer himself said in later years that all in all "Beethoven was, if not the greatest, certainly one of the greatest and most admirable pianists that

he ever heard, both as regards expression and dexterity."

It was the dawn of a new day which blinded Beethoven's contemporaries. Mozart had shone like a beautiful Apollo across the continent, and now followed Jupiter Tonans, blasting with lightnings and searing with thunderbolts. No wonder it seemed rough. How must Rubinstein have sounded after Tausig? A marvelous feature of Beethoven's public performances, and still more of his private playing, was his improvisation. He could improvise a sonata movement on given themes, or a set of variations, as admirable as if they had been worked out with infinite care in months of thought. Improvisation was common among the piano virtuosi of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. It began with Mozart's public exhibitions. It ended perhaps with those of Josef Hoffman at the age of eleven. There is no public taste now for such feats.

Beethoven's Titanic outbursts of power and passion were little suited to the gentle-toned pianos of his day. In an adagio or a largo he could touch all hearts, and in this style of playing he was conceded to be the master of all; but in flowing runs and ornamental passages the public preferred Johann Nepomuk Hummel, a pupil of both Mozart and Clementi, and a player of pearly limpidity and airy delicacy.

Beethoven's career as a virtuoso began in Vienna in much the same manner as Mozart's had begun. He played many times in the salons of the nobility, and his early compositions are dedicated to an imposing list of princes, princesses, and countesses. Public curiosity having been aroused, he appeared at a concert, playing his C major concerto. Salieri, the conductor of the opera, and Beethoven's instructor in the art of writing for the voice, conducted, and the young virtuoso had a brilliant success. Two days before the concert the composition was uncompleted, and Beethoven wrote at top speed, with four copyists following him with the

orchestral parts. At the rehearsal it was found that the piano was half a tone flat, whereupon Beethoven overcame the difficulty by playing his part throughout in C sharp. He was unconquerable at the keyboard.

Before Beethoven went to his final rest the modern breed of piano virtuoso had sprung into existence. Beethoven's virtuosity was chiefly creative. His playing was only the fiery utterance of flaming thoughts. But now came a series of pianists, all of whom were composers, and most of whom were almost wholly brilliant wizards of the keyboard. The greatest master of the school, the founder of the line, indeed, was a true genius, and to this day his piano compositions chain the attention by their individuality. Even their purely ornamental parts are original in manner. This pianist was Karl Maria von Weber, whose fame rests especially upon his operas. Weber played successfully in concerts, but his achievements as a writer of lyric dramas quite overshadowed his piano-playing.

Contemporary with him, and immediately following him, there existed a line of virtuosos pure and simple, the first of the long series of modern magicians of the piano who have filled Europe and America with amazement at their feats of technic and expression. Karl Czerny (1791-1857), was the first of these prestidigitateurs, and his performances impressed even Beethoven. Theodor Kullak, Sigismund Thalberg, Fumagalli (the wizard of the left hand), Alexander Dreyschock, his rival in this particular, Ignatz Moscheles, and Henry Litolf, were among the chief exponents of this style of playing. Their concerts brought together all the elements noticeable in the modern piano virtuoso's entertainment, except that it did not occur to any of them to perform those feats of endurance which pianists of to-day regard as essential to their public appearances. It was Paderewski who introduced the extraordinary custom of playing two or three concertos and several solo pieces in one concert.

But these pianists were engaged in developing the resources of piano technic. Thalberg in his compositions introduced the use of widely extended arpeggios as the accompaniment to clearly marked melodies, and thus brought into vogue that rippling, running style of playing which has in recent years been relegated to the boarding school exhibition and the domain of the "piano-tuner's run."

Contemporary also with Beethoven was one pianist who deserves special mention because he was a pathfinder. This was John Field, a pupil of Clementi, born in 1782, died in 1837. Field was a master of the art of singing on the keyboard, and he invented the nocturne and other forms which cleared the way for Mendelssohn with his "Songs without Words," and Chopin with his nocturnes, ballades, and valse, Schumann with his novelettes, and Liszt with his rhapsodies. Before Field every piano composition had to be a sonata, a rondo, or something else in one of the old classic forms. After Field, composers, like Weber, broke away from the old forms, and wrote as they fancied. Liszt wrote poetically of Field's nocturnes, which he edited, and even now they are sometimes played in recital programmes. But they sound thin and infantile after those of Chopin.

Pianists from this period crowded the theatre of action. It was no longer a rarity to hear the compositions of the masters played dazzlingly. Europe teemed with virtuosos. The modern period of the concert pianist was at hand. Little, then, is left to say, but three men must be mentioned, because it was left for them to complete the exploration of the capacity of the piano as a musical medium of expression. These three men were Chopin, Schumann, and Liszt.

Not only did these three masters enrich the domain of pianoforte literature by composing in the new forms already mentioned, but they introduced new styles and new methods of playing. They broadened and deepened the diction of the instrument. In the use of the pedals

alone they almost transformed the piano. Real piano pedals — not the tentative attachments of the harpsichord — were invented by Broadwood in 1783, and some of the sonatas of Beethoven contain directions for their employment. But it was Chopin who systematically studied their capacities and showed how both could be used singly or in combination in the production of beautiful effects of tone color. Chopin also revolutionized fingering and showed pianists how to play passages in double thirds and arpeggios interspersed with passing notes, which would otherwise have appeared to be impossible.

Schumann wrote music so filled with strange and difficult rhythms and interlocking passages requiring the use of both hands in enunciating melodies, that a special technic was required for their performance. Then came Liszt, who set out to make the piano the rival of the orchestra in richness of tone, brilliancy, and sonority. He carried forward Chopin's exploration of the powers of the pedals, and showed how to combine pedaling with all the different varieties of touch in producing varied tone color. He disclosed the full value of the loose wrist and the independent finger. In short, he brought piano technic to its present state of development. Nothing has been learned in that respect since the death of Liszt.

Of these three Chopin and Liszt belonged to the great army of public virtuosi. Schumann lamed his hand in trying to acquire independence of the third finger, and so was excluded from the field of the concert performer. Liszt and Chopin both approached closely to the estate of the piano virtuoso of to-day. In the heyday of their youth they were worshiped of woman, and envied of men. In their manhood they enacted shadowy tragedies of love, and burst the bonds of convention with as little scruple as a Byron or a Keats. Liszt's career was the more brilliant of the two. To rise to such heights of celebrity that even a London cabman cried,

"Three cheers for the Habby Liszt," was something more than the contemporaneous piano virtuoso can accomplish. It would be impossible to conceive of a New York cabman viewing Paderewski with any feeling except disrespect for his hair.

But the great piano virtuoso of to-day is in many ways far in advance of Chopin and even of Liszt. Those masters never penetrated the fastnesses of the New World, nor carried the gospel of Beethoven to the antipodes. The modern piano virtuoso travels all over the world and sings the songs of Beethoven, Chopin, Schumann, and Liszt to all the peoples. He travels *en prince*. He has his private car, his chef, his valet, his secretary, and his personal manager, who relieves him of all responsibilities. He is garbed in purple and fine linen, unless he be D'Albert, in which case he wears Jaeger flannel from head to foot. He drinks the wines of Europe and feeds on the fat of the land.

He trains for his enormous tours as an athlete trains for a race. He plays eighty concerts in four months, and at each he performs a programme which would have driven Chopin or Mozart into a swoon. He memorizes the entire literature of the pianoforte. He plays two or three concertos with orchestra at each orchestral concert. He selects for his encore numbers Liszt rhapsodies which are Herculean feats in themselves. And he gathers coin at a pace that would have surpassed the maddest dreams of Mozart. When the youthful prodigies, Wolfgang and Nannerl, drew a hundred guineas at one concert, old Leopold Mozart went breathless. Paderewski plays in Carnegie Hall, New York, to five thousand dollars. The hall will not hold more.

The pianist of to-day performs on a marvelous instrument, splendid in its nobility of tone, majestic in its sonority. He plays the music which all those other men spent their lives in creating. He rests securely on the broad foundation reared by the line of laborers from Scarlatti,

Handel, and Bach down to Liszt and Chopin. He is the heir of all the schools, the descendant of all the masters. He may possibly leave no such mark upon the page of musical history as Weber or Schumann did, but he plays better than

they could. He has in him more of the pure virtuoso blood of Czerny and Thalberg than of Mozart and Chopin, and he flames across Europe and America, the comet of every season, the star of every firmament.

THE BLUE GIRDLE

BY LATTA GRISWOLD

MRS. WINTON was fond of saying to herself, and to others if the way were made sufficiently easy, that she was a woman without illusions. She had experienced romance, — tragedy it sometimes seemed in moods wherein she was particularly tender of herself; henceforth life stretched before her a straight, even road, not altogether dull, but certainly never again likely to lead through especially diverting territory. She was addicted to retrospection; to reviewing, with a pleasure at once simple and sincere, the bright days of her girlhood in Kingsbridge and of her married life away from her native town. That this latter was ended suddenly, by the tragic death of her husband, gave a certain accent to her widowhood, which, when she had recovered from the shock, was not without its advantages. But emotionalism, the sentiments, — except platonic and philanthropic ones, — were behind her; life had nothing to offer her but the mild diversions of Kingsbridge society and an opportunity for devotion in the local church.

Mrs. Winton found even a greater pleasure in making confidences of these things, with sufficiently delicate variations, to her dear friend Wilhelmina Paine. Miss Paine was not so old as to have acquired for herself a more robust philosophy, nor so young as to be incapable of understanding the meaning of disillusion. She had grown up and passed her life in Kingsbridge, except for the

brief period of Mrs. Winton's matrimonial career, under her friend's eye. She, too, had enjoyed her little romances, but they had not been tragic and they had not taken definite enough form to be discussed in the light of so rich a confidence as was that of Mrs. Winton. Yet Wilhelmina, as her friend often told her, had "a certain something," a look, perhaps it was, in her clear gray eye and in the sweetness of her face, which was still fresh, still youthful, still softly beautiful, at seven-and-twenty, that made it really "wonderful" that there had been for her no great passion, nothing complete and perfect to look back upon, as there was for her friend.

Mrs. Winton was not beautiful, nor had she ever been; but she had a manner, — a manner, as Wilhelmina recalled their girlhood together, that had always been successful, particularly so in that sphere of life to which in these later days her memories were so frequently turned. Laura Wainright had had a dozen affairs, each one more thrilling than the last, before she married Herbert Winton; while Wilhelmina, despite her beauty, her sweetness, her cleverness, had drifted unromantically, was still drifting unromantically.

"If I had been a man," Mrs. Winton said one day, to wind up a conversation, "there would have been a grand romance, I can tell you. Happy, though, is the woman without a history."

"Happiness is not the only thing in the world," Wilhelmina answered softly.

"There is nothing in the world, my dear," the older woman assured her, "nothing whatever. Be thankful if your life is spared disillusion. It all comes to that, you know, — everything."

Wilhelmina smiled. "I am not so sure that I have been spared that." She spoke a little more gravely than was her wont, and rose to go.

"If you are not sure, you have been spared, depend upon that." Mrs. Winton spoke with an air of conviction. "Disillusion is what one can't escape; it sits beside one, walks beside one, sleeps beside one. It is a lifelong process."

"I am not sure, then, that it has not its compensations, nor that you have not found them, Laura," Miss Paine answered.

Mrs. Winton looked up with just a suspicion of annoyance in her expression, but this was quickly exchanged for a hint there that she was just a little hurt. "I try to be brave," she said simply, as she laid down her knitting and looked at Wilhelmina sadly.

Miss Paine smiled, kissed her lightly, and fled with a playful precipitancy, as though she would not stay to be scolded as she deserved. It was some time before Mrs. Winton took up her work again; and when she did so there was still in her eyes a fine abstraction that betokened a certain preoccupation of the mind with a problem for which it was not quite prepared. Wilhelmina had struck a new note to-day that puzzled her old friend, who was accustomed to a more complete abnegation on the girl's part, one that refused even to be conscious of itself. That there was in Wilhelmina a touch of the sentiment Mrs. Winton had appropriated in such bulk had the effect of disconcerting her sense of their relationship. "Just what," she asked herself, "have I missed in her? She has not, I do believe, been wholly frank." Frankness, another of Mrs. Winton's conscious virtues, was even a greater desideratum, she thought,

in her friends than in herself. "Poor Wilhelmina! she does n't know what love is, except at second hand." Mrs. Winton knew what opportunities Wilhelmina had had for that; she had been generous of herself and her emotions. "Poor Wilhelmina!" she sighed afresh; "but at least she has been spared some things." Just what, the lady did not at this moment state to herself, for at the sound of a distant bell, she arose, smoothed her hair before a mirror, donned her little black bonnet with its long black veil, and betook herself to her devotions at the parish church. It was an afternoon early in Lent.

St. Luke's, the only Episcopal church in the village, enjoyed the services of a rector and a curate. The rector was an old white-haired gentleman, a saint in appearance and character, an evangelical of the school which flourished fifty years ago. The curate, on the other hand, was young, good-looking, enthusiastic, and as "high" as he dared to be. He was new to the work, fresh from the seminary, and thought Kingsbridge "a splendid field," because of the students who attended Kingsbridge College, which was located in the town. This young man, who had an extremely frank blue eye, a mass of fair hair, strong, clear-cut features, and an heroic build, — he had played football at another college in his day, — never meant to marry, and he usually wore, tied around his waist, over his cassock, a blue girdle, which the initiated understood was the badge of a society the members of which were vowed to celibacy. Tracey Carr had gone far in the seminary. There was a certain enthusiasm in him that carried him to the limit in everything, — he never stopped halfway. He had been popular in the congregation, more or less successful with his students, despite his mild little ritualisms, and satisfactory to the rector.

Mrs. Winton, as she rose from her knees in her pew, which was situated well forward in the church, received a very favorable impression of Carr's profile out-

lined against the walnut stalls. His fair hair was brushed back a little carelessly; his white surplice gave him something of the appearance of a Greek statue, she thought; and his voice, deep but very clear, had a grateful, soothing effect. From under the surplice peeped two blue tassels which were attached to the ends of his girdle. Mrs. Winton sighed as her eyes rested on these. Here was a man who had the courage to renounce in advance all the beautiful vain things that made life so sweet and so sad.

Wilhelmina played the organ at the south end of the transept. There was a little mirror over the key-board arranged so that the organist could see the minister on the north side of the chancel, and receive a signal from him in case of necessity. As Mrs. Winton glanced that way she observed that Miss Paine's clear gray eyes were bent very earnestly on this mirror, and that in them there was an expression — very subtle, very delicate, it is true — which she had never seen in them before; one that remained in her mind strangely enough, and that vaguely troubled her as again she bent her head in prayer. She waited, after the service, until Mr. Carr came out of the vestry, when she stopped him and asked him if he would not come home to supper with her.

"Why, I am awfully busy," he explained, a trifle brusquely, flushing needlessly, in a boyish way.

"And I am awfully lonely and blue," she murmured, holding him with her eyes.

"Why, yes, — certainly, I will be delighted," he said, after just another moment's hesitation. "But if you will go on, I shall follow you in about half an hour. I have some music to run over with Miss Paine; she is waiting in the transept."

Yes, Mrs. Winton could see that she was waiting. Yet this was no reason for the annoyance she felt at Mr. Carr's remark. In fact she told herself distinctly that this emotion had no connection with

Miss Paine, whatever. Poor Wilhelmina! her playing seemed to get worse and worse. Mrs. Winton had always been an advocate for a man-organist, but she had never said so because she knew how badly Wilhelmina needed the salary, small as it was.

An hour later, just as the early spring darkness had closed in, she was settled very comfortably at table with Tracey Carr, under the soft light of rose-shaded candles falling on the white of linen and china and gleaming on the silver. There was the pleasant perfume of spring flowers which were massed in a cut-glass bowl in the centre of the table. It was easy for Carr to see over them, and Mrs. Winton, on the other side of the table, looked almost pretty in her simple black gown, with a narrow band of white ruche about her neck. If not pretty, she certainly looked attractive; she had the air of inviting confidence, of being sympathetic, of being obviously interested. Carr felt comfortable; the food was delicious; he was tired, and ate heartily.

"It was awfully jolly and thoughtful of you to ask me," he said, as though it had suddenly occurred to him.

Mrs. Winton smiled as though it was awfully nice of him to come, but she did not say so. She added, after a moment, as though it were an after-thought. "I am always here, you know. I rarely dine out. I should like it if sometimes you asked me if you might n't come, or even if you came without being asked."

"Oh, I should like that," he said, ingenuously enough. "I get bored eating alone, as I am doing. Only I have to be careful not to go to any one place too much for fear the stupid people will get to talking."

"Not about me," Mrs. Winton assured him, with a note of inspiration.

"Oh, well, I have been advised not — not to be intimate."

"By whom? — may I ask?" She made no point that she was not curious in this.

"Well — the rector," he admitted, after a little hesitation.

"Oh, — the rector. But you will discover that I have no intimates, when you know me."

"Why, I thought Miss Paine —"

"Oh, Wilhelmina!" she exclaimed, in quite another tone; "she tells me all her little secrets. I have none to tell."

"Intimate friendships do not necessarily imply telling all one's secrets, do they?" he asked, passing his cup for tea.

Mrs. Winton nodded as though his question needed no answer, but she paused to qualify her gesture with a word. "There is something very sweet in confidence. I have known how sweet — and learned to do without it." Her eyes dropped softly to her hands. Then she busied these among the tea things.

Carr's heart stirred sympathetically. "Poor little woman!" he murmured to himself, "I fancy she has learned to do without a good many things."

"Tell me, won't you," she resumed presently, "since we are speaking of confidence, how you came to join that society, — the one you wear the blue girdle for? You take vows, don't you, to be poor —"

"Oh, no, simply to remain unmarried," he explained. "They are not for life, but are renewed each Easter. They are designed to test one's vocation."

"What a noble sacrifice!" she exclaimed, with a little wonder in her eyes.

"It is n't really a sacrifice. It seems just to secure for one a freer hand, a larger scope, — a kind of safeguard against letting one's self slip into distracting things."

"But there is a pleasure, you know, in letting one's self slip into distracting things," she suggested, with a cautious smile.

"Oh, don't I?" he laughed. "I was distracted enough in college, I assure you. It's done me."

"Done you? I don't think I quite understand."

"Well, used me up too much. I moped, wasted time, fooled, you know; pottered and trifled."

"Dear me! but there was something beside that?"

"Was there? I don't know. There was one girl, I admit, a sweet fluffy thing, — I used to think I was frightfully in love with her, and that she was with me."

"I dare say she was," commented Mrs. Winton, with an air of conviction.

"Well, not too deeply, anyway. When I saw the need of concentration I pulled out."

"Good heavens, and what became of the girl?"

"Oh, bless you, she had pulled out already; married for money, and all that sort of thing. I felt awfully broken up; went into settlement work for three or four years, and then to the seminary."

"I see! it was a genuine romance then? And it is because of her that you wear the blue girdle?"

"Not at all; it is because I want to keep clear of any like her. It may be selfish —"

"No, it is fine," said Mrs. Winton.

They rose from the table at this and went into the drawing-room. Mrs. Winton sat down at the piano and asked Mr. Carr to light a cigar.

"This is jolly," he said, and settled back in a comfortable chair to listen to her playing. His hostess had a light and graceful touch, and played with a certain amount of feeling, — quaint, plaintive German songs for the most part, — and without asking him if he liked them. After a while she stopped, and began to talk to him about his work with the college boys. Mrs. Winton took a great interest in them, she always had — they had so much of promise — life all before them — they were a symbol to her of hope, of the future, of the possibilities of love, service, devotion — they were, in fact, just youth, beautiful, beautiful youth. To explain what she meant she got down one of Tourgénéff's novels — *First Love*, I think it was — and read him a long passage. It touched him, and he borrowed the book.

"Yes, you must read Tourgénéff," she told him, "he has the elegiac note."

At ten o'clock he looked at his watch, and sprang to his feet, suddenly realizing that there was a text and an empty sermon-pad on his study table.

"You must come again, you know," she said, without trying to detain him.

"Oh, I can't waste many evenings this way," he exclaimed, without meaning to be rude, and without impressing his hostess, it seemed, that he had been; "but I have enjoyed this one immensely."

In truth he had; though as he walked home in the clear windy night he was thinking more of his sermon than his supper.

It was not long before Mrs. Winton sent him a little note saying she was in need of his advice. She wanted to give a prize for excellence in Bible study to the students in his Wednesday evening class. That took him to the little house in High Street before he had paid his supper call. There were a good many preliminaries to arrange, and it chanced that he got in the way of going there almost every week, sometimes oftener; occasionally to a meal. It was so simple, so easy, so pleasant.

As the Lenten season drew towards a close Carr saw much of Miss Paine also. He had some taste and judgment in music, and he enjoyed Wilhelmina's playing; he took quite a good deal of trouble in helping her with the Easter music. Often after the daily evensong she would stay on in the church and play for him, sometimes music that was not sacred. He was apt, on these occasions, if there were no pressing engagement, to walk home with her. She was a bit hard to talk with at first; but there was something very attractive to him in her gentle, direct way of getting at the heart of things. She had a quick wit, which was never unkind; and a certain amount of intuition, of which, however, she did not make very much. She did much good in the parish in a quiet way; turning her salary into the missionary fund was an instance of it.

After Easter, when there were no more afternoon services, Carr found that these little walks with Wilhelmina had become a very bright spot in his day. They had got in the way of having such good talk. There deepened in him the consciousness of something tremendously helpful in this comradeship; it was giving a tone, a meaning to his Kingsbridge life.

As the spring advanced it happened that Mrs. Winton complained to the curate that Wilhelmina was neglecting her. Without thinking very much about it, he repeated this one day to Miss Paine; he had thought, he told her, they were such good friends.

"We have always known each other," she remarked, with an unconscious air of explanation; not, however, betraying much interest in the subject.

"Well," persisted Carr, "she misses you tremendously; she really grieves about it."

"I should think if disillusion so thoroughly had hold of one," Wilhelmina replied, "one would not grieve about anything; one would have learned not to."

"You are a bit—changeable?" There was an interrogation in this, but he meant it more for a statement of fact than a question.

"Perhaps I am," she admitted; "one is apt to change."

It was the first note Carr had not liked about her; and he stupidly repeated his criticism to Mrs. Winton, without, however, relating the incident.

That good lady sighed, and looked sweetly sad and resigned.

"Oh, it does not matter, you know. Just one more little illusion knocked on the head. I have had a good many served that way. I have learned how to bear such things."

The curate pressed her hand at parting, and assured her that he knew how hard some things were. She affected not quite to believe this, but she was glad that he did feel for her. "Only," she protested, "I don't even count on that, you know."

Warm spring days were come then, and Kingsbridge began to take on its fresh, bright, summer air. There was a something of quiet gayety in the shaded box-hedged streets of the pretty old town, and in the campus, ivy-towered, elm-studded, with wide stretches of lawn sweeping away toward the picturesque valley. There was a pleasing lassitude in the air, and the students loafed in comfortable attitudes under the trees, or straggled to lectures, through which they were blissfully to doze. Carr, not so far away from them in feeling as they were apt to think him, envied them their ability to take duty with such light hearts. Certainly such mild interest as they had given to his work in the winter had evaporated. He had an uncomfortable feeling that his own interest had evaporated somewhat, too. All the sap in him seemed to be oozing out in vague day-dreaming.

Since he had talked with Wilhelmina about Mrs. Winton he had seen little of her; he was conscious of a feeling of constraint when they met. But he did not know how large a rôle this was playing in the restlessness that seemed to have got such hold of him. He wanted to go off in the woods with a pal, and hunt and fish, he thought; but the rector was going off instead. He fell to reading old books that had been guide-posts in his intellectual and spiritual life; but soon put them down in disgust. It was as though he had relighted a half-smoked cigar. He went once or twice and asked Wilhelmina to go out into the woods with him. She consented, and they found a rock, whence there was a fine view of Kingsbridge towers, with trees and flowers and moss all about them, and read poetry.

She was quite the same, it appeared, had suggestive criticism to offer, illuminative comment to make. He tried to talk about himself; but this drew from her only the most impersonal conventional comment. She made no profession of finding his moods interesting. Carr gave up these afternoon expeditions and grew more restless.

Often of an evening he would stop at the little house in High Street, where he was apt to find Mrs. Winton sitting on her veranda, placidly enjoying, as she phrased it, the poetry of the night and the stars.

"If we would be as they are, we must live as they," she quoted, so often that Carr took it for her creed.

"Oh, I've tried it," he laughed, with a certain grimness in his tone, "and I can't. I am like a star that is not susceptible to gravity. I keep wandering around in a dazed kind of way, hunting for a place that does n't seem to exist."

Mrs. Winton sighed from the security of the place she had found. Once she too had wandered, she told him, — but not now. Now *she* was quite a dead, dead star, held, as it were, in her little place, by all the forces in the universe. All she could do was to shine in reflected light, — to cast little rays of comfort, — just like a poor little star that was tucked away off in the heavens, and that only a few persons, who really loved the stars, knew anything about. It had been a long, long time since she had wanted to be anything else. Carr would sigh, too; but he wanted something tremendously, he knew that.

But these evening talks contributed as little toward his getting it as the afternoon ones with Wilhelmina. At last vacation came; the college was closed; the rector went away, and many of the townspeople. The Paines always stayed. Mrs. Winton had a little box of a house on the coast; she was presently going to it, she told him, and hinted that a "tiny" visit from him would please her. Carr, in his brusque way, did not think he would please her. Mrs. Winton's little plans for him sometimes seemed to him rather a bore. Easter had passed and he had not renewed his vows. A letter came from the head of his society asking for information, and Carr, without thinking much about it, wrote out a resignation. He stuffed the blue girdle away in a drawer. He was not up to standing for anything, he felt; he was a poor sort of clergyman.

"I shall resign Kingsbridge," he said to himself, "and go to China in the fall."

The rector heard eventually that he was out of the society, and wrote to congratulate him. "There is nothing in the way now of your succeeding me, my boy; and I want you to do it very soon. That blue girdle of yours used to scare the vestry."

Carr tore this letter into little bits and then burned them. When he wrote to the rector he said nothing about it. The rector, however, wrote on the subject to his wardens, and the wives of these gentlemen immediately consulted the other ladies in the parish. In this way it was not long in coming to the ears of the little widow in High Street.

One warm August evening a message came to the curate from this lady, begging his immediate presence at her home; she was in great trouble. Carr hastily pulled himself together,—he had been off rowing that afternoon on the river, and was still in his flannels, which he did not stop to change—and made his way to Mrs. Winton's cottage. He found the widow sitting on a sofa by an open window in the moonlight, dissolved in tears. She dried her eyes a little, as he came in, and motioned him to a chair drawn up near. She gave a final sob or two, after he was seated, and tried to murmur her thanks for his coming so promptly.

"I will stop now," she began, in a weak voice. "I know how men hate to see women cry. But I just could not help it."

Carr bent forward sympathetically. "Don't worry; don't worry. Tell me what I can do. I want to help you."

"Oh, I know you do," she murmured, applying the handkerchief once more; this time it seemed with success, for she raised her head and looked out upon the moonlit street. "I will try to tell you, hard as it is going to be for me," she said, clasping the arms of her chair a little tighter. "Oh, dear, oh, dear! now that you are here, I don't know how I ever can tell you. It is too awful! Oh, what will you think, what will you think?"

And again at the awfulness of this possibility the handkerchief was raised, but Carr caught the hand that held it, gently but firmly, and the tears did not fall.

"Now," he said, with the air of a physician, laying her hand on the arm of her chair, as he might have stretched out her handkerchief there, "now, tell me just what is troubling you."

"I can't," she whispered, with a little gasp, "I can't,—my heart is too full. It is broken—again," she added, after a momentary interval.

"You have had bad news?" he asked, trying to help her out.

"It is not exactly news, but it is bad,—oh, so bad! It came to me,—it is as though some one had taken my heart and wrung it. I am too crushed to talk about it."

"But, my dear Mrs. Winton, you must have wanted to talk."

"Oh, I did, I do," she protested. "I should die if I did not get some help, some sympathy."

"Well, you know you must —"

"Yes, I know I must,—I am trying to, just as hard as I can. But you will never forgive me; I ought to have sent for the rector, only he is n't here. I don't dare to tell you."

Carr's patience began to struggle with his sympathy. He remembered how once in a hospital he had seen an hysterical patient carried in, and speedily restored to her senses by the cupping process. It occurred to him that a clergyman might with advantage carry about paraphernalia for such treatment in cases of emergency. For the moment in this animadversion he had lost track of Mrs. Winton's ejaculations.

"Come, come," he said at last, a little sternly, "if I can be of any assistance to you I must know what the trouble is, and at once."

"Oh, it's you, it's you," she exclaimed, turning her gaze into the street again to hide her agitation.

"I!" Carr gave a little jump. "Pray—" he began.

"It is very hard," Mrs. Winton continued, "but I shall be quite, quite calm, and tell you very simply." She smiled now, a sweet, pathetic, tired smile, and ventured to lay her hand upon his arm.

"Yes, my dear friend, it is you. I am speaking calmly, perfectly calmly, am I not? I have asked for the grace to do so, though it is from a bursting heart. It is just this, my poor, dear friend, — we have been horribly, horribly misjudged, and it has been by one whom I have loved and trusted; whom you have loved, in your sweet impersonal way, I am sure, and trusted, too. Oh, I shall name no names. I shall keep her name locked securely in my breast." (Mrs. Winton touched a little bunch of honeysuckle, fastened in her corsage.) "I shall even give my cheek to the lips that have betrayed me. I shall know how to suffer in silence. Heaven has taught me *that*."

"Yes, but my dear lady, what has this to do with me?"

"Everything, everything. I am trying to be calm, I am trying even more to be clear. I have tried very hard to-night to look at the stars, and have said over and over to myself, 'Live as they,' 'Live as they.' Shall I tell him? I asked myself. No, he must be spared. Spared? I cried, — for what? to rush blindly on, to I know not what catastrophe? To submit himself to criticism, to calumny, how vile I dare not even imagine? No, no, my friend, a still, small voice bade me spare you that bitterness, bade me warn you to be careful, anywhere, everywhere, with any one, with every one. Our relations, sweet and simple and spiritual as they have been, have been impugned — and by my dearest friend, one whom I have loved and trusted and guided and shielded and helped ever since she was a little girl."

"I suppose you mean Miss Paine, — what has she done?"

"There! Oh, you clever man, you have shocked me into betraying myself. I shan't say it was Miss Paine. The name shall never cross my lips. Remember, at least *I* have been true."

"Yes. yes, but what was said? what has she done?"

"Oh, what has n't been said?" moaned Mrs. Winton, as she covered her face again with her hands. "That would be easier to tell you. The whole parish is talking — making cruel fun — of you, of me, — of your little blue girdle and of my sacred, sacred mourning. It crushes me to think of it."

Poor Carr leaned back and began to whistle softly to himself. Decidedly it was time for him to resign Kingsbridge, — a nice work he had been doing among the college students! To be a morsel of gossip for a parcel of women, to have it supposed that he must needs be in love with any woman he chanced to be a little decent to. So they thought him a fool and a kind of soft hypocrite and went about saying so, eh? Nice work, nice parish, nice people! There was humor in it, though.

"Was any of this gossip delivered to you directly?" he asked presently.

Mrs. Winton removed her hands from her face. "Oh, not directly; only unpleasant questions, innuendos, and the like. But it came straight enough — a dear friend warned me. The person who is mainly responsible has been talking all over the town."

"Hm — it is not like Miss Paine to do that."

"I did not say it was Miss Paine," protested Mrs. Winton weakly.

"Well, you have not said it was n't."

"Have n't I?" she asked, a little blankly. "Well, it has been cruel, cruel. It is breaking my heart."

"Oh, no, it is not," said Carr decisively. "That would be absurd. So long as we know there is no truth in the gossip, what real difference need it make to you or me?"

Mrs. Winton sought retreat again behind her handkerchief, that she might resolve the meaning of this remark. It shocked her a little. Carr could be so rude without meaning it. She lowered the screen presently and put one hand out with impulsive kindness.

"It need not make any difference between us, dear friend. I so wanted that it should not. You take it so nobly. It is an example to me."

He received her pressure a little dryly. "I am glad that you have told me, Mrs. Winton," he said, rising; "it will help me shape my course in the future."

"I hoped it might, — I was quite willing to sacrifice myself."

"But there is n't need, you see; and it would be out of the question if there were. But why should you worry? It is not a crime that a man should be thought to be in love with a woman. Whether he is or not is a matter it seems to me, quite between themselves."

"Quite," she admitted. "You cheer me wonderfully. I was so afraid it might reach you through some other source, and that you would shrink from seeing me. Then I did want to warn you to be careful — you will be careful, won't you? — not to give color for such gossip in other quarters. I so want you to keep your ideals fresh and pure. Your blue girdle was quite a symbol for me."

"It will not be any longer," he said. "I am out of the society; did n't you know it?"

"Did n't I know it? How should I know it? You don't tell *me* your secrets. Ah, then there is all the more need to be strong, to be careful, is n't there?"

"Quite so. What you have told me to-night will be a help."

"I so hoped it might be," she repeated, as she put her hand in his. She met his frank look with eyes full of unshed tears, which glistened with an odd effect in the moonlight.

As Carr turned out of High Street the evening was still young; the moon was sailing serenely in mid heaven, amidst some long slim clouds; there was a tender little breeze abroad which whispered in the elm-trees, and made the pines to murmur pleasantly in the old churchyard. A few moments' rapid walking brought him to a house that set well back from the road that led out of Kingsbridge

on quite the other side of the town. As he strolled up the little inclined avenue toward the old-fashioned house with its broad veranda and big pillars, he saw some one in a white dress sitting on the steps. Fortunately enough a closer inspection revealed that it was Wilhelmina Paine, and that she was sitting there alone. He thought there was a glimmer of pleasure in her eyes, as she greeted him, and explained that her family were gone to bed.

"It was so pleasant out here that I have been sitting on alone. I am glad to see you. If you sit there on the steps you can get a bit of the view through the trees. I like that tower in silhouette."

"A symbol, eh?" asked Carr.

"Oh, I don't go in for the symbolic. It is just good and Gothic and pleasing to the eye, and the perspective is fine; there seem to be vast reaches beyond, and the vista makes it a kind of picture. A symbol of good taste, if you will. All Kingsbridge is not good taste, more's the pity."

"That is true enough," he admitted.

"It seems odd that when they had that admirable little bit of Gothic to set the pace, they did n't keep it up."

"Oh, we mortals don't follow a pace, even when it is a good one. I should think you clergymen would have cause to bemoan that rather frequently."

"We bemoan it enough," he responded; "but rather more the fact that the one we set is not often quite what it purports to be. I have just been told that the parish is raking me over the coals at a tremendous rate."

"What for?" asked Wilhelmina.

"Don't *you* know?" he questioned.

Her frank look was quite disingenuous, as she answered, with a little smile, "I think your blue girdle has worried some good people, — they think it is dreadfully Roman and dangerous."

"Well, it won't worry them any more. I have given it up."

"And your vows with it?" She looked incredulous.

"My vows with it."

"So you do not stand any more for celibacy and extreme devotion?"

"I seem to have stood for a kind of milksop, with the parish."

Wilhelmina smiled. "Who opened your eyes?" she asked, her lips twitching a trifle.

"Mrs. Winton."

"Mrs. Winton?" Wilhelmina repeated the name with an accent of unbelief. "How do you mean? I don't want to pry, — but I confess I am curious."

"Well, in more ways than one."

"Knowing her, one would say she was capable of that."

"She is capable of a great deal," asserted Carr. "Mrs. Winton is a genius, in her way."

"Mrs. Winton is a fool," said Miss Paine, with a conviction that startled Carr into laughter.

"It depends on how you take her," he conditioned.

"Oh, there are ways and ways of doing that. I think I have ceased taking her altogether."

"That is what she complains of you, as I tried to tell you before. She gave me a long talking-to to-night. She says the town is talking about her."

"It is," assented Wilhelmina.

"And about me," he added.

"Oh, it has always done that," she said with a laugh.

"And I put two and two together."

"Did she not help a bit?"

"Well — a little perhaps. I seem to have been a kind of ass."

"Oh, don't say that," protested Wilhelmina. "You are young; and youth, you know, is so sweet and pathetic and foolish and sad and glad and vain!"

Carr began to laugh. "Why, you do go in for the symbolic."

"The symbolic? Does that seem symbolic? I think it is very obvious. There is not a great deal of nuance in a string of adjectives. Oh, no, dear friend, I don't go in for nuance; I don't go in for anything. What is the use? It all means so

little. There is nothing in the world, nothing whatever. Except to be disillusioned, — that's there, oh, yes, that's quite, quite there. It is with us every day, every hour, every minute. We can't escape it, we can't get away from it, we can't get beyond it. It sticks to us closer than a brother, closer than our clothes. It is in the air we breathe, in the water we drink, in the food we eat. There is nothing to do but to strive to be resigned. To bear our trials bravely, to live — ah, how we should — as the stars live."

"Oh, don't, don't!" he protested. "I can't stand it; I ought not to stand it. I feel like a traitor. How on earth — oh, it's she, it's she! but you have kept yourself mightily hidden —"

"Oh, no," went on Wilhelmina, "what would be the use? It is not even worth while to keep one's self hidden, it is not worth while to try to reveal one's self. It is just what one is — what the day shows one to be — in one's little place. Oh, it is sweet to have a friend who understands."

"By Jove," he cried, and a queer dizzy feeling of hilarity and joy crept over him, "I understand one thing, and that is that I have been head over ears in love with you for the last six months."

The girl looked at him in sudden alarm; the gayety for a moment went out of her eyes; a momentary joy shone there; then the old shyness crept back; then the mockery; and she looked up at him frankly.

"Is this the way the little scenes in High Street come to an end?" she asked.

"Oh, bother High Street! I am sick and tired of being made a fool of by a parcel of women, of passing for a kind of sanctified bachelor. I have been in love with you since we began that music together at St. Luke's. That was the real reason I threw up the society, and put away the girdle. I honestly thought I wanted to be a celibate. But I could not keep away from you, you saw that. And when I heard that the parish thought I was in love, I realized that the parish was right. I saw a good many things in that

quarter of an hour by the light of Mrs. Winton's illuminating conversation. One thing as plain as day, and I rushed off here to tell you of it. I am to have the parish, if I want it; the rector is going to resign; but if I stay you have got to share it with me. I won't stay in this town unprotected another month. Otherwise, I am off for China. It is for you to say, Wilhelmina. Which shall it be?"

He took her hands and looked into her eyes, where he saw a good many different expressions in the space of half a minute.

"Oh, the poor heathen!" she said, withdrawing her hands, "you ought to go."

"It is the Chinese you are thinking of, eh?"

"No, stupid, it is myself. If you do go —"

"Well, I don't."

This time Wilhelmina did not draw her hand away.

A fortnight later Mrs. Winton went for her annual outing to her little cottage on the coast. From "Resthaven" she wrote Carr a sweet little note, in a slender hand, on soft gray note paper, to which there was attached the suspicion of a violet scent. It was penned "in the murmur of the sea, under the light of the stars." She told him it would be a long time before she would be back at Kingsbridge; he would be rector then and there would be a Mrs. Carr.

"It is sweet to me to feel that when I do go back, when I gather strength to take up my work again, there will be in the dear old rectory two good, good friends who understand me, who know a little of my sufferings, and how little there is left in life for me. I have so few joys that perhaps you can hardly understand what a pleasure it is to me to see joy in the hearts of my friends. You will never know the comfort it is to me to feel that now you are in a position where horrid calumny can never fix upon you as its victim again, nor the voice of slander wound you as once it did. It was fine of you to understand me so beautifully, to see so clearly my subtle meaning under my poor, agitated, stumbling words. But we must never speak of these things more. My prayer for you both is that you may never know disillusion, — that sweet, gracious Maya may ever be yours."

Then she added in a postscript: "There is just one little favor I should like to ask of you. Will you not send me the blue girdle you used to wear? No one shall ever know of it. I will put it away among my poor little treasures, among the mementos of my far-away bright past. It is a symbol to me, and it will be a help to have it."

Wilhelmina wrapped up the girdle, and Carr sent it on to "Resthaven." A few days later came back another little gray note, on which was inscribed, very simply, in Mrs. Winton's fine, clear hand, the single word, "Thanks."

THE CHARM OF "IK MARVEL"

BY ANNIE RUSSELL MARBLE

"MIDDLE age does not look on life like youth; we cannot make it. And why mix the years and the thoughts? Let the young carry their own burdens and banner; and we — ours. For me those young years are gone. I cannot go back to that tide. I hear the rush of it in quiet hours like the murmur of lost music." Such was Mr. Mitchell's answer forty years ago when he was asked to revise, for a new edition, those *Reveries* which had early won for him the fellowship of thousands of readers. Twenty years later came the same request from the publishers, met by a similar protest. He added a word of grateful surprise at the steady demand for the little book which, "in spite of its youngness and fervent rhetoric," appealed yearly to so many new readers and old friends. Thirty years ago these essays of reverie and dream-life were familiar to college students throughout our country; they were read, not as "college requirements in English," but because they appealed to the emotions and ambitions of young manhood. In those days the literary rather than the athletic spirit pervaded our universities. The books were also household favorites in that same past, before the reign of Women's Clubs and classes, and before the surplus of light periodicals had intruded upon cultural reading by the fire-side.

In these later days, younger students may not be sure of "Ik Marvel's" work in letters, but they have found in the rural and literary studies of Donald G. Mitchell the same happy fancy and form which charmed the older generation. To name the essential quality of his writings we must turn to the primal meaning of sentimental, without any taint of excess or artifice. His theme may be idyllic or

realistic, but it is always treated with wholesome, frank sentiment. To-day, as in the past, his fancies and musings, his gleanings in rural and literary fields, give mental pleasure and more gracious temper. Past fourscore, in touch with the highest life in ideal and actuality, Mr. Mitchell deserves the tribute which he once gave to Irving, — "Fashions of books may change — do change; a studious realism may put in disorder the quaint dressing of his thought. . . . But the fashion of his heart and of his abiding good-will towards men will last — will last while the hills last."

In his books are common traits of other favorites, — the geniality of Lamb and Irving, the domestic tenderness of Longfellow and Curtis, the subtle wit of Lowell and Holmes, the outdoor delight of Walton, Thoreau, and Miss Mitford, the romantic fancy of such modern reveries as *My Lady Nicotine* and *Dream Days*. There is also a strong individuality which emphasizes, if it does not explain, the charm of both his earlier and later books. The reader knows his author's personality, a man of rare kindliness, well-trained mind, wise ideals, and a winsome modesty shown by the greeting, given with a hearty hand-clasp of welcome, to a recent "interviewer" who called at Edgewood, — "Well, I am sorry to say I dread your call as much as I would that of a kindly disposed dentist."

The roots of this personality may be traced in two sturdy, college-bred New England families, the Mitchells and the Woodbridges. The masterful Scotch ancestor, Donald Grant, has had his name twice honored. Alfred Mitchell, father of our author, was a fine scholar, with plenty of courage in matters of duty, but "diffident to a fault." On the hillside

burial-ground in Norwich, Connecticut, overlooking the church where he preached for seventeen years, is the record of his character, "sound in doctrine, plain and faithful in his preaching, conscientious and upright, amiable and affectionate in every relation of life." At the Otis Library of the same city may be read three or four of his printed sermons, undoubtedly "sound in doctrine," but no less kindly in their appeal to his "dear, perishing hearers." His rural tastes heralded the joys of his son at Edgewood. Up a little path behind the parsonage, at the entrance to dense woods still standing, he constructed a "retreat." Mrs. Sigourney, neighbor and friend of the family, said that within this arbor one would always find a single book, the Bible.

Though Norwich was not long the home of Donald Mitchell after his boyhood and his father's death, yet he never lost his vivid impressions of his birth-place. For Miss Perkins's book, *Old Houses of ye Antient Town of Norwich*, he made a map from his memories of the town about 1830, when he was eight years old. It is most interesting, this colored drawing, — "A Boyish Remembrance." Incidentally, he marked the Court House, the Brick Tavern, and an occasional church, school, or residence; but with conspicuous skill he located the Skating-Pond, the Peat-Pond, the Rope-Walk, the Watering-Trough, the Red Barn, the cranberry meadow, the clump of mulberry trees, and the long avenue of white sycamores.

Behind the New Haven homestead of Donald Mitchell rise the Woodbridge hills, commemorating the name of his maternal family. On his last public appearance four years ago at the Yale bicentennial, he gave the address of dedication for Woodbridge Hall. Recalling the family traits, he expressed, in one of his unique metaphors, the true meaning of the occasion: "And so this great belt of Woodbridge influences which I have sketched in bald outline, cropping out in churches, in teeming villages, in mills

that fire the October nights, — this whole Woodbridge belt, I say, is to-day buckled by this jewel of a building about the loins of this stalwart University of Yale!"

In Ellington, in old Winsor, at Dr. John Hall's famous school for boys, Donald Mitchell passed a brief season and later used some impressions of this strict, nature-loving master and other village types in his story of *Dr. Johns*. Some pages of *Dream Life* are autobiographical in feeling, if not in fact, especially the chapter on "Cloister Life." Far more than to the average student of his day or of ours, his college years gave mental equipment and focus towards the future. Here he began literary work on the college journal; as class orator, he made a personal plea for "The Dignity of Learning" as a vital part of life's purpose. With the first steps towards literature, there was mingled that love for country life which gave impetus to much of his writing. He came in direct contact with the soil by hard work, during vacations and after college, at the ancestral farm in Salem, near Norwich. The grapes and the nuts, the clover, the pastures, and the barn-rafters were photographed upon his heart. In the book of mature life, *Rural Studies*, he devoted a chapter to this large farm, "wild, unkempt, slatternly," with elements of drudgery and ugliness, but with many compensations for senses and soul. "Nothing to see? Lo, the play of light and shade over the distant hills, or the wind, making tossed and streaming wavelets on the rye. Nothing to hear? Wait a moment and you shall listen to the bursting, melodious roundelay of the merriest singer upon earth, — the black and white-coated Bobo-Lincoln, as he rises on easy wing, floats in sunshine, and overflows with song, then sinks, as if exhausted by his brilliant solo, to some swaying twig of the alder bushes. Nothing to hope? The maize leaves through all their close, serried ranks are rustling with the promise of golden corn. Nothing to conquer? There are the brambles, the roughnesses, the inequali-

ties, the chill, damp earth, the whole teeming swamp-land."

Like many another lover of nature he had been urged to outdoor life by ill-health. At twenty-four he was suddenly called to decide his immediate future, whether he should remain upon the old farm or travel across the sea. He chose the latter, and in three journeys, within a few years, toured Europe, seeking health as well as culture. After eight years he confided to the college friend, to whom he dedicated *The Battle Summer*, his feeling of unrest, "still drifting with memories for friends and the world — a home." These foreign travels, tinged with yearnings for a more stable life, gave the first themes for his literary work. Forgotten as are the books to-day amid the more timely records of travel, they have a pleasing, romantic flavor. He leisurely guides his readers on wayside excursions, among unfrequented villages, within tiny cottages on the Isle of Jersey, among the vintagers of Belgium, and frankly asks if they do not like thus to amble along, "seeing common things commonly." Not alone in his spirit of approach, but also in his titles and imagery, he fosters the rural and the domestic. Throughout *Fresh Gleanings* the bucolic scene is in evidence; it is the word of a traveler who "has plucked a grain-head here and a grain-head there," with never-waning memories of the old farm and of boyhood dreams. Within his brain was a medley of new impressions, but he was ever loyal to the past; — "sweet memories make up the pleasure of our life, for they nurse our hopes of sweet memories to come."

In contrast with the simple life of farm and fireside, he found in New York, during a period of legal and literary venture, social standards which he observed with amusement, but upon which he meditated with regret, often with disgust. Satire and irony crept into his literary form. The modern problem-novel, with ridicule and photography blended, was not then in fashion. English and American writers

had chosen the satiric essay and sketch for their social pictures and rebukes. *The Spectator* and *The Tatler* had imitations in the early *Echo* by the Hartford wits, *The Lay Preacher* by Joseph Dennie, and Irving's *Salmagundi*. Such were Mr. Mitchell's models. Following the custom of anonymity, he issued, in 1850, in serial sheets, *The Lorgnette*, or *Studies of the Town by an Opera-Goer*. A passing feeling of surprise flits over the reader of to-day, who sees "the eleventh edition" on the title-page, "set off with Mr. Darley's Designs." To us nearly all of the allusions are trite, many of the descriptions are tiresome, there is little of the poignancy of Addison or Holmes; yet within these papers once so popular, and in their successors, *Fudge Doings*, there are passages of value as well as entertainment to the student of American customs. They were exceptionally true to their time, while the comments on household trappings and crude decorative art, on "Ways of Getting into Society," are not irrelevant to these later days.

From these earlier sketches, and two later books of fiction, one carries the impression that Mr. Mitchell just escaped becoming a novelist, — and for the escape and his own appreciation of its wisdom we may be thankful. At best, he would have been only an indifferent writer of fiction. He lacked constructive skill in plot and in expanded characterization. Fortunately, he chose a distinctive form, more elastic and less familiar, — that of romantic reverie. A bachelor and wayfarer in city life, with longings for the country, he turned for literary material to his untainted memories and hopes. Taking the public into his confidence, with dignified reserve, he wrote *A Book of the Heart*. The eighteen editions within two years and the multiform reprints of both *Reveries of a Bachelor* and *Dream Life* proclaim the wholesome charm and good company which these books have supplied to readers for more than fifty years. They are contemporaneous in atmosphere and in literary dress. They

belong as truly to the past generation as do "the dressing-gown and slippers" in which the reader is urged to apparel himself as preparation for an evening of enjoyment. These accessories of time and manner are gone; such frank confession of sentiment is out of fashion; some of the phrases would not please our nice rhetoricians; yet there are salient and incidental qualities that linger. The wood fire upon the hearth has recovered its place in the home; there are many new brands of nicotine since the days of that long-lived companion of the dreamer; but they still promote quiet reverie, as well as symbolize good fellowship. There are still Aunt Tabithas, with modern gowns, skilled in the latest fads of embroidery and lace-making, but with the same half-skeptical, half-tender interest in youthful dreams and aspirings. In truth, the imagination and the heart, vibrating from hope to melancholy, are the same, yesterday, to-day, and forever.

The condition of mind known as reverie, where there is neither conscious effort nor responsibility, only a medley of hazy memories, realities, and fancies, is one of the happiest of psychologic states. The literary reverie, founded on personal experience and perfected by imagination, has a fitting, but too much neglected, place in literature. It furnishes, in a way, the natural sequel to the taste for fairy tales and myths. The youth, realizing his powers, in imagination substituting personal fears and aims for tales of gods and heroes, finds delight in drifting away from actual duties and prescribed mental tasks into the holiday-land of reverie, day-dream, and castle-building. The parts of Mr. Mitchell's romance which treat of adolescence and young manhood are superior to the later chapters on old age. The latter seem often too close to the borders of weak sentimentalism. Had the books been written in later life, the judgment might have been reversed. As they stand, revelations of youthful feelings and aspirations which maturity could not revise without

loss of identity, the first three Reveries are almost perfect in spontaneity and grace. So the first chapters of *Dream Life* surpass the scenes of marital joys and griefs: one misses here the tender pathos of Lamb's *Dream-Children* or the vital thrill of Irving's *The Wife*. The best reveries by Ik Marvel are gentle visions of mild happiness and sorrow; the threads of his emotion are seldom tangled, seldom strained; they have a definite, sane purpose which keeps out vagaries. There is day-dream for the youth, aspiration for the man, retrospect for the aged. In sympathy more or less complete with each period of life, Mr. Mitchell has poetically expressed the elusive yet lasting charm of these musings: "What is Reverie, and what are these Day-dreams, but fleecy cloud-drifts that float eternally, and eternally change shapes, upon the great over-arching sky of thought. You may seize the strong outlines that the passion breezes of to-day shall throw into their figures; but to-morrow may breed a whirlwind that will chase swift gigantic shadows over the heaven of your thought, and change the whole landscape of your life. Dream-land will never be exhausted until we enter the land of dreams, and until, in 'shuffling off this mortal coil,' thought will become a fact, and all facts will be only thought."

It has been well said that one of the best equipments for an author is a bundle of varied, happy memories of his boyhood. To a romanticist there is a sequel as important, — the ability to understand and to interpret the feelings, standards, and ambitions of the *genus* boy. The adolescent period is revealed with justice and delicacy in the chapters on "Boy Sentiment" and "Boy Religion," in *Dream Life*. We are told that a Glasgow publisher, in reprinting the book, omitted the chapter on "Boy Religion" lest by its implied censure of long prayers and abstruse sermons it might "unsettle" some orthodox readers. In this day of child-study and analysis of religious emotions the portrayal seems truthful

and helpful. We find here a real boy forming his notions of Heaven and religion, fixing his criteria for faith, for clergymen, and for sinners.

Speaking through these reveries of domestic life was an undertone of delight in nature. The Fourth Reverie is a bucolic of detached beauty, — a spring day under the oaks at the old farm, with the flitting of swallows, the lowing of cattle, and glimpses of a minnow in the brook. *Dream Life* is in its very essence and title "A Fable of the Seasons." Over the traits of the satirist prevailed the spirit of gentle Walton, lover of streams and woods, of men and children. Mr. Mitchell found city life debilitating; he sought the tonic of the open. Law, editorship, a brief diplomatic service drolly told in *The Account of a Consulate*, failed to bring healthful impulse or contentment. With a new joy in that companionship which is the first element in a home, he cast about, as he tells his readers with genuine wit, to establish a family life on some accessible farm, with requisites of woodland, arable and pasture lands, and, if possible, a bit of sea view. For ten years after Edgewood had been found in the suburbs of New Haven, he devoted his energies to a little editorial work and more cultivation of gardens and orchards. After a season of agricultural experiment, in this interest which had rounded out his life, he was again ready to take readers into his confidence and tell them, with his wonted intimacy and dignity, the vexations and joys of this Sabine farm. It was a homely theme, the story of acquiring and improving a large farm. By adapting style to subject he produced two sequential books, — such was his favorite mode in publishing, — that are still pungent and instructive. These rural essays should have revival in this day of joy in country life as well as scientific nature-study. The first volume, *My Farm of Edgewood*, appeared in 1863, and was well summarized as "practical enough for an agriculturalist, yet romantic enough for a poet." The author designed, and

carried out to perfection, the blending of the practical and the fanciful. In fine analogy he expanded the thought: "It is — if I may use a professional expression, — the fruit from a graft of the fanciful set upon the practical, and this is a style of grafting which is of more general adoption in the world than we are apt to imagine. . . . Commercial life is not wholly free from this easy union, — nor yet the clerical. All speculative forays, whether in the southern seas or in the sea of metaphysics, are to be credited to the graft Fancy; and all routine, whether of ledger or of litany, goes to the stock-account of the Practical. Nor is this last necessarily always profit, and the other always loss. There are, I am sure, a great many Practical failures in the world, and the number of Fanciful successes is unbounded."

Advice, — "What to do with the Farm," — hints to harmonize economy with simple grace, are interspersed among many droll, personal confessions. There is less sprightly merriment than in Mr. Warner's *My Summer in a Garden*, but there are amusing situations at Edgewood: counsel for treating frisky cows and obstinate poultry, or Pat's report of sowing delicate seeds, — "Byried 'em an inch if I byried 'em at all," — with his master's comment, — "An inch of earth will do for some seeds but for others it is an Irish burial — without the wake." There are also romantic and literary fancies, — memories of Kit Marlowe's milkmaids, delight in the ivy slip from Kenilworth, and the winsome picture of his own children ferreting out wild flowers, and suggesting the symbolism, — "Flowers and children are of near kin, and too much of restraint or too much of forcing or too much of display ruins their chiefest charms." Mr. Mitchell is both a ruralist and a book-lover. When his readers were familiar with his environment he invited them to come within his library and share with him the solaces of *Wet Days at Edgewood*, introducing them to many forgotten and new acquaintances

among pastoral poets and essayists. In none of his books will one find such deftness of touch and phrase as in these tributes to classic farmers and English poets, from Piers Plowman to Burns and Cowper. He adroitly uses a well-known story rather than a trite comment on English weather: "Raleigh, indeed, threw his velvet cloak into the mud for the Virgin queen to tread upon, — from which we infer a recent shower; but it is not often that an historical incident is so suggestive of the true state of the atmosphere."

With the passing of the years, Edgewood has changed from a large farm with a small cottage to a noble estate, a part leased to expert agriculturalists. Of late its master's activities have been within his library more than in his gardens. Edgewood has achieved its purpose in his life, and the earlier zeal has settled into quiet enjoyment. His latest — with sad truth, one must say, his last — literary expression has been as photographer of English and American Lands and Letters. Two or three lesser known writings mark the transition from the rural to the distinctly literary. *Dr. Johns*, appearing the year after the second Edgewood book, resembles Judd's *Margaret* and Mrs. Stowe's stories of New England villages. The minor characters are labored, and the minister too severe in outline, but Reuben, with hot blood and orthodox conscience, yearning for sympathy, is to-day an interesting character; he embodies his author's thoughts on the sentiments and needs of boyhood in the earlier *Dream Life*. This novel is inferior to the short stories of three years later, culled from note-books of foreign travel, with the whimsical title, *Seven Stories, with Basement and Attic*. Two of these tales are admirable: "The Petit Soulier" suggesting the subtle pathos and charm of *Les Sabots du petit Wolff*, by that master of modern *conteurs*, François Coppée, and "The Bride of the Ice-King," graphic and haunting, not inferior to some of Hawthorne's legends of warning and doom.

On the reference shelves of many of

our colleges and libraries are found a half dozen volumes by Mr. Mitchell on English and American Letters, treated historically and illustratively. Adapted, says the author, to youth, they are no less alluring to the friends of Ik Marvel of the past. As literary studies, with due adjustment of values, the books display many gaps and extravagances. They do not pretend to be exhaustive; they do not even claim to be unprejudiced and discreet. With blithe independence he selects his favorites, turns down certain long-respected writers with a few phrases of cold summary, and challenges you to approve or to dissent. He fulfills his aim, "to make an own book, and not an echo of the distinguished likes and dislikes of this or that expositor." Half a century ago, when it was thought to be a compliment to call an American author an imitator of some popular Englishman, Mr. Mitchell was often known as "the American Elia." The common and distinctive traits of the two authors are recognized by current readers. To Mr. Mitchell Charles Lamb has been a neighbor in spirit since boyhood days. In him he found not alone a fireside companion but a literary artist of surpassing influence, as he has testified in many a passage. There is great skill in condensation of research in these literary studies. Volumes are summarized in pages, paragraphs are reduced to effective phrases. Witness his advocacy of a simple style in description, "Nature is better than millinery." To express the differences in tastes of the two early colonies he cites a striking antithesis: "But if poems, and stone chapels, — which were veritable daughters of the English mother church, — and ambitious country houses with fat dinners, and hunting chaplains to say grace, came first to Virginia shores, school-houses and a printing-press and long, inexorable sermons came earliest to New England."

In conclusion, as in beginning, the same thought prevails, — gratitude for the winsomeness and cheer of "Ik Marvel," youthful dreamer, for the racy es-

says of the Farmer of Edgewood, and for the mellowed, yet keen, literary studies of Mr. Mitchell's harvest years. In these diverse forms one element is ever present, — the companionableness of the author. None of the books excel in aim or workmanship, but they all have a sure place in the goodly company of

The pleasant books, that silently among
Our household treasures take familiar places,
And are to us as if the living tongue
Spoke from the printed leaves or pictured
faces.

They appeal to the mood of relaxing enjoyment, if we confess to such a mood at present. They are so leisurely that they sometimes seem slow in movement, with

easy digressions from sad to serenely happy; they remind us that there are more sunbeams than shadows on life's panorama. Pathos is tearful in *What is Gone*, but sanity and hope reassert themselves in appreciation of *What is Left*. Mr. Mitchell has a delightful unconsciousness of his gifts and their services. Long ago, almost in apology for the simplicity of his printed page, he wrote, "My thoughts start pleasant pictures to my mind." No words could better express the source of his charm. His books have rank in our memories because they are sincere, gracious effusions from the heart of this venerable lover of nature, lover of men, and lover of the best in literature.

THE YEAR IN MEXICO

BY FREDERIC R. GUERNSEY

THE annals of Mexico in this modern era of progressive and prudent administration resemble, more than anything else, the record of a great hacienda, or landed estate, under the management of an alert and achieving superintendent. A quarter of a century ago, Mexico was a congeries of jealous and isolated provinces, each clinging tenaciously to its traditions of home-rule. That was the era of the local leaders, the *caudillos*, men of power and leadership in their respective states; often men of primitive force, frequently of large wealth in lands or mines, always accustomed to command and to be obeyed, and hard to bring under any real control by the national government.

In some of the more distant states, the governors and their associates formed cliques who, on slight provocation, defied the central authority in the city of Mexico. The feudal lords of the soil in Mexico constituted a real power. Revolutions were easily fomented in provincial capitals, and successive federal ex-

cutes had to placate, as far as they could, the great local chieftains.

To-day, under the rule of President Porfirio Diaz, all this is changed. Railways and telegraphs have penetrated every section of the republic, and what was, a quarter of a century ago, a loosely-linked federation has become one of the strongest and most highly centralized governments in the world. Power has been placed in the hands of this remarkable ruler, and he has used it wisely, and in a paternal spirit, for the good of all classes of Mexican citizens. Rapid transit, popular education, and a strict vigilance exercised over the states, have transformed Mexico. One brain and one will have swayed the destinies of the country, and the effects of a well understood and steady purpose are manifest in the marvelous and substantial progress of the nation.

The elimination of the professional politician and the demagogue has been accomplished, and the services of every

man of energy and intelligence have been enlisted for coöperation with the President in his work of modernizing Mexico. No man of genuine ability escapes being drafted into that great army of Mexicans who are guided by the modernizer of his country. Lawyers of eminence, bankers, educators, engineers, all men of creative or executive force, have been sought out and utilized. The work of Porfirio Diaz has been the creation of a strong, solvent, and efficient nation within the space of life remaining to a man who attained supreme power at the age of forty-seven years. He has had no time to waste in useless debate. This much should be known, if the record of even one year of Mexican accomplishment is to be understood.

The first event of interest during the year 1905 was the visit of President Diaz to the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, for the purpose of inspecting the railway which spans that region of southern Mexico from ocean to ocean, and which, in the expectation of Mexican statesmen, is destined, when the improvements at its terminal ports of Coatzacoalcos and Salina Cruz are completed, to be an important factor in facilitating the world's carrying trade, even when the Panama canal shall have been dug. Already it is planned to utilize this Mexican railway for sending supplies to Panama from the United States.

The President made the trip to Tehuantepec at the invitation of Sir Weetman D. Pearson, head of the English contracting firm of S. Pearson and Son, Limited, which has reconstructed the railway, is executing the improvements at the terminal ports, and is the Mexican government's partner for the operation of the road and the ports for a term of fifty-one years, counting from July, 1902.

The presidential party made stops at Rincon Antonio, the most salubrious and agreeable spot on the Isthmus, where the general offices and shops of the railway are situated; at Salina Cruz, the ter-

minal on the Pacific, the scene of some of General Diaz's earlier military exploits; at the city of Tehuantepec, where he was military commandant in 1858; and at Coatzacoalcos, the Gulf terminal. Incidentally, the President made a brief trip over a portion of the Pan-American railway, which, starting from San Gerónimo on the Tehuantepec railway, is to reach the frontier of Guatemala, and is to be the last link in Mexico's contribution to the larger Pan-American or Intercontinental road; for, when it is completed, Mexico will have a continuous system of railways from its northern to its southern border.

At all points touched by the President he was received with enthusiasm, and he himself enjoyed the opportunity of revisiting, after the lapse of many years, a region where he won his first military laurels and became known as an uncompromising champion of liberal principles and republican institutions.

About two years will be needed for the completion of the works now under way at Salina Cruz and Coatzacoalcos, for the affording of ample accommodations for shipping. When the improvements in question are completed, the Tehuantepec Route is expected to compete, under advantageous conditions, for all traffic at present moving between the Orient and United States Atlantic ports, between the Orient and European ports, between San Francisco and New York, and so forth.

Aside from the traffic mentioned, which is largely competitive, and is subject always to competitive conditions, the opening of the Tehuantepec Route, with its ports in full operation, must bring about a large increase in the exchange of products between Mexican and Central American Pacific ports and all Atlantic ports. The cost of transportation will be greatly reduced *via* the Tehuantepec Route, as compared with the long hauls *via* railway lines at present. This great trans-isthmian railway is Mexico's addition to inter-ocean routes.

Like all Latin countries, Mexico has a church question. The vast majority of Mexicans are Catholics, the Protestant missionary campaign having, in thirty-four years, made but small impression on the masses, although undoubtedly doing not a little in the way of arousing the historic and dominant Church of the country to greater activity.¹ There is, at the present time, what may be fairly termed a Catholic revival going on in the country. Churches are undergoing restoration, missions are frequently held in remote regions, and the number of religious communities is increasing, although the existence of these communities, bound by vow and living under monastic rule, is illegal in the republic. The number of religious congregated together in one house is rarely very considerable. And such congregations are liable to domiciliary visits and dispersal by the authorities, in addition to fines and other penalties. The passage of time has softened the old antagonisms of Liberals and Conservatives; the Liberal group, which carries on the government, has no longer any dread of the clerical power, and it has come about that a *modus vivendi* has been reached

whereby the Church, while pursuing spiritual ends, and not actively taking part in politics, is not subject to attack. Some of the female orders now in Mexico devote themselves to educating young girls and women; others nurse the sick, or care for the aged and helpless.

It is quite true that the Catholic Church is subject to a number of restrictions which are consequences of the laws of reform championed by President Juarez. That feature of the reform laws which most frequently leads to collisions between the adherents of the Church and the authorities is the prohibition of external or public acts of worship. Religious processions were so common in Mexico during the old days of the ascendancy of the Church that the devout cannot easily reconcile themselves to their total prohibition.

Infractions of the law are most frequent in the small towns of the interior, where the people are particularly staunch in their devotion to the ancient faith and its practices. As a rule, these contraventions are not serious; but in the month of February last there occurred at Lagos, in the state of Jalisco, a case which attracted considerable attention, owing to the circumstances surrounding it.

Some of the humbler class of people marched through the streets in procession, holding aloft an image of the Virgin. The matter did not reach the ear of the authorities until the procession had entered the parish church. The parish priest, Rev. Gregorio Retolaza, was requested by the chief local authority, or *Jefe Politico*, as he is called, to call and explain the occurrence. The priest repaired to the office of this functionary and informed him that the procession had been held without his knowledge or consent.

In the meantime, a report spread abroad to the effect that the clergyman had been arrested, which caused a large crowd to assemble outside the office of the *Jefe Politico*, demanding the release of their pastor. The populace were ordered by the authorities to disperse, but instead

¹ The ten Protestant denominations having missions in Mexico had, at latest accounts, 187 missionaries, 207 native preachers, 276 teachers and native helpers, and 22,369 members. Some of the missionaries assert that these communicants really stand for a total Protestant population of 111,000, allowing for each communicant four persons in religious sympathy with him or her. Other missionaries do not estimate the number of native Protestants in the country at more than 60,000 in a total population of some 14,000,000. The value of the Protestant church and mission property, including church and school edifices, is \$1,668,000. It is frequently found that the mission schools are models of their kind, and some of the State governors have taken pattern of them in reforming their own schools. Medical missions do much good, and often command the good will of Catholic priests. There appears to be slowly developing among broad-minded Catholic clergymen a kindlier feeling for the Protestant workers in the mission field. And in some cases this feeling is returned by missionaries.

of obeying, the peasants proceeded to stone the police and the office of the *Jefe*. To restore order, the police made use of their firearms, and a small riot ensued, in which sticks, stones, and pistols were used on both sides, with the result that one member of the mob was killed, and some, both of the rioters and the guards, were injured. The priest Retolaza was prosecuted and held for some months in prison at Guadalajara, the capital of the state of Jalisco.

In general, public opinion in Mexico sustains the authorities in the strict enforcement of the law prohibiting open-air worship. This law is interpreted with absolute impartiality. Protestants are not allowed, any more than Catholics, to organize or hold out-of-door religious demonstrations, and it is for this reason that Mexico is one of the few countries in the world which the Salvation Army has not entered.

It is very seldom that serious trouble attends the enforcement of the law in this respect, and that is the reason why the Lagos affair strongly arrested public attention, and was made the theme of many newspaper articles in which the firmness of the authorities in vindicating the law was commended.

Internally the Church in Mexico is not without its personal divisions and factions. Early in the year, Monsignor Domenico Serafini, the apostolic delegate in Mexico, departed for Rome to report to the Pope on the result of his ecclesiastical mission in this country. Hardly had he turned his back, when a bitter attack upon his predecessor, Monsignor Averardi, appeared in the columns of the Catholic daily, *El Tiempo*. The most remarkable feature of this article was that the severest strictures in it were quoted as having been already made in print by Monsignor Montes de Oca, Bishop of San Luis Potosi.

Bishop Montes de Oca was then absent from the country, leading a Mexican pilgrimage to Rome and the Holy Land, and it was reported that the publicity

given to his attacks on a former representative of the Holy See in Mexico would lead to his being called to account by Pope Pius in person, and perhaps forced to resign his diocese, as, for different, but hardly less grave causes, the Bishops of Dijon and Laval in France had been compelled to do. Certain it is that Montes de Oca's offense against discipline created considerable scandal in ecclesiastical circles in Mexico.

In the meantime, a new apostolical delegate, in the person of Monsignor Giuseppe Ridolfi, Bishop of Todi, has arrived in Mexico, and it is believed that Rome intends to have such an official permanently located in the country in order to exercise a direct and vigorous control over church affairs.

There have been rumors from time to time of the creation of a Mexican cardinal, but the improbability of these reports is evident. In distributing distinctions of this kind, the Vatican naturally gives the preference to those Catholic countries which maintain official relations with it, and Mexico not only declines to hold those relations, but also studiously abstains from according any diplomatic status to the representative of the Pope in Mexico, whose mission in consequence is purely ecclesiastical.

For many years past the relations between the United States and Mexico have been excellent, in contrast to the acrimonious disputes which strained international harmony some twenty years ago, during the first presidency of Mr. Cleveland.

During the period when Mr. Thomas F. Bayard was Secretary of State and General Henry R. Jackson was American Minister at the city of Mexico, — though it would not be fair to fasten the blame on them, — questions arose between the two neighboring nations which, as those know who were on the inside of the diplomatic exchanges of that day, might easily have become extremely serious, and even have resulted in war.

All this has been changed, and while the better state of international relations may in part be due to accident, it is unquestionably to be ascribed chiefly to the better spirit and temper in which such questions as arise from time to time are approached by the two governments.

Mexico was one of the countries with which the United States government negotiated an arbitration treaty early in the year, a treaty which was dropped, like its fellows, by the Washington administration, because of the Senate amendments. President Diaz, in his semi-annual message to Congress, delivered on the first of April, 1905, while not referring specifically to this tentative compact, remarked that the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo of 1848 contains provisions for the settlement of all future controversies, so far as possible and practicable, by arbitration. The President alluded in a gratified tone to "the remoteness of the fear of any possible difficulty with the neighboring republic on our north, with which, moreover, we cultivate, as is well known, relations which every day become closer and more friendly."

Though the tentative arbitration treaty between the United States and Mexico, one of the bunch of treaties broached by the Washington administration at that time, fell through, another very practical and useful arbitration convention was concluded between the two nations during the year. This was the convention agreed to in principle during the Pan-American Conference in the city of Mexico in the winter of 1901-02, which provides for the settlement by arbitration of all international questions growing out of pecuniary claims. The representatives of several of the nations taking part in that conference affixed their signatures to this preliminary compact, and it has since become operative among a number of them. It was ratified by the Mexican Senate during its spring sessions.

As pecuniary claims have in point of fact been one of the most fruitful sources of difficulty between the United States and

the other nations of the western hemisphere, the conclusion of an agreement, in a binding form, to dispose by arbitration of any such cases as may arise in the future, is a distinct gain for the cause of the rational adjustment of international controversies, and is a guarantee, not indeed absolute, but most substantial, of lasting peace among the nations of this continent.

Though this treaty was not operative according to international law at the time when Mexico and the United States submitted to the Hague Tribunal their controversy in regard to the Pious Fund Claim, nevertheless they no doubt considered themselves morally and constructively bound by its terms, seeing that they had subscribed to the project of a convention during the Pan-American Conference; and, anticipating ratification, they settled the difference in question in the manner provided by the project alluded to.

Then, of course, they could appeal to the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, if further sanction were needed over and above the fact that two nations do not need to have any general prior arrangement in order to submit a specific question to arbitration.

The cordial character of the relations between the United States and Mexico was emphasized by the courtesies shown by the United States to Mexico on the occasion of the return to this country of the remains of the late Mexican ambassador at Washington, Señor Manuel de Azpiroz, who died at his post, at the American capital, on March 24.

It is well known that the position of Señor Azpiroz at Washington had not been a pleasant or easy one. Azpiroz had been the "fiscal," or prosecuting attorney, of the court martial which sentenced Maximilian to death in 1867, and in this capacity he had pleaded for the application of the capital penalty to the unfortunate archduke and his two chief generals, Miramon and Mejia. This fact was remembered to his disadvantage at

Washington by the European diplomats, and for a time they contrived to make things socially disagreeable for him. But in the end he to a large extent lived down this petty persecution, and from the first had enjoyed the respect and esteem of administration circles at Washington by reason of the rectitude and sincerity of his character.

Azpiroz caught cold at the inauguration of President Roosevelt on March 4, and the relapse occasioned by exposure on that day, aggravating previous maladies, proved fatal. About a month later, the United States sent the remains of Azpiroz home in the cruiser *Columbia*, which arrived at Veracruz on April 22, and was received with due honors. In the same vessel came the widow, the two daughters, and the son of the deceased ambassador.

Captain J. M. Miller, commander of the *Columbia*, with some of his officers, marines, and blue-jackets, accompanied the remains to the capital, at the invitation of the Mexican government, and were present on April 24 at the interment, which was attended by President Diaz, his cabinet, the foreign diplomatic corps, and many prominent citizens.

In the funeral procession the casket was carried by eight seamen of the *Columbia* under the command of the master-at-arms. The band of the *Columbia* played Chopin's Funeral March. Next came the marines of the same vessel, and last of all the American blue-jackets with the stars and stripes unfurled.

The procession was watched by an immense throng. Under any circumstances a large concourse of spectators might have been expected, but the participation of the naval officers, marines, and seamen of the United States, in the last tribute to a lamented servant of the Mexican nation, gave a deep historical significance to the occasion, and, appealing to the best sentiments of the population, fully justified the manifestation of unusual interest in the ceremony on the part of the thousands of onlookers.

The oration at the grave-side was delivered by Ignacio Mariscal, Minister of Foreign Relations. He thus alluded to the crucial passage in the life of Mr. Azpiroz:—

"When that struggle [against the empire] ended, with the triumph of the national cause, it fell to his lot to take an important rôle in the great tragedy of Queretaro, and he then conducted himself, as he ever did, with absolute loyalty to his principles, heeding, not the promptings of anger or prejudice, but only the voice of duty and the dictates of conscience."

After the obsequies, the officers and men of the *Columbia* remained in the city of Mexico for some days, and were handsomely entertained both by the Mexican government and by the American colony.

The incident served very materially to improve the state of feeling here toward the United States and the American people; and even the conservative organ, *El Tiempo*, usually so censorious when anything connected with Mexico's northern neighbor is concerned, referred appreciatively to the courtesy of the Washington authorities.

The death of Señor Azpiroz necessitated the appointment of a new ambassador of Mexico to the United States. The choice of President Diaz for this important post fell on Lic. Joaquin D. Casasús, a successful corporation lawyer and economist, a classical scholar, a littérateur, a patron of art and science, and a gentleman of marked social accomplishments. The appointment was made public on June 3, and created a very favorable impression. Señor Casasús, accompanied by his wife and family, departed for his new post on November 3.

Through the resignation of General Powell Clayton, synchronizing with the beginning of President Roosevelt's term, the post of American ambassador to Mexico became vacant almost simultaneously with that of Mexican ambassador to

the United States. After an incumbency of eight years, first as minister and afterwards as ambassador, General Clayton left Mexico on May 26.

There were no striking developments in the political situation in Mexico.

On December 1 of the previous year (1904) President Diaz had entered on his sixth consecutive term and his seventh term in all.

By a constitutional amendment, a regular vice-president of the republic, for the first time since the early days of Mexico's history, took the oath of office at the same time as the president, on December 1, 1904. The gentleman previously elected, and now occupying the position of vice-president, is the Honorable Ramon Corral, formerly governor of the state of Sonora. By virtue of another constitutional amendment, the present and future presidential terms will be six years, instead of four as formerly.

General Diaz once defined the object of his domestic policy to be, "Little politics and much administration." His present term is being fully characterized by the application of that wholesome rule. It is a system which urgently needs to be reduced to practice in other Spanish-American countries, most of which are cursed with too much politics.

The Mexican President continues to enjoy excellent health, and at seventy-five is in the full possession of his mental and physical faculties. When one meets him, or he appears in public, he does not impress one as an old man. His compatriots may rationally hope that he will be spared to them for years to come.

On the other hand, the firmness yet conciliatoriness, the magnetic personality, the capacity to win both affection and respect, and the proven administrative aptitude, of Vice-President Corral, afford a guarantee of the continuance of orderly political conditions in Mexico, in the event of his being called on, in any contingency, to assume the direction of its affairs.

Much anxiety was occasioned late in November by the fact that Señor Corral was stricken with typhus. The public solicitude in his behalf was proof of his wide popularity. Fortunately, after a fortnight, it was announced that he had passed the crisis, and, a week later, that he had entered the period of convalescence.

Some changes occurred in the cabinet of President Diaz through the resignation of General Mena, Minister of War, which took place on March 10. General Manuel Gonzalez Cosio, who had been Minister of "Fomento," succeeded Mena, and the portfolio of "Fomento" was given to Blas Escontria, former governor of the state of San Luis Potosi.

The official family of the President of Mexico had an addition as from July 1. The new cabinet office is the Ministry of Public Instruction and the Fine Arts. As a consequence of the creation of this office the Mexican Cabinet now contains eight members. The choice of President Diaz for the new portfolio was the Hon. Justo Sierra, one of the most enlightened citizens of Mexico, a distinguished littérateur and an enthusiast in the cause of popular education.

The new minister has not yet had time to develop all his plans, which aim not only at the extension and remodeling of educational facilities, but at the encouragement of all forms of art and literature.

Owing to the prolonged turbulence of Mexico subsequent to its emancipation from Spanish rule, its successive governments were able to give but scant attention to national culture in art and literature, and in this respect did not do so much as had been done under the colonial régime; and though it may be argued that the artist is born and not made, it is a simple fact that Mexico, since the era of independence, has produced no Cabrera and no Tresguerras. It is true that the latter survived the attainment of Mexican autonomy, dying in 1833, but both his genius and his work belong to the colonial epoch.

In a Latin country the direct intervention of the government in the artistic culture of its people is regarded as a perfectly proper and natural function, the more so in that the public's patronage to the artist and author is not so liberal as in the wealthier Anglo-Saxon countries. The administration of General Diaz, which has done so much for the material advancement of the people, and which has made popular education one of its central features, has now, while the country is on the full tide of prosperity, undertaken to give a wider scope to plans of intellectual and æsthetic culture. In this spirit, and for this object, the new ministry was created.

Señor Sierra is very broad-minded, and, holding that art and science have no country, he some time ago, while still sub-Secretary of Instruction, appointed a foreign artist as Director of the Academy of Fine Arts, and has maintained him in that post in spite of the criticism of the chauvinistic press.

The new minister has signalized his intention of encouraging the drama by initiating competitions, with money prizes, among national authors in that form of literature.

Young Mexicans who show any capacity in art are pensioned by the government so as to enable them to continue their studies in Europe.

Since Señor Sierra took office there have been renewed rumors of the federalization of education and the unification of methods and courses all over the republic. At the present time, the Federal Government controls education only in the Federal District and territories, each state of the Mexican union having its own educational department.

A measure of vital importance to the economic well-being of the nation was promulgated on March 25, 1905. This was the decree for the reform of the currency, issued by the Executive under an enabling Act of Congress, approved on December 9, 1904.

The new monetary system, due to the initiative of the very able finance minister Señor José Yves Limantour, went into effect on the first of May, but the free coinage of silver ceased on April 16.

Broadly speaking, the new system gives Mexico a fifty-cent dollar. It declares that the theoretical unit of the monetary system of the United Mexican States is represented by seventy-five centigrams of pure gold, and is denominated a *peso*.

The silver *peso*, or dollar, which has hitherto been coined with the weight of 24.4388 grams of pure silver, will have a legal value equivalent to seventy-five centigrams of pure gold.

The coins to be struck are as follows:—

Gold: ten *pesos*, five *pesos*.

Silver: one *peso*, fifty cents, twenty cents, ten cents.

Nickel: five cents.

Bronze: two cents, one cent.

The design of the silver *peso* will not be substantially altered, at any rate for the present.

The basic feature of the measure is its affirmation that the power of coining money appertains exclusively to the executive, and that, in consequence, the right of private persons to introduce gold and silver bullion into the mints, for coinage, is abolished. This is the clause that does away with the free, or, to speak more accurately, the unrestricted coinage of silver.

Henceforth new silver coins will be struck and issued only in exchange for gold coin or bullion at the rate of seventy-five centigrams of pure gold per *peso*.

At the time when the enabling act was passed, the creation of a reserve or exchange fund was left to the discretion of the executive, and the opinion seemed to prevail that it would not be established at once. This view, however, proved erroneous, as the creation of the fund synchronized with the promulgation of the new currency measure. Ten million *pesos* from the treasury reserves constitute the

foundation of the fund, which will gradually be increased from other sources, chiefly the seigniorage and other profits of coinage.

Bankers and financial authorities in general were glad that the exchange fund was made an initial feature of the plan of currency reform, for it gave it an immediate character of stability and permanence, and obviated the drawbacks incidental to the enhancement of the monetary circulation through the single influence of scarcity-value, — drawbacks that were for a time severely felt in India as the result of the currency measures of 1893.

The exchange fund is to be handled by a special commission, of which the ex-officio head is the Minister of Finance, and which, in addition, has a membership of nine persons. Two of these nine are ex-officio members, namely, the Treasurer-General of the Nation and the Director of the Mints. Three members are appointed by the three chief banks of the capital, and the remaining four are appointed by the executive. It is an illustration of the broad spirit in which public affairs are now conducted in Mexico that five of the nine members, including two of the four appointed by the government, are foreigners. The commission performs the functions of a general board of currency control.

Such are the main features of Mexico's currency reform. Simultaneously, however, with it, much cognate legislation was enacted. The chief of these allied enactments is the plan of relief afforded to the mining industry, which was also included within the scope of the enabling act of December 9, 1904.

The net result of currency reform is that it gives Mexico a money of stable value as measured by the world's monetary standard. It makes Mexico's currency independent of the fluctuations in the value of silver. Merchants and investors now have a fixed basis for all their undertakings and all their calculations; an aleatory factor, absolutely beyond con-

trol and baffling all human foresight, has been eliminated from financial and commercial transactions.

All these are obvious advantages; but it was apprehended that a somewhat heavy price, in the shape of the perturbation of some industrial and commercial conditions, would have to be paid. Even the most optimistic anticipated this. But in point of fact, the transition from a silver to a gold basis has been effected without jolt or jar. Even the silver mining industry, which, it was expected, would be most seriously affected by the change, continues to prosper and expand. Though this characteristic and historical industry of Mexico has no doubt been temporarily inconvenienced, it is evident, on the one hand, that the loss which it has suffered has not been sufficient to curtail its operations, and that the rebates in taxation and special franchises granted to it by the government have afforded a substantial compensation for those losses. Not only has no mining concern of importance shut down as a consequence of the suspension of the free coinage of silver, but new claims are constantly being located, and both native and foreign capital is being invested in ever-increasing quantities in the development of silver-mining properties.

In fact, in every way the success of the reform has exceeded expectations. The parity of exchange — two Mexican dollars equal to one American dollar, or ten Mexican dollars to one pound sterling — has been attained and has prevailed with substantial fixity for months past, in gratifying contrast to the former disturbing oscillations.

It was expected that some years would have to elapse before gold would actually circulate under the new system, whereas already the yellow metal has entered, of course on a small scale at present, into actual daily use, thus affixing the seal of absolute success, in the shape of the interchangeability and concurrent use of the two metals at the legal ratio, to this important measure.

On July 1 that time-honored institution known as the Free Zone ceased to exist.

The Free Zone has had different meanings, both territorially and fiscally, at different periods of Mexico's history. For several years, however, prior to its suppression, it was a strip of territory, twenty kilometers wide, on the Mexican side of the northern border, and the duties payable on foreign goods imported for consumption in that strip were ten per cent of the regular tariff rates.

The object of the creation of the Free Zone was to afford to Mexican cities on the southern side of the border the stimulus and encouragement which it was felt they would need to enable them to exist and to prosper side by side with cities which, situated in the territory of the United States, would be characterized by the phenomenal activity, progressiveness, and growth manifested by the economic life of the northern republic.

It was believed that the franchise would attract population to the Mexican border cities by assuring low prices for the chief necessities of life, and would lead to the building up of manufacturing industries in the zone by giving them cheap raw material.

Owing to a variety of circumstances, these expectations were not realized. For one thing, no important manufacturing interests became located in the Zone, despite the theoretical advantage of cheap raw material. And the reason is obvious. If such interests were to prosper, of course they would have to count not only on the markets of the Zone, but on those of the republic in general. They could do so, legally speaking, but in practice the matter worked out otherwise; for, inasmuch as extraordinary vigilance had to be exercised to prevent foreign goods, imported ostensibly for consumption in the Zone, from being fraudulently interned for interior markets, and as that vigilance had to embrace all goods moving inland from said Zone, including even the output of local factories, in order to guard against

substitutions, it follows that these necessary restrictions were an obstacle to the marketing, in the interior, of articles manufactured in the privileged strip.

If to this fact be added the no less important one that the prices of imported goods were not in general lower in the cities of the Zone than in other cities of the republic, it will be seen that the main objects for which the Zone was created were not attained, and no solid argument could be adduced for maintaining a condition of fiscal inequality which had proved inefficacious to produce the advantages expected from it.

When the government had once made up its mind to do away with the abnormal fiscal conditions prevailing along the northern border, it acted with great decision and celerity.

For some years the executive has had delegated powers from Congress to modify tariff legislation, but it resolved to surrender those powers at the close of the last fiscal year, — that is, on June 30 last. It made use of the powers on the last day of their existence to abolish the Free Zone, and the decree of suppression took effect on the very next day. This quick action was necessary to prevent the heavy importations that would have been effected in the interval had a longer period been allowed before the going into effect of the new measure.

The suppression of the Free Zone has been welcomed on the American side of the frontier, as the United States customs authorities always maintained that the Mexican franchise was an incentive to the smuggling of European goods across the border.

Undoubtedly the enhancement of the currency, which is the chief feature of the plan of monetary reform, entailing as it does a lower exchange rate, and therefore facilitating the importation of products manufactured in gold standard countries, would have affected several local industries, had not a slightly additional margin of protection been afforded to them by

virtue of a comprehensive revision of the tariff.

The new tariff came into operation on September 1.

It was to be expected that the currency reform would stimulate the investment of foreign capital in Mexico. A currency of fluctuating value was a great obstacle to foreign investments in this country, because the foreign investor could not calculate even with approximate accuracy the profits which he might expect from the venture. He could estimate them, of course, in silver, the currency of the country, but he could form no forecast as to what those profits would amount to when converted into gold. Furthermore, as gold capital once invested here was *ipso facto* converted into silver, the risk of its serious curtailment had to be faced in the event of the necessity, arising for any reason, of winding up the business and withdrawing from the Mexican field.

All these drawbacks are obviated by a stable currency. The foreign investor now knows within a very narrow margin what his profits in Mexico will net him in the currency of his own country. And for the same reason he knows that he can withdraw his capital at the same rate at which he invested it, at least so far as that operation depends on the existence in Mexico of a currency of stable value.

This fact will naturally encourage foreign capital to come to Mexico for investment.

During the few months that have elapsed since currency reform became operative, there has been a marked influx of foreign capital into Mexico. Two forms of investment seem at present to be specially favored, namely, Mexican banks, and plants for the conversion of water power into electrical energy for lighting and power purposes.

It is an interesting fact that most of the money recently invested in the increase of the capital of Mexican banks has come from France.

No event during the year in the busi-

ness world of Mexico more strongly arrested public attention than the contest for control of the Bank of London and Mexico, between the French and British elements in that institution, ending with a complete victory for the former.

The Bank of London and Mexico, founded in 1864, was the first bank of issue, and is the oldest institution of credit, in the republic. It was regarded as a typically British institution, the last remnant of the former preponderance of British interests in the economic life of the republic. Some years ago, however, the first increase of its capital took place, and local French and Spanish merchants were allowed to subscribe for some of the shares, though the controlling interest was still held in the British metropolis. This intrusion of the Latin element was, however, the penetration of the thin end of the wedge. By degrees the new influences, particularly the French influence, expanded, and at the last increase of capital gained a complete mastery. The Bank of London and Mexico, in spite of its name, is now a French, and not a British, institution.

One of the great campaigns of peace carried on by the government has been that against the yellow fever, long the scourge of the Gulf ports, and occasionally raging with marked virulence on the Pacific coast. During the year, the Superior Board of Health, whose president is the noted physician and sanitarian, Dr. Eduardo Licéaga, has received most generous aid from the national treasury, enabling it to establish a system of rigorous sanitary inspection in the port cities, as well as to continue the work on the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, where, owing to the large number of white foreigners present as planters, railway officials, contractors, and the like, the dreaded fever has in past years found many victims. Much has been gained in that region by Mexico's sanitarians, and the results in the port cities have been gratifying, for not at any time during the year was

yellow fever present in an epidemic form in any one of them. Patients were isolated and screened so that the mosquito, known to carry the germ, could not reach them. Meantime the Superior Board of Health has initiated measures against malaria, and experiments have been made, with excellent results, at various points on the coast of Lower California and Sinaloa. The sanitary work of the government has been commendably efficient, and the labors of the official bacteriologists have aroused interest among farmers and hot country planters who have been benefited by their researches. Along the lines of applied science the Mexican government has done good work. The younger medical men of the country are often found to be most enthusiastic contributors to the researches officially conducted.

In the line of military preparation the government has been, as always, efficiently active. Though the policy of President Diaz is eminently peaceful, he has recognized that the national honor demands that due attention be given the army. Foreign military experts, who have visited Mexico of late, have cordially praised the efficiency of the artillery, the excellence of the cavalry, and the endurance and hardiness of the infantry. Taking the army as a basis, Mexico could place in the field against invading forces a great body of regulars, state troops, and volunteers. The younger men of the country have shown a decided bent toward military life, and thousands of them have voluntarily subjected themselves to drill and discipline. Steadily, and without making any parade of its purpose, the government has devoted much attention and money to the perfecting of its army. Military men have been stationed in Europe to watch the evolution of their art among Continental armies and to gather technical information as to new weapons. To-day, the Mexican army is largely officered by young and devoted men who have received a scientific training, and the mili-

tary strength of the nation has increased appreciably. Mexico has learned much from the Boer war and from the Russo-Japanese conflict. She desires, above all things, peace and progress, but she is armed and prepared for any warlike contingency. This is simply a policy dictated by self-respect.

It may be noted here that during the Russo-Japanese war the sympathies of those young men of the middle class who have Indian blood in their veins were strongly with the brown warriors of Nippon. Mexican Indians of cultivation, of whom there are thousands, regard themselves as descendants of the men of the Orient; their race-memory preserves, unobliterated, the record of the wrongs done them by the white conquerors from Spain. Even men with but a slight admixture of Indian blood speak with bitterness of the deeds of Hernan Cortés and his fellow *conquistadores*. The rise of Japan is far from displeasing to the thoughtful and reading Indians of Mexico. There exists a race patriotism which will make itself felt in the national policies of the near future.

The mining city of Guanajuato was on July 1 visited by a disastrous flood. This city, one of the earliest mining camps opened up by the Spaniards, is situated in a deep and narrow ravine, of which the further extremity, ending against the mountain side, has no outlet, so that when a heavy rain occurs all the water that gathers in the hollows of the hills at the upper end of the pass necessarily sweeps down in an impetuous torrent through the town. Thus Guanajuato has always been subject to heavy floods, of which the most disastrous, prior to the recent one, were those of 1760 and 1885.

At first, exaggerated reports were current of the loss of life and damage to property through the visitation of July 1. Later, it turned out that the dead numbered less than two hundred, and that the property losses amounted to not much more than half a million *pesos*.

A national subscription was raised for the relief of the needy sufferers.

An interesting figure passed away on February 14, in the person of Mrs. Francisca Guadalupe Vallejo de Frisbie. She was of the good old California family of the Vallejos, her father having been General Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo, who was head of the Mexican Military Department of California, with headquarters at Sonoma, at the time of Frémont's invasion. General, then Captain, Frisbie, had sailed to California as member of a New York regiment enlisted to do service in the war between Mexico and the United States. He was commissioned as a captain, and as such landed with his regiment at San Francisco in March, 1847, six months after they had sailed

from New York. When peace was re-established, young Frisbie was admitted into the home of the Vallejos, and was married to one of the Mexican general's daughters.

General Frisbie, who still lives, and is an active octogenarian, is one of the wealthiest members of the American colony in Mexico, where he has resided since 1878.

The American community in Mexico suffered a severe loss in the tragic death of its efficient consul-general, Mr. James Russell Parsons, Jr., of New York, who, on the evening of December 5, while driving in a carriage with his wife and young son, was killed by the collision of that vehicle with an electric street car. Mrs. Parsons suffered slight injuries and the boy escaped unhurt.

INDUSTRIAL SECURITIES AS INVESTMENTS

BY CHARLES A. CONANT

MUCH has been heard during the last five years of "industrials," both as investments and as an economic and political problem. The organization of the Steel Corporation, with a capital of a billion dollars, made it the largest corporation in the world, but it has been hard pressed by other large combinations with capital running into the hundreds of millions. The American Tobacco Company has capital and bond obligations to the amount of \$263,000,000; the American Smelting and Refining Company, \$201,550,400; the Amalgamated Copper Company, \$175,000,000; the American Sugar Refining Company, \$90,000,000; the International Harvester Company, \$120,000,000; the Standard Oil Company, \$97,500,000; and eighteen other companies of \$50,000,000 or more each, bring up the total capitalization and bonded debt of such corpora-

tions to a total of over \$3,600,000,000. The total capital and bond obligations of all the "trusts" is over \$20,000,000,000, or more than one fifth the estimated wealth of the country.

Inevitably the creation of such corporations required the issue and sale of blocks of securities corresponding to their capital and bonded obligations. There had been for many years industrial securities on the market, representing woolen, cotton, and silk mills, other manufactures, and trading companies. The shares, indeed, of the Dutch East India Company were the subject of furious speculation on the Amsterdam Stock Exchange as early as 1602.¹ But industrial securities, down to within a few years, were in many cases closely held, and were not such an active factor in stock exchange speculation and

¹ Vide the author's *Principles of Banking*, vol. ii, p. 315.

investment as they have recently become. The principal classes of securities dealt in on the exchanges may be thrown into the following four general groups :—

- (1) Government obligations.
- (2) Railway and other transportation securities.
- (3) Industrial securities.
- (4) Mining securities.

To the novice it might not appear why securities of one of these classes, taken as a whole, should differ in stability and market value from those of other classes. There are reasons, however, why industrial securities have not yet attained the position of government or railway obligations, although they may fairly be said to rank above many types of mining stocks.

In discriminating between these different classes of investments, the reason why government obligations have a special standing does not require extended exposition. In a country like the United States, where the resources of the people are large, where taxation has not become unduly burdensome except in special cases, and where a high standard of public obligation exists, government securities have the advantage of being not only well known, but of unquestioned value. They have, moreover, in most cases, the technical position of bonds rather than stocks, — a bond representing a definite obligation to pay a fixed income, while stock is only a title to participation in profits, if they are earned. The obligations of a strong government, moreover, are less subject to the influence of prosperity or adversity than the obligations of corporations, whose earnings rise or fall with changing business conditions. Government finance is to a limited extent outside the scope of ordinary economic laws. If receipts fall off in periods of business depression, the individual or the corporation is obliged to diminish the distribution of profits, and may even have to suspend payment of interest on outstanding obligations; governments meet the emergency by imposing additional taxes or issuing new loans. Government secu-

rities thus stand in a class by themselves. It is with railway securities, therefore, rather than government obligations, that "industrials" may best be compared, for their parallelisms and their differences.

There is no reason why in course of time the best industrial securities should not acquire the same position as the best railway securities; but there are certain differences which will always exist and which are more important at the present time than they may be in future, because the modern type of industrial securities has not yet stood the test of many years of trial. The differences between railways and "industrials" from an investment point of view may be summed up under the following heads:—

(1) Railways have been longer tested as a means of earning income. Mistakes were made in the early history of railroad construction, as great and serious as any which have been made in the flotation of industrials. The reckless manipulation of Gould and Fiske, the issue of big blocks of stock without authority, new construction in sparsely-settled countries which could not for many years pay operating expenses, the commitment of half the roads of the country to the hands of receivers in 1893, and other experiences, as dishonest sometimes as they were hazardous, have resulted in a system of rules governing the construction of railways and the financing of their securities which have reduced them as investments to a comparatively uniform and conservative basis. The errors made in railway financing down to within a dozen years are not recalled, therefore, to arouse distrust of railway securities, many of which are now upon a basis as secure as government bonds. They are recalled to illustrate the point that industrials also, after passing through their period of experiment, error, and stress, may take their place by the side of the best railroad securities as conservative and well-tested investments. The question here discussed is chiefly that of time alone. Time permits the weeding out of unsound en-

terprises and the emergence upon firm ground of those only which are conducted by safe methods.

(2) Industrial securities usually depend upon the vicissitudes of a single industry. In this respect they might be considered inferior to railways, which depend for their freight earnings upon the movement of the products of many and diverse industries. On the other hand, it is conceivable that there might be industries ministering to permanent needs, whose earnings would be more uniform than those of a railway, subject to the ebb and flow of the tide of commercial prosperity. An industry the demand for whose product varies radically in periods of business activity and business depression, or which is influenced by sudden changes in fashions, would not *prima facie* afford as safe a basis of investment as one whose product was in nearly uniform demand. The objection might be overcome by setting aside a large portion of the profits of fat years to meet the deficits of lean years, but this is precisely one of those questions which for any given industry can be determined only by the test of time. Among the industrials which require the most careful management in this respect is steel, which Mr. Carnegie has aptly declared is "either prince or pauper,"—prince, when the extension of railways, the erection of steel buildings, and the call for new machinery pile up orders at the mills which cannot be filled, and make managers autocratic in dealing with new comers; pauper, when along the line of industrial activity passes the electric shock of depression, railways suspend extensions and postpone orders for new equipment, building ceases, mills have no occasion to order new machinery, and autocratic managers suddenly become pliant suitors for orders at cut prices.

In a sense, all industries, and railways themselves, are more or less subject to these changing conditions, but there are many industries ministering to permanent necessities whose product is not

greatly reduced in periods of business depression. Among them, unfortunately perhaps for the moral sense of the people, are such articles as tobacco and whiskey. For these the demand is apt to be nearly constant, since in times of depression the diminished consumption of the provident will be offset by the increased consumption of those whom idleness or misery compels to seek relaxation or oblivion.

(3) The manner of formation of the industrial corporation differs from the organization of a railway. The industry may be itself one of those which minister to permanent wants, and which is assured of considerable earnings even in the duller times. But its capital may have been unduly "watered," by issuing so many bonds upon which interest has to be paid and so much preferred stock upon which dividends are guaranteed, that a slight falling off in earnings causes financial difficulties. In some of the great combinations made during the past few years the practice has prevailed of issuing bonds for the capital value of the visible assets of the combined companies; preferred stock upon earnings which were believed to be reasonably assured by economies and extensions; and common stock for the possibilities hanging at the end of the rainbow in the minds of enthusiastic promoters.

If the character of these securities were absolutely understood by every one dealing in them, not much harm would be done by over-issues of capital. Even under existing conditions the securities issued upon discounted hopes soon find their level in the stock market at quotations far below their par value. The mischief of such issues is in playing upon the hopes of persons unfamiliar with the brutal facts of business competition, and convincing them that the discounted hopes of the promoters are a safe and solid basis of investment. In railway financing there was much of this discounting of the future in early stock issues, but the crushing pressure of the reorganizations which followed the great panics

squeezed out most of the water. Some of the industrials have already gone through this process, but others will probably have to submit to it in the future.

(4) In industrial enterprises the character of the management is important. Some of the greatest industrial combinations, which are paying interest and liberal dividends and piling up great surpluses, are subject to risk from this direction. A future which seems to be without a cloud may depend upon the constructive ability, the originality, and the aggressive force of the man at the head. It is true in a general sense that no man is indispensable, but the affairs of a great corporation are likely to fall into a routine which puts it at a disadvantage in the competition with new rivals if its directors cannot instantly put their hands in case of a vacancy upon a man of constructive ability and resource to take the place of one who retires.

In railway management individual initiative counts for much, but the entire railway service of the country is a training school for competent men who may be transferred from one railway system to another to meet new needs. The same is not so broadly true of the big industrial combinations. The American Tobacco Company is not training men able to take up at once the work of the Standard Oil combination, nor is "the rubber trust" training men familiar with the technique of the great smelting combination. It may be that men in the ranks of these companies are being trained to fill the vacancies which time will make among the men at the head, but the danger that the men in the business will fall into ruts and be unprepared to assume responsibilities is greater, and the field of selection is narrower, than in the railway system, which is of substantially a uniform character over two hundred thousand miles of line representing fourteen billions of capital.

The mere bigness of the industrial combinations involves something of an experiment. The corporate form of carrying on business was considered so

stifling to individual initiative when Adam Smith wrote, that he believed it must necessarily be limited to a few simple industries. While this idea has been superseded by experience, there are many things in the management of corporations by boards of directors and their nominees which differ from the prompt initiative, the eye single to personal interest, and the ability to make quick and irrevocable decisions, which belong to the man in control of his own business. The scandals which have broken out in the life insurance companies are an illustration of a type of evil which would hardly be possible in a private establishment, however large, where the individual partners kept their hands firmly on the machinery and their eyes always open for opportunities for economy and improvement.

(5) The danger of competition is, in the nature of the case, not the same with industrial enterprises as with railways. The policy of constructing competing railway lines between similar points has now been almost abandoned. A given railway serves a certain community, and competition by another line can be introduced only by obtaining rights of way, land for terminals, and incurring other expenses which are rarely justified by the benefits of the competitive project. In the manufacture of industrial products, however, competing products can be moved from place to place at small cost. The location of the establishment, while one of the factors to be considered in its competitive power, is not usually the most important factor. Competitive products from abroad may face the products of a given mill in the very city of its establishment, having to meet in addition to cost of production only the ordinary costs of shipment by rail or by sea.

This is not the place to discuss the question how far competition has been destroyed in certain industries by the magnitude of the combinations made. But, however powerful these combinations may be at a given moment, and

however completely they may seem to have absorbed or stifled competition, they are always subject to the menace that if they raise the charges for their products to a point which affords excessive profits, the whole fund of free capital in the world is liable to be directed to the erection of competing establishments. The lesson of prudence, therefore, for the great combinations is to keep their earnings within such a reasonable amount as not to afford a tempting mark for the competition of the accumulating millions of savings of the people of England, France, Belgium, and America.

(6) The danger of adverse legislation is a factor common alike, in a broad sense, to railways and industrial enterprises. In some ways it is an even greater menace to the railways, because their roadbeds are fixed. They cannot, like the Jewish money changers of the Middle Ages, turn their property into bills of exchange, conceal them about their persons, and flit quietly across the border, when they are threatened with confiscation or political regulation of rates. Industrial enterprises are in a better position in many cases to change their location to escape oppressive legislation. This has been especially the case thus far in this country, where severe restrictions and excessive taxation in a single state could be avoided by removal to an adjoining state. Federal restrictions are more far-reaching, but even they do not destroy the possibility of establishments in Canada or Mexico, whose younger enthusiasm to attract capital and develop industry keeps their doors wide open to welcome it, instead of reaching for its throat to throttle it.

This danger, so far as federal law is concerned, is still more or less speculative. A law which in its literal terms almost surpasses the espionage and savagery of the Middle Ages stands upon the statute books in the Sherman anti-trust law, but it remains to be seen how far the courts, in interpreting its provisions, will restrict them within the limits of established

principles of law protecting the vested rights to labor and to transfer capital. For many years to come, if this law remains unchanged, the value of industrial securities will move up or down, under the influence of rumors and decisions from the court room, according as these decisions follow the literal terms of the law, making it a crime for two local grocers to agree upon a uniform price for meats; or give it the more reasonable interpretation that only combinations hostile to the public interest are intended to be included in its portentous catalogue of prosecutions, fines, and imprisonments.

What, then, after taking these various influences into consideration, are the merits of industrial securities as investments?

The answer is that their value varies according to the particular security under consideration, in the same manner as other securities which have not acquired the definite and assured character of investments for trust funds. But securities which have reached the latter stage are only occasionally those upon which large profits can be made. It is those which have an element of uncertainty — at least, of speculative profits in the future — which afford the opportunity for anything beyond the three and a half or four per cent which can now be earned upon gilt-edged securities.

There cannot be large profits, especially for the outsider, without some risk. When the insider gets hold of a given property, with whose merits he is familiar, but which has not yet attained a high price on the market, he takes the risk that his judgment will be justified finally by that of the community. In many cases his conclusions are confirmed and great fortunes are made. But in all such ventures the insider, in addition to knowing the possibilities of the balance-sheet of the property in which he thus speculates, takes the risks also of competition, change of fashion, increase in the cost of raw material, and, in many cases, the creation of a demand which has not yet arisen.

Some of these factors are what may be called natural economic factors; others—like the “strike bills,” against which the life insurance companies have spent their money profusely at Albany—are purely arbitrary, incapable of definite calculation in advance.

Some of the great industrial stocks have already passed through the preliminary tests of value, and may be considered on the road to the position of stable investment securities. This is particularly true of some bonds. There may still be some doubt, for instance, of the ability of the “Steel Trust” to continue through good times and bad to pay dividends on its seven per cent preferred stock or to resume dividends on its common stock, but hardly anything save a cataclysm can deprive it of the ability to pay the interest on its five per cent bonds. These bonds were quoted down to 65 in the crash of 1903, and remained as low as 68½ during a part of 1904. They have since advanced, until the quotation is around 98. This does not put them on the same footing as a municipal three and a half or four per cent bond, or a first-class railroad bond paying the same rates; but a security paying five per cent, which is near par, may be considered a comparatively safe investment for a business man who keeps in touch with the market. Something of the same kind may be said of the four per cent bonds of the Consolidated Tobacco Company, which sagged to 51½ in the break of 1903, and remained as low as 53¾ a part of the following year. After the conversion of half of them into six per cent preferred stock of the American Tobacco Company had been completed, in the autumn of 1904, they sold as low as 71 in January, 1905, but gradually climbed up to 80 in the autumn of that year. A four per cent bond at eighty is the same thing as a five per cent bond at par, so that Tobacco bonds stand practically upon the same basis as the Steel fives, or perhaps a shade better.

To the person speculatively inclined,

the rise in some of these securities is seductive. The man who had the courage to buy Steel fives at 65, when the market was at its lowest in 1903, would have been able in two years to realize about \$33 upon an investment of \$65. Upon an original investment of \$6500 he would have made a profit of \$3300. In the case of the Tobacco bonds, he would have done still better under the conversion plan which was brought out in the autumn of 1904. This plan permitted him to exchange the old bonds of the Consolidated Tobacco Company, whose quotations have been given for 1903 and 1904, for fifty per cent of the amount in new four per cent bonds of the American Tobacco Company, and fifty per cent in six per cent preferred stock of the American company. The latter is now selling at about 105, so that upon his original investment of \$52 he would now realize \$40 for his bonds, and more than \$50 for his stock, or a net profit approaching eighty per cent. These figures are based upon payment for the securities outright. Had he taken the risk of margins, he would, of course, have made a much larger percentage upon the money actually deposited with the broker.

There is another side, however, to the alluring spectacle of profits which these figures present. Few men have the courage to buy securities boldly and steadily in a falling market. Even if the would-be investor is familiar with the principle that he should buy when prices are low and sell when they are high (to which too many of the general public are strangely obtuse), yet he would be confronted from moment to moment by the doubt whether the securities were going lower. In other words, only hindsight, and not foresight, enables one to tell when the market has “touched bottom.”

A five per cent security which had fallen to 65, or a four per cent security which had fallen to 52, would be under suspicion by all but insiders, who knew exactly what assets were behind it. It

would be a security which would not in any case be recommended by a careful broker or banker to a woman or a minor, whose sole dependence was on a small principal. To such persons honest brokers and bankers have no right to recommend risks. Even where they are reasonably confident of success, they usually learn by experience that a loss causes hard feelings and subjects them to the just criticisms of the courts. A man of intelligence who is willing to take moderate risks is justified in doing what he will with his own. His position should be very different towards trust funds in his custody, or any other funds towards which he exercises an informal trusteeship by acting as adviser for those who ought not to enter into speculation.

In buying industrial securities, as, indeed, in buying other types, patience is an important requisite. The man who becomes discouraged after buying a security at 90, because he sees it hanging about that quotation for several weeks or months, is not well fitted to buy securities for the rise. It is not often possible even for the most skillful speculators to buy at the lowest point. If they are sure that the securities they hold represent solid assets and steady earnings, they need not be frightened by a temporary gust of depression in the stock market. If they are satisfied that the properties are capable of progressive development and are under sound management, they must be willing to wait months, and sometimes years, for them to advance in value.

It is in this element of time, perhaps, that more mistakes are made than in almost any other element of the problem. The results may come eventually which the sanguine promoter and speculator anticipate. The logic of the situation may seem to exclude the possibility that such results shall not come. But it often happens that the patience and capital of the pioneers are exhausted before the fruition of logical reasoning and sound hopes is attained. Then others reap where the first have sown. This has been the case

over and over again with railways, whose profits have finally gone into the hands of those who have acquired them under foreclosure or reorganization, and with some of the great trusts, from which the water has been squeezed by unexpected changes in general trade and financial conditions, even when the enterprise itself was sound.

Some of the greatest fortunes have been made by those who have selected good securities when the properties were undeveloped or the general market was depressed, and have stuck by them until their value came to be appreciated by the public. Reading Railroad stock is a case in point. Its minimum quotation in 1901 was $24\frac{1}{2}$; in the big crash of 1902, $32\frac{1}{4}$; in 1903, $37\frac{1}{2}$; and in 1904, $38\frac{3}{4}$. In the autumn of the latter year, its merits began to dawn upon the investing public. It was advanced rapidly to a high price of 70, and a low price of $61\frac{1}{2}$ in September; a high price of $78\frac{1}{2}$ in November; $82\frac{5}{8}$ in December; $90\frac{3}{8}$ in January, 1905; $97\frac{1}{8}$ in February; $100\frac{1}{4}$ in June, and later in the year, by successive stages, to $129\frac{1}{2}$ at the close of October, and finally to 140 early in November. Good industrial securities have gone through this experience to a larger degree than railways, because it has been only recently that their merits have come to be recognized. United States Steel preferred, as already pointed out, was below 50 in the crash of 1903. It gradually emerged from the cloud to a maximum price in 1904 of $95\frac{5}{8}$. It was not until April, 1905, however, that its substantial solidity as a seven per cent stock carried it to $104\frac{1}{2}$ and later in the autumn to $105\frac{3}{4}$. The preferred stock of the United States Rubber Company also required several years to reach its strong position around 110 in 1905. Being an eight per cent stock, it is likely to go still higher and to carry with it the second preferred, which pays six per cent, and was quoted at the close of last year around 80.

To hold stock for a rise requires thorough knowledge of the property repre-

sented, certainly that its merits are such as to carry it eventually to a higher value, and a mind sufficiently serene and firm to witness undisturbed the ebb and flow of market prices. It is by this policy of patience and serenity that the Rothschilds and others have made great fortunes, by locking up stocks when they were cheap and awaiting the progress of the years to give them value. How much can sometimes be made in this way may be judged from the fact that an investor who had put \$36,875 (including commissions) into 1000 shares of American Smelting common stock when it was selling for 36 $\frac{3}{4}$ in October, 1903, would have been able to realize \$157,000, or a profit of \$120,000, in November, 1905. Yet it is doubtful if one man in America — outside of original holders, who were unmoved by market fluctuations — had the patience and foresight to pursue this course.

There is no doubt that the purchaser of some of the industrial stocks now on the market will realize a large profit on them some time. The difficulty is to be certain that the ones which he selects for investment are those which have a substantial value which will not be impaired by any of the influences which have been suggested in discussing the character and position of industrial securities. That some of these stocks are relatively worthless has been the sad experience of the last few years, but this very experience has been in the nature of a winnowing process, and has given a higher average value to those which have withstood the stress and storm of disturbed markets.

It is not intended here to recommend speculation on margins under any circumstances. Such speculation is a legitimate trade, but can be practiced with safety only by those who make it a trade and who are in daily touch with the market. The outsider who plunges into speculation on margins upon the strength

of some "straight tip" usually ends by seeing his margins wiped out. A temporary gain is likely, as at the gaming table, to tempt him to larger ventures, and, ultimately, to larger losses. It is as foolish for the outsider to expect to make money against the sharp wits of the professional speculators as it would be for a man without expert training to stand up against Jeffries or "Kid" McCoy, or to take the place of the engineer on the "Twentieth Century Limited." Speculation is a trade at which lifelong practice does not master all the possibilities, and which requires, in addition to profound study and accurate knowledge, a temperament which is swayed by neither optimism nor pessimism. Such a temperament must never be carried along by hopes which are not justified by facts, but must see facts in their true proportions, and draw inferences from them which are accurate not only from the qualitative, but also from the quantitative standpoint.

The general public who are not professional speculators usually buy on a rising market. "Bringing the public into the market" is sought by advancing prices. If the public come in freely at high prices, they can then be "shaken out" by allowing the market to go down. The professional speculator knows by both processes how to shear the wool from the "lambs" who venture into Wall Street. Such speculation cannot be recommended to any person who does not make it his profession. To the investor, who hopes occasionally to make a profit by good judgment, it can only be recommended to study properties carefully before investing in them, to buy in periods of depression, when the excited and panic-stricken are selling, and to hold on patiently to a property he is assured is good until the general public come to realize the soundness of his judgment by paying the price which he demands.

A TRANCED LIFE

BY HENRY A. BEERS

Was ich besitze, seh' ich wie im weiten,
Und was verschwand wird mir zu Wirklichkeiten. — *Faust.*

HAVE we not all known men who miss their career in a way that seems, at the time, unaccountable, although, when we look back at it from the end, their failure takes on the aspect of a foregone conclusion? Charming fellows, with all kinds of unmarketable talents: versatile oftentimes, able to do many things well, but nothing quite well enough. Perhaps they begin strongly, but before middle age, apathy overtakes them and they give up the game. Or a single blow of fate puts them to sleep, — a knock-down blow, to be sure, but one which would not keep a tougher fighter from getting on his feet again. Thenceforth their life is a somnambulism; and the world pronounces of such a one, with cruel finality, "Oh, he has got through."

When I first knew Terence Vair, we were both serving apprenticeships to the law, — in separate offices, — and, happening to meet and to fancy each other, we clubbed our poverty and took rooms together — or rather a room with a double alcove which held our beds. Evenings we would drowse on opposite sides of the grate, each with a volume of reports or of the General Statutes open in his lap, till the tinkle of a coal dropping on the hearth would rouse one or the other of us to refill his pipe and to say yawningly to his room-mate, for the twentieth time, —

"If I were you, old man, I'd get into something else. I don't believe you'll ever make a go of it at this business. You're not cut out for it, you know. You have n't the temperament."

The scene of our auscultation was an ancient inland city of the fourth grade, the county town of a prosperous farming

region. It was an unprogressive community. A short-cut railroad branch had left it high and dry on a loop. Several manufacturing concerns had moved their plants to tide water, and the last census showed a gratifying decrease in population. Gratifying, that is, to Vair, who took a whimsical view of such calamities.

"I hate a growing place," he would say. "Give me a little, old, sleepy, worm-eaten town like Biddleton. If I've got to practice law anywhere, I want to practice it right here."

Biddleton was in that stage of municipal development where the residence streets and shopping streets are undifferentiated. Most of the bar had offices in Chapin's Block; but a few old lawyers still received clients in the wings of their dwelling-houses on shady streets, where the faded letters "Blank B. Blank, Attorney at Law," lurked behind a screen of bitter-sweet or Virginia creeper veranda vines, and the upper half of a green door — swung open to let in the summer air — afforded a glimpse of a gray head bent over a deskful of papers.

It was not in Biddleton, however, but in the larger seaport city of Scarborough, that Vair, having passed his bar examination, finally hung out his shingle. I was not living in Scarborough during his brief legal career there; but common acquaintances have told me that, though an interesting talker on the metaphysics of his profession, as a practitioner he was "the worst ever." He was too polite to cross-question the witnesses for the other side with the necessary fierceness: he was too absent-minded to get his own witnesses into court. He took an ironical tone with his clients, — most of whom he confidentially described as damned rascals, — and was apt to discourage them by assuring

them that they had no case, appearing to sympathize, if anything, with the opposing counsel; and when the verdict went against himself, — as it usually did, — treating the disaster with disinterested amusement, like a mere *amicus curiae*.

As to the science of law, he approached it in the spirit of an antiquary and curiosity hunter, or of Sir Thomas Browne's quibbler, who raised a point as to whether Lazarus's heir might lawfully detain his inheritance — on the ground that Lazarus was judicially dead. He delighted in legal fictions and subtleties of a peculiarly sophistical kind: hair-splitting distinctions between a contingent and a vested remainder; black-letter lore about waifs and strays, flotsam and jetsam, riparian rights, the *flum medium aquae*, and other such out-of-the-way matters as come into court only once in a quarter-century. He used to hunt up queer cases in the old reports, and even dipped into Norman French and toyed with Bracton and Fleta. "The trouble with Vair was," said Wilmerding to me long afterward, "that he was a 'literary feller' trying to practice law, and he took the literary view of everything. His mind was too concrete. In his own cases, he never could dissociate the legal principles involved from the human, dramatic aspects. It was the personality of the litigants that interested him, and especially anything about them that was humorous, quaint, or picturesque. I remember how tickled he was by the plaintiff in an action *de lunatico inquirendo* being made to describe himself in all the pleadings as 'I, a lunatic.'"

There was a story about Frank Carey, who had just got his first admiralty case, rushing around to Vair's office in a great hurry and bursting in with the inquiry, —

"Say, Vair, do you know anything about admiralty practice?"

Vair turned slowly around on his swing chair, and replied dreamily, "I know they call us fellows proctors up there."

"You go to hell!" shouted Carey, after a minute's disgusted inspection of the trifler before him; then slammed the door

and pounded down stairs in search of somebody with practical information.

Before long Vair abandoned the law, or the law him, —

"He left not faction, but of that was left," — and, after drifting about for a while, and filling one or two temporary positions, married a nice girl with some money. He had a bit of his own, — inherited; and putting this and that together, he bought out a very decent little book and stationery business, in which he prospered reasonably the next half-dozen years. It was toward the end of these that I came to Scarborough to live, and renewed my acquaintance with my quondam fellow auscultator.

Vair's book-selling was of a special kind. His wife's people were high-church; and the business had been formerly carried on by an uncle of hers who had extensive Episcopal connections and was solid with the clerisy. The new proprietor was, as has already been hinted, something of a literary person, though his literature was of a secular tendency. But he had the prudence to maintain the traditions of the shop, which continued under his management to be a headquarters for Bibles, prayer-books, hymnals, manuals of devotion, catechisms, Sunday-school lesson-books, and the like. The windows displayed engraved Madonnas and Holy Families, Christmas and Easter cards, rosaries, crucifixes, illuminated Gothic texts, hand-painted Lent lilies, photographs of Phillips Brooks and the Archbishop of Canterbury, silken book-marks with ivory pendants of crosses, hearts, keys, chalices, and similar ecclesiastical gimcracks. You would hardly go to Vair's to turn over the latest publications, but you would naturally go there if you wanted to make your aunty a birthday present of an illustrated edition of *The Christian Year*; and you would meet there the ladies of St. James's, out shopping for Anglican paper weights, pencil cases, monogrammatic note-paper, or patterns for embroidering altar cloths.

When I presented myself at Vair's

bookstore, I fancied a certain blushfulness under his cordial greeting, — whether he was a trifle shamefaced at having relinquished a profession for a trade, or whether he was merely conscious of a shade of absurdity in his relation to “singular old rubrics and the four surplices at Allhallowtide.” The parallax is disturbing when one recognizes in the new bishop a schooldays’ confederate in the robbery of melon patches.

Be this as it may, Vair made me heartily welcome both to his shop and his house. I used to think him at that time a perfectly fortunate man. He had an occupation suited to his tastes, a pleasant circle of friends, a lovely wife and two interesting children who made his home life an ideally happy one.

Suddenly, in his thirty-third year, all this changed. His household was visited by diphtheria of a malignant type. His wife and both children died; and he himself, after lying at the point of death for many days, recovered from the disease only to succumb for a time to a mental ailment which attacked him in the weakness of convalescence and the anguish of his loss. He was sent to an asylum, from which, after several months of judicious treatment, he came out with reason regained, and health in great part restored, to take up the broken threads. But it soon became evident that it would be “danger to make him even o’er the time he had lost.” Whatever reminded him of his late happy years, with their tragic catastrophe, was a peril to his sanity. He himself avoided mention of them. That way madness lay. Rather did his mind, in an instinctive effort to heal itself, take refuge in earlier recollections. Something had snapped in the machinery of his brain, so that he would plainly be incapable of carrying on his business, at least for the present. And as this was intimately associated with the memory of his family life and bereavements, it was decided, after consultation with his physicians, to sell out the good-will and stock in trade, and find something else for him

to do. The matter was arranged for him by his friends, and the proceeds invested in his behalf.

Meanwhile it was proposed that he should travel for a year in Europe. But the proposal was wisely overruled. A celebrated alienist, whose advice was sought, thought that the idleness of a European tour would give dangerous leisure for brooding; while the shock of novel sensations would irritate, rather than soothe, a nature thus enfeebled by grief. What was needed was not the creation of wholly new conditions, but the revival of old ones. To make him forget the recent past, the best means would be to get the patient back into a remoter past and reunite him to some once familiar round of occupation.

It happened that just at this time a position fell vacant which Vair had once filled for the greater part of a year, before he married and commenced bookseller. This was the post of librarian at St. Mark’s Rest, a semi-ecclesiastical, semi-educational foundation, dating from the early thirties. Its nucleus was an endowed grammar school, the chapel of which served on Sundays as a place of worship for a dozen old pensioners who dwelt in a wing of the building; and as a parish church for a few Episcopal families of the neighborhood, descendants of benefactors, with hereditary rights to designated pews and the privilege of voting for trustees.

Here I found Vair sitting at his desk, precisely as he had sat eight years before, in a long, narrow library room, with Gothic alcoves, tall, mullioned windows, and galleries to which one mounted by a little iron staircase. The windows on one side gave upon Linden Place, a sheltered mews where the aged pensioners sat upon benches in the sunshine of the spring afternoon, smoking their pipes, nodding asleep, or talking slowly together of old, old things. The windows on the other side opened on an inner court or quadrangle, with a fountain in the centre that had long gone dry, where the boys gath-

ered at recess to play games or walk up and down the gravel paths like monks in a cloister. A few ancient shrubs and flower-beds gave semblance of a garden. "In all the time I've been here," said Vair, "I have n't seen a blossom on one of those plants. I asked the janitor what kind of plants they were, anyway, and he said, 'Oh, no kind in particular; just plants.'"

All through the drowsy school sessions, the drone of classes reciting lessons came through the open casements; the shadows shifted from the eastern to the western wall of the quad; the clock on the bell-tower told the hours with lingering stroke. There is not in this hurrying land such another haunt of ancient peace, nor such a sinecure, as Vair enjoyed. At intervals a boy came into the library to return a text-book, or one of the school faculty to consult a classic, or a pensioner who was consuming his evening of life in slowly reading through the catalogue from A to Izzard, or perhaps a lady from one of the privileged families to draw a volume of a standard author; — nothing more modern than 1850 enlivened the shelves of St. Mark's Rest. But for the greater part of the day, that hushed solemnity, — as though the corpse were in the next room, — which rebukes the intruder in all libraries, was unbroken by human footfall. Once in central Massachusetts, near the Connecticut River, I passed a tollgate where two graybeards sat, placid, ruminant, and kept the pike, meditatively whittling, now and then exchanging a syllable, now and then collecting a toll, when the velvet dust of August was stirred by the rare wheel. I was reminded of this pair of philosophers, retired from the world to the contemplative life, whenever I visited Vair in his library. He had drifted out of the current into a back eddy. The hand had turned back upon the dial plate, and stopped at a point which it had passed long ago.

I had been away from Scarborough during the year which included his bereavement, his illness, and recovery; and

was uncertain as to the psychology of the situation. But friends had cautioned me not to speak to him of anything in his personal history between the times of his first and second incumbency of the librarianship. There was a blank spot on the map of his life, where all paths ended, beginning again on the opposite border. Not that there was any definite lapse of memory. It seemed to me, on the contrary, that he had forgotten nothing, and that his consciousness brooded continually over the scenery of this forbidden tract. But he had conformed instinctively to the treatment prescribed, and there was a tacit avoidance between us of any allusion to late events. Once or twice, when I blundered into some reference to his children or his stationer's business, his unresponsive silence hid a flutter of distress which flew a warning signal. *En revanche*, his "desolation did begin to make a better life" in years farther back. He was copious of reminiscences, not only of the old Biddleton days, but of the time before I had known him at all, and told me much that I had never heard about his boyhood and first youth. Superficially, he did not appear to have changed very greatly. In particular, the whimsical humor, and that disinterested and sympathetic view of affairs which had made him so agreeable as a companion and so impossible as a practicing attorney, had, in great part, survived his misfortunes. He was simple about himself, too, and confidential as in the old days, speaking freely of his intimate feelings and thoughts, save only those related to his recent experience. Yet, upon longer acquaintance, it grew evident that the spring was broken. Having gone back, he had lost care to go forward. There was no question of beginning any fresh career. Life was over, and St. Mark's Rest seemed likely to be Vair's rest to the end.

But I come now to the most curious feature of the case. This hurt mind, deprived of hope and outward activity, shrinking even from the exercise of mem-

ory where memory was most insistent, built itself a house of refuge founded on the recollections of childhood, roofed with imaginations and timbered with dreams. More and more I came to discover in Vair a mental disturbance which I can describe only by saying that his sense of reality had been unsettled. He had become a mystical somnambulist, unable to draw a sharp line between waking and sleep. His dreams had for him a singular vividness and importance, and he would repeat them with an air of belief. One, in particular, of early date, was much in his thoughts, as having, in some way, a symbolic or prophetic significance. "When I was about nine years old," he narrated, "I dreamed, or thought, that I was in the kitchen one day, — the large, old-fashioned kitchen of our home in the village of Sudbury, — when I heard a great cry out of doors. I ran to the west door and saw all the people looking up. I looked up, too, and there was a beautiful girl on horseback galloping over the housetops. The people were calling, 'The lovelight — the lovelight!' Then I ran to the front door and out into the street, but she had disappeared. Next I found myself in a large room like a school-room. A man was sitting at a desk on a platform, and in front of him were rows of girls on benches. One by one they came up and stood before him, and he touched each with a wand; whereupon her head turned to a fox's head, and she went and sat down on another bench at the side of the platform, with a number of other girls who had fox heads. Among the maidens waiting to be changed was the one I had seen on horseback, — the lovelight. She was just standing up to come forward and be touched with the transforming rod. A pang of grief and horror — I can feel it now — shot through my heart. But how the vision ended, — whether she was touched and changed like the rest, or whether my wild remonstrance broke the spell of sleep and I woke with the dream still unfinished, — I cannot remember. But I do remember

the intense impression of reality that the whole thing left in me, and how for many days after I puzzled my elders by questioning them as to what a 'lovelight' was. A kind of shyness, however, made me keep the dream to myself. A boy of nine, I loved that dream maiden with a consuming passion. I recall distinctly the insolent grace with which she sat her horse as it bounded over the roofs, and the beauty of her face as she sat with the other girls on the benches. It appears that I had walked in my sleep that night; for I remember stumbling, half awake, half asleep, part way up the dark garret stairs, and finally fumbling my way into a spare chamber where I lay down on an unmade bed, with only one cold sheet over the mattress. And there I was found by some member of the family, shivering and whimpering in the chill dawn."

This dream was not repeated, though the impression of it had never faded. But there were recurring dreams, some of which came back so often that they had established a sort of claim to actuality. There was one, for instance, of cruising on and on through endless archipelagoes in the South Sea, — islands and island groups in an infinity of ocean, unmarked on any map of Polynesia. Another persistent dream was of opening a door previously unnoticed in the wall of the parlor or library, and walking through it into a suite of strange rooms, all furnished and ready for occupancy, but manifestly vacant for years; saying to himself, "Why, either I did n't know that these rooms were here, or else I had forgotten them. Now how lucky! We'll open them up again, and 'inhabit lax.'"

Vair told me that his parents had died when he was very young, and he had been brought up by his grandfather, a country banker, accounted rich until he failed, somewhat discreditably, and died soon after, leaving a widow, two maiden daughters, and this one grandson, in straitened circumstances. Now in Vair's dreams, — echoes of a boyhood spent in the sombre, decent poverty of a household of elderly

women, — this bankrupt ancestor refused to stay dead. Always he kept returning, a king of sleep, — *rex quondam et rex futurus*, — bringing back the lost prosperity. Sometimes Vair would fall in with him living in an obscure corner of a neighboring city, shabby and furtive, having started again in business in a small way, with hopes of recovering a competency from the wreck of his fortune. Sometimes he would reappear at his old home, affectionately confiding to his grandson that he was once more a rich man, having made a larger salvage than was generally believed, and having multiplied it exceedingly since his failure by cunning investments.

Whether Vair's lost wife and her children ever haunted his sleep, I never knew; but I guessed that they did, and that increasingly he lived with the dead. For once he said to me, with a look of deeper hopelessness than usual, —

"Once I would have liked to live a hundred lives, every one's life, such a fresh, inexhaustible variety there seemed in human experience. But nowadays it tastes stale, — the same thing over again. You know how it is with me. My ghosts have been with me so vividly of late, so substantially, overpoweringly present, that I had come to hope — almost to believe — that it meant something, that I was visited, that tokens — messages — Oh, well" — breaking off with a half laugh — "the doctor says my kidneys are out of order. Illusions — phantoms — apparitions, the only things worth while, of course they don't exist. Only some dirty little material fact exists, — indigestion, liver, kidneys!"

The last time I saw Vair was in front of the post office at high noon on a day of January thaw, — one of those days of weakening heat when every fibre is relaxed, winter garments are a burden, and the sweat trickles down the back unseasonably. The sun dazzled in a sky of violent blue; clocks and factory whistles clanged and shrieked; clerks, shop girls, mechanics were hurrying to dinner; a

thousand shovels were scraping the slush from the sidewalks; melted snow puddles smoked in the sun; gutters overflowed, catch basins roared, icicles crashed from leaders and cornices, sleigh runners grated over the bare pavement with the agonizing noise of a knife edge on a tin plate. Everything dripped, steamed, glared, blared.

Vair looked confused, tired, ill. "Kirkham," he said, as we parted after a few words, "if I ever kill myself it will be in a January thaw." Yes, I could well understand that, for a soul which sought the shadows, the unwinking, public light of such a noonday was far more disheartening than the visionary midnight with its voices of winds. On such a day the tyranny of the actual is at its height, matter oppresses spirit, life clamors inflamed, and the only escape seems to be into the cool, dark emptiness of death. Into that kindly darkness, at all events, Vair presently departed; whether by his own act or not, who shall say? "An accidental overdose of morphine." Oh, yes, an overdose certainly.

Among the scraps in the portfolio which the trustees of St. Mark's Rest handed over to me, were some verse beginnings, — Vair never finished anything latterly, — which witnessed to his habits of mental somnambulism. Here is a fragment, for example, perhaps suggested by the well-known saying of Novalis, —

My dream wears thin,
Like a bubble ripe for breaking;
And louder tones begin
To mingle with the voiceless sounds of sleep;
While from some outer deep
A light shines in: —
I must be near the waking!

The image was varied somewhat in a solitary stanza entitled *Animula Vagula*, —

Where have you been, O my soul, through the
infinite void of the night

Traversing spaces and times never imagined
by me?

Now in the dawn I awake, and, spent with your
measureless flight,

Home you are come like a ship beating in from
the uttermost sea.

Still another bit, which employs a line from a Scotch poem,— *The e'en brings a' hame*,— appears to have been inspired by that falling back to his starting point at St. Mark's which I have described,—

Thus life returns upon its track :
We toil, we fight, we roam ;
Till the long shadows point us back,
And evening brings us home.

And finally his habit of living in his

reminiscences was recalled to me by a few homely lines, —

When I wake in the deep of the morning
There 's a sound that comes to me,
The click of the latch of the garden gate
Under the big sweet-apple tree,
By the corner of the barn, at the turn of the
grassy lane,
Where you hear the grunt of the comfortable
pigs,
And the querulous hens complain.

THE JOYS OF BEING A NEGRO

BY EDWARD E. WILSON

SOME time ago I received a beautifully engraved card inviting me to spend my winter at a certain aristocratic Southern hotel. In I know not what way — perhaps because I was duly enrolled among the lawyers of a Northern city — my name had drifted with a few others into the hands of the proprietor of this hostelry. I am sure there was no intention either on my part or on the part of my name to impose on any one. In America one may have whatever name he chooses, and mine was of the plainest kind; it was neither parted in the middle nor preceded by *de* or *von*; it had, indeed, an absolute and hopeless democracy in sound and meaning.

But to the point. When I received the above invitation, flinging off realities for a moment, I yielded to my fancy and began forthwith to imagine myself, after collecting from every conceivable source overdue fees, and after such extensive borrowing as my credit would allow, going to this exclusive winter resort and offering myself as a guest thereof. Fancy was not so extravagant, however, as to allow me to ride thither in a Pullman, because not even fancy could evade certain laws enacted by fastidious legislators preventing persons of my ancestry from so traveling. Nor, as being beneath the dignity of a

select resorter, did I care to try the delights of a ride in a freight car; although such a ride was most ingratiatingly recommended by a writer in the *Atlantic* a short time since. Arrived, in imagination, at my destination, I look up the broad shrubbery-fringed esplanade leading to the hotel; but I see no black servitor with shining ivories hastening to meet me. As I enter the hotel I am sensible of an excitement — the mixture of curiosity and consternation — created by my coming; the factotums of my own race about the hotel gaze at me in speechless wonder, or else whisper meaningly to one another; as I stalk to the clerk's desk and ask to register, I gorgonize that hitherto unabashed individual; the loungers, amazed, sit upright like statues in the Hall of Silence. Imagination picturing true, I will not dwell upon what happens thereafter. Suffice to say, that if I escape unbruised and unarrested, and can make my way with the aid of freight car or any other vehicle through the dark and tortuous ways of a hostile country to that city of the North whence I came, I shall ever afterwards recall my safe return with soul-sincere thanksgiving.

Now I ask in all seriousness, what member of any other race could have such a thrilling experience in his imagi-

nation, from the mere imaginary acceptance of an invitation duly directed and solemnly sent to him?

Such an experience in reality at a Northern hotel or in a Northern Young Men's Christian Association would, in some quarters, call forth a deal of gratuitous sympathy. An idea has unfortunately got abroad that being a Negro is like being in solitary confinement, — away from the rest of the world. It is thought, indeed, that there could be no place chosen so gloomy or so hopeless in which to be born as among this race composed to some extent of descendants of Ham. Yet the whole question depends — as all other things do in life — on the point of view and the state of mind. I can never forget how near I came once, at a certain institution of learning, to rustication, because I insisted, in the face of frequent and emphatic asseverations of the Professor of Philosophy to the contrary, that objects were objects and things existed outside of the mind. Since then I have seen how cheerful was the view of the good professor, and how a Negro adopting it can experience joys such as no white man can ever know.

Worn as is the saying that life's happiness lies in anticipation, it is a truism that perfectly fits the Negro's case. So much lies before him, the things he can hope to achieve are so much more numerous than those which Aryans can look forward to, that his pleasures of hope are endless. And why should he end them? why seek disillusion in attainment? Was Sancho Panza happier when he was hoping for, or when he had come into his government? With the Negro it is but seldom that delights grow stale by being transformed from the imaginary to the real. He may have suffered here and there such disillusioning, but not enough to render him cynical. He had faith, it is true, that the coming of his freedom would solve all questions for him; yet he found it but broadened his field of anticipation. He as firmly believed that his advance in education would help him,

but this merely served to show the measureless distance between him and satiety. He is in position to pity the self-exalted Aryan who, if American, thinks himself nearing the limits of perfection.

In fact the Negro is the rustic of America. Of the doings of this great and busy nation he is but a spectator. He stands as the procession passes, with mouth agape. He imagines that ever new wonders are to arrive, and his fancy creates a veritable *Arabian Nights*. What is common to others is a source of admiration to him.

One who basks in the sunshine of adulation, who is constantly told or constantly telling himself that he is the very climax of civilization, the heir of all the ages, knows not what it is to feel the heart beat quickly at a word of praise. Heap abuse upon one, however, misrepresent his every action, call his assertion of his ordinary rights insolence, scoff at his efforts at deference and politeness as servility, and then a kind word to him is as a grateful palm in the midst of a desert.

While in particular instances a chance encomium may reach a Negro, yet on the whole he is little subject to that soul-deadening anæsthetic, — flattery. With him plain speaking is the vogue; a spade is a spade, however black; and consequently he is not led by ill-advised laudations to look upon himself as perfect, — a boon which will forever keep him struggling forward, and because of which he ought, without ceasing, to rejoice. A few, indeed, are so constituted that this plain-speaking frequently directed at them reduces them to a pachydermatous state (which if reached by philosophers would be called the Centre of Indifference), wherein they remain unmoved by calumny even. The dullest can see the advantage of such a condition. A few others, all too sensitive, wilt and wither under this hard candor; but the great world cannot stop to care for the few.

To attract attention — *monstrari digito* — has, since the existence of man, been the chief support of his vanity and ambition. Herostratus, in olden times, burned

Diana's Temple to become immortal. And to what shifts have not men resorted to gain a modicum of notoriety, to stand for a moment in the limelight? How happy, then, must the Negro be, when, if fairly dressed, entering a public palace with wife or sweetheart, he, without effort on his part, arouses a bustling curiosity that good manners, even, do not restrain! He is stared at, whispered about, — becoming the centre of all glances; and despite the fact that a little scantness of morals — a little illegal Mormonism — has left many Negroes with features scarcely distinguishable from those of the most rampant Anglo-Saxons, if his companion happens to be light of color, fair-haired and blue-eyed, yet having either a bar sinister or an African ancestor somewhere in the far-off past, the attention he receives is riotous.

But all things have their recompense. Does a theatre refuse to sell me a first class seat? or rather, not refusing because of the law, falsely pretend that all such seats are sold? Does a heartless real estate dealer decline to sell me a house outside of the slums? — I simply call on a white Negro to buy one for me, and go off, gloating over the fact that the proud Aryan has put it in my power to triumph over his unrighteous exclusiveness. More than once Negroes have, because of what is known as their "white reinforcement," moved along in intimate relations side by side with those the very breath of whose lives was the hatred of anything African. Now I challenge the world to show me an Aryan who can successfully pass for a Negro.

Moreover, it is a great wonder that the blacks have so little haughtiness when they find themselves the topic for magazine and newspaper articles, the inspiration for many marvelous songs, the subject of innumerable discussions in the very Congress of the United States, and not seldom the moving spirit in those latter-day gems of literature, — race novels.

Many have thought the common belief

that all Negroes are alike was a fact much to be deplored; but here again is an almost universal mistake. The surprise, the pleasant shock, that the Aryan gets when now and again he finds this belief upset, in no small measure atones for any injury done to the less fortunate race. I remember once upon a time meeting on a railroad train an elderly gentleman full of good intentions toward the heathen and downtrodden, and somewhat officious withal. I had in my hand a score of the opera *Rigoletto*, which had been sung in my city the night before. A book in the hands of a Negro quickly attracted the benevolent gentleman's attention. He then perused me from head to foot, as though I was the strangest of creatures. I could see condescension oozing from every pore. "Young man," he said, "I see you are trying to elevate yourself. This is a glorious country, where every man has a chance. The nation shed its blood for you. What book have you there?" I meekly showed it to him. "Ah, music — opera — you enjoy that! You are different from the rest of your people. My family was at that opera. I know very little about music myself." Not less than the writer; but here was my chance for revenge. I dragged forth and criticised out of hand musician after musician (my knowledge of them having been obtained much after the manner of Pendennis's acquaintance with things while working with Warrington on the *Pall Mall Gazette*), — Wagner, Verdi, Bach, Bizet, Strauss, Donizetti, Gounod, and such others as my ransacked memory afforded. My new-found acquaintance was the very picture of amazement, — began to retreat when I appealed to him to decide whether the world was most indebted to Mozart or Wagner for dramatic music; but I was unrelenting, and, pursuing, poured upon him such volleys of "counterpoint," "arias," "ensembles," "phrasings," that he dropped into his seat mute and helpless. Should any one object that I was guilty of pretentiousness, even of deception, I admit it, but plead self-defense, which justifies ex-

treme measures, — even to the taking of human life. What right had he to assume because I had a book in my hand that I was a prodigy, and to affront me by telling me so?

When one desires to express a truth it is the fashion to apologize for the triteness of it; as though the extirpation of triteness from the earth would not most surely leave us without a shred of truth. It is therefore without apology that I state the world-wide axiom that altruism has been the principal factor in the advancement of true civilization. Those who exercise it are bound to have delights that the individual who cares but for himself can never hope to attain. What a scope, then, for selflessness must not the Negro have, when he is told that he must raise all of his race to a high level of respectability and intelligence before any individual thereof, whatever his merit, can hope to receive the treatment accorded to a man and a citizen! At first blush such a proposition would seem absurd, but the very fact that Aryans advance it shows that they, as a rule, regard the Negro as capable of more general cultivation than themselves. And then that responsibility of one for all and all for one, — how surely it makes each Negro his brother's keeper, and how each must tremble and deplore (and I had almost said turn pale) when he hears of an offense committed by any son of Ham.

In negroes' working for themselves alone, there would, from a larger view, be something of selfishness. Yet they can fairly claim to have lightened the burdens of myriads, and to have furnished amusement to countless thousands who could not, perhaps, have been otherwise entertained. One often wonders what would become of the cheap cartoonist and outlandish dialect-writer if the Negro were suddenly removed from American life; what untimely fate would overtake the melon joke and the chicken joke. As one contemplates the matter a real alarm is created; for what would become of certain heavy magazine writers, sensational

novelists, and numberless Lilliputians in newspaper offices? How many words of detraction would lie unused and rusting in the lexicon! How, here and there, philanthropy itself would droop and die!

Giving joy to another is a joy in itself. To keep another in a state of complacency amounts to the same thing. Of how much just pride the Aryan would be divested if he no longer had the lowly Negro to measure himself by, we can never know. Could there be nobility without commons? Could there be princes without subjects? Could there be an indomitable Aryan race, whose matchless courage, virtue, and heroism conquered the American wilderness and overcame its savages, were there no Negro here clamoring for his share in American life? Not so; without the Negro as a foil, Americans would be nothing more than plain white men.

If the satisfaction furnished the superior race sometimes causes the less fortunate pain, the latter should remember that what benefits the majority makes for the good of the whole, and that nothing is nobler than vicarious suffering. The frogs were foolish when they cried out to the boys, "What is fun for you is death to us." The very wrongs of the oppressed have more than once called out the finest qualities in their oppressors, which might have, for the want of incitement, lain dormant forever. In compensation for injustice at home a deal of commiseration may be scattered abroad. Who can tell but that certain small, sporadic iniquities wrought against the blacks in America have so softened the consciences both of the people and of our ruling powers that they have been led to sympathize with the oppressed of all the foreign world, and to utter tearful protests against Armenian outrages and Kishenev massacres?

In this age where all is doubt, and every statement outside veracious newspapers is picked to pieces by original investigation, one may, without being liable to the charge of heresy, stick at accepting

the theory that he who enjoys the highest things alone enjoys existence. It would not be fair to presume that, because one leads a lowly and unlettered life, he in his own way has not as much solid enjoyment as the greatest of philosophers, poets, or artists. The youngster, swallowing with eager gulps the contents of a detective story in which are recounted the hairbreadth escapes of some matchless sleuth, will, even though raised in after life above such literature, confess, if ingenuous, that he enjoyed his *Old Thunderbolt* as much as the *Adam Bede* of his later life. And what has brought more real joy to the soul of the sentimental maiden than, say, *When Armor was in Fashion*? It would be many a long year before she would prefer *Henry Esmond* to it. There is no aristocracy of enjoyment. Those who tell us that there is no music but Wagner's, and that the love of melody is an infallible sign of a vicious taste; no poetry but Browning's,—at least that part of him that must be guessed at,—thrive by assumption alone. It is impossible that any considerable portion of the human race shall be elevated to the level where these alleged highest pleasures are; and to the many,—the common people have some rights,—those things they comprehend and delight in give as true gratification as the elect enjoy.

If this be true, the Negro, presumed by the thoughtless majority, because of his environment, to be the most joyless of creatures, has a much larger share of happiness than many who outwardly appear more fortunate. (Here we speak of the typical Negro, not the late, revised, Aryanized one.) First of all he has what satisfaction there is in knowing that the theory of things is right. In theory he has whatever any other man has; just as in theory all men are created equal,—the law is impartially administered,—we are a Christian nation. Though the Negro is actually excluded from the social, political, and industrial life of America, there is comfort in the fact that he is not the least of the non-Aryans in this coun-

try. He has been theoretically placed on equal footing with the great white man by the great white man himself. Mongolians cannot become citizens of the United States, while the African from any part of the world and his descendants have this glorious privilege. It is interesting to note that members of the race that has so lately flung the proud Aryan into the dust in the Far East have, on several occasions, once in enlightened Massachusetts (In Re Saito, 62 Fed. Rep. 126), been refused the citizenship which a Negro may have for the asking. But after all, such discrimination as is practiced against him gives him leisure to develop, undisturbed by outside cares, those things in him worth cultivating. While the German, Irishman, Frenchman, and even the proud Englishman, who comes to this country, pools each his individuality in Americanism, the Negro, developing independence, stands aloof, with a determination to yield only when longer resistance would be criminal folly.

The negative pleasures of the Negro are not few. He has none of the burdens of governing, being relieved therefrom by his altruistic Aryan fellow-citizens. He has none of the troubles and temptations of millionaires; he expects but little and hence is seldom disappointed. He carries no revenges concealed in his bosom. He forgives his enemies easily. Do him a grievous injury, and a modicum of kindness removes resentment therefor. Bastinado his sensibilities to-day; he will salve them with biblical quotations, and to-morrow go on his way rejoicing.

From the Bible, indeed, the Negro draws no small portion of his philosophy of life; and while he may take a passage here and there too literally, yet he derives such satisfaction from this book that he would probably assail more truculently an enemy thereof than one who had done him personal wrong. "Take no thought for the morrow;" "The Lord will provide;" "Lay ye not up treasures on earth;" "Consider the lilies how they grow, they toil not neither do they spin;"

"Man that is born of woman is of few days and full of trouble,"—these and such passages are unction to his soul.

From the Bible, likewise, the Negro draws justification for his failure to be actively resentful of his wrongs. And who best represents the Christian spirit, the Aryan raging over the loss of a tooth, demanding a tooth in return and refusing to be comforted without it, or the humble black who, hardly smitten on one cheek, meekly presents the other to the smiter? In the lowliness of the Founder of his faith the Negro finds comfort for his own poverty. He is not so engrossed with earthly things, but he has a constant eye on Paradise. He believes that like Lazarus he will recline on Abraham's bosom; while those who enjoyed without stint this world's goods squirm amidst brimstone with no drop of water to cool their quenchless thirst.

The contemplation of death, which brings terror to many and to almost all men sadness, brings to the Negro the idea of rest from labor and surcease of sorrow. Hence one finds more preparation by him for that fatal last event than for living, moving, and having his being on earth. Death, too, is a certain vindicator of equality; not that the Negro is glad when an Aryan, though a hostile one, goes to the land of darkness; but

he points significantly and with melancholy satisfaction to the fact that poor Mose, who died a social pariah only yesterday, occupies as much of his mother earth as the dead colonel who lorded it over him so haughtily but a short fortnight ago.

Through all his vicissitudes hope is the black man's priceless asset. This he never loses, how gloomy soever the way. For him there is always something in the future, no matter how distant. A negro of uncommon ability, the advocate of a new education for Negroes, has told them that in a thousand years they would be fitted to partake of the things the Aryan now enjoys, and this promise of remote enjoyment the blacks hail with enthusiasm. Was there ever sublimer faith? The very heart-wailings of the Negro speak of a brighter beyond. Of joy he cannot be bereft: his buoyancy overtops any sorrow. Pessimism seldom knows him. One miracle of deliverance has been performed for him, and he is confidently expecting another.

Should any question my authority to speak as above for the Negro, I reply that I became a Negro above thirty years ago; and, being initiated into all the mysterious rites of the race, have remained one ever since.

NATURE POETRY

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

MOTHER of all the high-strung poets and singers departed,
Mother of all the grass that weaves over their graves the glory of the field,
Mother of all the manifold forms of life, deep-bosomed, patient, impassive,
Silent brooder and nurse of lyrical joys and sorrows!
Out of thee, yea, surely out of the fertile depth below thy breast,
Issued in some strange way, thou lying motionless, voiceless,
All these songs of nature, rhythmical, passionate, yearning,
Coming in music from earth, but not unto earth returning.

Dust are the blood-red hearts that beat in time to these measures,
Thou hast taken them back to thyself, secretly, irresistibly
Drawing the crimson currents of life down, down, down
Deep into thy bosom again, as a river is lost in the sand.
But the souls of the singers have entered into the songs that revealed them,—
Passionate songs, immortal songs of joy and grief and love and longing:
Floating from heart to heart of thy children, they echo above thee:
Do they not utter thy heart, the voices of those that love thee?

Long hast thou lain like a queen transformed by some old enchantment
Into an alien shape, mysterious, beautiful, speechless,
Knowing not who thou art, till the touch of thy Lord and Lover
Working within thee wakens the man-child, to breathe thy secret.
All of thy flowers and birds and beasts and woods and waters
Are but enchanted forms that embody the life of the spirit;
Thou thyself, earth-mother, in mountain and meadow and ocean,
Holdest the poem of God, eternal thought and emotion.

ELIANA: THE LATEST WINDFALL

BY WILLIAM C. HAZLITT

AFTER all that has been accomplished by my contemporaries and myself in the direction of gradually building up the correspondence of Charles and Mary Lamb within a fair distance of exhaustion, additions to all our stores are continually presenting themselves until it becomes difficult to foresee when the end will be reached. The multiplication of letters and notes is mainly due to the release of Lamb in 1825 from his official duties, or to the long retention of papers of this sort in the hands of descendants of the recipients; and it is an absolute matter of fact that even now there are important letters to John Chambers, Miss Fryer, and others, undiscovered, and those to Chambers more than possibly lost. Nor should we be surprised at the volume of material, known and unknown, when we perceive, on Lamb's own showing, that during the years of greater leisure he dispatched as many as twenty communications in a single day.

It has been my fortune to accumulate, since the appearance of my last Elian volume in 1900, apart from a sheaf which I contributed to Mr. Lucas's and Mr. Macdonald's editions, about fifty unpublished epistles, not inferior on the whole to those in type, if we except the journal-like ones to Coleridge, Southey, and others, belonging to the eighteenth or very early years of the nineteenth century, when the members of the circle were young and comparatively obscure. From the sources which I indicate, and elsewhere, there is much new light to be obtained on Lamb's life and writings, and it is my aim in the present case to limit myself to a sketch or précis of this freshest treasure trove, with extracts of striking or illustrative passages. It is assuredly singular that of a man and a

household living among us, so to speak, within a generation or so, the personal and literary history should remain a work of the future: and yet we wonder at the difficulties attendant on learning more about Shakespeare. Is it generally known that John Lamb, the father, was a clever modeler in clay, and that his profile portrait of his master, Samuel Salt, is still extant, or that the grand ambition of John, the brother, was to produce a play, and his most heartfelt mortification the rejection of his attempts by the managers? Anecdotes of Charles are occasionally regained from those, now themselves advanced in years, who received them from the lips of friends of the humorist, such as that one where Lamb, seated in the coach on his return home from Highgate, where he had visited Coleridge at Gillman's, is accosted by an old lady with the inquiry whether *he* is full inside, and replies, "Yes, ma'am, that last bit of pudding at Gillman's did it." He once mischievously spoke of the surgeon as *Killman*.

Through the Novellos Lamb seems to have acquired a sort of musical taste and insight, and in a letter or two to Vincent of that ilk he employs the refrain *Da Capo*, which we encounter in the Concertos at Covent Garden Theatre in 1791. But this point and numberless others must be reserved for a suitable and convenient opportunity, and I now proceed to my appointed task.

The body of unedited correspondence in my hands extends from 1821 to the last week in August, 1834, exactly four months prior to the close of that distinguished career. So far as I am able, I propose to place the reader in possession of the substance and salient features of those effusions, of which the characteristics are so exceedingly familiar; and I commence

with the only letter hitherto found to Miss Humphreys, who belonged to Lamb's Cambridge coterie and the Isola tie. It is dated 1821, announces Emma's early departure for Cambridge, where she was to rejoin Mrs. Paris, gives Mary's and his own love to all true Trumpingtonians (Mrs. Paris resided in Trumpington Street), admits Emma's addiction to making dog's-ears in books (of which he was not himself guiltless), and is subscribed "Yours Truly, foolish C. L." In a note of the same year to Robert Baldwin he asks him to keep a little room for him in the *London* till the 18th, as he does not like to have a number quite Elialess. On the 29th of November, 1823, Crosthwaite is charged with a note to Wordsworth to report a visit from the Monk-houses and Miss Hutchinson at Colebrook Cottage, where he hopes some day to see W. himself. In 1824 we find Alaric Watts sending a handsome copy of the *Souvenir*, and soliciting a contribution from Lamb for the next volume. Lamb describes himself as dried up, but will see what he can do. He had shown the volume to Coleridge, who was pleased with it. He begs Watts not to trouble again to give him a superfine copy, as an ordinary one would be good enough. This one puts his poor collection to the blush. A letter to Allsop, which has so far been misplaced, just succeeds the retirement. The Lambs had gone down to Enfield; Mary is ill, Miss James is in attendance; and Lamb has had bad nights. Allsop has been attending to some business. But he can keep the £81. 4. 6 till they meet, as Lamb has plenty of current cash. This note is dated September 14, 1825, not 1827.

A very curious letter to Hone, of or about 1827, contains a droll figure of Miss Lamb drawn by Hood, representing her in a coal-scuttle bonnet, mounting a stile; above, in her brother's hand, is "Ride a cock-horse," and beneath "Mrs. Gilpin riding to Edmonton." It was intended for insertion in the *Table Book*, where there is an erroneous and misleading account, signed *A Sojourner at Enfield*.

He invites Hone to slip down some day to Enfield and go a-greendragoning. He was at this date familiar enough with Edmonton, although he did not settle there until 1833.

There is in this parcel a series of letters to Moxon between 1827 and 1833, which have so far been withheld from the editions, and which Moxon himself sold about fifty years since to a private collector. There comes, in one of July 27, 1827, a response to an invitation for Emma Isola to go to Vauxhall, apparently with her future husband, but the scruples of an aunt, who is described as "a queer one," interpose, and it is made peremptory that there shall be a chaperone. Lamb has been writing letters till he can no longer see. The relations between the Lambs and the Kenneys and Holcrofts had been early and remained steadfast; the correspondence which passed on the Lambs' side has been slowly emerging from sundry obscure and mysterious recesses, and my store embraces two or three rather material omissions. In a letter to Miss Louisa Holcroft, who successively became the wife of Dr. Badams (1832) and of the Baron de Merger, Lamb begins by declaring that his sister has written her last letter in this world, but reassures the lady by explaining that Mary is extant and sleek, but has left him writing legatee. The Kenneys were then residing in Brunswick Square, and Lamb shrinks from calling on Kenney, lest he should be suspected of coming to be repaid for the hospitality shown to him at Enfield. He inquires about the small Kenneys, the second family, and wants to know whether they lie three in a bed. A note to Hone of December 15, same year, condoles with him on a loss in his family, and points to one of the severe trials of Lamb during his sister's illness. It was the eleventh week. The notes to Moxon go on with brief intermissions. They are chiefly on current matters of business or commission. He hopes that the *Keepsake* he asked Mrs. Hazlitt to return has arrived. It had a blot on it when it first

came. He will be glad to see Moxon, either with his switch in his hand or with Hunt's *Lord Byron* or Hazlitt's *Napoleon* under his arm. Under February 18, 1828, Mary Lamb is said to be in no immediate want of books, as she has had "a damned consignment of novels in MS. from Malta," which he says "I wish the Mediterranean had in its guts." This unwelcome present was from Lady Stoddart. A notelet of September 25 following, to Mrs. Hood, finds the Lambs a little embarrassed by visitors,—Martin Burney, his sister and her husband, Coleridge, etc., and it is extremely noteworthy from the subscription, "believe us ever yours affectionately, C. Lamb," because such an unusual form of words accentuates the peculiar regard which I think the Lambs entertained for the Hoods. In December, Lamb, in his quality of amanuensis for his sister, thanks Louisa Holcroft for her handkerchief, and intimates that Mary would have preferred blonde to white sarsenet trimmings. He was not to tell her, but maybe it would be a hint for the next. Lamb has an attack of something,—an eruption,—and describes his symptoms. He is told that it is very catching, and cautions Louisa that she might, as he makes out, take it in a piece of plumcake. He dreads the possibility of spreading the contagion through the postman to the whole village. A vein of pleasant hyperbole pervades the whole. The attack may have been a slight one of erysipelas, which was to recur.

Since 1806 he had known Elliston, who took the name part in the ill-fated farce of *Mr. H.* The actor does not come to the surface again till his friend had become a personage of distinction and could afford to look back on his early dramatic efforts with indifference. But the truth is that Lamb never renounced the hope of success in this direction, and I have above noted that his brother was haunted by a similar aspiration. In 1829 Lamb wrote a farce, to which he gave the title of *The Pawnbroker's Daughter*, not impossibly a reminiscence of the Bartrum

episode, and in 1830 inserted it in *Fraser's Magazine*, but he did not do so until he had appealed to Elliston to produce it at the Surrey Theatre, and as the manager's reply is one of a slender salvage, no letter to the Lambs being at one time known to exist, I append it:—

SURREY THEATRE,
March 14, 1829.

MY DEAR SIR,—I was delighted to find you had not forgotten me, and shall with much pleasure renew your acquaintance. The Farce you have sent me, I regret to say, would not in my opinion be suited to the interest of the theatre, and therefore I return it. I have a tolerably good house, 84 Great Surrey Street, Blackfriars Road, where I shall be always happy to see you, and I request you to believe that I am,

Very truly yours,

R. W. ELLISTON.

CHAS. LAMB ESQRE.

The communications to Moxon are incessant. Under September 22, 1829, he asks for the loan of the *Garrick Papers* or *Anne of Geierstein*, but does not want Mrs. Jameson or Lady Morgan. Mary is hopelessly ill. He will be glad to talk over Moxon's ramble with him. On the 12th of May, 1830, he sends him criticisms on his Sonnets, and thinks that he is destined to shine in them.

I now come to two letters, the first from Dorothy Wordsworth to Mary Lamb, January 9, 1830, the other to Lamb from Wordsworth himself, January 10, 1830, both further additions to the hitherto recovered epistolary remains of this kind. I shall print them as they stand, with the very obliging permission of the representatives of Wordsworth:—

TO CHARLES LAMB

Sunday, Jany. 10th, 1830.

MY DEAR LAMB,—A whole twelve-month have I been a letter in your debt—for which fault I have been sufficiently punished by self reproach.

I liked your play marvellously, having no objection to it but one, which strikes me as applicable to a large majority of plays, those of Shakespear himself not entirely excepted, I mean a little degradation of character, for a more dramatic turn of Plot.

Your present of Hone's Book was very acceptable, and so much so, that your part of the Book is the cause why I did not write long ago. I wished to enter a little minutely into notice of the Dramatic Extracts, and on account of the smallness of the print deferred doing so till longer days would allow one to read without candle light which I have long since given up. But alas when the days lengthened my eyesight departed, and for many months I could not read three minutes at a time. You will be sorry to hear that this infirmity still hangs about me, and almost cuts me off from reading altogether. But how are you, and how is your dear Sister? I long much, as we all do, to know. For ourselves, this last year, owing to my Sister's dangerous illness, the effects of which are not yet got over, has been an anxious one, and melancholy. But no more of this — my Sister has probably told everything about the family, so that I may conclude with less scruple, by assuring you of my sincere and faithful affection for you and your dear Sister.

WM. WORDSWORTH.

My Son takes this to London.

Sunday, 10th.

My brother has given me this to enclose [in] my own. His account of me is far too doleful. I am, I assure you, perfectly well and it is only in order to become strong as heretofore that I confine myself mainly to the house — and yet were I to trust my *feelings* merely I should say that I am strong already. His eyes, alas! are very weak and so will I fear remain through life; but with proper care he does not suffer much. D. W.

[Endorsed] CHARLES LAMB, ESQRE.

Enfield Common,

Enfield.

TO MARY LAMB

RYDAL MOUNT, 9th *Jany.* 1830.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — My Nephew John will set off tomorrow evening to Oxford to take his Master of Arts' Degree and thence proceed to London where his time will be so short there is no chance of his being able to see you; but there is a *possibility* that your brother may happen to be in town at the same time — in which case it would grieve him, & us at home not less that he should not see him, — therefore if it *should* happen that your brother is in town anytime from the 17th to the 26th of this month pray desire him to inquire for the Revd. J. Wordsworth at Mr. Cookson's, No. 6 Lincoln's Inn. There he will be sure to learn where John may be found, of which at present he knows no more than that he will not lodge at Mr. Cookson's, though he will certainly call there & leave his address immediately after he reaches Town.

I do not write merely for the sake of seeing your Brother (& you also if you happen to be in London) but to inquire after you both, for now that our good friend Henry Robinson is absent you might as well also be living in Rome for anything we hear concerning you; and believe me we are often uneasy in the thought that all communication seems cut off between us; and sincerely and earnestly do we all desire that your Brother will let us have a post letter (no waiting for Franks or private conveyances) telling us himself how you live, what you are doing, — and whom you see, of old friends or new — as visitors by your fire-side — I do not ask you, Miss Lamb, to do it, for I know you dislike the office, but dear Charles L. you whom I have known almost five & thirty years — I trust that I do not in vain entreat you to let us have the eagerly desired letter at your earliest opportunity, which letter will, we hope, bring us tidings of H. C. Robinson. We have not heard anything concerning him since his departure from England, though he promised absolutely

to write on his arrival at Rome — and if his intentions were fulfilled he must have been a resident there for many weeks. Do you see Talfourd? Does he prosper in his profession? What Family has he?

&c. But I will not particularize persons but include all in our general inquiry letter (Miss Kelly amongst the rest). Tell us of all whom you know in whose well-doing you know us also to be interested; but above all be very minute in all that regards your own dear selves, for there are no persons in the world, exclusive of members of our own Family, of whom we think & talk so frequently or with such delightful remembrances. Your removal from London (though to my thought London is hardly London without you) shall not prevent my seeing you both in your own Cottage, if I have to go there again — but at present I have no distinct plans heading me thither. Now that Mr. Monkhouse is gone, our family have no absolute home there, and should we go it will probably be in our way to the continent, or to the southern shores of England: — Wishes I can now and then at least indulge of at last re-visiting Switzerland — and again crossing the Alps & even stretching on to Rome; but there is a great change in my feelings respecting plans for the future. If we make any, we entertain them as an amusement perhaps for a short while, but never set my heart upon anything which is to be accomplished three months hence, & have no satisfaction whatever in schemes. When one has lived almost sixty years, one is satisfied with present enjoyment, & thankful for it, without daring to count over what is to be done six months hence. But, forgive me, I go on prosing & do not say a word to satisfy your desire to know how we are all here & what doing. To begin, then, with the heads of the house — My Brother & sister are both in excellent health. In *him* there is no failure except the tendency to inflammation in his eyes, which disables him from reading much or at all by candle light — & the use of his pen is irksome to him:

however he has a most competent and willing amanuensis in his Daughter, and she takes all labour from Mother's and Aunt's aged hands. His muscular powers are in no degree diminished — indeed I think that he walks regularly more than ever, finding fresh air the best bracer of his weak eyes. He is still the crack skater on Rydal Lake, and as to climbing of mountains, the hardest & the youngest are yet hardly a match for him. In composition I can perceive no failure, & his imagination seems as vigorous as ever. Yet he shrinks from his great work — and both during the last & present winter has been employed in writing small poems. Do not suppose, my dear Friend, that I write the above boastfully — Far from it! It is in thankfulness for present blessings — yet always with a sense of the probability that all will have a sudden check, and if not so the certainty that in the course of man's life but a few years of vigorous health and strength are allotted to him. For this reason my sister & I take every opportunity of impressing upon him the necessity of applying to his great work — & this he feels — resolves to do it and again resolution fails, — and now I almost fear habitually, that it will be ever so. I have told you *she* is well, and indeed I think her much stronger than a few years ago, and (now that I am for the whole of this winter set aside as a Walker) she takes my place, & will return from an eight mile walk with my Brother unfatigued. Miss Hutchinson & her sister Joanna are both with us — Miss H. is perfectly well and Joanna very happy, though she may always be considered as an invalid. Her home is in the Isle of Man; & with the first mild breezes of spring she intends returning thither with her sailor brother Henry — they too “toddling down the hill” together. She is an example for us all. With the better half of her property she purchased Columbian bonds — at about 70 — gets no interest & will not sell, consequently the cheapness of the little Isle tempted her thither on a visit, & she

finds the air so suitable to her health and everything else so much to her mind that she *will*, in spite of our unwillingness to part with her, make it her home. As to her lost property, she never regrets it. She has so reduced her wants that she declares herself to be now richer than she ever was in her life, and so *she is*; for she has always a little to spare at the end of the year, and in her little way can always assist the distressed. I believe you never saw Joanna, & it is a pity, for you would have loved her very much. She possesses all the good qualities of the Hutchinsons. My niece Dora, who remembers you always with the greatest affection, has lately been in much better health than within the last few years. She is [a word lost] & very active and a most useful personage at home — her Father's helper at all times, and in domestic concerns she takes all the trouble from her Mother & me. I trust that in the course of a year or two she may become strong; but now is no walker — cannot climb a mountain. It is not improbable that her Father may take her to Cambridge in the spring, & if so to London, & in that case they would see you: but no plans are laid, though now & then Dora amuses herself with talking about it. As for myself, you will be glad to hear that I am perfectly well; but after this pleasant assurance I must tell you that my health had a sad shaking last April, when I was with John in Leicestershire. The disorder was inflammation of the Bowels. In June I left that country & from want of care have had two or three attacks but neither so severe nor of the same kind: however enough to convince me of the necessity of great care; & therefore *now* though perfectly well I am acting the invalid — never walk except in the garden, & am driven out whenever weather permits by my Niece in the poney chaise. By these means I hope to resume my former habits next summer — during the present winter laying in a stock of strength. My dear Friend, your eyes are weak, & you will find

this a sad troublesome prosy letter, & vexed I am, for (using proper discretion) I might have told all I *have* told in one half the number of lines. Pray forgive me, & entreat your kind Brother to scrawl me a written assurance that you do so, and with that to send us a minute account of all that concerns yourselves and as much about Mutual Friends as he has leisure for and inclination. My Brother, Sister, Miss H. & Dora unite with me in sincerest good wishes for the coming year & every succeeding one of your lives — & that they may be many. God bless you both, & my dear Miss Lamb Believe me ever your affecti. Friend

D. WORDSWORTH.

Strange that I should have written this long letter without a word of our absent William to whom you were so kind when a London School-boy. He has been at Bremen since last June. When he left Rydal Mount his health was but indifferent but in Leicestershire he recruited & left England in good health, but at first the change of climate, habits, &c., &c. disagreed with him, & he was very unwell, yet always wrote in good spirits. I am happy to tell you that his late letters have only spoken of "excellent health," but it is nearly two months since his last, & we are anxiously expecting letters. He is much attached to the excellent Family with whom he lives; and we have reason to believe that his time passes profitably.

In common with the other conversers on paper of the first era, Wordsworth presents himself very rarely in later days, when his old friend had gained success in literature, although the keynote of these two letters of 1830 betrays no sign of faltering attachment. Yet they were in London in 1831, and Lamb speaks of not having seen them, hardly expecting to do so.

A letter to Moxon of February, 1831, is written in the presence of a very severe winter, when the roads are made almost impassable by snow and ankle-deep slush. He alludes to the well-known case of Dyer, and his lines on Rogers, which were

subsequently suppressed, but on which Dyer brooded long after. Moxon is desired to exhibit a letter of apology to Rogers to convince him that Dyer meant no offence, yet, as Lamb puts it, "this unique recantation is like a dirty pocket handkerchief muck'd with tears of some indigent Magdalen. There is the impress of sincerity in every pot-hook and hanger." It appears that *Satan in Search of a Wife*, a sequel to sundry Satanic productions by his friends, is not selling: he thinks he must bear part of the loss: Moxon is indispensable in attending to small matters in London, lending books, returning books borrowed, and delivering messages to "the dead people," those to whom the Lambs at a distance seem dead. We gain fresh insight into Lamb's reading tastes and resources in this batch of notes. He would like Collier's book, probably *The History of Dramatic Poetry*, just come out (1831), and the sixth volume of Nichols's *Literary Illustrations of the Eighteenth Century*. Wordsworth did not approve of "Nicky," — Lamb's Satan aforesaid, — whereas, says Lamb, "he and I used to dispute about Hell Eternities, I taking the affirmative. I love to puzzle atheists and — parsons." Talfourd has been complimenting him upon a performance of which he knows nothing in the *Tatler*. Lamb has been busy in support of Coleridge's application for a pension, and has an interview with Lord Grey. "I was received by the Great Man with the utmost cordiality (shook hands with me coming & going); a fine, hearty Gentleman, & as seeming willing to relieve any anxiety from me, promised me an answer through Badams in two or three days at farthest." But Gillman marred the scheme by what Lamb terms an "extraordinary insolent" letter in the *Times*. An application had been previously made to the Chancellor. At this juncture, in Lamb's opinion, Coleridge's life was never worth two years' purchase. We hear here of the Sugdens as visitors to Enfield, and Lamb has been informed that Kenney has cleared £100 by his play,

and thinks that Moxon is a damned fool if he does not exact his tithe of him — some loan, it is to be apprehended; and probably he had lent K. money, too, for he subscribes himself "Your Brother Fool, C. L."

A letter of 1831 to the same correspondent has already been printed, but from a recent comparison with the autographs it is to be inferred that the two notes have been rolled into one, and the second incompletely rendered. I refer to the one mentioning George Dawe, R. A., and to Moxon's venture called *Peter's Net*. The second seems to open with the words, "Send, or bring me Hone's No. for August," and continues, "Hunt is a fool, and his critics." — Most of the note is as it occurs in print, but the editors omit at the conclusion: "S — is a coxcomb. W — is a — — — and a great Poet." I presume that these lines were written in August — September, 1831, from the reference to Hone. In December he writes to Moxon: "Nothing with my name will sell, a blast is upon it. . . . Being praised, and being bought, are different things to a book. Fancy books sell from fashion, not from the number of their real likers." In January, 1832, Moxon has made the acquaintance of Rickman. Lamb wants Moxon to bring the last *Blackwood* with him, and finishes by a grotesque attempt to draw a corkscrew, below which is *C. L. fecit* and "C. Lamb born 1775, flourished about the year 1832." The same year saw the end of Lamb's pensioner, Mrs. Reynolds, and Lamb calculates that, as a second pensioner is in the workhouse, he is a gainer of £42 a year: but Moxon is not to disclose this, or other candidates will spring up. Alas! this twelvemonth also witnessed the death of Admiral Burney. Payne the bookseller, his son-in-law, acquainted Lamb; but the latter had already seen the sad news in a paper. "Half of the pleasantness," he says to Payne, "of the better half of my life was from the society in James Street. It lasted longer than such friendships are used to

do: Mary sends her very kindest love to *Sally* — tis her old appellation, and returns forcibly on this occasion."

Great news! Moxon has arranged to move into Bond Street. Lamb, his sister, and Silk-Cloak (Talfourd) congratulate. "Rogers approving, who can demur? Tell me when you get into Dover Street & what the No. is — that I may change foolscap for gilt & plain Mr. for Esq. I shall mister you while you stay." Lamb humorously addresses his friend, "Dear Murray! Moxon I mean," and alludes to his "fallen predecessor in Albemarle Street, "for whom he suggests Pope's line, —

"Murray long enough his country's pride." There is an illusory catchword at the foot of the first page, and overleaf is written: "Here's nothing over here."

The second series of *Elia* was issued in 1833 and led to a threat of an injunction against Moxon by Taylor, who had brought out the former volume, and claimed a copyright in those papers which had subsequently appeared. On March 6, 1833, Lamb wrote to Talfourd, congratulating him on the birth of a son, to whom he eventually stood sponsor, and soliciting advice. He also wrote to Moxon directing him to send copies of *Elia* to Coleridge and Bernard Barton, and to contrive a way of making one reach Savage Landor. The subscription is: "We join in triple love to you, *Elia* & Co." Nothing further seems to be ascertainable except that, writing on March 30, he tells Moxon that he will speak to him about the matter. Lamb averred that he had made no bargain with Taylor, and we find that gentleman a little later in friendly communication. The letter to Talfourd found him on the Oxford Circuit. There is a very remarkable paragraph in it rather foreign to Lamb's usual style. "Talking of accidents in families," he says, "what an egregious piece of duplicity has Proctor [*sic*] plaid off." He insinuates a playful doubt in his signature, whether his *nom de plume* belongs to him any longer: it is "C. L. (*Elia*, qu.)"

The Moxon marriage was now drawing near. It seems to be the event intended in a note of April 25, 1833, where Lamb says: "We perfectly agree in your arrangement. *It has quite set my sister's mind at rest.*" He asks Moxon to come over, as he desires to have him there "unWestwooded," and he talks of getting a bottle of choice port. He has transferred some stock to Emma. Not very long before he had had a misadventure at Forster's and burned his shin, so that he had to nurse his leg.

Forster saw a good deal of Lamb during these latter or last years. A note of June 3, 1833, found Lamb at his old amusement of writing acrostics, which required, as he informs his acquaintances, a steady hand to form the initial letters. He wants to see Forster to-morrow, and adds: "N. B. Tomorrow is Today with you. Set off."

The reception of a gift copy of *Elia*, 1833, afforded Wordsworth an occasion, of which he availed himself, to thank the author, and send quite a news-letter. The house at Rydal Mount was not just then a cheerful one, and the writer may have sympathized with the troubles of the man whom he addressed, and who had been the friend of his youth. This makes the fourth item here now first reclaimed from those hundreds on hundreds of messages by post delivered to Lamb and his sister, and as a general rule destroyed after a perusal or, at all events, reply: and the present writer has so far succeeded in bringing together from a variety of sources about a dozen. Others may be latent somewhere.

TO CHARLES LAMB.

RYDAL MOUNT,
May 17, or thereabouts.

MY DEAR LAMB, — I have to thank you & Moxon for a delightful vol. (your last, I hope not) of *Elia*. I have read it all except some of the popular fallacies which I reserve not to get through my Cake all at once. The Book has much pleased the whole of my family, my Wife, Daughter,

Miss Hutchinson, & my poor dear Sister, on her sick-bed, they all return their best thanks. I'm not sure but I like the Old China & the Wedding as well as any of the Essays. I read, love me and love my Dog to my poor Sister this Morning, while I was rubbing her legs at the same time. She was much pleased, and what is rather remarkable, this morning also I fell upon an Anecdote in Madam D'Arblay's life of her father where the other side of the question is agreeably illustrated. The Heroes of the tale are David Garrick and a favorite little Spaniel of King Charles's Breed, which he left with the Burneys when he & Mrs. Garrick went on their Travels. In your remarks upon Martin's Pictures I entirely concur — may it not be a question whether your own Imagination has not done a good deal for Titian's Bacchus and Ariadne?

With all my admiration of that great Artist, I cannot but think that neither Ariadne or Theseus look so well on his Canvass as they ought to do. But you and your Sister will be anxious if she be with you to hear something of our poor Invalid. She has had a long & sad illness — anxious to us above measure, and she is now very weak and poorly — Though she has been out of doors three times since the warm weather came. In the winter we expected her dissolution daily for some little time. She then recovered so as to quit her bed, but not her room, and to walk a few steps; but within these few days the hot thundery weather has brought on a bilious attack which has thrown her back a good deal & takes off the flesh which she was beginning to recover. Her Spirits, however, thank God, are good and whenever she is able to read she beguiles her time wonderfully. But I am sorry to say that we cannot expect that whatever may become of her health, her strength will ever be restored. I have been thus particular knowing how much you & your dear Sister value this excellent person who in tenderness of heart I do not honestly believe was ever

exceeded by any of God's Creatures. Her loving kindness has no bounds. God bless her forever & ever! —

Again thanking you for your excellent Book, and wishing to hear from you & your dear Sister, and with best love to you both from us all I remain, my dear Lamb,

Your faithful Friend,

W. WORDSWORTH.

[Endorsed] CHARLES LAMB, Esq.,
c/o Mr. Moxon,
Bookseller,
Dover St.

I next offer, for the sake of juxtaposition, four notes to Moxon sent between June 14, and October 17, 1833, where the central theme is the union of the poet-publisher and Lamb's young protégée at the close of July in that year. In the first of this quartette, Emma seems to be staying at a friend's. Lamb has met Miss Norris, daughter of that oldest of friends, the last to call him Charlie; and after almost a life-time another friend of Salutation and Cat days, nay, of earlier than those, Valentine Le Grice, has reappeared, and given Lamb a dinner at Johnny Gilpin's at Edmonton, "where," writes Lamb, "we talked of what old friends were taken or left in the thirty years since we had met." Now the peroration to letters to Moxon begins to anticipate and to be in the dual number: "Bless you both, C. L." The next is most painful from a cause outside the immediate matter, — very immediate indeed, for it is dated July 28, just two days only prior to the marriage. It apparently refers to Martin Burney, and to a distressing communication from Matilda Betham. Lamb says, "I have a dreadful letter from Miss Betham which I should not attend to but that the situation she describes is *what I foresaw was inevitable*." He begs Moxon to see Payne (Burney's brother-in-law) or Foss and try what can be done "to recover M. B. to a state of respectability." He is doing his best to present a suitable appearance at the forthcoming event,

and he signs himself "Yours (both) affectionately, C. L." His correspondent is now unfailingly *armiger*.

In the third of the batch the scene has changed to Edmonton; the young wife is expected; dinner is at two; Moxon is to be there as well, and the bottle of super-excellent port or its fellow rises once more to the surface. M. and he are to discuss it, after deducting some for the ladies. Miss Betham's "exquisite verses" are named; but there are no farther allusions to the Burney case. The conclusion is: "Your loving friends, C. Lamb, M. Lamb." A letter of October 17, 1833, exhausts the supply at my command, so far as Moxon goes, just at present. Lamb wants books. Mary is ill again — probably after the excitement caused by the wedding. The Moxons are welcome to Edmonton, whenever they choose to come down. There are omnibuses in opposition to the stages, and cheaper, — only 1s. 3d. Moxon is to assure Emma that he is *very good*, but he adds: "We are poor devils, that's the truth of it." Ryle of the India House and another friend have been dining with them. The landlady guessed Ryle to be nearly the same age as Lamb. "He always *had* an old head on young shoulders. I fear I shall always have the opposite." A quaint illustration of old-fashioned plain speech occurs just below, where the writer refers to Emma's sister Harriet, who is ill at Dover Street, but has to return in due course to Cambridge to take up her duties at Mrs. Paris's: "Devil take us both," exclaims Lamb, "if both our bowels don't bleed for her. So does [*sic*] E's, I know."

I have to return to the Holcrofts. Louisa had now married Dr. J. Badams. and they were resident at Paddington. On the last day of 1832 Lamb dispatched a rather lengthy letter of which the principal point and interest lie in the account of a murder in which the writer was at first suspected of being an accessory or accomplice in consequence of his having proceeded to the Crown and Horseshoe

at Edmonton to get an additional pint of porter for Moxon, who was expected, and meeting there four men playing at dominoes, of whom one persuaded him to join them. He played with Danby, who recognized an old Temple acquaintance, being the son of a hair-dresser there, on whom Jem White once played one of his hoaxes. After the game Lamb returned home, but to his infinite surprise was summoned before the magistrate the next morning to depose to what he knew of the business. He was treated, however, with the utmost delicacy by Mr. Creswell, and at once discharged. The whole case is in the Annual Register; but Lamb only occurs in the current newspaper report as "a gentleman whose name we could not gather." *Forsan* the said gentleman and the reporter had a friendly word together. The episode, however, sickened Lamb of the Crown and Horseshoe, and he would never enter the tap-room again. It was bad weather when he sent this strange story to Mrs. Badams, who related it to the present writer, when he met her abroad in his boyhood. He says: "cordial ill comes, not welcomes — Wretched New Year to you. Discompliments of the season:" and he makes the circumstances answerable for their inability to reach Paddington — perhaps till April. He offers, as the next best thing, their kindest congratulations on her marriage to Badams.

It was not till almost a month after the Moxon-Isola nuptials that Lamb took up his pen to give Mrs. Badams some account of the affair. "I was at church as the grave Father, and behaved tolerably well, except at first entrance when Emma in a whisper repressed a nascent giggle." Emma was "as pretty as Pamela." Lamb tripped at the altar and was rebuked by the parson. "I am not fit," he says, "for weddings or burials." He proposes to visit the family at Paddington shortly, and to have a game of whist with the Doctor. He speaks of staying the night. "My lodgings," says he, "may be on the cold

floor" — in reference to the song in the old play. The signature is "Yours truly, Charles and Mary Lamb." The visit was paid, and the game came off; and Mrs. Badams seems to have invited their guest to explain to her the technical details on paper. At all events there survives an extraordinary composition, elaborately setting forth all the moves and directing the proper method for ensuring success. It seems that Lamb had gleaned from Captain Burney's treatise some of the learning which he here displays; but he was himself quite a veteran and an expert. This unique lucubration opens without any date, address, or superscription, with a sort of diagrammatic sketch of the table and players:—

A		B
D		C

and then proceeds thus:—

"A sits with the left hand to B
 B sits with the left hand to C
 C sits with the left hand to D
 D sits with the left hand to A."

And then the writer elaborately describes the whole business, and provides for all known contingencies. At the end we have: "And this is all I know, or pretty nearly—Mister Badams may study Captain Burney's little Treatise, but don't you puzzle yourself with it yet. Milk for Babes. C. Lamb." It may be held to have sufficed, if Mrs. Badams mastered even all that she found in the quarto sheet of paper.

I am sorry that this small group of correspondence reaches its close, so far as my existing information extends, under some unpleasant circumstances, which are noticed in a letter from Lamb to Badams himself, but of which the precise nature is left unexplained. Lamb seems to have been in a state of "heatedness," to use his own words, after a long walk at Edmonton, and to have encountered some one who, he imagined, meditated taking a house in the neighborhood, and so, by bringing down "crowds of literary men," destroying the quiet of the place.

The sole conclusion to be drawn from the obscure wording is, that Badams was somehow involved, and received an affront. Possibly it was Badams who was on his way to the Lambs', and was mistaken for some one else. At any rate, Lamb expressed the next day in writing his profound sorrow and spoke of the lines as "the most humble apology C. L. can offer."

A Mrs. May, not otherwise recognizable, is the recipient about this time of a parcel of books. Perhaps it was the Dog-Days, 1833, for in a postscript ejaculates Lamb: "My! how hot it is." This was pretty clearly a distinct person from the two Mays of earlier years.

In the autumn of 1834 he received from Hood a copy of *Tylney Hall*, and his last letter to that old and cherished friend embodies an appreciation of it. It is a delicate way of insinuating the obscurity of some of the poems, when the writer says that "the most inveterate foe to that kind of jokes not being expectant of 'em, might read it all through, and not find you out." Mary has been ill, but is better. "She tries to make it out, & laughs heartily, but it puzzles her to read above a page or two a day."

It is sufficiently familiar that Lamb outlived Coleridge only a few months, and throughout that brief interval he had his friend continually present to his mind. The name of Joseph Henry Green is almost equally well known as that of one of Coleridge's literary executors; but no correspondence between Lamb and Green was on record or evidence until a note of August 26, 1834, barely a month after Coleridge's death, casually fell in my way. It thanks Green for a copy of the will, which, saving the codicil, Lamb apprises him that he had already seen at Highgate. He and his sister are highly gratified by the affectionate remembrance, and Lamb will collect and send all the fragments they possess of his handwriting. But letters, he fears, they have none, "having been long improvident of preserving any." In the will, dated 1829-30,

Lamb is signalized as Coleridge's "oldest friend and ever-beloved school-fellow."

I have emptied my budget. I flatter myself that it is a farther step toward an adequate edition of the Correspondence, whenever that may, by some amicable and generous arrangement among those

concerned, become possible. All those in the market are undeniably imperfect and unsatisfactory on different grounds, the writer's of 1886 inclusive. But his successive labors since that date have achieved much toward the desired result. Much more remains to be done

THE TELEPHONE MOVEMENT: ANOTHER POINT OF VIEW

BY JESSE W. WEIK

[The article on "Telephone Development in the United States," published in the *Atlantic* for November, 1905, has called forth numerous letters from readers of the magazine, particularly in the Middle and Western States. Most of these correspondents felt that the article in question urged too strongly the advantages of a centralized control of the telephone business of the country. The *Atlantic* has never found it practicable to establish a department in which letters from its readers could be printed. Otherwise we should have been glad to publish some of the replies to the position taken in Mr. Coburn's article. In view, however, of the interest taken in this question by many of our correspondents, we have asked one of them to put the case for the Independent Telephone companies more fully than would be possible in a letter. — THE EDITORS.]

STRICTLY speaking, the telephone was not invented. Like Topsy it simply grew. It is not the result of accident; nor, after all, is any one man entitled to the credit of having first conceived or designed it. Rather is it the fruitage of years of unremitting experimentation, supplemented by a thorough study of the laws of electro-magnetism and sound. Although the law awarded Professor Bell a patent on his idea of the telephone, there are abundant reasons for our belief that that wonderful "device for the transmission of articulate speech by the agency of electricity" came, not through the doorway of invention, but down the straight and unmistakable pathway of evolution.

The first published conception of any plan or device looking to the transmission of human speech over an electric conductor appeared over fifty years ago in the columns of a magazine in Paris known as *L'Illustration Journal Universelle*. In the issue of August 18, 1854, will be found a communication by Charles

Boursel, a man of somewhat advanced scientific notions, who, we are told, had been a "soldier in the African army of 1848, where he attracted the attention of the governor-general by a mathematical course delivered to his comrades of the garrison at Algiers." Boursel made the rather startling announcement that the "spoken word in Vienna could be instantly transmitted by electricity to Paris." As a means of accomplishing this seemingly incredible undertaking he described or outlined an apparatus, rather crude it is true, which, nevertheless, contained the vital and essential principle of the modern telephone. "Speaking near a movable disc sufficiently flexible to lose none of the vibrations of the voice, and which alternately makes and breaks the connection with a battery," he predicted, "you may excite the same vibrations simultaneously in another disc situated at some distant point. No apparatus is required save an electric battery, two discs and a wire."

To what extent Boursel pursued his investigations, or whether he finally succeeded in transmitting the spoken word by means of the simple appliances suggested, we do not know. Like many another savant he may have been content to predict what the apparatus would do if constructed, leaving to others the less agreeable task of "working out the details." His efforts, however, were not without good results, for others, mindful of his prediction, now began to experiment with batteries, discs, platinum points, and wire. Of the many persons who, meanwhile, were at work on the problem, no one seems to have evolved anything new or noteworthy till October 28, 1861, when Philip Reis, a teacher in a boys' school in Friedrichsdorf, a village not far from Homburg in Germany, came before the public with an apparatus with which, as claimed, he was "enabled to reproduce the tones of various instruments and even, to a certain extent, the human voice." The device, constructed along the lines laid down by Boursel, was first known as an acoustic telegraph; later its inventor called it the telephone, by which name it has since been known. Reis, moved by the enthusiasm which characterizes almost every inventor, persevered with his experiments unceasingly. As early as April, 1863, he had progressed so far that "by means of the telegraphic conductor with which the apparatus was connected, two remote parts of the city were united, and not only were the melodies of songs reproduced distinctly and perfectly at a remote station, but known voices could be recognized. All present capable of judging," says one who witnessed the experiment, "agreed that the possibility is before us of making one's self understood verbally at any distance in the way shown by Mr. Reis."

In August, Reis began the manufacture and sale of his telephone, "an apparatus," as set forth in his prospectus or circular, "for the production of tones with the aid of galvanism." Reis made the more delicate and important parts of the instru-

ment himself, but intrusted the purely mechanical construction and the external outfit to J. Wilhelm Albert, a mechanician at Frankfort, who was likewise commissioned to sell it. The price was fourteen and twenty-one florins (eight and twelve Prussian thalers respectively), in two qualities which differed only in their external finish and make-up.

Of Reis, who made various forms of telephonic apparatus and achieved more or less success in his later efforts, it was said by a lawyer of ability and skill in electric litigation: "He was the first man in the world who ever spoke to an electric current, expecting to influence that current. His was a noble, magnificent invention, and when we consider that every telephone that was ever seen by any one has that precise feature in it, are we wrong in saying that Reis is entitled to as high praise certainly as Alexander Bell or any other man who made any claim, because there is no telephone known at this day of any commercial value which has not that feature copied servilely from Reis?"

Omitting all account of the experimentation that succeeded or was set on foot by Reis's invention, — and great strides toward ultimate success were meanwhile made, — we find ourselves in the United States Patent Office on February 14, 1876. On that day, strange to relate, two petitions asking for a patent on the telephone, describing it as an invention for "transmitting vocal sounds telegraphically," were filed with the commissioner. One was a formal application by Alexander Graham Bell, of Salem, Massachusetts; the other, a caveat on the part of Elisha Gray of Chicago, Illinois. It was a strange coincidence and probably without a parallel in the history of the Patent Office. As both covered practically the same ground and involved the same points, it was necessary later, when the question of priority arose, to examine the day-book or blotter in the chief clerk's office containing the entry of applications, to determine the exact

time of day when the respective papers were filed.

On March 7, before a month had elapsed, the patent issued to Bell, and immediately thereafter the Bell Telephone Company was organized and incorporated in the state of Massachusetts. In due time it began the manufacture of instruments. Meanwhile, notwithstanding the action of the Patent Office, Gray and others similarly aggrieved, as a demonstration of their faith in the merits and efficacy of their respective inventions and of their unwillingness to leave the field undisputed to the Bell Company, also began to manufacture and put their apparatus on the market. Later, the Western Union Telegraph Company secured control of the device of Gray with the improvements thereon by Edison, the coming wizard of electricity, and entered into the business of installing and operating telephone exchanges in direct competition with the Bell Company. As might have been expected, the latter, realizing that the anticipated monopoly of the business was in serious danger, began to cast about for some effective means to rid the field of the obnoxious elements against which it was forced to contend, and which were daily growing in strength and popular favor. The first step in that direction was a deal made with the Western Union Telegraph Company, the details of which it is not necessary to enumerate here, whereby that corporation peaceably and gracefully withdrew from the telephone business. Thereupon the Bell Company brought infringement suits against all persons or concerns manufacturing or using telephones, save those operating under proper licenses from itself. These suits, begun in various parts of the country, were practically all consolidated into one cause when they reached the Supreme Court of the United States. The decision of that august tribunal was rendered March 19, 1888. Four of the justices favored the Bell Company; three, namely Justices Field, Bradley, and Harlan, dissented. Justice Gray, having been absent when

the cause was argued, and Justice Lamar, not having been a member of the court at that time, took no part in the decision. The chief justice, Mr. Waite, having, as was reported, risen from a sick bed to attend court, read the opinion. Four days later he was dead.

The members of the court who dissented based their opinion, not on the conflict with the claims of Gray as generally understood, but on their belief in the priority of the invention of Daniel Drawbaugh, an obscure mechanic who lived in the village of Eberlys Mill in Pennsylvania. Although denied the benefit of scientific training or education, Drawbaugh was not without decided inventive genius, added to great mechanical skill. As early as 1860 he was endeavoring, by experiments, using the primitive appliances within his reach, to prove that he could convey local sounds over an electric wire. He had probably never heard of Boursel or Reis; but between 1867 and 1869 he succeeded in constructing an apparatus consisting mainly of a glass tumbler, a tin cup, and a mustard can, connected through a membrane, by means of a wire leading from a battery, with another instrument placed some distance away. Through this apparatus he was able to transmit vocal sounds of a certain range. As the result of continued experimentation he gradually improved it. The thing was crude, it is true, and Drawbaugh was not sufficiently skilled to comprehend or explain the scientific principles involved, but that by means of it people at a distance were enabled to talk to each other there is no doubt. At the trial in the lower court over two hundred witnesses testified that Drawbaugh's telephone was an accomplished invention prior to Bell's; seventy-five persons talked through it, and over one hundred and thirty saw the apparatus, which was then in court, and identified it as the instrument with which Drawbaugh had carried on the experiments in his shop. In this connection the following words from the dissenting opinion of Justices

Field, Bradley, and Harlan may not be without interest: "We do not question Mr. Bell's merits. He appreciated the importance of the invention, which brought it before the public in such a manner as to attract to it the attention of the scientific world. His professional experience and attainments enabled him to see at a glance that it was one of the great discoveries of the century. Drawbaugh was a different sort of man. He did not see it in this halo of light. He was only a plain mechanic and looked upon what he made more as a curiosity than as a matter of financial, scientific or public importance. . . . It is regarded as incredible that so great a discovery should have been made by the plain mechanic and not by the eminent scientist and inventor. Yet the proof amounts almost to demonstration, from the testimony of Bell himself and his assistant, Mr. Watson, that he never transmitted an intelligible word through an electrical instrument, nor produced any such instrument that would transmit an intelligible word, until after his patent had been issued; whilst for years before, Drawbaugh had talked through his so that words and sentences had again and again been distinctly heard. Drawbaugh certainly had the principle and accomplished the result. He invented the telephone without appreciating the importance and completeness of his invention. Bell subsequently projected it on the basis of scientific inference and took out a patent for it. But, as our laws do not award a patent to one who was not the first to make an invention, we think that Bell's patent is void by the anticipation of Drawbaugh."

By the slender majority of one in the vote of the judges the claims of Alexander Bell had now secured the indorsement of the highest judicial tribunal in the land. From that decree there could be no appeal. By virtue of it every rival or competitor of the Bell Company was driven from the field, and that corporation rested, serenely content, in the undisputed ownership of one of the greatest benefactions

that ever came to bless mankind. Thus equipped, it not only set about to enlarge its manufacturing capacity, but in other ways undertook to develop and extend the business of which the law had given it such absolute and unrestricted control. It leased instruments to subordinate companies, which, in turn, installed and began to operate exchanges in the larger and more important business centres of the country. Being relieved from all danger of competition, its policy became arbitrary in proportion as its rates increased.

Thus far the telephone had scarcely been used for social purposes, and in many of the smaller cities and towns it had not been introduced at all. To the majority of the people it was still a scientific curiosity, with mechanism apparently too delicate and complicated for practical every-day use. No farmer had ever seen it; much less dared he dream that some day he might speak through one attached to the wall of his own home. The owner of the only authorized speaking telephone for commercial use in the world, the policy of the Bell Company was shortsighted. With demands for the new invention coming from every quarter, it restricted its operations to that territory alone which promised the most immediate and bountiful returns. In this respect it ignored and neglected portions of the field, the whole of which it should have served. It attempted neither to extend nor to nationalize the new industry of which the law had so magnanimously given it sole and undisputed control. The door of opportunity which competition has always opened to ambition it effectually closed. If a man conceived or invented an improvement to the telephone, unless he yielded to the terms of the Bell Company and disposed of it to them, he could find no market for his device. Thus it may truthfully be said that, instead of stimulating, its policy proved a virtual hindrance to inventive genius, and that, the field being thus restricted, the telephone movement, instead of expanding and benefiting mankind, really languished,

and, to that extent, failed of its benign purpose.

This was the condition of affairs when, on March 7, 1893, the original patent issued to Professor Bell expired by limitation of law. In December, 1894, before the Independents had established a foothold, there were 291,253 complete telephones in the United States. At that time a receiver was in most cases used both as a transmitter and receiver, the royalties being almost prohibitive against equipping with both. Instantly, and as if by magic, telephone exchanges sprang up everywhere. Companies to manufacture instruments and switchboards organized in almost every state west of the Alleghanies and north of Mason and Dixon's line. The farmer was now permitted to buy his own telephone, — a thing unheard of under the Bell régime, — and, over a wire running along his fence or from tree to tree, was enabled to talk to his neighbor, and beyond him to the next neighbor, and thence on to the village. In the Mississippi Valley the movement was especially strong and noteworthy. Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, and Missouri soon became one vast network of wires and poles. In one county alone, containing a population slightly in excess of 21,000, a manufacturer sold over 2500 telephones in twenty-three months. The movement became so spontaneous and general, and the response of the people so overwhelming, that the Bell Company undertook to perpetuate its lease of power by the aid of the famous Berliner transmitter case. This was an infringement suit for the use of the transmitter which had been invented by Émile Berliner, and with which almost every telephone then in use was equipped. The Bell Company had purchased Berliner's rights, but, by means of continued and repeated amendments, delayed the issuance of letters patent thereon till a short time before the expiration of the original Bell patent. The application was filed June 4, 1877, and the patent issued November 17, 1891. By this means it

hoped to prolong its monopoly of the telephone for another patent period. The outside companies were aroused. A national meeting was called in Detroit, and here, on June 22, 1897, with the representatives of telephone companies and manufacturers from Charleston to Duluth, was born the Independent Telephone Association of the United States. A fund of generous proportions was raised to fight the Berliner case through all the courts, and thenceforward the telephone industry of the country was lined up, with the Bell Company on one side and all other interests consolidated under the Independent banner on the other.

The Independent movement gathered force and momentum from the very start. Limited at first to the Central States, it has spread until it has found its way into every part of the public domain. For obvious reasons it is weakest in the Eastern States, although in conservative New England, the home of the parent Bell Company, there are to-day from twenty-five to fifty independent exchanges, and numerous plants under construction. A franchise has recently been taken up in New York City by a combination of strong financial interests, which have announced that they will begin operations with an immediate capacity of over two hundred thousand telephones. The remainder of New York State is well developed. There are good exchanges in Philadelphia, Baltimore, Pittsburg, Buffalo, Rochester, Syracuse, Albany, Cleveland, Columbus, Toledo, Louisville, Indianapolis, St. Louis, Kansas City, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Seattle, Los Angeles, and many other places. These exchanges are all growing rapidly, the Cleveland exchange having increased over 10,000 telephones in twenty months, and Kansas City showing a gain of over 13,000 in two years.

Plants are building in Chicago, Spokane, San Francisco, Portland, and Detroit; franchises pending in Milwaukee, Nashville, Cincinnati, Tacoma, and Omaha. In Portland, Oregon, the second Independent exchange is being built, the

first having been purchased by the Bell Company about four years ago. The latter's action in dismantling the plant and raising the rates aroused such general disapproval that early in 1905 the Council was forced to submit the matter to a popular vote. The election held on June 5 resulted in 13,213 votes in favor of an Independent exchange and 560 votes against it.

In most of the states of the central west the Independent companies reach over seventy-five per cent of the post-offices, the farmers' lines being run to these centres, where they are switched from one line to another, and to the long distance lines now reaching from one city to another and across several states. With the foregoing figures before us, is there any reason to question the claim of the Independent companies that they have manufactured and placed in service in ten years (the first three of which were fought every inch of the way, while contending with litigation on patent subjects) more telephones than their competitor has in twenty-seven years, during the first seventeen of which the latter had absolute control of the field? The Independent companies claim to-day over 3,000,000 subscribers, while the Bell Company, according to their August statement, claimed 2,600,000.

By reason of its priority in the field and its ample command of capital, — for it represents over sixty-five per cent of the total telephone capitalization of the United States, — the Bell Company has easily been in the lead over all others in the matter of long-distance toll lines; but even in that regard it is safe to predict that the days of its supremacy are numbered. Independent companies are paralleling the Bell toll lines in every direction. Not only are the former arranging, by a division of the territory they cover, to care for the toll business between counties, but also from state to state, until to-day first-class service is furnished across a number of states. A federation of strong and determined long-distance companies in the

Central States is now in existence, which announces that within the year it will be possible to talk from Kansas City to Cleveland and Albany, and from St. Louis and Indianapolis to Pittsburg, Baltimore, and Philadelphia, entirely over Independent long-distance lines.

Paradoxical though it may seem, yet, unlike other corporations which serve the public, the telephone has no competitor. Steam railroads compete with electric roads; gas companies are competitors of electric light companies; and, although the telephone to some extent invades the field hitherto filled by the telegraph, yet the latter is not, in any appreciable degree, its competitor. In fact, since some one has discovered that a telephone and telegraph message can be sent simultaneously over the same wire without interference, the telephone bids fair to become the first as well as the most serious competitor the telegraph has ever had.

Telephone stocks and bonds, which, for a time, received scant recognition in the financial world, have, as the result of a patient, persistent struggle to keep their footing, gradually won their way in value, till now, in many of the money centres, they rank with the best securities in the market. The failures of telephone companies are few, — in fact as compared to bank failures the percentage is almost infinitesimal. They have suffered less by the depression resulting from hard times than the securities of other public-service corporations. In 1893, the panic year now famous in history, the receipts of all the wire-using companies were greater than in 1892.

Being of more recent issue, Independent securities, although many of them have found their way into some of the stronger trust companies and other financial institutions of the country, have met only a limited demand in the general market. This is due largely to the fact that in the Eastern States, where the Bell Company is so thoroughly entrenched, capitalists and inventors have thus far not had the proper conception or appreciation of

the scope and extent of the Independent movement. In some respects this has been a wholesome thing, in that it has compelled the Independent companies to look to their own localities for financial assistance; so that each town or city to a large extent holds the securities of its own telephone company, just as it owns or controls the financial destiny of the bank, factory, gas, water, or electric light companies which furnish service to its people. No foreign corporation has ever been able to compete successfully with that kind of ownership in any other line of business.

But the financial end is not the only consideration involved when we come to estimate the real value of a public utility. Other features are to be taken into account. There is the economy of time, the saving of labor, and the general good re-

sulting to mankind. Viewing it in this light, who can deny that the mission of the telephone has just begun? Vast numbers there are whose steps have not been lessened, whose burdens have not yet been lightened by it. The future may have still greater wonders in store for us. Perhaps some day we may be able to see as well as speak to our friend at the other end of the line; and the line may be, after all, not a wire, but a stratum of the blue ether extending through infinite space. Who can tell? But even though human ingenuity should devise nothing further and we are made to be content with the present appliances, be they Bell or Independent, let us not forget the debt we owe to him who, first of all men, had faith to believe in the transmission through space of the "spoken word."

SIGNIFICANT ART BOOKS

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

THE development of the art book as a really active factor in current literature here and in England is recent enough for certain questions of form to have failed, as yet, to get themselves settled. Since I began these annual surveys of the subject in the *Atlantic*, I have had occasion to note more than one definite step of policy taken by the publishers in what has looked like a regular campaign toward the establishment of a practicable and profitable method. Readers on both sides of the ocean have been extraordinarily stimulated to interest themselves in art matters, and little by little the books intended for this rapidly expanding public have been taking the right shape. Attention was drawn last year in this place to the increase in the number of books projected less as handsome gifts than as thorough studies of valuable themes, adequately but not too luxuriously produced

as regards press work and illustration. At the same time half a dozen works were recorded which had been brought out in sumptuous form, — works like *The Prado and its Masterpieces*, by Mr. Ricketts, *The History of Portrait Miniatures*, by Dr. Williamson, or the *Romney* of Mr. Humphry Ward and Mr. W. Roberts. This year it would seem as if the manufacture of these imposing quartos and folios had been almost entirely abandoned. One or two examples will presently be touched upon, and it may be remarked in passing that art books on a great scale, when they have a certain character, will always be successful; but on the whole it looks as though the less expensive volume were destined to be accepted as the type.

The art student of modest means longs to possess many a monumental book, but its price places it beyond his reach, — for

a time at least. If he has patience he may ultimately be able to acquire the coveted book. A number of the costly publications I have in mind have proved doubtful ventures, though of great intrinsic merit, and copies of them have lately been displayed for sale in those shops which make a business of disposing of "remainders" at seriously reduced prices. This fate seems to have overtaken more particularly the book devoted to a single master, I suppose for the reason that the student can, as a rule, find all that he wants to know about such a subject in some inexpensive volume, and he feels that to pay twenty-five dollars, say, for a collection of fine photogravures, is, for him, an extravagance. Hence the fact that the superbly made books of the present season are not biographical monographs, but works of a miscellaneous character, appealing to the collector even more than to the student.

The first of these publications is *The Royal Collection of Paintings at Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle*,¹ brought out by command of the king in two magnificent volumes, with an introduction and descriptive text by Mr. Lionel Cust. It contains one hundred and eighty photogravures of generous dimensions, and it forms a precious record of one of the finest collections in the world. This collection, founded in Tudor times, embraces many more masterpieces than one would assume to be in it, in view of the fact that the royal house of Great Britain has not been, in every generation, a house of connoisseurs. The truth is, however, that, what with the commissions executed by court painters, the gifts received from foreign sovereigns, and the purchases frequently made by the kings and queens of England, the artistic property of the crown remains to-day positively resplendent, despite even such a catastrophe as that which followed the execution of

Charles I, in the dispersal of his pictorial and other treasures by order of Parliament. Mr. Cust gives an interesting account of the way in which many of the martyred king's belongings were recovered for England, and he shows how precious additions were made to the royal collection even in the Victorian epoch, which has always had a feeble reputation in matters of art. The popularity of painters like Winterhalter and Von Angeli at court has seemed to spell a wholly backward tendency in respect to taste in that quarter; but Mr. Cust justly makes much of the fact, hitherto very little known, save among critics and historians, that the late Prince Albert was advanced enough in connoisseurship to have purchased some highly interesting examples of the early Italian school. Indeed, this book will go far to establish in an unexpectedly favorable light more than one of those who have helped to make the royal collection. People who have given to Henry VIII and Charles I more credit, as lovers of art, than they have given to any of their successors, will acquire from Mr. Cust's pages a new sense of what was done in the same field in the Georgian epoch and later. The superb photogravures in this book illustrate masterpieces of the Italian, Dutch, Spanish, Flemish, French, German, and English schools, which have been known before as priceless, but which have not before been placed so effectively in the perspective of England's social history.

By a rather striking coincidence the second of the elaborately made publications which I have to record also relates to England. This is the smaller, but still ample, volume called *British Painters and Engravers of the Eighteenth Century from Kneller to Reynolds*,² which has been brought out with text by Mr. Edmund Gosse. It is not so much a history of the subject as it is a collection of

¹ *The Royal Collection of Paintings at Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle*. By LIONEL CUST. Two volumes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1905.

² *British Painters and Engravers of the Eighteenth Century from Kneller to Reynolds*. By EDMUND GOSSE. Paris and New York: Manz, Joyant & Co. 1905.

plates after those mezzotints, "plain and colored," in which the enchanting portraits painted by fashionable artists who were also men of genius, were reproduced with an elegance and a skill unsurpassed by the originals. The plates in their turn are so well made that in some, if not in all cases, they actually rival the qualities of the mezzotints from which they are taken. Mr. Gosse's text provides an instructive accompaniment to the illustrations, but it is as a picture gallery in little that this will find its appreciative public. It is to be followed next year by a similar volume in which the succession of painters and engravers will be carried on from Reynolds to the nineteenth century.

Art and society meet on polished terms in Mr. Gosse's pages, and, in fact, the world of his painters and engravers seems also so much the world of urbane statesmen and stately beauties that one might easily forget that the artists had their Bohemia in that flashing epoch. It is very much worth while, therefore, to consider, with the other works under discussion, a book, which, while not strictly speaking an art book, does a great deal to increase our knowledge of the *milieu* in which British art was produced at a critical stage of its history. The new edition of the *Reminiscences of Henry Angelo*,¹ which has been printed in two well-proportioned volumes with a wealth of illustrations, is a blessing, since it gives new life to the observations of a man qualified to speak with equal authority on the figures of the Court and those of the studios in the eighteenth century. A scion of a family renowned in the annals of professional swordsmanship, he was brought up in the brilliant society crowding the rooms of the fashionable fencing-master of an age jealous of the point of honor. Great nobles sought the tuition which, of all men in Europe, Angelo's

father was best qualified to give, and the lordly patron then was often, in his condescending way, the friend of those who served him. Both as a boy in his father's house, and afterwards, when himself a tower of strength to the young bloods about town, Angelo had every chance to use his sharp eyes and equally attentive ears, and to store up impressions of his celebrated contemporaries.

Throughout his career, too, artists, musicians, authors, and wits generally were among his intimates, and he was able, in consequence, when he wrote his reminiscences, to show the reader many a great man at play, unbending and talking about his profession without reserve, humanizing himself, as it were, for the edification of posterity. Thus the student who has seen only the monumental significance of a certain historic portrait by Reynolds has but to turn to Angelo to be brought closer to the mood in which the painter actually approached his work. Here is the revealing anecdote: "Garrick, one day dining at the elder Lacy's in Berners Street, where the late President West was of the party, and speaking of Sir Joshua's incomparable portrait of the Marquess of Granby and his horse, observed, 'I was complimenting my friend on the nobleness and grand simplicity of the composition, and the candid-minded painter, with a simplicity no less noble and grand, returned: "Sir, I took the hint for that composition from a common woodcut, the head-piece to a worthless ballad."'"

Angelo's book is thickly studded with these bits of workshop gossip, free anecdotes of artists and others whose eminence he fully appreciated, but whose everyday walk and demeanor friendship authorized him to sketch with an utterly unhampered pen. He tells us of the actor Quin, and of the way in which that blithe spirit used to talk to Gainsborough. "Sometimes, Tom Gainsborough," he would say, "the same picture, from your rigmarole style, appears to my optics the veriest daub—and then

¹ *The Reminiscences of Henry Angelo*. With an Introduction by LORD HOWARD DE WALDEN, and Notes and Memoir by H. LAVERS SMITH, B.A. Two volumes. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1904.

—the devil's in you—I think you a Van Dyck.” We see the painter in his hours of enthusiastic but not too patient effort to master one musical instrument or another; we see Rowlandson getting to the bottom of his twelfth glass of punch as he exchanges stories with Peter Pindar and other old cronies; or we see George Morland, half drunk, and diverting that rare Bohemian, the Right Honorable Charles James Fox, with his bemused humor. The king himself frequently passes across the stage, mingling with artists, and playing, in a manner all his own, the æsthetic wisaacre. In short, these *Reminiscences* recreate the very life and movement of the time. The court painter and the caricaturist jostle one another in the volumes, and we are made to feel how the suave ministrations of a Reynolds and the boisterous, heavy-footed satire of a Rowlandson or a Gillray, were nourished at the same fountains of social habit. The numerous plates, often in color, from mezzotints and other prints in the collection of Mr. Joseph Grego, who supplies notes on them for this edition, complete an invaluable record. They include, in addition to many portraits, some capital views and a number of humorous pieces. In more than one case the illustration is unfamiliar, and in every case the subject is so interesting, the artistic quality of the original work is so high, and the reproduction has been so perfectly made, that Mr. Grego's share in the publication is hardly secondary in importance to the text.

With this book we take leave of the collector and his editions *de luxe*, passing to the student and to the works framed for his use, which, as I have indicated, dominate at this time; but we will remain on English soil. English writers have busied themselves with uncommon energy over the history and criticism of art in the last few years, and of late they have been especially attentive to their own heroes and institutions. The

books treating of these form a group which serves to bring up the whole question of what the relation of the genius of the people has been to art from the very beginning.

We have seen from Mr. Cust's book what Britain's rulers have done to assemble a great body of work by the masters, and to contribute thereby, whether consciously or unconsciously, to the development of a standard of taste. We have been reminded by Mr. Gosse's book and by the Angelo “*Reminiscences*” of that fruitful period in which it must have seemed to those who lived in it that an English school had at last been raised upon a firm foundation. But in neither case have we been made aware of one of those long-continued creative forces of which the student is conscious when he is traversing the history of one of the Continental schools. To think of the eighteenth century in English art is to think of masters like Reynolds and Gainsborough, who appeared upon the scene as practically unheralded gifts from the gods, and, dying, left practically no heirs. Hogarth alone survives as a truly racial type, and there has never been a second Hogarth. To think of Mr. Cust's royal connoisseurs is to remember that the salient Tudor painters were foreigners like Holbein and Moro, and that as years went on it was to alien hands—to those of a Van Dyck, for example—that the court was wont to go for its paintings. Native talent, when it cropped up, was for a long time apt to be crassly imitative.

The absence of an inborn feeling for art in the British nature is exposed with obviously unintentional clearness by the authors of *The Royal Academy and its Members, 1768-1830*,¹ a book in which one would expect to find, if anywhere, some evidences of a national predilection. Without unfairly exaggerating what was,

¹ *The Royal Academy and its Members, 1768-1830*. By the late J. E. HODGSON, R. A., and FRED A. EATON, M. A. Assisted by G. D. LESLIE, R. A. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1905.

doubtless, a kind of accident, we may, nevertheless, find a rather uninspiring significance in the "first cause" of England's most famous art institution. In the book under consideration, written by the late Mr. J. E. Hodgson, and Mr. Fred A. Eaton, with the aid of Mr. G. D. Leslie, it is related that the talk in London in the eighteenth century about starting a more or less official society was brought to a head by the financial returns of an exhibition got up for the benefit of the Foundling Hospital. "That charitable exhibition in Great Coram Street," we are told, "was the germ of the Royal Academy." Exhibitions were organized, with lively anxiety as to the possible profits, and as we go through this volume it is difficult not to feel that it commemorates a purely economic phase in the development of British art. There is something very characteristic about George the Third's solicitude for what he loved to call "My Academy." He had a real share in its administration, undertaking "to supply any deficiencies between the receipts derived from the exhibitions and the expenditures incurred on the schools, charitable donations to artists, etc., out of his own privy purse;" and though the artists, as they prospered, gladly dispensed with his aid, he never ceased to interfere when their actions in money matters struck him as injudicious. From the start, admission to the Academy conferred solid benefits upon an artist; it meant that he had achieved a definite and honorable standing, and reassured the hesitating purchaser of a picture as nothing else would have reassured him. So it was in the eighteenth century, and so it is to-day.

Neither in the old days nor in the new has the Academy stood for an artistic inspiration. The presence of a handful of great men in its earlier councils, such men as Gainsborough or Reynolds, invested it with a passing glamour, but nothing could make the Royal Academy a really constructive influence, for the excellent reason that the art of the country,

broadly speaking, has not potently enough reacted upon its affairs. Messrs. Hodgson, Eaton, and Leslie leave the reader only the more convinced that the institution of which they are so proud stands not as a proof of artistic impulse, but as a monument to prosaic prudence. It is fitting to mention here a work now in course of publication under the title of *The Royal Academy of Arts*.¹ This is a complete dictionary, compiled by Mr. Algernon Graves, of exhibitors from the foundation of the Academy in 1769 to the year 1904. With each name in the alphabetical list the titles are given of the works exhibited by the owner, the date of exhibition and the catalogue number being affixed. As each letter in the alphabet is dismissed, blank pages are inserted, so that the record can be carried on almost indefinitely. Two volumes have thus far been published, bringing the list down to "Dyer." As a work of reference for the historian, whether dealing with the Academy or with any one of a tremendous company of artists, this handsomely printed compilation commands the warmest praise. It is the kind of book which, when needed at all, is needed sorely. The biographer of an artist, wishing to settle a question of date, may easily find just the information he needs on having recourse to Mr. Graves. The only thing to regret is that he should have been chary of the piquant notes, which, as he has shown in a few instances, he is well qualified to write.

Of the few masters whose biographies touch the history of the Royal Academy, Reynolds is the one figuring most conspicuously among recent publications. Sir Walter Armstrong's excellent critical life of him,² which was first published a

¹ *The Royal Academy of Arts: A Complete Dictionary of Contributors and their Work, from its Foundation in 1769 to 1904.* By ALGERNON GRAVES, F. S. A. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1905.

² *Sir Joshua Reynolds: First President of the Royal Academy.* By SIR WALTER ARMSTRONG. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1905.

few years ago in a massive folio, is now available in a convenient, inexpensive, but still well printed and illustrated, octavo, similar to the reprint of his *Gainsborough*, issued a year ago. There is also a new book on the subject, Mr. William B. Boulton's *Sir Joshua Reynolds, P. R. A.*,¹ which, if less vigorous in its ideas than Armstrong's work, has the merit of telling the story of the painter's life with much entertaining detail. Mr. Boulton is not altogether to be blamed for saying nothing new. The subject has been pretty nearly written to death. In one respect he does something to correct the impression left by his more brilliant predecessor. Armstrong does not give a wholly sympathetic view of Reynolds as a man. Mr. Boulton denies that he was hard-hearted, and brings some fairly conclusive evidence to prove his case. This book and the Armstrong reprint are cited as good examples of the kind of useful publication that is nowadays being put at the service of the student with a slender purse. Another popular volume that deserves commendation is Mr. Roger Fry's new edition of *Sir Joshua's Discourses delivered to the Students of the Royal Academy*.² The editor, in his introductions and notes, does a great deal to minimize the insidiously dangerous effect of much that is old-fashioned, and, indeed, actually wrong-headed, in the text. He cannot quite turn the *Discourses* into a living work of instruction, which the reader may enjoy without constantly being on his guard against misconceptions due to Reynolds's identification with a very early stage in the modern study of art. On the other hand, there is much good reading in this celebrated book, for the student who knows how to make the proper deductions for himself or can use caution in taking advantage of Mr. Fry's guidance.

¹ *Sir Joshua Reynolds, P. R. A.* By WILLIAM B. BOULTON. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1905.

² *Discourses delivered to the Students of the Royal Academy.* By SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, KT. With Introductions and Notes by ROGER FRY. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1905.

Above all things he will learn something of the lofty spirit in which the representative men of the British school have labored. That spirit has been, indeed, England's chief artistic possession. She has reared up comparatively few painters of the first rank, but she has brought forth many an artist whose noble rage wins sympathy for work that would otherwise be forgotten.

This thought springs naturally from the perusal of a book into which, I dare say, the art student preoccupied with technique would scarcely think of dipping: I refer to *B. R. Haydon and his Friends*,³ by George Paston (Miss Symonds). Rarely has a professional man had a career more bitter than that which fell to the lot of this friend of Keats and Lamb. He had an incurable gift for misfortune. Poverty and disappointment hounded him until he chose suicide as the only release from an intolerable burden. Yet he could write in his journal, on going to see one of Sebastiano del Piombo's pictures, "If God cut not my life prematurely short, I hope I shall leave one behind me that will do more honor to my country than this has done to Rome." In other words, he cherished high ambitions with a splendid sincerity, and the concise, well-balanced account of his career which George Paston has prepared is well worth reading for its reproduction of the atmosphere in which generations of British artists have lived. In the persistence of his misery Haydon is unique, but in his point of view, in the very soul of him, he is curiously representative. Nobody thinks of admiring his portentous compositions any more, but no one who studies his life and personality fails to recognize the gleam of the divine fire that he possessed. How often has this boon been granted to British artists without the other endowments necessary for its happy exploitation! Their name is legion. Again and again the school has

³ *B. R. Haydon and his Friends.* By GEORGE PASTON. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1905.

produced men like Haydon, who have had the artist's enthusiasm in its purest estate, all the devotion to high ideals that the most philosophical criticism could ask; and again and again these zealous workers have fallen short of success for the tragically simple reason that they have never, in the strict sense, known how to manipulate paint. This is the lack that we feel behind the strange history of the Royal Academy. This is the handicap which a rare being like a Gainsborough, a Hogarth, or a Constable has escaped, but which Haydon and hundreds of others have found nothing less than crushing. One thinks of it with a sharp sense of the vanity of human effort, as one turns to an art book of absorbing interest issuing from the press almost at the moment in which I write these words. The relation of technique to the spirit of the artist is a problem opened anew by Mr. W. Holman Hunt in his *Pre-Raphaelitism and the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood*.³

The book is absorbing because it gives with minute particularity the reminiscences of a man who was born in 1827, began to paint at an early age, has been painting ever since, and, throughout his long career, has been a man of original ideas and of interesting friendships. He is the patriarch of English Pre-Raphaelitism. He writes as one who assisted at the birth of a celebrated movement, and now, in dignified isolation, defends its principles against an unsympathetic generation. Perhaps "defends" is scarcely the right word, for it is doubtful if in many studios occupied by types of young England the ideals of the Pre-Raphaelites would be discussed with much feeling. In young England's eyes they are played out. To Mr. Hunt they still burn as they burned in the days when he and Millais and Rossetti lived largely on poetry and dreams, and planned a rejuvenation of English art. In turning his pages one is

torn between admiration and despair. On one side we have the spectacle of youth kindling with a magnificent purpose and living laborious nights and days in a passionate attempt to create forms of beauty. Simply for its pictures of that old life, for its vivid anecdote, for its riches of personalia, and for its manly tone, the narrative is readable and delightful to a wonderful degree. But there is the other side to the medal; there is the group of young zealots resolutely walking into the *impasse* so favored by their countrymen in matters of art, the *impasse* of an inartistic method.

Mr. Hunt makes an allusion to this question of method which is touching in its sincerity — and futility. "It is now high time," he says, "to correct one important misapprehension. In agreeing to use the utmost elaboration in painting our first pictures, we never meant more than to insist that the practice was essential for training the eye and hand of the young artist; we should not have admitted that the relinquishment of this habit of work by a matured painter would make him less a Pre-Raphaelite. I can say this the better because I have retained, later than either of my companions did, the restrained handling of an experimentalist." Pre-Raphaelitism must bear the burden of what the Pre-Raphaelites actually produced. Millais, who was most the instinctive painter in the group, developed, as we all know, a method of his own — and ceased completely to be a Pre-Raphaelite. Rossetti, it is true, broadened in his style to some extent, but he retained, no less than Hunt did himself, the essential temper of the cult, and that was all for a meticulous realism which was hung like a millstone around the neck of every man dedicated with greater or less fervor to the establishment of the Pre-Raphaelite idea. Hunt, Rossetti, Madox Brown, Burne-Jones, — these and all the others made the same mistake. Many commentators have proceeded as though there was something deeply esoteric about the Pre-Raphael-

³ *Pre-Raphaelitism and the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood*. By W. HOLMAN HUNT, O. M., D. C. L. Two volumes. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1905.

ites; they have taken the movement with an appalling seriousness, as though it had something dramatically memorable about it, instead of being an episode which, on the Continent, would long since have been put in its place and forgotten. The true point for the student, of course, is not what Hunt and his comrades *meant* when they formed their Brotherhood; it is not the priority of this or that contributor to the scheme, though this is fair game in an historical byway. No, the true point is simply that the Pre-Raphaelites, as Mr. Hunt shows, sought to return to nature, to build their works on the rock of truth, and, in the effort to do this, forgot to learn what to leave out.

They went in for excessive definition, and in wreaking themselves on unimportant details they paralyzed what we may call the nerve centres of artistic freedom; they narrowed their vision until they saw all the petals of a rose and not the rose; they cramped their brush hands within the limits of an almost calligraphic style, until all that meant the bold caressing of pigment became to them a sealed book. The frontispiece to Mr. Hunt's first volume offers a perfect illustration of the point. It is from his painting of *The Lady of Shalott*, that incomparable design which, in the woodcut made for Moxon's edition of Tennyson, years ago took captive every lover of subtly woven line. The painting, as we see it in the frontispiece aforesaid, is a glorious invention; the romantic figure with its waving tresses is set in a scene that is itself all fascination; and here you have, indeed, a poetical conception which owes quite as much of its quality to Hunt as it owes to Tennyson. Yet to apprehend it on these high grounds the critic has to shut his eyes to a hundred details, to passages in the delineation of the figure and the accessories which are hopelessly overdone. So it is with all of Hunt's pictures; so it is with all Pre-Raphaelitism. *The Lady of Shalott* is finely imagined; so are *The Eve of St. Agnes*, *Valentine and Sylvia*, *The Light of the World*, and *The Hireling*

Shepherd, and so are all the rest. But only at the rarest intervals, in a portrait or in a glimpse of landscape, has Mr. Hunt relaxed, or given the appearance of relaxing, the tension of his research into detail. The painter, no less than the poet, must, if he is to achieve anything, "see life steadily and see it whole;" he must not exalt the substance over the form, any more than he must exalt form over substance. He must establish a perfect harmony between the two, and he must learn that if there is a passion which feels the beauty in a thing of nature's making, there is a passion which feels the beauty in a stroke of paint laid on the canvas with an inspired sense of the genius of sheer paint. When these two passions are blended into one, the artist produces a masterpiece.

Regret over Mr. Hunt's failure to put the highest kind of work to his credit is deepened by appreciation of the tone in his book, to which reference has already been made. In his preface he has this passage: "Burne-Jones, once conversing upon the shortness of human life for the attainment of maturity in art, impulsively said to me that at least three hundred years were needed. This, though an unremediated exclamation, was not a baseless guess." Here you have the key to Mr. Hunt's reminiscences; his high aspirations have never quenched in him a certain beautiful modesty, and the story of his struggle to attain to mastery in his profession touches the imagination of the reader as some chronicle of heroic things might touch it. Is it not doubly hard, then, to have to admit that the painter's effort has been only half rewarded, that his pictures have never been stamped with the authority which ought to have been granted to the holder of such ideals? Remembering all that the history of the British school suggests, one speculates idly as to whether the fate of Holman Hunt, and, for that matter, of all the other English Pre-Raphaelites, has not been determined as much by the force of national temperament as by the mistaken

method they adopted. Does not the group illustrate once more the presence of something in the air of England which has militated so strongly against the development of ideas of technique that only a few born masters have been able to triumph over their surroundings? Certainly one English artist after another has confirmed this hypothesis. Witness, for example, another of the new books, Mrs. Russell Barrington's *G. F. Watts: Reminiscences*.¹

The author of this affectionately fashioned memorial reveals no critical qualifications for her task, and her volume is to be taken only as a stop-gap to serve while Mr. Spielmann is preparing the official biography. Mrs. Barrington has apparently little, if any, knowledge of Watts's limitations. She scarcely realizes that, while he occasionally drew like a master, he more often drew no better than the average student. Though she admits, in speaking of his color, that "at times it could become almost smoked and murky, too suggestive, I think, of decay," she is not aware of the frequency with which Watts, as a colorist, deserved this condemnation. But, on the other hand, her reminiscences are decidedly welcome, inasmuch as they amplify, with illuminating anecdotes, the saying which the painter once uttered in her hearing. "I am nothing," he exclaimed. "Oh! you will find out I am nothing. One thing alone I possess, and I never remember the time I was without it, — an aim toward the highest, the best, and a burning desire to reach it!" As with Hunt, so it is with Watts. The man is a creature of spiritualized visions, of grand thoughts; but no matter with what energy he seeks to translate his conceptions into terms of form and color, he ends by exciting admiration for his moral fibre and for his imaginative qualities, rather than for the envelope of æsthetic beauty in which he tries to present those elements. He once

told Mrs. Barrington that he "was always seeing Titian in nature." He saw much else there; he saw a world so full of humanitarian and grandiose ideas that his mind was rapt away from the mundane issues of the studio, and his best pictures became, from a purely artistic point of view, lucky hits rather than the inevitable expression of a true artist's view of his material. Struggling about in him were powers of design worthy of the great Venetians, and the grand style was in his blood; but he conveys the impression of a man who never succeeded in really organizing his resources, if, indeed, he ever seriously tried to do anything of the kind. Think of what his majestic allegories would have been made, think of what we would behold in the many portraits he painted from the leading spirits of his time, if he had subjected himself with a good will to a long period of academic training! He moves us, as it is, through his spiritual and intellectual qualities; but with a perfected technique he would not simply have recalled the memory of the old masters, he would have actually revived their tradition as a fructifying force; and his influence, which has done so much to purify artistic ideals, would have also affected matters of method. We relinquish Mrs. Barrington's book, as we relinquish Mr. Hunt's, with an emotion of gratitude for the teachings of character, and with a poignant consciousness of how little character alone can do, in art, to withstand the tooth of time, if it is not aided by consummate powers of eye and hand.

That there are occasions on which the inexorable law may be suspended is shown by the history set forth in *Kate Greenaway*,¹ by Messrs. M. H. Spielmann and G. S. Layard. The most charming of all the modern illustrators of children's books could never quite bring her art to the point of technical perfection which even Ruskin, who was the last man

¹ *G. F. Watts: Reminiscences*. By MRS. RUSSELL BARRINGTON. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1905.

¹ *Kate Greenaway*. By M. H. SPIELMANN and G. S. LAYARD. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1905.

in the world to put form before substance, was constantly urging her to seek. Perhaps, she felt that, in her minor sphere, technical perfection was not of transcendent consequence. At all events, she went her way, doing the best she could, but shrinking with ineradicable sensitiveness from the life studies which Ruskin advised, and contenting herself with the effects easily within her grasp. It is impossible to say that she was wrong. Perhaps, if she had followed too assiduously the precepts of the schools, she would have lost some of the sweetness, some of the naïveté, some of the freshness which is like unto the freshness of childhood itself, in which we recognize, when all is said, a touch of genius. Mr. Spielmann and Mr. Layard paint a most winning personality in this book, printing many delightful letters written by Kate Greenaway or by Ruskin and other friends of hers; and the numerous illustrations in colors round out the record of a life summed up in the one word "felicity." Kate Greenaway lived apart from the main currents of British painting, and from the nature of her work it is probable that the historian of the school will always assign to her a subordinate position. We can imagine the scorn which would be excited in some circles by a sentence in a little note she wrote to Lady Maria Ponsonby, some ten years ago. "Tell Mr. Ponsonby," she says, "I *hate* Beardsley more than ever." Yet I venture to say that she, who had not a tithe of Aubrey Beardsley's technique, has left infinitely more than that young decadent has left which the world will not willingly let die. After all, she drew well enough to say what she wanted to say, and her bewitching little figures have an unfading vitality. As has recently been said of them, they are the embodiment of the civilized world's child ideal; "they belong to the eternal spring, with whose sweet freshness the artist so often surrounded them in her drawings, — to the tender grass, the golden-eyed narcissus, the capering lamb, the rosy apple bloom,

the blue sky with its floating fleece of cloud, in which she so delighted." That is enough, and we willingly let the life studies go, despite Ruskin's playful pleadings. I must briefly glance at a book about one other of his friends and disciples, an Englishwoman who was never in any serious sense a maker of works of art, but whose contributions to art history were of lasting value. I speak of the late Lady Dilke, whose four volumes on the French art of the eighteenth century it has been my privilege to praise in the pages of the *Atlantic*. Under the title of *The Book of the Spiritual Life*,¹ her husband has published half a dozen imaginative pieces of hers, prefixing to them a short but adequate memoir. This souvenir of a brilliant and scholarly woman, the intimate of some of the best thinkers of her day, and herself an accomplished and substantially useful writer, should be read by every one interested in the literature of art.

We have been long in the atmosphere of things English in this survey of the year's art books, and we do not altogether leave it in taking up one of the most important of the publications peculiarly our own, Mr. Samuel Isham's *History of American Painting*.² This forms part of the admirable series on American art, which Professor John C. Van Dyke is editing. It divides itself naturally into two sections, the early and the modern, and in the first of these Mr. Isham proves himself a competent historian. Our eighteenth-century painters were less the founders of a new school than they were the missionaries of an old one. Men like Gilbert Stuart and Copley worked from a point of view which had been originally established by Reynolds and his followers, and if we subordinate patriotism to critical principles, we are

¹ *The Book of the Spiritual Life*. By the late LADY DILKE. With a Memoir of the author by the Right Hon. Sir Charles W. Dilke, Bart., M. P. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1905.

² *The History of American Painting*. By SAMUEL ISHAM. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1905.

bound to be reconciled to a moderate estimate of their standing. We cannot plume ourselves on them as upon new creative types, sprung from our own soil. But neither need we overstate what they owed to English precedent, and it is on this point that Mr. Isham's book is gratifyingly strong. He narrates the career of our early men of distinction at some length, giving a clear idea of their personalities and of the world in which they lived, and bringing out all those merits which could fairly be called individual. He makes it plain, that is to say, that if Stuart was an Anglo-American artist, he was also a good one; and what he does for the greatest in the group he does for the rest, rendering credit where credit is due for a higher level of proficiency than the casual reader might be disposed to attribute to our pioneers.

Mr. Isham shows discrimination as well as sympathy in this first part of his book; and in his treatment of the immediately succeeding phases of his subject, as well as of the members of the Hudson River school, he uses precisely the discretion called for in a history which has no authoritative predecessor. We have always had a tendency to think pretty well of ourselves; and since our art history is only about a hundred years old, it is very desirable that it should be described with a sense of measure. For the student no one could be a more inspiring or a safer guide than Mr. Isham is, among the painters who flourished before the middle of the nineteenth century. He makes an equally good interpreter of those landscape men, like Innes, Wyant, and Homer Martin, who slowly emerged from the rather arid conditions of the fifties and sixties, and assisted enormously in the extension of our range. If he had been able to remain outside his subject, as it were, seeing to its very centre, but preserving otherwise the detachment of the natural critic, he might have dealt with the modern artists no less luminously than with those who have disappeared from the scene. Unfortunately,

Mr. Isham is an artist himself, and in handling the works of his contemporaries he writes as if perpetually in fear of letting himself go.

Art history is nothing if not a history of values, and the genuine historian is known no more by his accuracy in the recording of facts than by his courage in estimating the subtler elements for which they stand. It is not enough to be told the name and date of an artist, with a superficial description of the kind of pictures he has painted. We want to know whether he is good or bad, whether he is really an artist, or is only a mediocrity, stodgily practicing the rudiments of his profession. Is a given temperament to be seriously considered for its intrinsic merit and as an influence, or is it simply marking time? Light on these matters is necessary if a reader is to get a workable idea of just what American art, since 1875, has meant or is meaning to-day. Specific influences, like those of Paris in general and impressionism in particular, require to be followed up through the ramifications of all the studios; and we may go farther and say that when this has been done it is the duty of the historian to bring some broad ideas of artistic right and wrong, of progress and decay, to bear upon the data he has assembled. His instinct will tell him where to curb the play of his faculty of generalization. Mr. Isham seems to prefer to remain on the safe side. He runs through the directory of artists, if not with the glibness of an auctioneer, at any rate with little more originality than we would look for in that personage, and the result is an abundance of information of a commonplace sort, but scarcely any enlightened instruction. Here is a typical passage: "Another man excelling in pure painting is William T. Dannat, whose early work showed clearly his training in Munich and under Munkácsy. One of his first works, a *Quarrette*, now in the Metropolitan Museum, was declared by Albert Wolff to be the best piece of painting in the Salon of 1884, and Wolff, if not very subtle critic, knew

his trade and voiced accurately the current opinion." There is more in the same colorless vein. Mr. Dannat is thereby disposed of, roughly speaking, but I wonder if any reader unfamiliar with his work would gather a correct notion of just where he belongs in our artistic hierarchy from what Mr. Isham says about him.

The want of grasp in the second half of this book is to be deplored for two reasons. To begin with, Mr. Isham is, as I have said, the first to write a history of American painting on a generous scale, and with modern research. Secondly, he had a unique opportunity to modify the tendency, previously mentioned, to err in criticism on the side of kindness. No school is ever the worse for the application of the highest standards in the appraisal of its productions. What Americans have lacked in willingness to buy pictures executed by their countrymen, they have made up in printed, postprandial, and other fervid amiabilities, which, if not unforgivable on some grounds, are at any rate harmful in that they retard the growth of the power of discrimination in the public mind. I rejoice in Mr. Isham's praise of some of his fellow painters, but I would have greater confidence in his book if I could find in it the bitter truth about this or that painter, characterizations of poor work as poor, with the critic's reasons for his severity. By this process he would accustom the readers in schools, who will form a large part of his audience, to look at pictures with a livelier curiosity and a sharper intelligence. In the history of art a painter must be candidly and rigorously treated, both as a link in a chain, and as an individual. Not otherwise can his rank be fixed.

In some of the current monographs analysis of the individuality of an artist is carried so far as to destroy all sense of proportion: the writer loses his hold on critical principles in a rapture of admiration. This is notably the case with M. Camille Maclair, whose *Auguste Rodin: the Man, his Ideas, his Works*, is almost

a good book.¹ The interpretation of the French sculptor is helpful at many points, but in the long run it bewilders the reader through its reckless eulogy. I mention this book, in fact, chiefly for the sake of the specimens it contains of Rodin's talk. They are full of interest as giving us momentary, half-formed glimpses into the workings of his mind. It is worth wading through M. Maclair's delirious periods to get at the suggestive reflections which he has quoted from his adored master. A very capable biographer is M. Auguste Bréal, who has written in his *Velasquez*² just the handbook to the Spanish painter which the tourist needs. Some day, I hope, there will be a pocket edition of Mr. Ricketts's book on the Prado. While we are waiting for it M. Bréal promises to hold the field. He has plenty of enthusiasm in his heart, but he writes with moderation, and his little book forms an almost ideal introduction to the study of Velasquez. It appears in the Popular Library of Art, a series of small illustrated volumes in which English and foreign critics have been writing on great subjects in brief and simple fashion. The series is one of the best produced by the recent movement in art literature.

To another, the Library of Art, a more ambitious venture, which I have dealt with before, there have lately been added several good monographs. Mr. Basil de Selincourt's *Giotto*³ surveys the painter's works with thorough-going system, and it is rational in criticism. I like especially the way in which the author has shown that care for what he calls Giotto's "religious earnestness of purpose" is not incompatible with scientific methods of research. Mr. T. Sturge Moore shows a similar freedom from Morellian pedan-

¹ *Auguste Rodin: The Man, his Ideas, his Works*. By CAMILLE MACLAIR. Translated by CLEMENTINA BLACK. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1905.

² *Velasquez*. By AUGUSTE BRÉAL. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1905.

³ *Giotto*. By BASIL DE SELINCOURT. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1905.

try in his *Albert Dürer*,¹ contributed to the same series. He does not attempt to overhaul questions of minute scholarship, but wreaks himself on a broad interpretation of Dürer's genius; the book is, indeed, simply a long essay, and an essay richly colored throughout by the author's own temperament. Mr. Moore has ideas as well as insight, and from time to time he strikes fire from his theme. In a series like the Library of Art the best books are those which are the most provocative, which do most to rouse in the reader an interest in the subject in hand. Such a book is Mr. Moore's. The reader must go elsewhere for a full and formal narrative of Dürer's career, but Mr. Moore will take him close to the secret of the German master's art. Mr. M. Henderson's *Constable*² is a creditable piece of routine composition, but there is more of the inspiring quality which we have found in the *Dürer* in Mr. G. F. Hill's *Pisanello*.³ This is the first book to be written in English about the Italian painter and medalist, and the author has made the most of his chance. Pisanello is a simple and yet a complex type. His style has the purity characteristic of early Italian art; but while in some of his paintings, like the portrait of Ginevra D'Este in the Louvre, or in some of his drawings, his draughtsmanship has a flower-like delicacy, his medals rise to a plane of antique austerity and force. At one moment he recalls the subtle, evanescent charm of Botticelli; at another it is the grandeur of Mantegna that he brings to mind. Mr. Hill paints his portrait and interprets his art with a skill worthy of the theme. In all this collection of monographs there is nothing better than this learned but flexibly written book, and there are only two or three of its companions that are so good.

¹ *Albert Dürer*. By T. STURGE MOORE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1905.

² *Constable*. By M. HENDERSON. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1905.

³ *Pisanello*. By G. F. HILL, M. A. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1905.

Italian art does not loom large in the books of the year. Save for Mr. Hill's *Pisanello*, nothing has been published worthy to be named with Kristeller's *Mantegna*, for example. A work of which much was expected, Professor Charles Herbert Moore's *Character of Renaissance Architecture*,⁴ has turned out a sad disappointment. The same author's *Development and Character of Gothic Architecture*, first published fifteen years ago, was so well written that it had not seemed possible that he could write a dull book on Renaissance. It would seem, however, as if Professor Moore's devotion to Gothic had dried up any sympathies he may ever have had for the architecture of the Renaissance in Italy. He has traveled about amongst the beautiful buildings of the South, chiefly bent upon proving that men like Alberti, Brunelleschi, Michael Angelo, Bramante, and so on, used classical motives in ways to violate the sanctity of architectural principle, and the result is a book of nearly three hundred captious, irritating pages. There is something comic about the pedagogical gravity with which Professor Moore summons before his tribunal the men of genius who forgot to consult the rules when they were planning their masterpieces, admonishes them with pathetic earnestness, puts black marks against their names, and dismisses them with a caution. Prejudice could no farther go. But happily, while Professor Moore is reiterating his charges, the architecture of the Renaissance will endure, and those who know a beautiful thing when they see it will go on delighting in Brunelleschi and Bramante. One recalls the words Matthew Arnold supposed himself, in a famous preface, to address in certain circumstances to a portly jeweler from Cheapside. "The great mundane movement," he said, "would still go on, the gravel walks of your villa would still be rolled, dividends would still be paid at

⁴ *Character of Renaissance Architecture*. By CHARLES HERBERT MOORE. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1905.

the bank, omnibuses would still run, there would still be the old crush at the corner of Fenchurch Street." Likewise I feel that Renaissance architecture will survive Professor Moore's disapproval. Through allowing his tale of its departures from academic correctness to obscure the record of its splendors, he has discounted the legitimate weight of his argument, and given to what ought to have been a work of impersonal scholarship an atmosphere of carping provinciality.

The few books that remain for consideration form themselves into two groups. One is composed of volumes relating to museums. M. Salomon Reinach's *Répertoire de Peintures du Moyen Age et de la Renaissance*,¹ the first volume of which has lately been published in Paris, is a book which students, critics, and historians everywhere will find a precious boon. It gives in well-drawn outlines the essentials of hundreds of paintings, classified according to subject; and the notes not only locate every picture, but give the different attributions where the doctors have disagreed, and other information. A more practical work of reference in its field could not be invented. *Paintings of the Louvre: Italian and Spanish*,² by Dr. Arthur Mahler, Carlos Blacker, and W. H. Slater, is a judicious handbook to the schools named in the French museum. The small but fairly clear illustrations add a good deal to this volume, which, by the way, is to be followed by one treat-

ing of other schools. M. Gustave Geffroy's lavishly illustrated quarto, *The National Gallery*,³ is a book of intelligent and pleasant talk. Printed in handier form and with better illustrations, — most of the photogravures and half-tones in this volume are of a distinctly inferior quality, — it would make a first-rate popular guide; but under the circumstances it is unlikely to deprive Mr. Edward T. Cook's well-known volume of its vogue. A meritorious contribution to museum literature is Sir Walter Armstrong's account of *The Peel Collection and the Dutch School of Painting*,⁴ in the familiar series of Portfolio Monographs. The illustrations might be better, but they are pretty good, and the text provides a really valuable description of a signally important group of paintings in the National Gallery. Lastly I have to refer to three volumes intended more especially for the collector. In the Connoisseur's Library, a series of handsomely made volumes, Mr. Alfred Maskell's *Ivories*,⁵ Mr. Dudley Heath's *Miniatures*,⁶ and Mr. Frederick S. Robinson's *English Furniture*,⁷ have appeared since I last touched upon the enterprise. All are written with authority, and contain the numerous facts which the collector needs.

³ *The National Gallery*. By GUSTAVE GEFFROY. With an Introduction by SIR WALTER ARMSTRONG. New York: Frederick Warne & Co. 1905.

⁴ *The Peel Collection and the Dutch School of Painting*. By SIR WALTER ARMSTRONG. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1905.

⁵ *Ivories*. By ALFRED MASKELL, F. S. A. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1905.

⁶ *Miniatures*. By DUDLEY HEATH. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1905.

⁷ *English Furniture*. By FREDERICK S. ROBINSON. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1905.

¹ *Répertoire de Peintures du Moyen Age et de la Renaissance* (1280-1580). Par SALOMON REINACH. Paris: Ernest Leroux. 1905.

² *Paintings of the Louvre: Italian and Spanish*. By DR. ARTHUR MAHLER, in collaboration with CARLOS BLACKER and W. A. SLATER. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1905.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

BOOKS THAT STAY BY

I HAVE never discovered just how to classify them. With me, at all events, — and in this corner we are privileged, I take it, to talk of personal experience and impression, leaving formality and eloquence to our betters in the more public parts of the magazine, — with me such books seem not to be restricted to any special, recognizable class. I could go to my shelves and pick them out, with more or less of hesitation and fumbling, — not without some indecisive takings down and puttings back again, probably; but when all was done they would look, I apprehend, like a rather motley crew, — as if the chooser's taste had been more freakish than catholic. Even so, however, they would have at least one thing in common: they would be mostly books that I did not fall in love with early. As between man and man, — meaning also, but not exclusively, as between man and woman, — I am a believer in love at first sight; that is to say, I think I am. At all events, I am not a disbeliever, although if I were put to it, and compelled to rake my memory over, I fear I should have to confess that, according to the sum of my observation and experience, love at first sight does not always turn out to be the poet's

“ever-fixed mark

That looks on tempests and is never shaken.”

My own youthful bookish affections, certainly, have shifted under far less stress of weather than such language seems to figure. The truth is, no doubt, that in this respect, as in others, we are all parts of the whole, and subject to the general law. It would be a bold man who should boast of standing still (though some theologians have seemed to do it, we must admit), with all the rest of creation on the move about him. So I take no shame to myself for having neither fixity of taste

nor fixity of opinion. Even the poet, in his highest flight, makes the child to be only the *father* of the man.

As a reader, then, — I confess it frankly, for all the natural piety that has bound my days together, — I have altered as I alteration found, and bent with the remover to remove. My condition, in short, is not dissimilar to that of another “reader,” with whose curiously naïve confessions (my thanks to him) we were recently favored in this place.

Carlyle and Macaulay, for example, friendly as I once was with them both, are now for the most part mere stayers upon the shelf, — pensioners, so to speak, enjoying an *otium cum indignitate*, — serving a use, such as it is, as reminders of a good time (and what a good time it was!) now far removed.

Emerson, a considerably later favorite, is more frequently invited down. He long counted for so very much with me — many times more than Carlyle and Macaulay together — that it must be I shall still find him companionable, I say to myself; but alas! the experiment is more likely than not to end in failure. There is a world of lofty thought and feeling between those faded maroon covers; no one has better reason than I to know it; but somehow, for better or worse (it is my fault, if anybody's, but I suspect it is nobody's), the noble sentences no longer stir me as they used to do. Perhaps the tide will turn again, perhaps not. Possibly I have read the books so much (few, if any, ever did more for me) that whatever of nutriment and stimulus they once contained for my particular need was some time ago exhausted. For my particular need, I say; for as no author ever put into his book all that his best readers get out of it, so no one reader, however faithful and competent, ever gets out of a book all that the author put into it. There

is no such thing, in other words, as mind answering perfectly to mind.

Thoreau, up to this date, lasts better with me than his so-called master. Some wiser head than mine can possibly tell me why. Perhaps, although he was a younger man, he wrote for older readers. He seems to me rather more concrete, more nutty, to use a word of his own. He is more provocative, and oftener gives me a useful nudge. Sometimes, too, serious humorist that the man was, he makes me laugh, at him or at myself, — a pretty sound benefit, better and better esteemed by most of us, I think, as years lengthen and desire begins to fail.

Matthew Arnold, again, with whom I have faithfully served my time, is no longer quite what in the old days I found him. To tell the unhappy truth (I speak of his prose), he is beginning to seem to me like an old story, a "back number," — if it is n't too free an expression, a sucked orange. I fed much upon him, but while I acknowledge my debt with all thankfulness, it is with no very fervent yearnings for a second course. Is it, I wonder, that I feel a something too much of the schoolmaster in him, — as if the rest of us were to him but so many boys on the bench?

Lowell keeps a better place, though I still see, as I have always done, some of his shortcomings. These, fortunately, are not of the nagging, unendurable sort, and, after all, we do not let books go so often for their faults as for their deficiencies. If he sometimes permits a metaphor to run away with his discretion, I have only to skip a few lines. If he is unpleasantly smart once in a while, as I am sure he is, that is a failing that leans to virtue's side, and withal is not amazingly common. It annoys me, now and then, to think how much better he might have done with a more patient revision, but on the whole the best of his prose is still an invigoration to me. I can read it in those hours, known to all bookish people, when I feel the need of something that is familiar and yet as good as new.

And so I might go on; but Club talk must not degenerate into monologue, and really I had no thought of compiling a list. Let the names I have cited be taken as examples merely, not the best, of necessity, but such as came first to hand. My concern is not so much with the case of this or that author as with the general question of the quality or qualities by virtue of which any author retains his hold upon us. Why is it, I say, that Stevenson wears with me so much better than some whom my critical judgment (for I am supposed to have one) settles upon as larger men? Somehow the best of his work (the best to me) bears a fresh reading most remarkably well. At times, indeed, I question whether he really was a smaller man; whether his highly finished style has not caused him to pass for a less substantial thinker than he actually was. Clear water, I remind myself, is sometimes deeper than it looks. I will not presume to judge. One thing, nevertheless, I am bound to say: that I am often finding stimulation and help in him, choice and (even yet) unexpected turns of phrase through which a new light breaks in upon the mind. He pleases me greatly by these flashes. Taking times together, few things are more to my liking. My attention is kept awake, now and then I have a thought of my own, or what seems to be my own (an extraordinary piece of fortune), and when I lay the book down I am conscious of a feeling of elation, expansion, uplifting, as if I had been breathing pure air and looking at a wide prospect. As long as any books do this for me, so long I shall love to read them.

So it is with Montaigne, dear old Montaigne. I seldom feel like being with him a great while at once, but I never wish to be long without at least a rambling page or two of his wise garrulity. Perhaps I am naturally something of a gossip myself. My occupation at the present minute may be held to indicate as much. That I like the personal note is certain. Who is there that does n't? When I read a book

I relish it all the better if it sounds like a man talking; and if he talks about himself, with a modicum of frankness and a modicum of wit, why, so much the better still. Good Montaigne, good Stevenson, say I, your place is on the table rather than on the shelf, and long may you be within reach from my pillow.

OF A SINGULAR GOOD CURE FOR MELANCHOLY

It stood among my great-great-grandfather's books on the topmost library shelf, wedged in between *The American Preceptor* and *The Journal of Thomas Chalkley*. I had climbed up for a word with that "gentlest of skippers," and in taking him down, had displaced the small brown volume, from whose leaves dropped out a faded purple flower. As I slipped the flower in again, I read upon the page where it was to lie for perhaps another hundred years:—

The Melancholy Thistle

"It riseth up with tender, single hoary green stalks, bearing thereon four or five green leaves, slightly dented above the edges. The points thereof are little or nothing prickly. They grow in many moist meadows of this land. They flower about July and August. It is under Capricorn, and therefore under both Saturn and Mars; one rids melancholy by sympathy, the other by antipathy. Their virtues are but few but these are not to be despised; for the decoction of the thistle in wine being drank expels superfluous melancholy and maketh a man as merry as a cricket. Superfluous melancholy causes care, fear, madness, despair, envy and many evils more beside, but religion teacheth us to wait on God's providence. Dioscorides saith the root borne about one doth the like and removes all diseases of melancholy. Modern writers laugh at him. *Let them laugh that win.* My opinion is, that it is the best remedy against all melancholy diseases that grows; they that please to use it."

So stout an indifference to modern prejudices concerning the wisdom of the ancients, and the number of the pronoun, invited to further acquaintance. Who was this quaint thistle-monger, bold to appropriate the advice that Margaret gave to Beatrice,—this melancholy anatomist, less occupied with his symptoms than with their cure?

CULPEPPER'S FAMILY PHYSICIAN

The English Physician

An Astrologico-Physical Discourse of the vulgar Herbs of this nation whereby a man may preserve his body in health or cure himself with such things only as grow in America, they being most fit for American bodies.

Revised, Corrected and Enlarged by James Scammon.

Thus, and much more, the title-page. To wander down between the narrow columns of the index is like walking through the fragrant rows of an old-fashioned English garden. Here bloom cowslip, motherwort, and turnsole, with gillyflower and gooseberry-bush, ivy, germander and pellitory-of-the-wall. "Such things only as grow in *America*," Mr James Scammon? Or is the English Physician revised no farther than his title-page, since "Burnet groweth in divers counties of this island, especially in Northamptonshire, as also near London by Pancras Church and by a causey-side in the middle of a field by Paddington." "Hyssop is found among the bogs on Hampstead Heath." "Juniper is plentiful on Finchley Common," and "Winter Rocket aboundeth in divers places and particularly in the next pasture to the Conduit-head behind Gray's Inn that brings water to Mr. Lamb's Conduit in Holborn."

One wonders if Mr. Pepys did not idly stoop to pluck a handful of the yellow blossoms as he loitered in Gray's Inn Fields with the "dear Faber Fortunae of my Lord Bacon," or "Thinking to hear Mistress Knight sing at her lodgings," or musing on Dr. Bates's sermon that day when the Presbyters bade farewell to London, and the cautious Samuel, having

renewed his vows and being well content with finding himself a changed man, did take great pleasure in "the pretty, sprightly lady," at St. Dunstan's door. Perhaps Mr. Lamb's gentle namesake sometimes paused on his way to the Inner Temple absent-mindedly to taste a pungent seed or two.

The recent Contributor who so pleasantly inveighs against a horticultural snobbishness may well prize our "reliable though commonplace" garden acquaintances. Those peasant marigolds are children of the Sun, and not the Lady Rose herself is a better comforter of the heart and spirit. "What a pother have authors made of roses!" cries Master Culpepper. "What a racket have they kept!" 'Tis true that damask roses refresh, if one "smell the sweet vapours thereof out of a perfuming-pot," and "red roses do strengthen the heart," — yes, verily, even when gathered from a florist's box. But on the whole these votaries of Venus are much over-rated flowers, not to be named with Beatrice's Benedictus, or honest wormwood, most martial of herbs.

Are you too dainty for thistles? Here's "Love-in-Idleness, Three Faces-in-a-hood, in Sussex, we call them Pancies." Here's rosemary, "it helpeth a weak memory" — pray you, love, remember. Here is fennel for you and columbines, and "fennel is of good use for them that would see clearly." Here is rue for you, excellent herb-of-grace, which "secureth a man from poison." And here is balm, of which "Sciapus saith that it causeth the heart to be merry and driveth away all troublesome cares and thoughts out of the mind." But since "Physick without astrology is like a lamp without oil," see to it that every herb that drinks the dew be gathered in the hour of its star. How easily then had sad Ophelia escaped her murderous willow!

Wherefore, if skies are gray, and the verses come limping home again, — courage, my heart! Wet weather is good for the wild thyme, and thyme, fit herb of poets, "both comforteth the phrensy and

quickeneth the wit." Even now celandine and pimpernel, foxglove, fellwort, and Jack-by-the-hedgeside are trooping all together in Kentish lanes; and though the heart-strengthening red roses have long since scattered their petals about New England doorsteps, southernwood survives them, and sweet Basil and dittany still linger in many a gentlewoman's garden. For there is not a noisome humor of the mind but some "gallant fine temperate herb" may succor it; the very cracks in city pavements nourish convenient simples; and — is that a bud on the bit of geranium in my neighbor's window across the way?

A "NOW" DESCRIPTIVE OF A COLD DAY IN SOUTH DAKOTA

WHEN Leigh Hunt wrote his "Now" descriptive of a cold day, he profited by the mild humors of an English climate, and could afford to be philosophical about it. Would his fancy have but rioted the more in a South Dakota winter, I wonder, or would it have trailed off into the hopeless exclamation point of an icicle?

But — as the discursive Hunt remarks — to begin: —

Now the mercury, long buoyed up by the illusive persistence of a late fall, drops down, down, to zero, five below, ten below, — will it never stop? The ground hardens inch beneath inch until the driven excavator quarries it like granite.

Now the snow — here, by a perversity of nature, harbinger of lower temperatures — sifts through doors and windows and sprinkles the draughty floor with millions of slippery globules. The snow-fall over, a north wind rises, shaves layer after layer off the white expanse, whirls it up into fantastic wraiths, and malignly packs it wherever struggling mankind has sought to establish a right of way. Now the householder, locating his front walk by compass, ditches drifts into the semblance of a path — only to find an hour later that the unrelenting wind has obliterated every trace of his two hours labor.

Now the helpless railroad engines, struggling under a weight of ice, pant against the drifts and bury themselves impotently in the hardpacked mass. The passengers strain their eyes over the unrelieved white level of the prairie, fret a while, and then settle down to the hopeless inanities and narrowing rations of a forty-eight hours' siege.

Now the mercury drops again, descending until its previous record seems summer by comparison. The air cuts like a knife, and the grind of wheels on the snow-packed village streets is as the rasping of a saw.

Now the normal human type disappears from the highways, and buffalo-coated Scandinavian bipeds with great frost-weighted beards — strange, uncouth animals, aroused untimely from their hibernation — walk the streets or drive the shivering horses. Now the plate-glass front of the village drugstore discreetly veils behind an opaque wall of frost the illicit traffic of a local option town. Now even the post-office loafers seek their holes, and the sidewalks are given over to the man with a purpose.

And now the housewife thaws the ingredients for dinner on the crackling range, and skims the ice from the sputtering tea-kettle. Now the freshly washed kitchen floor tempts the cook to don her skates, and aching feet send spinal thrills of sympathy to scorching face. Now the hoarded apples turn to stone, and fruit jars — product of a summer's toil — crack and burst. Now the erstwhile genial furnace becomes a roaring dragon, devouring the bank-account and returning an equivalent in liabilities and shivers.

And now the woeful prisoner in this land of iron hies him to the solace of his yet unfrozen soul, and fancies himself in some "far Eden of the purple East" — some warm spot which the blue Ægean girds —

With ever-changing sound and light and foam
Kissing the sifted sands and caverns hoar;
And all the winds wandering along the shore
Undulate with the undulating tide;

There are thick woods where sylvan forms abide,

And many a fountain, rivulet, and pond,
As clear as elemental diamond,
Or serene morning air; and far beyond,
The mossy tracks made by the goats and deer
(Which the rough shepherd treads but once a year)

Pierce into glades, caverns, and bowers, and halls

Built round with ivy, which the waterfalls
Illumining, with sound that never fails
Accompany the noonday nightingales;
And all the place is peopled with sweet airs;
The light clear element which the isle wears
Is heavy with the scent of lemon-flowers,
Which floats like mist laden with unseen showers,

And falls upon the eyelids like faint sleep;
And from the moss violets and jonquils peep,
And dart their arrowy odour through the brain
Till you might faint with that delicious pain.

Hapless wight! How shall he break his South Dakota bonds? Whence shall come the wherewithal to get the albatross which bore the Poet to the Halcyon Isle? Before his mind flashes the genial picture of a cheque from the *Atlantic*; and with cold and shaking fingers he indites this "Now," and mails it to the Contributors' Club.

CONCERNING RETICENCE

ARMS and the man are sung. Action, speech, works, happenings, — deeds, in short, occupy the chronicling humor of our day. Possibly "those things which we ought not to have done," the deeds, are duly deplored, but it is the doing of them that is brought to notice. History lives and fattens on but one part of human thought, that which is expressed. Embodiment is prerequisite to all else; with embodiment the poet, the financier, the scientist, and the housewife work, and for it is the credit of eternity invoked.

But who extols the unexpressed? When is it said that by their omissions ye shall know them? What homage has the man whose virtue is that he has not done, has not said? Some belated appreciation he may have at the hands of an admirer who comes afterward upon the traces of his

restraint, but the world has stigmatized him as uncontributive. He himself is the sole communicant in the elegant sanctuary of his reserve, the King Ludwig of his intimate drama. The very renunciation which keeps him silent forbids him the encomium it merits; his great inaction, maintained at the cost of we know not what effort, and to the detriment of we know not what personal success, but ever reinforced by what consoling humor we know not either, — his monumental inaction is less noted than his merest outward reflex of habit that can be classed as deed.

Just how monumental, indeed, may never be known. But every man's memory will confirm the adjective. What an *Epochmachende und Welterstaunende Arbeit*, for instance, was the epigram which I sacrificed yesterday to the claims of that anæmic goddess Propriety! It mortifies me to recall the witless platitude I hurriedly stuffed in its place, — a cheap gravestone, but a noble burying. And not the least of the achievement was the smile with which I afterward resumed my tattered amiability. Is there a harsher abstinence than the abstinence from wit?

Or again, there was the mutual speech of those two strangers concerning a person whom I had well-nigh by heart. Without a sign I listened to their inexact decrees and vain imaginings, when I possessed the word that would have turned their faces in amazement. And how was I compensated for the forfeiture of that wondrous look? By the doubtful satisfaction that it was the just tax of good taste.

Possibly a lecturer did violence to my sternest convictions, or a minister startled me by a betrayal of some deep-guarded weakness; but who of my neighbors was aware? Or some light word was dropped in casual talk that swept the ground of the future away beneath my feet, but my outward composure had still to be inviolate. Or else, more likely, I burned to

reveal, by ever so slight a word or gesture, some secret that would revolutionize an occasion.

There may even come a time when I must suffer the imprisonment of my intelligence, must exhibit before the world an unstudied innocence, when the simplest calculation has sufficed to put me in possession of the facts. Is there a more cruel fate than to be obliged to wear an outgrown ignorance, to allow unrepudiated some tacit charge of denseness?

In wider relations, too: I made perhaps a sufficiently noteworthy success at the work I loved, and afterwards was besieged for more of the same by admirers, consumers, and purveyors; but in the face of their persuasion I refrain and shall refrain, for reasons which may never obtain credit abroad.

No credit, perhaps; these inactions are not recorded, are not so much as recognized. Yet a curious thing is that the social fabric is woven thereof. From the basic silences asked by refinement, to the conventional neglect of the last morsel on your plate, the spirit of reticence permeates human intercourse. Set formulas of thanks or welcome cover a multitudinous variety of sentiment not to be uttered; by uniformities of usage we avoid self-revelation.

For at best we are only neophytes at reticence. To be able so to put things away in the mind that they may never get accidentally mixed and uttered, to be able to "separate words from thoughts" so that they flourish quite independently of each other, — these are Olympian attributes. An atmosphere of trustworthiness seems to emanate from the rare being so possessed; an aura of safety hangs round about him. Though you can scarcely name the reason, he has become to you a marked man. He has the self-respect born of his omissions, and although he alone knows the full beauty of his restraint, the afterglow of the vision is seen upon his personality.

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THE LOVE OF WEALTH AND THE PUBLIC SERVICE

BY F. W. TAUSSIG

WHEN Nassau Senior, perhaps the most scholarly and wide-minded economist of the British school, enumerated the postulates of political economy, he contented himself with mentioning a single trait in human nature. He set forth such fundamental things as the law of diminishing returns, the tendency of population to increase, and so on; and then went on to state in the simplest terms the one motive from whose working he conceived that useful conclusions could be drawn: "that every man desires to obtain additional wealth with as little sacrifice as possible." This was among the postulates of the science: something so self-evident, or so completely established by other sciences, that the economist might accept it once for all as a basis for further reasoning.

No doubt the ready acceptance of this proposition as simple and self-supporting was due to the general intellectual trend of the time. The drift was in all directions towards simplicity and unity, towards the analysis of complex phenomena into a few elements. In psychology, the doctrine of association of ideas was dominant; all human impulses were resolved into processes of association with simple elements. In ethics, utilitarianism held the field; the sense of right and wrong, so far from being thought innate, was regarded as a simple precipitate of mankind's experience of gain or loss from different modes of conduct. In economics the Ricardian theorems lent themselves to a brief and consistent statement of a few ruling principles, leading easily to a compact system

of clear-cut conclusions. All this made natural a rapid analysis of the motives that influence men in their economic doings: plain striving for wealth, such as was seen in operation on all sides.

Since those days the course of thought has much changed. Psychology has doubled on its tracks, as it were; association of ideas does not tell the whole story; human nature, we find, works with no single motive force, but with a curious assortment of inconsistent impulses. Utilitarianism throws a flood of light on the directions which our moral judgments take; but it remains a question whether there be not an instinct of right conduct, very variable in range and degree, but no less deep-rooted than other instincts of the race. In economics, much as the science has gained by the Ricardian method of analyzing the bare working of fundamental forces, we feel the imperative need of bearing in mind the complexities of real life, the interaction of opposing or converging causes. And so we are not content with the acceptance of a simple desire for additional wealth as the one human motive that deserves the attention of the economist. Why always additional wealth? and why additional wealth only? and is it not possible that further examination of the apparently simple desire for wealth may open new inquiries and point the way to new conclusions?

In considering these questions I shall have in mind primarily the kind of person described in our books as the "captain of industry,"—the manager of large affairs, the successful man. The qualities

which this sort of person must possess, and the nature of the operations he conducts, have been abundantly discussed in recent economic literature. But more has been said of the things that he does than of the motives that lead him to do them. The desire for wealth which actuates him is, as Cliffe Leslie long ago remarked, not a simple motive, but a very complex one, made up of all sorts of differing passions and instincts. In trying to analyze him I confess to have something of the feeling which the naturalist must have when called on to examine and classify an ichthyosaurus or a megatherium, — a huge and elaborate monster, doubtless very terrible in the real world, and not to be dissected even in the scholar's laboratory without fear and trembling. Yet deliberate examination may be expected to show that, however strange on first inspection, and however striking as a species by himself, this remarkable sort of person partakes of the general characteristics of the genus homo, and that his ways can be analyzed and laid bare like those of the ordinary man.

The several aspects or constituent elements of the complex desire for wealth may be analyzed under four heads: first, love of ease and comfort; second, desire for distinction; third, the impulse to activity; fourth, the passion for power and mastery.

Of the first of these, the love of ease and comfort, little need be said, both because the motive itself is simple and obvious, and because it seems to play no great part in our problem. We all wish abundant and varied food, ample clothing, sufficient house room, opportunity for recreation, and other resources of prosperous living. The wide diffusion of such physical comfort, and the extent to which the arts must advance before a satisfactory average can be secured, constitute the problem of production for society as a whole. But for the limited section of society which we now have in

mind, this factor can play no great part. An income very modest in the eyes of modern fortune-seeking suffices for all essentials. Much more than this is sought by the would-be captain of industry; and to understand the springs of his doings we must consider chiefly the other motives.

Far more effective is the desire for distinction, a motive so all-pervading that, like the pressure of the air, it acts on us without our being conscious of its power. Much that we might be disposed to ascribe to the love of material ease is but a manifestation of the desire for distinction: as in our clothing, our houses, even our food. It belongs among the primary human impulses; it shows itself in the earliest stages of tribal life, and seems to gather strength as society advances to more complex stages. It persists in defiance of all the principles and traditions of democracy. So wide-reaching and ineradicable is it that the social reformer must perforce reckon with it. We cannot hope to root it out, even should we desire to do so. All that can be expected is to modify its growth, and cause it to develop in ways helpful for the common welfare.

Doubtless the form of the love of distinction which is most widely felt is the desire for social superiority, — using the word social in its narrow conventional sense. Each layer in society deems itself better than that below, and wishes to be as well thought of as that above. Each set decks itself with those outward symbols, from starched linen to stately mansions, which proclaim to the onlooker what stage of worldly advancement has been attained. The snobbery of the race, however flouted by the satirist, persists in undiminished strength. And this is a factor of the first importance in the economic world. It is a prime motive for the accumulation of wealth, and so for the increase of the community's capital.

The recognition of wealth as sufficient in itself to accredit the owner in the social scale came first in Great Britain. Admission to the shining ranks of the upper

class has been the dream of every Briton; wealth, if piled high enough, has been, next to martial renown, the surest means of securing entrance. This materialization of the British aristocracy has unquestionably had a powerful effect on the activities of the business class. It has served to promote enterprise, invention, and the accumulation of capital, and has been no small factor in bringing about that industrial leadership which Great Britain retained through the nineteenth century. The same influences have shown themselves in other countries, tardily at first, but with gathering strength during the last generation or two. In the United States, in the absence of hereditary dignities and titles, wealth became naturally the main avenue to social distinction. Here, as in Great Britain, it has sometimes taken a generation or two before the desired goal was attained; but admission to the set which deems itself exclusive has been attained by the millionaire's children, or at all events by his later descendants.

It is not easy to say just in what way and to what degree the love of distinction in this form affects the captain of industry. Are the ceremonies and extravagances of conventional society *per se* sources of pleasure to the successful man of affairs? Or are they valued as symbols of place and power, external evidences of the attainment of a distinguished station? These are questions which the self-made rich man would himself often find it difficult to answer. Like all of us, he follows the paths of emulation and imitation marked out for him by the rest of the world. Perhaps it is not this form of distinction, but merely distinction in some form, that spurs him; a doubt which we could solve only if we could try the experiment of removing all the silly ostentation, and leaving only a ribbon, a laurel-wreath, for the man who had guided with success the wealth-making forces of society. We may infer, indeed, from some things in everyday observation, that it is the wives and children and children's children of

the self-made man who care chiefly for the frippery of wealth. Often he is said to be, for himself, indifferent to these baubles, even averse to them. In the infinite shades of variety in human nature, many no doubt get a real zest of enjoyment from the paraphernalia of riches, while as many more go through the motions with weary impatience. But it is probable that in all cases there is some admixture of other motives; and in many cases doubtless there is a preponderance of other motives.

Among these other motives, we may next consider the impulse for activity, the inevitable wish of the active and healthy man to be up and doing. Sports and recreation pall, when pursued not to vary the work of the world, but as occupations in themselves. A fortunate few only can find a resource in creative intellectual work. Your business man, however successful in business, has commonly no marked aptitudes in other directions, and has no other resource than to go on with business. He continues to scheme and work largely from the need of giving vent to his energies. No other occupation is so interesting and absorbing as money-making; at all events no other is so easily entered. Hence many a man who has accumulated what he once thought quite enough, continues to accumulate more, and piles riches on riches, from the mere negative motive that he must do this or nothing. And doubtless, where such is the case, the conventional extravagances of the very rich give some added flavor, from the gratification of the love of distinction in its snobbish form; even though this gratification would have been quite inadequate of itself to induce the exertion.

We must reckon as part of the same impulse, or as one closely allied, the satisfaction which comes from achievement. We need not go into psychological refinements, — there may or may not be, as has been suggested by some thinkers, an ancient and deep-rooted instinct for workmanship. Certain it is that many men,

and probably most men of the type we are now chiefly considering, take pleasure in rounded achievement. To one who has the capacity for management, there is a strong satisfaction in so administering a complex enterprise that every part of the mechanism does its work properly, or in carrying a long-continued chain of operations successfully to the end. The pleasure is like that of the mechanic in a neat job, of the scholar in a conclusive investigation. It adds zest to the impulse for activity, and may maintain activity long after the motives by which labor was first impelled have ceased to operate.

Last among the motives to which I shall advert is the love of power. No doubt this passion, like the others which we have been considering, is not to be regarded as standing by itself. Only in extreme cases can it be observed as separately in action. Desire to command the services of others is obviously one of its sources, and the love of ease and the aversion to labor contribute to it. The love of distinction is commonly associated with it. But here again the question arises why the love of distinction should take this particular direction; which it can do only if mankind commonly admire and emulate the successful exercise of the power of subjugation.

In its brutal forms, the passion for domination is observable, alas, through almost the entire sweep of history. We may speculate that it is an outgrowth, a result by natural selection, of that warfare between contending races which Malthus illustrated so plentifully in the later and less familiar chapters of the *Essay on Population*. We can hardly doubt that the brute instinct for slaughter and destruction, which crops out so easily even in our society of peaceful industry, is an inheritance from the primal days of the race, when man shared with the rest of organic life the relentless struggle for existence. Similarly we may guess the passion for mastery to be the outcome of the same sort of struggle between the over-peopling groups and races of men.

Whatever its origin, there can be no question as to its strength and persistence, or the response which it has met from kindred feelings in the hearts of men from time immemorial. Alexander, Cæsar, Napoleon, and the whole host of lesser heroes, have aroused the admiration which all the world feels for the subjugator. Most of what we know of history is one long, sad tale of sanguinary aggression, of unceasing struggle by each prince and princeling for more territory and more vassals, and, running through it all, the glorification of adventure, power, and conquest.

Something of the satisfaction which the captain of armies has felt is felt also by the modern captain of industry. His is a figure as familiar to the modern world as that of the martial leader has always been, and it is hardly less admired. He, too, lords it over thousands and tens of thousands, and finds gratification for the passion of mastery as well as for the love of distinction. What part these two motives, so closely associated, play in the doings of the fortune-builder, he is himself hardly conscious. He strives for that which is striven for by his associates. Among these — in the hierarchy, sacred to our plutocracy, of the "big men" in the business world — we can see often no explanation of the incessant striving and scheming which does not take into account the passion for domination. The great captain of industry, with millions of money at his command, has under his sway a vast complex of men, of interwoven enterprises and industries, of towns, cities, even of states. To a degree of which we are hardly aware, but which he himself appreciates but too well, he is the power behind the throne in the political life of our boasted democracy. In the business sphere he is the acknowledged leader, before whom men bow and cringe, and of whom they speak with bated breath.

The worship of wealth and of the rich man has often been the object of satire and of blame; and similarly the motives

which we have just considered — the love of distinction in its snobbish forms and the passion for industrial mastery — have been roundly condemned. Yet it deserves to be noted that the direction which these impulses take in modern times has led to great gains for the community. The industrial ideal has supplanted the military, or if it has not supplanted it, has at least risen to equal prominence and attractiveness. The satirist and the lover of the simple life may be amazed that the sort of distinction given by the mere possession of wealth should be so highly prized; but the substitution of this avenue to distinction for the feudal one of birth and valor has meant an immense stimulus to material progress and peaceful accumulation. Similarly, the vent which the passion for mastery has found in industrial conquest has meant an enormous gain for peace, industry, mutual service. Your feudal baron or mediæval statesman was essentially of the robber type. At best, he was a sort of watch dog, whose business it was to prevent others from plundering his charges. Our modern fortune-builder is often portrayed as the counter-type of the feudal baron; nor can it be denied that, in the ramifications of modern industry, there are great possibilities for mere rapacity. But such, after all, is not the main effect, certainly not the sole effect, of the money-making activities. Enterprise, invention, the development of the fruitful division of labor, the organization of new schemes, the opening of new lands, and the utilization of new resources, — these have been the main conditions and accompaniments of great fortunes. We can no longer hold the semi-theological view reflected in Adam Smith's oft-quoted phrase, that the individual is "led by an invisible hand to promote an end which was no part of his intention;" but we may at least be thankful that the impulses which move the strong and ambitious are so often turned to the achievements of peace and industry.

But if the community has thus gained

from the turning of the love of distinction to the worship of wealth, and of the masterful passion to industrial conquest, it does not follow that this common gain may not be secured in still greater degree. Is it conceivable that he who directs an industrial enterprise with success, and thereby gains a fortune, may be induced to labor with equal zeal and efficiency in public business? Can the love of distinction and the passion for domination not be satisfied in ways other than those we are now familiar with? Can the great capacities of the captain of industry be turned directly and unquestionably to the general good, without the bribe of a fortune, and of power thinly veiled and lightly trammelled?

Clear it is that the modern community needs the services of strong industrial leaders. We cannot foresee how great will be the extension of the functions of government in the next two or three generations; but that they will extend measurably, perhaps largely, there can be no doubt. Public works even in their accepted routine, — schools, streets, sewers, water supply, lighting, the post, — become more complicated and call for a higher order of management. I have little faith in the theorem that the sphere of the state must of necessity broaden, and I should hesitate long before venturing on a prediction as to the extent to which its operations will be enlarged in this century. But enlargement in some degree, great or small, is certain. Most certain of all it is that some at least of the great industries of modern times would be carried on to greater advantage for the community if conducted as public enterprises under able management. Here is the essence of the problem: can able management be secured? In the past, there has been found no spur to industrial efficiency equal to that from the magic of property, with all the freedom, elasticity, power, which flow from unfettered ownership. Can we find in the future, under public ownership, any stimulus comparable to this?

Reverting now to our analysis of the motives for money-making, I fear we must face the fact that the most widespread and perhaps most powerful of these motives cannot be easily turned to the aid of public management. I refer to the love of distinction in its most familiar form, — the snobbish form, if you please to call it so: the desire to rise in the social scale. No doubt, a monarchical or semi-monarchical state can use a system of orders, titles, decorations, as in some degree a substitute for salaries and wealth. But the substitute is not comparable in efficacy to the desire for wealth as a means of securing social station, and in any case it is available in only very limited range under a democracy. Hence it is probable that, as long as human nature remains such as we know it, private ownership and management of capital will conduce most to the efficient and progressive conduct of production, and that the sphere of public management, while large absolutely, will be limited in range and extent as compared with the accepted and dominant régime of private property.

Nevertheless, there is obvious play for the love of distinction in public affairs; and this not only in political affairs as commonly thought of, but in those industrial problems which are coming to be more and more interwoven with political affairs. After all, public station is a lodestone of wonderful power. Not all men of administrative capacity are open to its attractions, and not all have the aptitudes necessary for participation in public affairs. But in the class of business men who form, so to speak, the officers of the industrial army, and from whom the generals are recruited, there is a good proportion of ambitious men for whom public service has a strong attraction. They are drawn not only by the distinction and possible fame of a public career; they are drawn also by something better and higher. In enumerating and classifying economic motives, we must not forget the altruistic impulse. Whether or no it be innate, and whatever its origin, its existence

and influence are patent. Like the other motives which we have considered, it is dominant only in extreme cases. As some individuals are possessed by a love of display, and others by a passion for domination, so a few are consumed by devotion to the rest of mankind. But most men have mixed motives: they feel the itch of social ambition, they love power and control; they respond also to the call for public spirit. There is enough of public spirit and of genuine altruism to contribute effectively to the solution of our social and economic problems. When we add the gratification from public fame and a place in history, we may feel reasonably sure that, for a considerable proportion of those who have the gifts of leadership, the attractions of public service are powerful enough. Given opportunity for the exercise of these gifts of leadership, and leaders of the right stamp will not be lacking.

Given opportunity, I say; for here seems to be the greatest difficulty of the case. The love of distinction can be gratified, and the sense of duty will strengthen devotion to the general good. But the case is much less hopeful as to the other motives which affect the industrial captain. The desire for continuous activity and rounded achievement, still more the passion for domination, are not easily satisfied under the conditions of public service in a democracy. Here are some aspects of our problem which deserve attentive consideration.

Let us look first at some of the peculiarities of the political machinery of our own country. Its familiar characteristic is the system of checks and balances. The fear of usurpation by the executive was the natural fruit of the experience of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; hence the hedging of his power, and the strict line of demarcation between the functions of the executive, the legislature, and the judiciary. This principle, suggested by the example of England and the experience of the colonies, has its most conspicuous application in the Constitu-

tion of the United States, and prevails no less in the governments of the several states and of the cities. Throughout we find the same interwoven authority, the same divided responsibility, the same checks to any steady sweep of power. The executive is sharply separated from the legislature. Statutes are framed by those who have no responsibility for their working. The authority of the executive is commonly restricted by the confirmation of appointments at the hands of the legislature, or some branch of it. It is further restricted by the popular election, in most states and cities, of a great number of subordinate officials.

The consequences are obvious and too familiar. The position of chief executive officer in city or state does not tempt the able man of affairs. The clearest illustration is to be found in our municipal troubles. In every one of our misgoverned cities there is no lack of capable and public-spirited men, able and willing to give themselves to the vigorous administration of public business. Managing ability, such as the posts demand, can be found in plenty. But the conditions of the service do not call it forth. Setting aside the difficulties of electing a man of the right type if he were willing to serve, — a matter to which I shall presently turn, — the prospect of service after election is unattractive precisely to such a man. What he sees before him is usually a complex and unwieldy political mechanism; a body of subordinate officers imposed by popular vote; a right of check and confirmation by a municipal legislature, commonly with two cumbrous branches; an uncertainty as to the statutory authority which will be conferred on him by this legislature; and, not least, a brief term of office. From all this there follows the necessity of caution and compromise, of conciliating divergent and more or less selfish interests, persuading suspicious and unintelligent persons, entrusting the execution of well-laid plans to untried and possibly insubordinate officials. Another election must be faced within a year or

two, and puts a damper on the inception of far-reaching plans. Can we wonder that the impulses for achievement and for mastery find nothing attractive in the administration of public affairs? In this matter, as in all human arrangements, preferences and choices settle themselves into grooves of habit. The established tradition in our American life is that the captain of industry has no ambition and finds no opportunity in public life. If he wishes permanent power, lasting distinction, continuous achievement, he turns to fortune-building in private industry.

The conditions of the case have indeed evolved a peculiar sort of one-man-power in public affairs, and have drawn into political life a familiar type of the masterful man. Such is the party boss, who enjoys power, and a certain measure of distinction. The mechanism of government is so unwieldy that those who are within cannot control it; hence there has developed the boss, who manages the apparatus from without. This cannot be done without skill, shrewdness, enterprise, and other such qualities needed for any career of leadership. But it calls also for methods distasteful to straightforward and high-minded men. Your boss is indeed not always so black as he is painted; there are political machinists entitled to our respect. But the rôle is after all an underhand one, a circumventing of the avowed plan and intent of the general will. It attracts the unscrupulous, and even the well-intentioned man who essays it finds himself almost inevitably impelled to fight the devil with fire. Not infrequently a man who has achieved success as a leader of industry turns to political activity. He then usually becomes the manipulator and master of the party machine, following almost of necessity the familiar methods of intrigue, bargain, office-mongering, bribery. The able man of the higher type is not drawn to such doings, while on the other hand the competition in the unsavory work has a demoralizing effect on those who strive for political power.

The system of checks and balances is thus a strong factor in preventing the most needed abilities from being exercised in the public service. But it is not the only factor, possibly not the most important one. The elemental instincts of democracy are themselves obstacles to the best working of democracy.

The jealousy of the executive is something more than a survival from the outlived exigencies of earlier centuries. It has its roots deep in the everyday prepossessions of the average man. Those who have read the voluminous history of trade-unionism in England which Mr. and Mrs. Webb have put together with such splendid industry will have been struck with the lesson which those authors draw as to the working of pure democracy. The trade union is loth to put authority into the hands of its leaders. It clings to town-meeting government. The necessities of the case have indeed compelled a gradual stiffening of the organization. More and more power has been delegated to the executive committees and general secretaries, and perpetual referendum has been given up. The imperative need of efficiency in a fighting organization has caused a departure from the pure simplicity of democratic principle, and an acceptance of something like single-handed leadership; yet even here, under the pressure of vital interest and the most obvious need, slowly, grudgingly, incompletely. The working of the same impulse is familiar to every one who watches our American democracy. There is always an uneasy fear of "getting away from the people." Hence the predominance of elected officials, the confusing multiplicity of elections, the helplessness of the voter in face of an endless list of unknown candidates for office, — and so the necessity of party organization to give a clue and meaning to the whole, and the natural evolution of the boss. In times of stress and peril, democracy turns instinctively to a dictator. But in the humdrum days of peace, it clings no less instinctively to its own possession of power.

This state of mind, like all our impulses and opinions, rests largely on tradition. The habitual glorification of democracy has strengthened it, and it has been further strengthened by the worship of the Constitution. Checks and balances are part of the wonted political machinery. A permanent executive with a free hand is repugnant alike to the individual's instinct for control over his representative, and to his prepossessions as to the proper system of government. The two causes interact, and reinforce each other; and both tend to keep out of the public service the type of man whom the public most needs.

Contrast for a moment the ultra-democratic situation, inhibiting as it does continuous leadership and achievement, with its most extreme opposite. There are no more interesting episodes in history, and in some respects none more encouraging, than the careers of the British colonial administrators. The peculiar conditions have bred a peculiar set of men. Here are power, responsibility, prolonged tenure, difficult problems; on the other hand, plastic subject races, habituated for ages to autocratic government. The work of such men as Lord Lawrence, in the Punjab, or in our day Lord Cromer in Egypt, deservedly wins our admiration. Here the impulse for mastery has had full scope, and has been directed to beneficent channels. The ambition of every active-spirited civil servant is fired by the possibilities of great achievement, when once he shall have reached the post of leadership. Even in the lower stages he is from the outset habituated to a position of command. The admirable traditions which have been fostered during the past century by the curiously mixed government of Great Britain, — half a democracy, half an oligarchy of gentlemen, — served to turn this autocratic power to the achievements of peace. Hence the unique interest of the careers of the great colonial administrators. Their dictatorship gives them the dramatic position of world-conquerors, yet their labors are directed to

the single-minded promotion of the happiness and prosperity of the subject millions.

Instructive in a somewhat similar way is the experience of Germany, and especially of Prussia. Notwithstanding a framework of democratic apparatus, the government of Prussia has remained essentially bureaucratic. The official class is beset by no doubt as to its power or tenure, no serious checks in its pursuance of a settled policy. The aristocratic associations of the service, the traditions of vigorous activity maintained by the Hohenzollerns, the free gratification of the love of distinction by titles and decorations, have drawn into its ranks a large measure of the best ability of the country. Your German bureaucrat is not always an agreeable person. But he is usually hardworking and assiduous; his advancement depends on his efficiency, and his work gives an opening to the man of power and resource. Hence the governmental machine in Germany shows results comparable to those obtained by the great leaders of private industry in English-speaking countries.

To take a striking example, what more remarkable achievement has there been in modern times than the German system of workmen's insurance? No doubt we may make reservations even in admitting its success. Some of the most cherished objects — the placation of social unrest and the checkmating of the socialists — have failed of attainment. It is a question still what gains have been secured in the fundamental task of uplifting the character of the people; whether the whole system is not after all but a magnified poor-law, with the inevitable limitations of every such mechanical scheme. Nevertheless it stands as a wonderful administrative achievement. The systematic organization and control of numberless groups of insuring and insured; the interweaving of central control with local administration; the regulation of complex financial problems and the accumulation and investment of millions of

capital funds; the development of a whole new department of legal practice and adjudication; the extension of the principle to new fields, and its amendments and improvement in the light of actual experience; not least, the combination of a strong spirit of charity for the poor, with an equally strong spirit of holding them strictly to account, — all this, I believe, no other government in the world could have accomplished. The new and untried operations have given scope for the best ambition of trained and capable leaders, and such leaders have been supplied by the bureaucracy, with its traditions of permanent tenure, continuous policy, honorable distinction.

Something of the same sort may be said of the state railway system of Prussia. I do not propose to discuss the difficult pros and cons as to that great case of public management. It suffices to say that the management of finances and of traffic has been conducted with a single eye to what was believed to be the public interest, — no doubt with some mistakes, but none the less with high ability. The railway net has been systematically and steadily enlarged; speculative building and plundering have ceased, and all favors to individual shippers, all semi-corrupt machinations, have been abolished; not least, the discipline of the enormous staff of workmen has been strict, yet not unkindly. Even though there may not have been that degree of efficiency in traffic operation which has been attained by the ablest American railway managers, there remain achievements which compel admiration. Certainly we in the United States must envy the system of officialdom which has succeeded in attaining results such as now seem hopelessly beyond the reach of our political machinery.

I do not mention these cases of success in administration in order to hold them up for imitation in our own country. Even in a survey of other than our current American problems, their lessons are to be read with caution. Democratic conditions are those that primarily

concern us; and not only us, but the civilized world at large. For democracy will prevail more and more in the future of all advanced countries. Such a career as that of the British colonial administrator is unthinkable in a self-governing community; and for this reason, I may remark in passing, the hopes of those who look to a healthy reaction on our own problems from our experiments in colonial government are likely to be disappointed. Nor is the lesson of German officialdom in every respect convincing. It shows what can be done, not by educating a democracy, but by disregarding it. In Germany itself, it rests on conditions that we may expect to see readjusted in course of time. The steady growth of the social democracy bears impressive testimony that the tide of democratic sentiment which shows itself in all the civilized countries is rising in Germany also. Will not that country also be confronted, sooner or later, with the special problems which popular rule has universally brought? It would be idle to speculate at what distant time and by what processes this transformation may come, or what results it will bring. It suffices for our present purpose to bear in mind that the peculiar historical basis of the German bureaucratic system can never be reproduced in other countries, least of all in a democracy like our own. Lessons may be learned from it, but the thing itself cannot be copied.

Let us turn, then, in conclusion, to the special problems of democracy. These are twofold: problems of intelligence, and problems of character.

First, as to the problems of intelligence. I have already indicated the point on which I believe them chiefly to converge. The best hope for improving the machinery of government lies in lengthening the terms of service for the administrative officers; in reducing the number of elected officials, and enlarging the appointing power; in simplifying the machinery of municipal and state government, perhaps of the national government as well. All this involves an abrogation of power by

the voter. He must consent to keep hands off, — if not forever, at least for long periods at a time. Only by some such change will it be possible to enlist and hold in public service men of the needed capacity.

There is abundant evidence that our political system is improving in this direction. We are busily reshaping our methods of municipal government. A succession of new charters for our cities bears witness to the consciousness of existing defects. The trend in all these experiments is the same. The chief administrators, and especially the mayors, have longer terms, and greater power and responsibility. More officers are appointed by them, fewer are elected by popular vote. The municipal legislature is restricted to the business of legislation, and the administration of affairs is taken away from its cumbrous, irresponsible committees. Even where the general system is not modified, or is modified only half way, parts of the machinery are adjusted on the same principle. When a particular thing is to be done, — the building of a rapid-transit roadbed or tunnel, the development of a park-system, the construction of water-works, — the task is often put into the hands of a commission, with a long term and unhampered powers. It is familiar experience that men of administrative capacity can be more easily secured for such commissions than for the routine posts in state or municipal service. The explanation is clear: there is opportunity for uninterrupted activity and successful achievement. The more of such opportunities we have in political life, the more readily shall we attract men of power to public service.

It need hardly be said that it is neither possible nor desirable to secure in public service so complete a concentration of power and responsibility as is common in our large industrial enterprises. I have pointed out defects in the system of checks and balances, but I would not be supposed to advocate an unending suc-

cession of dictatorships. We have had too much of dictatorship in corporate enterprises, and not enough of checks and balances. Certainly in public affairs it is a question not of whether or no, but of more or less. Some limitation of the powers of the executive we must have, if democracy is to be more than a form. Hence, the instinct for mastery can never find satisfaction so fully in a democracy as it can — to refer to examples already given — in bureaucratic or colonial administration. Powers of persuasion must be exercised, as well as powers of leadership, and compromise must be a frequent outcome of differing opinions. We must face the fact that private industry (so long as it continues to be conducted as private industry on a great scale) will offer some temptations to the captain of industry which public service can never equal. On the other hand, public service satisfies the love of distinction in a manner and to a degree that can be equaled by no ostentation of wealth and no sense of secret power. This lodestone will always attract men to political life; and, given some reasonable chance of prolonged tenure and substantial power, it will attract men of the needed stamp.

The change which we may hope for in the future of American government must come in the state of mind of the people as well as in constitutional and statutory enactment. Something may be done without legislation of any sort. Capable officers may be reelected, even though the statutes provide that elections shall occur annually or biennially. Reasonably free sway may be allowed them in administration, even though aldermen or councils have the power to restrict or veto. But, as I have already had occasion to say, legislation and tradition react on each other. A change of legislation in the right direction fosters habits in the right direction. The activity which we see now in improving the framework of municipal government is itself a sign that traditions are mending. As the remodeled charters come into effect, they will in turn still

further react on the voter's state of mind. Whether both combined will eventually bring about conditions under which men of the needed quality will find a congenial field in the management of public affairs is, to repeat, a question of popular intelligence.

But — and here we reach the second part of our problem — it is also in large part a question of character. Are we sure that corruption and favoritism will be rejected when they are known? Do the voters wish for honest public service, efficient management, the use of the machinery of government not for the gain of one class or section, but for the single-minded advancement of common benefits? Will easy employment and favored treatment enlist them as the supporters of political leaders notoriously unfit? These are indeed in no small degree questions of intelligence, — whether corruption will be recognized as such, and gains for a particular class be seen to conflict with the general welfare. Mainly, however, they are questions of character. Their right disposal depends on the diffusion of the fundamental virtues. Uprightness, steadfastness in work, good faith in the affairs of everyday life, respect for law, — these are even more essential for the successful working of democracy than intelligence in devising political machinery, and in choosing the right men for working the machinery.

This, after all, is the *crux* of our political and social problems. Unless the stuff of the people be sound, our scheming and teaching will be vain. All the study of political science and constitutional law and comparative administration, of economics and finance and industrial organization, avails nothing unless there be a community fit to profit by it. All the elaboration of more effective governmental apparatus is useless unless the public really wishes better government. And not only must we face this fundamental problem, but we must face the peculiar difficulty of dealing with it. Intelligence can be taught, or at least greatly

improved. But character grows by slow steps, and under influences which it is almost impossible to reshape. It is affected, no doubt, by teaching and exhortation, but it rests in the main on inherited qualities and on the example and training which go from parent to child. How large a part is played by inheritance, how large by training and environment, we are much in the dark; but we must resign ourselves to the certainty that external influences, whether of preachers or schoolmasters or learned scholars, do not suffice for shaping human character.

The American people has undergone great changes in the last fifty years. No one can undertake to say what will be the outcome, after another fifty years, of the revolution in industry through which we are passing, and of our extraordinary mingling of nationalities. Yet I believe that the heart of the people is sound, and that democracy will emerge successfully from the difficulties of adjustment to the new conditions. Not without effort, not

without trials, not without disappointments; least of all, by any rapid or revolutionary changes; yet in the end with success. Our political machinery is improving, and is likely still further to improve. The worship of wealth is diminishing, and the respect for public service is increasing. Men of character and capacity will win in the long run the suffrage of the people, and corruption and jobbery will be rebuked. The fundamental virtues are not lacking, and we may base upon them our devices for enlisting high-minded ability, for raising general intelligence, for bettering the working details of government. We may expect that the sphere of public enterprises will be enlarged, as the lessons necessary for the successful conduct of such enterprises are learned. We may hope for greater repression of the selfish motives and the sordid activities, for freer play to noble ambition and public-spirited effort, and not only for a stronger government, but for a better and purer democracy.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR

BY A. MAURICE LOW

ALL his life William II, King of Prussia and German Emperor, has lain under the shadow of his own greatness. His manysidedness, his vivid temperament, his faceted intellect, his sweeping ambition, have made him one of the least understood of men. For the world is mostly commonplace, and can see only mental malady in genius, and has neither the comprehension nor the desire to perceive that the inconsistency of genius is proof of greatness. Popular prejudice sees what it pleases and not what is plain. The versatility of the Kaiser is so bewildering, the activities of his alert mind are so varied, that they have at times obscured a fixed idea, — one might almost say an

ideal, — to accomplish which he has fused all his powers and coördinated all the elements of his personality, — that idea the greatness of Germany. To make Germany respected and feared, a voice that shall compel obedience and whose frown no nation shall wittingly provoke, and to do this through the force of diplomacy and not the force of arms, — this is the purpose to which the third German Emperor has consecrated himself. He believes in his divine mission; that he is king by the grace of God. This is not an anachronism; it is not one of those poses in which he is supposed to delight. It is innate belief rather than acquired persuasion. God has called him to do

his work, and he walks in the way of the Lord.

The heritage coming to him from his grandfather, Bismarck's creation in Moltke's alembic, has been to him a sacred heritage, and he has guarded it with all the fervor of the acolyte to whom the hallowed flame is the light everlasting. This Emperor is a serious man, a man fully impressed with the responsibilities of kingly station, to whom the crown is more than a symbol and the sceptre less the sign of power than the vow of duty. This almost fanatical recognition of the duty he owes to himself, to his ancestors, to his posterity; the duty no less he owes to his people (and it is no figure of speech when in kingly fashion he talks of *meine Leute*, because literally the sorrows and joys and aspirations of the German people are his own), this makes his life what it is, — a life so full, so rounded, so often brought in contact with lives of others, that it is dazzling to the beholder.

It is the penalty genius pays to mediocrity to be misunderstood. William has paid in full his debt. In the long line of great historical characters there is not one whose motives have been more cruelly misinterpreted, whose actions have been so misconstrued, whose purpose has been so ridiculed. The strong man, the man of force and resolute character, the man who knows his own strength, invites the stigma "iconoclast," and seldom fails to excite envy and hatred and distrust. This was the beginning of the world-wide cabal that with malignant ingenuity attempted — and not without success — to picture the ruling Hohenzollern as a vainglorious, impetuous, undisciplined youth; unfilial, selfish, passionate; puffed up with his own conceit, brooking no opposition, willing to sacrifice everything for the moment's pleasure of gratified vanity.

But glance at the forces confronting William II, as the heir presumptive, and let what the man has done tell what he is. As his grandfather, William I, approached his end, and his father Frederick, "Unser Fritz," — a stricken, albeit

a knightly and adored figure to the German people, — seemed more likely to be crowned by death than man, a cloud of intrigue and deceit gathered over the throne of the newly welded German Empire. And in the dim shadow there lurked, half hidden, the form of the greatest, and withal the most unprincipled, statesman of modern Europe. To Bismarck nations were simply the pieces to play the game, and men the pawns to be sacrificed when they stood in the way of a great move. In Frederick's virtues Bismarck could see only evidence of weakness and a menace to the infant empire that needed, to the mind of the man of iron, force instead of gentleness or even honesty for its successful rearing.

The genius of Bismarck was not great enough to understand the complex German character nor to appreciate that the German, like the Englishman, is born with a love for liberal constitutional government and the largest measure of freedom consistent with law. By temperament and training Bismarck was a military autocrat, who neither comprehended the spirit of democracy nor sympathized with it. He was a feudalist, a paternalist, who would, had the power been given him, have regulated not only the affairs of the state but the thoughts and actions of its people. To him truth was one of those theoretic virtues that too often collide with the more serious things of life, and he was never enmeshed by "a foolish consistency, the hobgoblin of little minds."

Such were the conditions and the adversary that faced William II as he approached the throne; and a study of the young prince, hardening his moral thews and sinews in that struggle for a crown over the weakened body of his well beloved father, opposing his strength single-handed against the Iron Chancellor's might, and standing like a lion whelp at bay between the hunter and his prostrate victim, discloses no unfilial youth or weakling. But no saint this, no man of profound humility abasing himself for his sins and imploring forgiveness. On

the contrary, a very human man, a man of many faults, chief of which are ambition and jealousy, and envy of the might and power and universal domination of England. He looked across the narrow stretch of blue water separating his throne from that of his aged grandmother; he saw the cross of St. George dotting the seven seas, and not a pawn moved on the chessboard of international politics without England's consent, and he determined to make Germany equally as important; to carry the double eagle of Germany wherever ships sailed or territory was to be developed.

In Europe Germany had nothing to fear. France lay prostrate, spent and bleeding from the fierce onslaught of the armies that the genius of Moltke had called into being. Bismarck had early inculcated in the minds of the statesmen of Germany and Russia that between them there should exist a complete understanding, and that it was to their interest to pursue a policy of common rather than antagonistic purposes. Bismarck, however, always believed in the policy of reinsurance. The triple alliance, which owed its inspiration not to Bismarck but to Crispi, who feared that France in revenge for her crushing defeat would seek to rehabilitate herself by making war on Italy, was the policy of insurance taken out by Germany to protect herself against France; and then to prove his loyalty to his allies, especially to Austria, Bismarck entered into a secret alliance with Russia.

Knowing that England would engage in no aggressive policy unless driven to it by the wanton act of Germany, the time seemed peculiarly propitious for the same commercial development of Germany that had made England what she was and so excited the envy of the Emperor. His accession to the throne filled the world with fear. Remembering the world's judgment of this young king; knowing that in his veins ran the blood of the great Frederick; that he had been brought up under the eye of his grandfather, who was a soldier and not a statesman; that

to William II the army of Germany was everything,—invincible, magnificent, the very perfection of military science,—it was not unreasonable for the world to believe that this monarch would want to make Germany rank still higher by another series of astounding victories.

Men said that before long Saxon and Prussian and Bavarian would again march shoulder to shoulder, carrying anew the triumphant banner of the Fatherland. The position of Germany at that time was peculiar. As an empire she had no traditions. Overcoming their intense jealousy of the Kingdom of Prussia, Bismarck had transmuted a score of petty principalities and miniature grand duchies into an empire, and made of the German people a nation. But as an empire Germany had no past, and its fame lay in the future. The war with France had infused into these separate states a national spirit. How long, Europe asked, would the spirit of nationality last? When the great domestic problems, inseparable from the confederation but held in abeyance by the war, pressed for settlement, would not the old jealousies reassert themselves, and either dissolve the union in blood, or cement it in blood so strong that a union it would remain, forever and indissoluble? Many an anxious moment Europe knew, waiting for the first signs of revolution or the massing of troops to engage in foreign war, which was to save the empire from falling to pieces. That was a quarter of a century ago. In that time there has seldom been a year that a war with Germany has not been predicted with all the positiveness that is one of the privileges of prophecy; and while Great Britain and the United States have drawn the sword, and the most epoch-making war the world has known has been fought on the plains of Manchuria, in Germany the temple of Janus has remained shut and the beacon fires on the Rhine signal no marching hosts.

Waiting with foreboding for the expected, with all eyes turned on Berlin for the first sign of the torch to flame into life and

spread ruin and desolation, suddenly the flame burst forth, and Europe saw in it the confirmation of its judgment. The Emperor dismissed Bismarck. It was an act of such unparalleled audacity, or such crass folly, or such heartless brutality; it was so wanton, so absolutely without reason, as the world viewed it, this turning adrift the creative force of the German Empire, that from all over the world arose a chorus of hostile criticism. It was evident that Bismarck, the wise, the prudent, the peaceloving (that was before Bismarck's candid friends disclosed the real nature of the man), had been dismissed because he stood in the way of the Emperor's ambitious schemes and pleaded for peace while the Emperor urged war.

That historical event is now sufficiently remote to admit of its true perspective. Bismarck was dismissed for not one, but many reasons. Both men were too much alike, too positive, too pugnacious, too determined, too convinced of their own inerrancy, for the relation of master and servant long to endure. Bismarck had never been forgiven for the way he intrigued over the dying Frederick, and the Emperor was sagacious enough to know that if Bismarck remained in power he would again so manipulate affairs as to force Germany into war, precisely as he had made the first William take the field against France. The Emperor, in spite of all that has been said to the contrary, is essentially a man of peace, and while he is not afraid to fight, he knows the cost of war, and that the nation victorious pays a price almost as heavy as the nation defeated. And there was still another reason to move the Emperor. He was determined to be his own master in the eyes of the world. To take the full responsibility for all his actions, and not to shield himself behind any man, was evidence of strength and courage. From that day the policy of Germany has been the policy of the Emperor. The voice may be the chancellor's, but it is William, *imperator et rex*, who speaks. He it

is who really writes the despatches; to him the chancellor must come before he can set in train the machinery that may involve not only Germany, but the world.

The Emperor inherits the dominant mental characteristics of his grandmother, which made her one of the great figures of history. These salient traits are a tremendous grasp and intense love of detail, and a capacity to get at the bottom of every subject. Queen Victoria would never consent perfunctorily to sign a paper that her ministers might lay before her, but insisted upon knowing its full significance. She had a passion for hearing about things and great events at first hand. Ambassadors, soldiers, men of science,—in a word all men of action or thought, no matter in what direction their activities extended,—must be brought to her and tell exactly what they had done. The queen was the first English sovereign who required the leader of the House of Commons to make her a daily report of its proceedings. This was perhaps extraconstitutional; it was almost an infringement of the free and unhampered rights of the ministry; but every day when Parliament was in session the government leader wrote her a *résumé* of the session, with such free and confidential comment as he considered necessary to enable her to keep *au courant* with the work of Parliament.

In much the same way the Emperor has his hand upon the pulse of affairs. I have already said that no important despatch is written without being first submitted to him for approval, and the Emperor "edits" his chancellor's despatches with the freedom of a teacher correcting his pupil's composition. Despatches from the various German ambassadors are annotated by the Emperor, and frequently sent back to the writers so that they may know precisely the Emperor's views in his own words. These comments and criticisms are always sharp, short, and pointed.

The Emperor understands his own people a good deal better than many of them

understand him. The German character is contradictory. There are probably no more practical people, and yet their practicality is tempered and softened by the vein of sentiment that finds its expression in charming *Liebslieder* and dreamy waltzes, and in *gemüthlichkeit*, a word which has no exact English equivalent.

We talk of Germany, and unconsciously we think of the Great Elector and the Great Frederick, as if Germany could show her descent in an unbroken line through the ages. We forget that Germany, as an empire, is the parvenu among nations, that the German Empire is a creation of to-day, and has existed, as an empire, only since the war with France, a matter of thirty-five years. Bear this fact in mind. It explains much of the emperor's policy that has seemed to be erratic, undisciplined, irresponsible almost; it is the reason why the Emperor has done many things at which the world has laughed, because to laugh is always the refuge of the foolish.

If Germany was to become the great and powerful and prosperous nation, the dream of the Emperor's ambition,—and he is a dreamer of dreams whose dreams take form,—a national spirit must be infused into her people, to drive out local jealousies by the deeper feeling of nationality. This point must be reiterated even at the risk of being wearisome, because, unless the American reader fully understands the conditions that existed when the Emperor came to the throne, he cannot have a true understanding of the emperor's character; he cannot comprehend the problems confronting the Emperor, and the opposition he mastered. Imagine the United States united for defense and certain other national purposes, with each state practically independent, the smaller jealous of the larger. This was much the position of Germany. The world talks of the United States as a young country; young she is, but as a nation she is venerable compared with Germany. Here many of the great constitutional questions have been settled; in Germany, so

new is the empire, they are as yet unsettled.

For years the world has read with derision and sarcastic comment the Emperor's speeches, and has always found in them proof of his undisciplined mind and his vaingloriousness; but it is the misfortune of the world to be superficial rather than analytical, and it fails to understand that the Emperor, like every great orator, adapts himself to his immediate audience. Every one recalls the celebrated "mailed fist" speech that the Emperor made to his brother, Prince Henry, before he sailed to place Kiaochau under the German flag. To the casual reader the speech was bombastic and without restraint; it sounded more like the effusion of a comic opera monarch than the benediction of a practical ruler of a practical people. It was jeered at by the press; it was accepted by the opposition at home and abroad as another proof of the Emperor's irresponsibility and unfitness; it was further evidence that he was a firebrand, always imperilling the peace of the world. But the Emperor had a distinct object in view. For the first time since Germany had become an empire the German navy was about to be sent across the sea to establish an outpost of empire. To inspire his sailors and soldiers with enthusiasm, to appeal to their love of fatherland and the sentiment for the flag, was the purpose of the Emperor. He knew that he was addressing uneducated men and that it was necessary to stir their emotions. He knew that they would not read his speech, but that his ringing words would be remembered and repeated in the forecabin, and talked over during the long watches of the night, and would make an ineffaceable impression. His audience would not split hairs, or calmly analyze his sentences or consider the ethical questions involved. He fired them with his own ardor. The men went forth without any regrets at leaving home, longing for an opportunity to show that they were worthy of their war lord's confidence. The thrilling words of the Kaiser were

the only stimulus they needed to make the campaign in the East a memory as glorious to the fatherland as the campaign of 1870, which focused the attention of the world on the yet to be born German Empire. It was the supreme power of oratory.

The Emperor is an extemporaneous speaker. It is only on rare occasions that he prepares a speech. His quickness of thought and his ability to put into language the ideas lying dormant in his brain, needing only the spark of opportunity to fire them with life, while a gift to be envied, has frequently caused him to say more than he intended and more than was wise. Like all extemporaneous speakers, and especially men of his temperament, he is carried away by his own enthusiasm; for the moment at least he believes everything he says, and is his own most zealous convert, which perhaps explains more than anything else why he sways his audience. His adaptability is remarkable; instinctively he knows what note to strike. Any one who reads carefully the Emperor's speeches will not fail to notice that the Kaiser bidding Godspeed to his sailors and the commander-in-chief of the army addressing a group of educated noblemen are different men. In each case he has so accurately gauged the comprehension of his listeners, and varied accordingly his language and the very process of thought, that the two speeches give the impression of a dual personality in their author. His speeches are a revelation of the Emperor's complete sympathy with all classes of his people and constitute a strong element in his popularity. Another secret of his hold over men is a peculiar quality of mind,—the power of instinctive judgment and knowledge. For William II combines with the logical and strong masculine mind the distinguishing feminine characteristics of reaching without conscious reasoning quick decisions which are often superior to a man's most careful deductions.

A constitutional monarch, who observes the restrictions of the constitution,

and yet would shape Parliament to his own ends, must display much wisdom and much tact if his people are not to rise up some fine night and tip over the royal apple-cart. William keeps within the limitations of the constitution and still exercises over Parliament a tremendous influence, which is not easy, because the Reichstag is jealous of its prerogatives and suspicious of royal interference. During the winter, when the Reichstag is in session, the Emperor regularly attends the receptions given by the ministers of the crown to which the members of the Reichstag are invited. Meeting there men who may not be so friendly to his policy as he would like to have them, he attempts to convert them by argument, by appeal, by the subtlest of all flattery, asking them with most engaging frankness to show him the fallacy or weakness of his policy. In this way he has won over more than one rebellious member.

In our day no ruler hedged in by the restrictions of a constitution and a free Parliament has met with such resolute opposition as did the Emperor when he determined to make Germany a naval power, nor was opposition ever so adroitly overcome. The Emperor recognized that a powerful military nation must be powerful on sea as well as on land, and that if Germany were to hold her own among the great nations she must have a navy commensurate with those of other nations. But Parliament stormed and protested, and the press fulminated against another heavy burden being laid upon the people. The Emperor had prepared a number of charts and drawings showing the comparative strength of the various navies of the world, the proportion between the navies of the great powers and their mercantile marine, Germany's armed strength on the sea, and what it ought to be to make it relatively equal to the other leading naval powers. Some of these diagrams were roughly sketched by the Emperor himself, others were elaborate drawings, worked to scale according to the ideas he furnished. The

whole thing was very clever and would have commended itself to any magazine editor who was looking for an illustrated article on the navies of the world. The emperor carried on his campaign of education with great perseverance and patience, exhibiting his diagrams at every opportunity, and impressing upon the members of the Reichstag the necessity of Germany taking her place among the other nations, and the importance of her being able to hold her own on the sea. The result was that he won his fight and the bill was passed that began the work of giving Germany a navy which will give her high rank among the sea powers in the next few years.

Again the Emperor had accurately gauged public sentiment. The most popular thing in Germany to-day is the navy, and the popularity of Prince Henry is due to his being the sailor prince. To prove how keen an interest the German takes in his navy it is only necessary to walk up and down the Linden, and watch the people bunched in front of the windows of the offices of the North German Lloyd and Hamburg American steamship companies, looking at the models of the magnificent vessels that in the last few years have been turned out of the German shipyards and have vanquished the ships of all other nations; or one has only to stand in front of the Mutoscopes, so plentifully distributed about the Linden and the "Passages" opening from it, and notice that the machines labeled "Unsere Marine" have a group of men, women, and children eagerly waiting to drop their pennies in the slot and look at the pictures of cruisers and torpedo boats, or sailors and marines about to embark for the Far East, or the emperor standing on the quarter deck of the imperial yacht in his favorite attitude of making a speech, or directing the imaginary evolutions of an imaginary squadron. If the popular taste is any indication, the Germans at the present time are much more interested in the pictures of their ships than they are in pictures of their soldiers.

"Weltreich" and "Weltpolitik" are words almost constantly on the lips of the Emperor, and their repetition seldom fails to arouse the ridicule as well as the censure of the Emperor's enemies. It is insinuated that he is a monomaniac on the subject of making Germany the dominant factor in the world's politics. Now the policy of William II, which has been carried out with rare intelligence, does not differ greatly from that of other rulers, nor is its purpose dissimilar. He wants to make Germany not only respected but feared; his empire must be powerful enough to give pause to any nation contemplating an alliance or a combination that might lead to war, until it has been carefully considered on which side of the scale Germany would throw her weight. He has succeeded. Germany, it is true, has to-day more foes than friends in the concert of Europe, but she can afford to ignore her foes so long as they fear to provoke her strength. And the position Germany holds has been won without setting in motion the great army which the Kaiser leads. The Emperor would go to war to-morrow if war were the alternative, but up to the present time he has been able to avoid war because he has been bold, adroit, diplomatic.

Recognizing that Germany, to be powerful, must be politically as well as commercially great, the Emperor since he came to the throne has worked along two lines, seemingly divergent but in fact parallel. Everything possible has been done to foster Germany's commercial resources, and how well he has succeeded the tremendous strides made by German commerce testify. Simultaneously he has made Germany the foremost military power. Always the army has been a club to intimidate weaker neighbors, yet he has never exerted the force which lies under his hand. As an illustration take the Morocco policy, which has caused both England and France to see the spectre of war. To settle long-standing differences England recognized the "predominant rights" of France in Morocco, in return

for France's recognition of the "regularity" of the position of England in Egypt, and other mutual concessions. So far as England and France were alone concerned, it was a most excellent arrangement; it was purely selfish,—"intelligent selfishness," no doubt, but none the less the policy of self-interest. Germany was moved to protest by two considerations. She objects because it does not accord with her dignity to be treated as a negligible quantity in the politics of Europe; and because, if England is to make her profit out of Egypt, and France her profit out of Morocco, Germany also must make her profit somewhere.

The ethics involved are not considered. It is the diplomacy of Germany with which we are now dealing. Germany's policy may be unmoral, but perhaps no more unmoral than that of her rivals. As a practical result of this policy Germany has forced France directly, and England indirectly, to recognize the right of Germany to question an agreement made without her consent. Both powers are compelled to admit this right, but Englishmen find consolation in the "isolation" of Germany. It is only when events are projected on the background of history that they stand out clearly. Wherein does the "isolation" of Germany differ so greatly from the "isolation" of England a few years ago, even at a date so recent as the Boer war, when, like jackals, Germany, France, and Russia watched the lion at bay, longing to attack him yet fearing his mighty paw? Wherein does the policy of Germany differ from that of England when Disraeli dictated to Russia the terms of the Treaty of Berlin? It was England who taught the Kaiser self-confidence, and the Kaiser has proved himself an apt pupil.

Nothing illustrates better the flexibility of the Kaiser's mind than his *volte-face* in his relations with the United States. Only a few years ago, — to be exact, at the time of the Spanish war, — the Kaiser had no love for America, and all his sympathies were with Spain. But when the

United States compelled recognition by defeating a European power, when the United States became an Asiatic power as well as a western, the Kaiser was among the first to appreciate the importance of this new force in *weltpolitik*. With the Kaiser to see was to act quickly. The friendship of the United States was worth having; doubly worth having because the tide of sentiment and material interest was swiftly bearing England and the United States to the same sea. How well the Emperor has effaced the mistakes of the past, how assiduously he has cultivated the friendship of America, all the world has seen in the last few months, when the President thanked the Kaiser for his efforts in behalf of peace. The Emperor may have no higher regard for the United States now than he had seven years ago. The sincerity of his motives need not now be questioned. It is his diplomacy that commands admiration, — that mental capacity that enables him to look backward as well as forward, and to turn a situation to his own advantage and to the discomfiture of his opponents.

The intuitive faculty of grasping the psychological moment, which has so often borne him triumphant over opposition, was never more strikingly shown than when he disarmed a political party with the gift of a toy. To commemorate the hundredth anniversary of the birth of his grandfather, William I, he instituted a new order and decorated every man, officers as well as privates, who served in the Franco-Prussian war. Because of the general and somewhat promiscuous distribution of the decoration, the officers held it in light esteem and among themselves satirically termed it the "Order of the Orange," as the large medal was suspended from a broad yellow ribbon. The newspapers gave vent to their ironical comments and regarded the decoration as another of the emperor's childish notions. But the men who marched from the Rhine to Paris do not see anything ridiculous because the emperor has rewarded their valor; on the contrary, they

wear their bronze medals suspended from their yellow ribbons with a feeling of pride, a feeling increased by the knowledge that the Emperor wears the same decoration; or, as one of them put it, "My emperor and I are companions of the same order." By bestowing this medal the Emperor greatly weakened the Social Democratic Party, and it must be admitted that the man who can disarm an active opposition by the bestowal of a pound or two of bronze and a few yards of yellow ribbon is a practical politician of no mean order. It is cheaper at any rate than paying pensions.

This is William II, the man who has been termed badly balanced, vain, impetuous. Badly balanced he is not, because no man not equably poised could have escaped the pitfalls which have surrounded him for the past seventeen years. A vain man is usually a foolish man. The Emperor is not. Impetuous he is, and yet it is vehemence tempered by reason and restraint; he knows when to strike and when to hold himself in leash. This is the man whom the world has regarded as

only half responsible, longing for war; a royal demagogue, a mouther of meaningless phrases; a man with a child's brain and a monarch's power for harm.

The burden of history is always what has been; it is written as a message from the dead, and we do not accept men as great until their lives and acts have been embalmed and treasured up for the judgment of a generation not their own. When the history of this period of the German Empire is written, it may be discovered that William the Second was a man who spoke for the future to hear. Then it may be understood that his influence was for peace and not for war; that he spoke with a purpose; that he heard the voice of humanity; that he was one of the positive forces of his time. The Hohenzollerns have given to history a great elector and a great king, and William the First has been called a great emperor. History may yet find that greater than the greatest of his race is the reigning sovereign; because while the claims of his ancestors are written in war, his title to greatness is the dower of peace.

OLD GOODWIN'S WIFE¹

BY WILLIAM JOHN HOPKINS

My friends like me well enough, as I have some reason to suppose; for although I am as peculiar as I ever was, they no longer remonstrate with me as they used to do. Perhaps they think that marriage has cured me of all my queerness — the summer is not yet come, to prove the contrary. And I may be sure that, when it does come, I shall roam the shores, as I ever did, and hunt the elusive clam, as I ever did; and dig, or gaze, as ever; and whether the one or the other, depends upon my fancy at the moment. But if I do as I was wont to do, I shall not roam the shores alone. Eve will roam with me; and there will be two clam hoes in my shed, and two pairs of rubber boots reposing in the closet, — when they are not in use, which is like to be seldom. And the one pair will be large and clumsy, and well stained with much wading through mud, while the other pair will be small and dainty, — yes, even dainty, though they be rubber boots, — and — well — not overmuch stained, though she wade even as I. Rubber boots — for clamming — cannot be kept spotless, nor should they be, if they could. But there will be but the one basket, to serve us both. I may be sure of this, I say; but they think, forsooth, that I will have done with such foolishness — now that I am married. Wherefore, they have given over their remonstrating.

But I note that I am more popular than I was. Some of them are always to be found at my house — not the same ones, but one or mayhap two will come in of an evening and sit before my fire. My fire goes not out, ever, nor does it

roar; but always there are coals in plenty, so that the logs blaze gently and send out heat. I love it so, quiet and peaceful, for it makes my content the greater; a roaring fire makes me uneasy, even though I have confidence in my chimney. And my content would be enough in any case, with a friend sitting on the one side, and my wife sitting on the other; and I — but I sit in the deep shadow, to watch Eve the better. I love to watch her — and I would not be watched; for thus I can think my thoughts — and not be bothered with knowing that I am showing them too plainly in my face. For I have not been married long; not long enough to show my feelings plainly and not to care what people think.

And if I cleave to candles — as a clammer should — what matter? Five of them give a pretty light, and a candle is long enough for an evening, even though it is winter. A short candle is as good as a clock — better, I think — for serving notice when to go. My friends have learned that, too; and when the candles have become no more than stumps, they are wont to jump up hastily, say their good-nights, and be gone. And as I cover the fire to save coals for the morning wherewith to kindle it afresh, I bethink me of my mighty wood-pile out by my shed, — it is mighty even now, and the winter nearly gone, — and I smile to myself, so that I am smiling yet as I rise from my task. Eve, seeing that, smiles too, although she knows not what she is smiling at; but her smile is ever ready — ready and waiting to break forth, like the gentle sunshine — and she holds her hand to me. And I, having taken it, blow out the candles, and we mount the stairs together.

Yes, my friends like me well enough, as

¹ For the characters in this story, see "The Clammer" in the *Atlantic* for August, 1905, and "A Daughter of the Rich" in the December number.

I have some reason to suppose; but my neighbors do not, as I have also some reason to suppose. And, if I have no great love for them, the reason therefor is not far to seek. For they ever have seemed to think me one to be laughed at and made game of, — they knew no better, which I suppose I should have remembered, — well knowing that they might make their petty jests with impunity. And sometimes I have wondered whether it were not better to answer fools according to their folly; but my witticisms they would not comprehend, and I have held back from that, although the provocation was often great enough. For they never let slip an opportunity — and there were a plenty — of letting me hear their loud laughter as I passed them by chance; or even making a jest of me, in my hearing. So that it has come to pass that I despise them; and I have withdrawn my foot from my neighbor's house, now these many years, for weary of him I am already. But now I find these same neighbors are well like to become my visitors, which would plague me mightily. And I marvel at it.

I was thinking upon this matter one evening, sitting by my fire. And, for a wonder, no friend was there, but Eve sat by the fire, too, a book in her hand and her sewing-basket near. For Eve, not having been brought up to sew, — save embroidery, if that be called sewing, — has developed, suddenly, a great desire for it, so that she always has her basket by her. But this evening, whereof I speak, she was not sewing, nor reading, either, though she had a book in her hand; but her hand lay in her lap for the most part, and now and then I caught her glancing at me. And when I did so catch her, she smiled at me. So I smiled, too, and at last I leaned toward her.

"Eve," I said, "why do you smile?"

And, at that, she did but smile the more.

"Why should it be, Adam," she answered, "except that I am happy?"

And she leaned toward me, too, and our heads were very close, and it happened

that the book she had been holding slid from her lap and fell upon the floor; which should have grieved me, for it was one of my favorites and bound in full calf, with hand tooling around the edges. But I scarcely noticed it. I reached forth my hand, and it met hers, which was reaching out for mine; and I looked deep into her eyes — eyes swimming in tenderness — eyes like — No, I will not say it, for it has been said too often — though there is some excuse for the poets. And after some while I spoke.

"I am glad that you are happy," I said; "and I am glad that there is no one here to-night — except only us two."

And Eve said nothing, but I knew that she was glad as well as I.

"There are times," I continued, "when I could wish that my friends were — less my friends. It is pleasant to have them, — I am glad that they like to come, — but they might give us more than one evening a week to spend together."

Again Eve said nothing, but again she smiled; and, smiling, it chanced that her eyes fell upon the book that was lying where it had fallen, face downward, upon the floor.

"Oh, the poor book!" she cried; and stooped to pick it up. And I stooped, too, so that we were near bumping our heads, which somewhat delayed the rescue of the book. And, when it was done, it befell that Eve's hair was a bit ruffled and she had a pretty flush.

"Now, Adam," said she, "you must tell me the matter that bothered you. For I know well enough that it was not your friends."

I looked at her in some amusement. "Why," I answered, "that is true. I marvel that you should have guessed it, although my marveling is not so great as it was, for women have a way of getting at the meat of a matter without being at the trouble of cracking the shell. Oh, I am learning. And whom should I tell if not my wife?"

Eve laughed, a low laugh and sweet. "I am to be the sharer of your sorrows,"

she said, "hereafter. Remember that, Adam. And now out with it."

And I did out with it. "It is my neighbors that bother me," I said. "For I see plainly that they are well like to become my visitors; and they like me not at all, nor ever did. I know no reason why they should have had a change of heart. Certainly, it is none of my doing."

Eve did not answer this directly, but sat looking at me with a queer smile, so that I grew restive under it.

"Adam," she said, "do you believe that Solomon was a wise man?"

"I was brought up in that belief," I observed, "but, notwithstanding, I have my doubts."

"Oh, you have your doubts?" she asked. "And why do you doubt his wisdom?"

"For the best reason in the world," I answered; and I laughed as I spoke. "And I hold that I am wiser than he — as I have said before. For he had seven hundred wives, while I have one — but that one, Eve" —

But Eve had stopped my mouth. "Now, Adam," she said, "I have missed some pretty speech of yours, — and I love your pretty speeches, — but you may make another for me when I am done. For I have a purpose. Did you know that?"

"Yes," I said. "I was sure that you had. You generally have a purpose — which you invariably accomplish. So ask, and I will answer; and if my answers are not what are expected of me, it will be but my misfortune. My intentions are of the best."

And, at that, she laughed. "Well, then," she said, "was not Solomon a wise man?"

"He had that reputation," I replied meekly; "and I believe that he has it still — though it is a marvel to me that a dead man can have anything in this world. Yes, I think there can be no doubt that he was the wisest man in the world."

"That will do — nicely, on the whole," said Eve, having weighed my answer care-

fully, "although it leaves something to be desired. Now, — do you know what Solomon said about despising your neighbors?"

She was looking down, — and trembling at her boldness, I made no doubt, — and so she did not see the look of grieved astonishment that came into my face. I was silent for some while, trying to recall just what Solomon did say about despising one's neighbors. He said such a vast number of things. And, at last, Eve looked up — and I saw that she had not been trembling at her boldness, for she was quite at her ease, and smiling at me.

"Eve," I said, — and I tried to be severe, but failed lamentably, for I smiled, too; and there is some excuse for me, for how could any one, meeting that smile of hers, remember such a purpose? — "Eve," I said, "I did not think it of you, that you would thus put your own husband to shame. For I do remember, and would you imply that I am void of wisdom? I have no doubt that I, myself, could write proverbs well enough" —

But Eve interrupted me. "Do you remember," she asked, "the Welsh giant?"

Now what had the Welsh giant to do with it? "I was about to say," I continued, "when you interrupted me, that I had no doubt that I, myself, could write proverbs, — quite passable proverbs, — if Solomon had not covered the field completely, some thousands of years ago."

And I looked at Eve — but she was leaning back in her chair, looking at me and smiling still; and she made me no answer. So I resumed.

"Out of my own mouth," I said, "have you convicted me. But there is yet more, Eve. Do you remember what it is?"

And, on a sudden, she had left her chair — and was on the arm of mine; and when she had made an end of rumpling my hair she spoke.

"So you think, Adam," she said, "that you have proved yourself a man of understanding? Well, then, perhaps you have. But you may yet have these same neighbors to visit with you, for I find much

good in them. And now," she added, with a blush that well became her, "I must sew."

So again she sat her in her chair and she took her basket from the table; and, with another glance at me, — a glance half shy and wholly sweet, — she drew forth, from some secret place, her sewing. And I sat watching her, a tender smile upon my face — or what passed for that — Eve seemed to like it — and I thought my thoughts. They were pleasant thoughts. And Eve's sewing — it was as she were dressing a doll. As I watched her fingers moving skillfully, but with no haste, I marveled that she sewed so well; and as I watched her face I marveled yet again. For her face was filled with love, — a love that was not for me, — filled with love and a great yearning. And all that love she seemed to sew into the little thing within her hands. But ever she had more, that each stitch was done with it and yet it grew with every stitch she took. And again Eve glanced up at me. I did but smile the more, until I grinned like any Cheshire cat.

"Eve," I said, "how do you know that they will fit," — I considered, and saw nothing else for it, — "how do you know that they will fit it?"

But I was wrong. "*It!*" she cried. "*It!* Adam, I take shame to myself that you would so call your first-born. *Him*, sir. I am sure of it." She put her sewing down, tenderly, and came to me. And her arms were around my neck and her face was hidden on my shoulder. "Adam, Adam," she whispered, "my love for him is become so big, it hurts. How can I bear to wait all the long months until I see him — my son? How can I, Adam?"

And I — what could I do — or say? What but comfort her as best I might? And God knows I had the best will in the world to it, but the fashion of it was poor enough.

"In the fullness of time, Eve," I whispered. "In the fullness of time."

But she seemed to take some comfort from my words — or mayhap the intent.

So she lay as she was, but in some while she went back to her sewing again. She held it up, for me to see; and I could but wonder that any piece of humanity should be such a morsel as to go into that garment. I said as much. But Eve only smiled and fell to sewing — her eyes very bright.

As Eve sewed, I fell to musing on what she had said about my neighbors. For she was right, as she was ever, and I had not seen the good that was in them — I had not been at the pains to see it, though I knew it was there; and I had flattered myself that I had held my peace, and thereby had proved me a man of understanding. And I saw plainly, I might as well have stood upon the corner of the street and cried aloud unto Heaven, giving thanks that I was not as other men, until the bubble of my conceit had been pricked by Eve — and how gently! And presently the candles were burned low, and Eve, glancing at them, put her sewing by, and I knew that the time was come for me to cover the fire.

That done, I took the hand that Eve held out, and I blew out the candles, and I was moved to kiss the hand I held.

"For you have shown me, Eve," I said, "that I have been in the wrong. I will not withhold good from them to whom it is due. And I bless God for my wife."

For I felt very humble. And what answer I got to that I shall not tell; but it satisfied me, and we mounted the stairs together.

I opened my window wide. There was the steady drip of melting snow, and the air held a hint of spring, but the stars were bright. And, gazing at them, I thought upon my son that was to be, — or haply a daughter, it mattered not which, — and I remembered the time when I first knew it. There had been the start of surprise, the impulse at rejoicing — then the dread of it — the fear for Eve. And she had seen them all. She hung upon my neck, weeping with the joy of it.

"Never fear for me, dear," she cried.

"Never fear for me. But rejoice exceedingly."

And so I did. And I gazed at a faint star,—a little one, just showing to the naked eye,—and as I gazed, I thought that I saw the eyes of my son looking at me with an infinite knowledge and compassion—and an infinite love. And as I gazed, behold, the eyes were the eyes of Eve. And if my son shall have the spirit that his mother has, I shall be well content. So thinking, I turned from the window and got me into bed; and having drawn the covers close, I slept.

One may guess that my friends did not desert me, so long as Eve was there; and she was like to be there long. For if it had not been well with Eve, this story had never been written. There is grief enough in the world without my adding to the sum of it—and I doubt much if I should have the heart to write it down. So I kept my friends, and they came as they had been wont and sat them by my fire; but I noted that they sat not still, but they were apt to rise and stroll about the room, and then they sat only to rise again. For the season got on toward spring; and spring ever breeds a restless fire in the bones of man that grows and glows until he can get him out-of-doors again. Then he finds that peace that seemed like to escape him. I doubted if my friends knew what ailed them—even knew that they were restless; but I knew well. And I advised with them, and counseled that they turn their thoughts to gardening—and their restless bodies, too. For a man must needs do his digging for himself. What is a hired gardener but an abomination? Let a man dig, if he would find peace. It has taken refuge in the earth; and he that seeks shall find it.

So I watched the snow melt on my garden and the ground soften; and it was come to the first week in April. But the ground was too wet for working. I tried it, every day, with my hoe, and the earth clung to the hoe; for it was but mud, and the frost went deep. But at last came a

day when the earth clung no longer, but came away and left the hoe clean. And I knew that the spring had come. And, having made the test, I hurried to the house.

"Eve," I shouted,—I must needs shout, with the spring rioting in my veins,— "Eve, the spring is here!"

And Eve laughed, and came out a door at my elbow. "Why do you shout it so, Adam? Have I not known it this last month? For the song sparrows came long since, and the bluebirds, and it is weeks since I saw the first robin. And now the birds are coming fast. Why shout it? As well come in and shout that the sun is shining."

"Truly, that would be well done, too," I answered; "for the sun shines as it has not shone these many months. And a song sparrow does not make a spring,—he comes while it is yet winter, and so do the bluebirds. And I must dig, Eve, or I shall burst." And, with that, I seized her about the waist and whirled her until we both were dizzy; and, with a kiss, I released her, and she leaned against the door, laughing again.

There she leaned until she had got back her breath. "I suppose you will have me to see your digging," she said then, "and there is no help for it." But she smiled as she spoke, so that I knew she was minded to it as well as I. "Well, then, I will get my things on, and come."

So I had what I wanted, and I betook me to my digging. And soon came Eve, in her coat; for she did no digging, and the air held some faint chill, though the sun shone warm. And, with our digging and our planning, we were busy for some while; but at last I straightened up, and there was Judson, leaning upon his fence and watching us.

Now Judson lives next me, on the side where lies my garden, so that he may have a good view of it whenever he will; but never before have I found him watching me. And, although he and I have been next-door neighbors these many years, never have I exchanged a dozen words with him. Not that I had any fault to find

with him — he is an old man now, spending long days in his garden, grubbing the weeds or pottering about — it is a brave weed that will sprout in his garden, but he can always hoe and dig — not that I could find any fault with Judson, but I classed him with those others, with whom I held no communion; and, after all, they too — well, — I doubt if I care to learn their opinion of me. For Judson was born where he lives, — and the others, likewise, for the most part, — while I have held my land a scant ten years; and he has held his peace, though he might well think me but an interloper. He has more wisdom than I, and it grows with his years. And again I was glad of my wife, that she had opened my eyes. And, thinking such thoughts as these, I hailed him standing there.

"Good-morning, Mr. Judson," I called to him. "It is a fine spring morning."

He did but smile and wave his hand for greeting. And I heard Eve's voice beside me. "Adam," she said, and in her voice was wonder at what she had noted, "Mr. Judson is very deaf. Did you not know it?"

I took shame to myself that I did not know it — much shame; for here was I that had been his neighbor so long, and the thing about him that was most obvious I had not observed. I marveled somewhat that Eve should know it.

"Eve," I answered, "I am ashamed. Come, let us talk with him."

"With all my heart," she said; "for he is a good man, Adam, and a wise, and — and" —

I laughed. "And it will do me good," I finished for her. "Why hesitate, Eve? For you are beyond me in wisdom, and so is Judson, I do not doubt. Why hesitate?"

And she, uncertain whether to laugh or not, looked up at me to see. For my conversion was but recent, and I was yet somewhat sore with it. But, having looked at me, she smiled and slipped her hand within my arm — which soothed my ruffled temper to a marvel, and I smiled

down at her. And so we were come to the wall — the fence was a stone fence — where stood Judson, smiling, too.

Once there, we talked long of things appropriate to the season: of what to plant, and when, and peas and beans and what not; and he wondered that I had no rhubarb and no asparagus, — grass, he called it. So I asked him over the wall, — for the first time in ten years, — and he came, most willing; and we wandered about my garden, discussing, and finally we sat us down on a bench, that was before my shed, in the sun. Then Eve, noting the pipe that he held in his worn fingers, bade him fill and light it; which he did, with some apology, but to his great content. And there we sat, basking, until, at last, Judson arose, excusing himself for staying so long. Eve asked him to come again, often.

"And," she said, "I would like it much if I might run in to see Mrs. Judson."

The old man was pleased at that. "So do," he said; "so do. She'll be glad to see ye."

And we watched his bent figure, crossing the garden; and, having got over the wall again, and on his own side, he paused a moment to wave his hand and to smile at us as we still sat. I felt a glow at my heart that warmed it mightily, even as the sun warmed my body. It was worth while being friends with Judson — and that I might have been ten years ago had I but known. But a fool in his folly —

"Eve," I said, "again I have to thank you. But you should have appeared to me ten years ago. Where were you, Eve?"

"I was but a child, Adam," she replied, "or scarcely more." And as she spoke she smiled at me and sat closer; for she well knew that I was sore hurt in my self-esteem. She well knew, too, how to heal the hurt so that it leave but a scar — for she would not have me forget again.

And presently she drew a letter from the pocket of her coat. "See," she said. "I have a letter from my father. They will come down soon — in two weeks. It is a full month before their time."

I drew the letter forth. It was characteristic of Old Goodwin, — only two lines, in his rapid writing, telling of their coming, and sending love to her and Adam. Eve had had a letter like this one — about as long — twice a month; he had no time for writing more. I had seen them all; and I had noted what was missing — missing from them all.

"No word from your mother, Eve?"

She glanced up at me. "Not yet," she said. "But I have no fear, Adam. She is proud and she is stubborn, — but they come a month early. No, I have no fear."

And I looked out to my pine, where the hole was scooped in the ground and the seat was builded against the tree. The hole was filled full with dried leaves and other rubbish, and the seat needed some repairing.

"It behooves me to see to my oven," I said, "for as it seems to me, we are like to have a clambake soon. And I have a mind to ask Judson — and his wife." Eve beamed at me for that. "And I may have to get some new stones."

Eve slipped her hand within my arm. "Do the stones grow cold, Adam?" she asked softly.

And that made me remember. I stooped and kissed her. "Truly," I answered, "the stones have been passing cold, and now they grow warm again. But it does not matter about the stones, for we have kept the fire warm upon the hearth, — and in our hearts, Eve. And it behooves me to look at my clam beds, too. We may watch the sunset if you will, — watch it from the bank."

She rejoiced at that. "With all my heart, Adam."

So it befell that we wended, that afternoon, over to our clam beds, along the shore where the water lapped ever. And, as it chanced, the tide was low and would yet be lower, for it was a spring tide. And we walked hand in hand — there was nobody about — and what if there were? Shall a man not hold his wife's hand, in going along the shore? And shall he not kiss her if he will — and if she will?

Though in such matters we should, no doubt, bow to convention. And, as we went, the Great Painter spread his colors as he was wont to do, and the still waters were covered with all manner of reds and purples. We saw our flats just awash, and now and then there broke upon them a wave that ran across in ripples of color, and left the wet sand shining in a coat of shimmering green. For, though the water was calm, the waves yet broke upon the sands. It was a day of promise now well-nigh come to an end, but yet it held a promise of other days. And such a day maketh the soul of a man to rejoice, — if he be in truth a man, and not a mere beast of burden, — it maketh the soul of him to rejoice within him and his heart to sing; and of such a rejoice not in such a day, there is little hope.

And Eve and I came to the bank, where the pebbles shone in the sun — save some few that had been washed out in the storms of winter. Eve cried out at that, and set herself to find others, to make the names whole again. And I looked up at our path, which still showed bravely, with little piles of snow in the deeply shaded spots, the remnants of great drifts — but they were going fast. And the grass showed green on the slope — the tender green of spring. Seeing all this, I sighed and turned me from it to our clam beds.

They were well uncovered by this, and I took my hoe and potted about and slopped here and there, digging where I would. And now and again I made me straight — for some months past I had not bent my back so steadily — and gazed at the changing colors or at the old sun, which was drawing near to the western hills; then I bent my back again. And the clams that I found I did but restore, with care, to bury themselves once more, — we had no basket, not wanting clams as yet, — and I found many. They seemed good thriving clams, big and lusty, and none the worse for the winter.

At last I was done with my digging, and I straightened up and looked for Eve; and there she was, beyond me, in the

water, with her skirts tucked up, and she was paddling like any schoolgirl. And the sun shone through the wisps of hair, — they straggled, ever, those wisps, and sadly bothered her with their wanderings, — the sun shone through the wandering locks and made an aureole about her head. But now she minded them not. And so I gazed long at her, and I saw the colors that she stirred with her paddling, and I saw her standing in their midst. At last she looked up at me.

"Oh, Adam," she cried, "I am having such a beautiful time. Stop your digging and come out here with me, — and paddle. It is great fun. See, I can almost catch that streak of gold. Oh, now it is gone."

"Truly, Eve," I said, "I am amazed at you. But I will come, — and paddle, — although that is what I never thought that I should come to; for I am done with my digging. And soon we must go in, for the sun is almost set. It is not yet summer."

Then Eve laughed, and I went and stood beside her, and we paddled nobly — until I was laughing, too. And the sun set; he had already passed the tree that was like a spire, — I saw it for a moment against his southern edge as he coasted down the slope, — and we bade him good-night together, as we had been wont to do. Eve turned to me.

"I am cold, Adam," she said. "I confess it."

Indeed, that water was passing cold, for there were in it all the melting snows of winter. And so we raced along the shore in our rubber boots, — Eve's are less of a burden than mine, so that I was beaten in the race, — and climbed the steep path; and in the house our fire burned upon the hearth.

As I sat there before the fire, musing upon many things, — with my back feeling tired and comfortable among the cushions, — I heard a robin calling sleepily from my pine. It sent a glow through me. Verily, spring is here.

So the season grew and filled me with

joy. And as evening came, I sat before my fire, but I withdrew somewhat from its heat; and I had no interest in the book that I took up, but I must needs lay it down in my lap. For, first, I found myself reading but words and getting no sense from them, that I knew not whether I had read a passage or no. And I would struggle awake and read a line, or maybe two, and make sense of it; and then I read the same line again, as like as not, and knew not where I was nor what my author would be at. Then I would let the book fall into my lap and care not for my author nor for aught else, and suck at my pipe, — it was as like to be out as burning, — and doze, and dream. And Eve would glance at me and smile and go on with the making of doll's clothes. For I had been out all day in my garden, — with Judson giving me counsel, if I asked it, never, if I did not, — and it was borne in upon me that he that withholdeth advice, if it be unasked, is a wise man, — I had been all day in the garden, hoeing and digging and planting. When Judson did his planting was a mystery — probably about daylight; but he had got in the way of coming over the wall, and I would no sooner be at work than there would appear Judson at the wall, waving his hand in greeting. I think I shall make a gate there if he does not object. It is hard for an old man to climb walls.

And I wondered at the apparent defection of my friends; for they came seldom, so that Eve made some progress with her doll's wardrobe. I wondered, I say, until I reflected upon the advice I had given them, myself. No doubt they were busy as well as I; and if they made gardens they went to bed early.

So it was come to be the first of May, and all my planting was done except my corn. The birds had become noisy, — they sang as though they would split their throats; and, as I planted, I heard the shrill whistle of the meadow larks, — but I could not stop to enjoy it. Only at evening I sat me on my seat under the great pine, with Eve beside me, and drank my

fill of music. And the leaves were coming out upon the trees.

I marveled somewhat that Eve had had no word more from her father; but I must plant my corn. And my first planting of corn was done; and as I straightened up from it, sighing with weariness, I heard a low, chuckling laugh. I turned quickly, and behold, there was Old Goodwin watching me; and beside him, Eve. He was still laughing.

I hurried across my garden, the earth sticking to my boots; and made some apologies for my hands. The hands of a delver in the earth are not fit for contact with the Rich.

But what did Old Goodwin care for that? "It is clean dirt, Adam," said he, "and honest. The hands that I have to take every day, they are — well — it turns me nearly sick at times to take them — though they are white enough, and soft." He looked out over my garden that showed already unbroken rows of green, where the early peas had come through the earth. "So your planting is all done?" he asked. "I am sorry, for I had hoped to have a hand in it."

"And so you may," I answered, "if you will. There are yet some plantings of corn to be put in — but nothing for two weeks." I hesitated, and blundered on. "And Mrs. Goodwin — she is well?"

"Quite well," he said, and smiled as he spoke, and so did Eve. "Yes, she is quite well. She came down, too. You may get a glimpse of her now and then, I think, about the grounds, for she is restless this spring, and out more than she has been used to be. No doubt," he added, "it is the weather."

"No doubt," I said; but I knew not how to take it, and I glanced at Eve to see. "Yes, no doubt it is the weather."

Then I went in, for I would change my boots, and Old Goodwin wandered about my place with Eve beside him. When I came again I found him on the seat under the pine; and he was gazing at the stones, and then off over my clam beds, where the water danced in the sun and the little

waves broke upon the sands. But Eve was not there. I marveled somewhat at it.

"She is gone to see her mother," he said, answering the thought unspoken. "She will be back presently. And how are the clams, Adam?"

I laughed, it was so exactly what I expected of him.

"Pretty well, I thank you," I replied; "or they were, two weeks ago. I have not seen them lately, for I have been busy. You may dig whenever you will. They thrive, I think."

He smiled again — his thanks. "And the stones — you have put some fresh ones in, I see — they are all ready?"

"They are all ready," I answered, "and the weed lies in heaps along the shore. But I find that my appetite for baked clams is not yet ripe" —

But he interrupted. "Ah, Adam," he said, "but you have this with you all the year." He waved his hand about. "That is much to be thankful for. But I — the memory of those baked clams is all that has carried me over many a hard place. For I realize — sometimes — that I am an old man; but when I am here" —

"You are not," I finished for him. "And that is reason enough for staying. You have a roof over your head — such as it is — and a crust of bread — with a chop or two when there is need. No man, however poor, can ask more; — and no man, however rich, can get more. So I foretell" —

Old Goodwin was roaring with laughter. "Yes," he said, as soon as he could speak, "I have a roof over my head — such as it is — and the tiles upon it may last through a winter; and I shall have, no doubt, a crust of bread — with a chop or two when there is need. And so you would have me give up my house in town. Well, well, there is something to be said for it. We shall see. We shall see."

"Your house in town would be but a burden," I said then. "No man can live in two houses — two at once — having but one body. And you might well give

up — it is time to retire, having enough of means. And these fields and this water and the woods are a never-ending delight. You need not fear your nerves. For look at me. Am I nervous? And I have retired — retired these many years — retired before my career was well begun. I find amusement — and I am like to live long. And you should know Judson — you must know him. He has lived long and will yet live some while. He should have been here this morning.”

Old Goodwin looked at me, questioning. “Your neighbor?” he asked. “I should like it much. But I thought you did not care for neighbors, Adam.”

I was ashamed. “I did not,” I answered, “but Eve has shown me — I was wrong.” Old Goodwin smiled at that, his quiet smile of peace. And I went on. “But you” —

“I will consider,” he said; and I remembered me of a time when Eve had said those very words. But she said more. There was “good fisherman,” if I remembered me aright. “I will consider the matter,” said Old Goodwin. “And I must consult” —

“Ah!” I cried. “I had forgot.” And I smiled, more broadly than I meant to; but it mattered not, for Old Goodwin was smiling, too.

“There comes Eve,” he said. And indeed, I knew it well. Was I not looking for her every minute that she was gone from me?

And that evening we sat before my fire, as we were wont to do, Eve and I; but beside us sat Old Goodwin. It occurred to me to think that Mrs. Goodwin was likely to be lonely, if she depended at all upon her husband for company, and if he continued as he had begun. If it were Eve and I, there would be a compromise — or a surrender — in short order. But, I reflected, all married people are not as Eve and I; and we have been married but a few months, — although it will be the same when the months are become years, I do believe. And Eve and her mother are two very different per-

sons. So, as we sat, Eve sewed upon her doll's dresses, unabashed; and Old Goodwin, if he noted it, and saw upon what her fingers were busy, gave no sign of his surprise, — it is not easy to surprise him, — but he seemed to find pleasure in the sight. And, indeed, it was a pleasant sight to see Eve sewing there — pleasant for a prospective father, and for a prospective grandfather it was as pleasant, as I judge. I doubt me much that Mrs. Goodwin sewed, ever, of an evening; or ever had, even when sewing was to be done for Eve's coming. The clothes that she had made for her baby were of the finest and the softest and the richest, no doubt, — but she had them made; and can even the finest and the softest and the richest, made by the hand of another, mean as much as these, with love sewed under every stitch? I do not think so. And the one thing she could not evade if she would; but she had but the one child, and I think that was a sorrow to Old Goodwin. So we sat, and talked little or not at all; and the candles burned low, that they were but stumps. Noting that, Old Goodwin took his leave. And the evening and the morning were the first day.

Then followed other days; and, first of all, Old Goodwin must betake him to the digging of clams and I must help him at it. And, having digged many clams, we must needs have a clambake, for I would not destroy good clams to no purpose; but it was a sorry clambake, lacking the corn and the sweet potatoes and the lobster. And, though I sacrificed a chicken to it, the sacrifice went to my heart, for early in May is no time to kill chickens. I asked Judson to our clambake, and, though he came, his appetite for clams was no more ripe than mine. But Judson and Old Goodwin met, and enjoyed the meeting mightily; and sat upon their boxes and talked until I thought they would never have done. So Eve and I left them there, sitting upon their boxes. And presently they rose and wandered over into Judson's place, and I saw Old Goodwin no more that day.

So June was come. It was in June that my appetite for clams was ripe; and we digged in my clam beds more than ever, and put some heart into the digging. It was Old Goodwin and I that did the digging, for the most part, — he loved it, — while Eve sat on the bank and watched us. Sometimes she would dig, but more often she did but watch, cheering us, the while, with observations; and, now and then, I would go and sit beside her and leave Old Goodwin. But he did not mind — did not appear to notice. Every evening, after supper, we came, Eve and I, to the bank. And Old Goodwin joined us there, and we stayed until the sun was set and we had said our good-nights to him. And it befell, on an evening that was thick with fog, — it is apt to be a thick fog toward the last of June; out at sea the fog lies all day, rolling in over the land by the end of the afternoon, — it befell, on this evening, that I had been watching the fog. It sent its skirmishers ahead and covered the shore, only to uncover it; for the skirmisher must move fast, and it is not large, being but a skirmisher. And then would come another and hide another piece of shore — haply my point with the pine upon it; and I could see the top of the pine sticking up out of it, like a sentinel. But always the main body of the fog followed fast after, dark and dim and gray. And as it enveloped us at last, something made me turn about; and there, in the path, up under the trees, stood Eve's mother. No doubt she thought she was safe there and would not be seen. And I saw there, for a moment, a mighty pride that struggled for its life, and grief and longing that were yet mightier. Ghost-like I saw it — but I saw it. Then it, too, was blotted out. I thought that I heard a faint cry in the fog.

And Eve turned toward me, startled. "What was that, Adam?" she asked. "I thought I heard some one cry out."

"In a fog, Eve," I answered, "one hears many strange sounds."

Old Goodwin turned and smiled at me, a smile of comprehension.

So June came to an end, and July was come. And, now and then, I came again upon Mrs. Goodwin at our bank, and twice I found her on the shore near the steep path that led up to my pine. But each time, she swiftly turned and fled so fast that I should have had some trouble in catching her, save in a foot-race. And that, I thought, seemed to lack dignity. Racing along the beach after Mrs. Goodwin, as if she had been some trespasser! I laughed — which was the wrong thing to do. For she but went the faster as she heard my laugh — was well-nigh running. Poor lady! To be laughed at by her son-in-law! But I was not laughing at her. I saw her shoulders shake as she was sobbing, and she put her hands up quickly to her eyes.

The terns were come, long since. And, one morning, I was watching them lazily from my bank. I was alone, that morning, lying stretched out on the sand, my head against the bank; and I saw the terns, in regular procession, flying swiftly down the wind, along the shore, and beating slowly up against it. Now and then a tern would stop, and hover for an instant; then again take up his slow beating, his beak pointing at the water and moving restlessly from side to side. Or, if he dove, it was too far for me to see whether his strike succeeded; for the fish that they catch are very small and hard to see. But over my clam beds — just before me — was a favored spot. Here, each tern hovered for some while, and dove; dove once or twice or thrice, it might be, — until he had succeeded in his fishing, — then began, once more, his beat to windward. For their fishing was successful, here; and, with a rapid flutter of the wings, they gobbled their victims down, whole — and, I suppose, alive. Poor little fish! Alive in a living tomb! And, as I thought these thoughts, I heard a sound behind me, on the bank. I raised my head — and there was Mrs. Goodwin. She was leaning against a tree, — Eve's tree, — and she was gazing at the terns, too, but mournfully. And, with all her gazing, I doubt

whether she saw aught of the sight that was before her eyes.

Slowly I got upon my feet, for I would not startle her. But she was startled none the less. She showed it in her eyes as they met mine.

"Mrs. Goodwin," I said softly, "Mrs. Goodwin" —

What I would have said more I do not know, for she broke in upon my speech.

"You!" she said. "You!" And she said no more, but rose quickly; and gathered her skirts about her and fled up the path and was gone from me.

I hesitated for a moment, gazing after her; then I sat me down again. And I fell to musing, and I watched the terns. They had scattered, with screams of anger, as I rose, but were, by this, once more busied with their fishing. What could I do? I doubted not that I had done the wrong thing, rising up before her; but, it seemed, I had a talent for the wrong thing — else aught that I might do would seem wrong in her eyes. Eve went to see her every day, but I — I sighed and put the matter from me. I had done my best, and would do my best, whatever befell. And I saw the terns, at their fishing, and I bethought me that I was hungry, for it must be dinner time. I glanced up at the sun — I carry no watch — what should a clammer do with a watch? And I saw that he had passed the noon-point a half hour since, and something more. It should be nearly one o'clock. So I took my way homeward, along the shore.

So the summer passed. And we — Old Goodwin and Eve and I, with some one of my friends or of my neighbors, as it chanced — scarce gave the stones time to cool before we had them hot again. I had some fear that my clam beds would give out. Mrs. Goodwin I saw as I had seen her: on the shore or on the bank, but always at a distance — and she fled, ever, at the sight of me. So I took no notice of her; and that seemed to be the wrong thing, too. It did not matter what

I did. And the summer was come to an end, — a happy summer for me, and for Old Goodwin, too, I think, — and I had had my fill of clams. It was October; and in my house was a nurse, white-capped and white-aproned, — it gave me the horrors, making my house seem a hospital, — and she was waiting.

Paternity has its responsibilities, so I am told by all who have the good fortune to be fathers; and from those who have not, I hear no less of it — more, perhaps. But, though I squared my shoulders, the load is light as yet, so that they bear it passing well. For who could feel the load heavy, for a mite that lies by his mother, as yet, and turns to the world but a red and wrinkled face, serious and thoughtful and unsmiling? For he has not yet smiled, and I doubt whether I am right in calling his face thoughtful. He is bent upon two things; and to those two things he directs all his attention, with a concentration that is commendable. And no sooner is his hunger satisfied than he composes him to sleep, graciously permitting Eve to hold his little red fist — if it is quite comfortable for himself. He regards me with a grave contemplation, on occasion, as if I were some unknown animal, — which, of course, I am; no doubt he would look upon a hippopotamus or upon a bear with as little fear and as much affection, — and, on occasion, he gives way to his feelings and laments loudly. Then I disappear, and he stops crying, instantly. And I, — I have not ventured to touch him yet, — I regard him with an awe which grows as I regard him. For here is he — my son — that was not; and within these few days there has been born a new soul. It is the one great mystery, and I marvel; but a mystery I am content to leave it.

I remember well enough, — it is not so long ago that I should forget it, — I remember well that night — I had waited since midnight — and the morning that followed. I could not eat, and I but paced to and fro, still waiting. And at last came

the nurse, smiling, and said that I could soon go in to Eve.

Sopresently, after some further waiting, I went in. And there lay Eve, very white but very happy; and she smiled to see me come. And, having received my greeting, she turned back the covers and showed me my son. Only for an instant I saw him, then he was covered again. And I was impelled to be respectful. But I must go, for Eve would rest her. Again I kissed her, and again she smiled.

"I am so happy, Adam," she said.

And I went down the stairs, and I nearly forgot my breakfast, in my joy. But, having eaten hastily, I went out, my heart glad within me. I took a turn up and down the yard, and paused under the pine to look along the shore. There was Mrs. Goodwin, and she was almost at the path. I waved my hat to her.

"You have a grandson, Mrs. Goodwin," I called to her, "and Eve is doing well."

I know not what she did then — I did not care what she did; for I was still waving my hat. Soon I should be shouting aloud. That would not do, for Eve; and I hurried out at my gate and almost ran Old Goodwin down.

"You have a grandson," I cried, for the second time; "and Eve is doing well."

And he made no reply, but smiled and smiled; and I shook him by the hand until he made a face and took his hand away and looked at it. And I did but laugh and push by him.

"Go in," I said, "go in. Eve is sleeping, and I — I must walk."

So he went in, and I went on, down the road. At the next corner I met Burdon; and, though I had not spoken to him for years, — I have forgot what was the cause of it, — I rushed up and took him by the hand. He seemed astonished, as well he might.

"Congratulate me," I cried; "for I have a son."

At that, he grinned. "Mother doing well?" he asked. "I am glad — very glad." And he shook my hand with

heartiness. I left him, looking after me, and grinning still.

But I went on, swiftly, until the houses were all behind me, and before me were the woods and the everlasting hills. Yet a little while I waited, — until the woods had shut me in, — then I could wait no longer. I waved my hands and shouted to the echoing woods.

"Why hop ye so," I cried, "ye high hills?" And the hills sent me back my question again. And — well, I am glad that there was no one there to see what I did — they would surely have thought me gone out of my wits. And when I was, in a measure, quieted, I turned me about and went soberly back again; though I was ready enough to laugh if there had been any to laugh with me.

And now my son has grown apace, and no longer shows to the world a red and wrinkled face, but one that is fair, with some pink color in his cheeks, where it should be. And his hair, — he has a quantity of hair, which, as I understand, is not the habit of new-born infants, — his hair is not black, as it was at first, but shows yellow at the ends. Indeed, I marveled somewhat at the blackness of his hair, for my hair is not black, and certainly Eve's is not. But, when I mentioned the matter, the nurse did but smile at my ignorance and say that it would be light enough, in time. And my son has smiled at last — he does little else now, save when he is laughing. And I — I am become his slave, being no longer a strange animal, and when he wills, I bend my head and let him twine his fingers in my hair, and pull. He pulls well, and laughs the while, and crows mightily with the joy of it.

And now, though it is come to the last of November, the fall is kind to us, and Eve walks beside the coach as the nurse wheels it. Where they go when I am not with them I do not know — but I suspect. For Mrs. Goodwin sent, every day, a maid to get the news of Eve. She would not come, herself, though she was near it, twenty times, and had well-nigh set her

foot to the steep path; but, always, her stubborn pride prevented. But Old Goodwin is his grandson's shadow. I shall yet be jealous of him. And so it was come time that we speak of a certain weighty matter.

"Eve," said I, one day, "I suppose that you will have him christened." For whenever we say "him" we mean our son; and no doubt I should have said baptized — I did not know about such things.

And Eve was smiling. "Yes," she answered, "I should like it — and soon, Adam, if we may."

"And what is his name to be?" I asked. "For that is a trifle that must be settled first, I suppose."

"I suppose it must," she said. "And I — what would you name him, Adam?"

"I had thought of giving him your father's name," I answered, "but" — And I stammered and hesitated and grew red. But come it must. "That rich man, Eve" —

She laughed aloud, with joy, I thought; and she seized me about the neck and kissed me. "Oh," she cried, "I *hoped* you would. And I will write to him, for he must be godfather."

And so she did write to him, and he came — laden with peace-offerings. And as I met him at my gate, he took my hand and gripped it.

"Adam," he said — and this time, too, I doubted if he knew what he called me, but I did not care. "Adam, it was good of you to think of me — it was kind." His voice was not steady; but Eve was close behind me, and he must say his greetings to her. So I did not find out whether my voice was any steadier than his.

He spread his gifts before my son; and it befell that my son passed them all by, with no more than a grunt of approval, until he came to the silver cup. It was huge, more like a tankard than a cup, and Eve and I had laughed at it as a gift for a baby; but we let it pass — at least it had no sharp corners. And when my son, in

his inspection, had come to that cup, he gave a crow of delight and grasped it by the two handles, one on either side, and lifted it. I had not thought it possible, for it was heavy; but he had his heart set upon it, and he did it — and I was proud and let my pride show. And he managed to get the cup well-nigh over his face, and roared into it; and the cup roared back at him again. He was astonished — he slipped the cup aside to see how we took it — then, seeing us laugh, he laughed, too, and roared again. Now he lies and plays by the hour with that cup, roaring into it, and making all manner of queer noises, and listens to it. And that rich man sits beside him, and they play together.

Eve had the christening — or baptizing — in our little country church. I had left the whole to her, to manage as she saw fit; and when, in the church, I looked about, and saw those that she had bid to the feast, I was somewhat surprised — until I remembered. There were Old Goodwin and that rich man, of course, and my friends; but there, too, were Judson and Burdon and my other neighbors. And there was Mrs. Goodwin, looking — but I did not look at her, after the first, so I know not how she looked. And when it was all done, I lingered, for a reason of my own, and walked with Judson, and Burdon walked with us. An old man walks but slowly. So it came to pass that we were the last. And, having entered my own house, I found Eve and Old Goodwin and that other rich man sitting in a half circle; and, at the centre of that circle, with my son in her arms, sat Mrs. Goodwin.

I walked up to her quickly. "Mrs. Goodwin," I said, "I rejoice that you are here, — at last."

So speaking, I held out my hand. And she took it, and would have spoken, too, but she could not. She hid her face on the shoulder of him that was but just baptized; and he, thinking, no doubt, that he had had enough of water, for one day, set up a wail. And I turned me about and went forth and left them.

THE RED MAN'S LAST ROLL-CALL

BY CHARLES M. HARVEY

WHEN, on March 4, 1906, the tribal organization of the Cherokees, Choctaws, Creeks, Chickasaws, and Seminoles is dissolved, and their members diffused in the mass of the country's citizenship, the final chapter in the Indian's annals as a distinct race will have been written. These are very far from comprising all the red men in the country. They number a little over 86,000, while the total Indian population of the United States, exclusive of Alaska, is about 270,000. They do not even include the entire Indian population of their own locality, the Indian Territory. In the territory's northeast corner there are fragments of the Peorias, Shawnees, Quapaws, Wyandottes, Senecas, Modocs, and Ottawas, numbering in all about 1500.

Numerically, however, the Five Civilized Tribes are more important than any other aggregation of red men. They are of immeasurably greater consequence socially than all the rest of the Indians in the United States put together. The middle term of the designation here given to them means just what it says. They are civilized Indians. In each tribe for itself, for two generations, they have been conducting their own affairs in their own way. They have their own legislatures, executives, and courts; also their own churches and school system. Subject to the requirement that they must keep within the limitations of the Constitution of the United States and must recognize the United States government's paramount authority, they have been supreme in their own domain.

This ascendancy ends with the dissolution of the tribal governments on March 4, 1906. United States laws will then be immediately extended over the Indian Territory, the terms Seminole, Cherokee,

Choctaw, and the rest of them will vanish, and their bearers will gain the same privileges and be subject to the same responsibilities as their white neighbors in Oklahoma and the other territories. Very soon after that date they will probably, jointly with Oklahoma, enter on the larger privileges and penalties of statehood.

To most persons east of the Mississippi, and to many of those west of that stream, the names Five Tribes and Indian Territory give wrong impressions. Many of the Indians are such in but a constructive sense. Of the 86,000 who are classed as Indians only 25,000 are full bloods; 41,500 are of various shades of mixture, most of whom would pass anywhere as pure whites; 1500 are whites who have been adopted into the tribes through intermarriage; and 18,000 are of negro or of mixed negro blood, the slaves of the period prior to 1865, and their descendants. Nor are the Indians, actual and constructive, in the majority in the Territory. Its white residents — immigrants from Kansas, Missouri, Texas, Illinois, and the rest of the country — outnumber the Indians, actual and theoretical, of the Indian Territory more than five to one.

The Five Tribes' idyllic seclusion was doomed by the entrance of the railways on their lands. They tried to keep the roads out, but the pressure on the Territory's barriers on all sides was too strong for them, and they were forced to consent to the invasion. The first toot of the whistle of the Missouri, Kansas, and Texas Railroad's first locomotive, speeding through the Indian Territory in 1875 on its short-cut from the East and the world to Texas and the Southwest, pronounced sentence of death on the red

man's isolation. Like Horace's rustic on the banks of the river in Italy, waiting for the water to roll by, the Indian watched the stream of settlers flowing into Texas and New Mexico, but saw no chance that it would end. And then, wiser than the rustic, who may be waiting yet, for all we know, the Indian bowed to manifest destiny, and agreed to lease some of his lands. It was civilization marching on.

The towns built along that railway and on the roads which afterward entered the territory — the St. Louis and San Francisco, the Chicago and Rock Island, the Oklahoma, Choctaw and Gulf, and the rest of them — compelled the government at Washington to prepare for the new necessities, and constrained the red man to accept the inevitable. By agreements with the Indians, supplemented by acts of Congress, most of the obstructions to land purchases by the whites were removed; Oklahoma in 1889, enlarged by subsequent accretions from the same source, was set off from the Indian Territory's westerly end; allotments of land have been made to the Indians as individuals; the federal authority has been extended over the territory in an elementary way; United States citizenship has been conferred on the members of the Five Tribes; and all the preliminaries leading to the dissolution of the tribal governments on March 4, 1906, have been arranged.

Necessarily the Indians have had a profound influence on the history and the development of the American continent. They were never anything like as numerous as the earlier explorers and chroniclers supposed them to be. Within the territory comprised in the mainland of the present United States they probably did not number more than 600,000 or 800,000 when Columbus landed. But they outnumbered the whites hundreds of times in the generation immediately after the establishment of the Jamestown and Plymouth colonies. Notwithstanding a few sporadic outbreaks, for which the blame often belonged to the whites, the red man with

the giant's strength refused at the outset to use it like a giant.

But he was a far more formidable warrior than any of the other "inferior races" ever encountered by the empire builders of Spain, France, England, Holland, or America. From King Philip the Wampanoag, down to Sitting Bull the Sioux, Chief Joseph the Nez Perce, and Geronimo the Apache, the Indians of the United States have produced a race of warriors unequaled by the aborigines of any other land. The Indian of the United States surpassed all the other members of his race on the American continent in fighting qualities. Neither did the Spaniards in South America, nor the French or the British in Canada, encounter as fierce warriors as were met by these races and by the Americans between the Great Lakes and the Gulf of Mexico; as fought the Spaniards in Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona, and as blocked the way of the Americans for many decades on the great plains and the mountains between the Missouri and the Columbia.

The Gentleman of Elvas and other members of the expedition tell us of the adventures of the "Adelantado Hernando De Soto, Governor and Captain General of the Kingdom of Florida," in his attempt to conquer that realm for himself and for Charles V. When De Soto, with his men picked from the best fighting element of Spain and Portugal, landed in what we call Tampa Bay in 1539, he had a far larger and far better equipped army than was with Cortez when he made the conquest of Mexico, and it was also greatly superior in numbers, armament, and enthusiasm to the force under Pizarro and De Soto when they overran Peru. Experience, cupidity, and cash, in ample measure, were on the great conquistadore's side. Nearly everything "out of doors," with all the gold that it held, was offered to him as a lure, for the "kingdom of Florida" of Charles V's patent to De Soto comprised all the territory between the Gulf of Mexico and the North Pole. The advent of the French

and the English in those days was far in the future.

Yet De Soto was harried and baffled from the outset by the ancestors, then residing in the Gulf states, of the Chickasaws, Creeks, and the rest of the Five Tribes of the Indian Territory of to-day. As told in the *Anabasis* of the Gentleman of Elvas, the flight of De Soto's followers in their canoes down the Great River, after the midnight burial of their commander in its waters near the present Memphis, pursued, ambushed, and attacked on all sides all the way by their fierce foes, is as thrilling a tale as the retreat of Xenophon's Ten Thousand through the Persian empire. Many of the elemental passions — greed, cruelty, hatred, revenge — were there. It does not need much historical imagination on the reader's part to tell him that the cry, "The sea! The sea!" of that far-away day, by the crushed remnants of the dead Adelantado's proud army of Spanish and Portuguese hidalgos at the sight of the Gulf of Mexico, must have been as joyful as that uttered by the Greeks nineteen centuries earlier, when they got their first glimpse of the Euxine.

All this would probably have been widely different had De Soto, instead of encountering the warlike Chickasaws, Cherokees, and their neighbors when he made his foray into the Mississippi Valley, met the feeble followers of Montezuma or of the Incas. In that event Charles V might have erected another Mexico between the Gulf and the Great Lakes; Gosnold, Newport, and Captain John Smith would have been shut out when they approached the Chesapeake; and Carver, Bradford, and Miles Standish would very likely have struck a Spanish "No thoroughfare" barring the entrance to the Bay of Cape Cod.

When Champlain, as an ally of the Ottawas and Hurons of Canada, fought the Mohawks at Ticonderoga in 1609, he aroused the wrath of the "Romans of the West," the powerful confederation of the Iroquois, or the Five Nations, as the

British and Americans called them, whose easternmost member was the Mohawk tribe. Champlain's act put the confederation on the side of the successive owners of New York, prevented the French in Canada, with their feudal military system, and their long line of warlike governors, from cutting the scattered and discordant British colonies on the Atlantic coast in two, and saved the United States for the English-speaking peoples.

"By the arm of St. James!" exclaimed Simon of Montfort, proudly, when he beheld Edward and his army, all pupils of his, advancing to crush him at the battle of Evesham, "they are coming in a wise fashion. They learned this from me." "They learned this from me!" could Tecumseh the Shawnee, the most skillful and intrepid commander on the British side in the Canadian campaign in the war of 1812, speaking for himself, for Little Turtle, for Pontiac, and for other red warriors, stretching back in a long procession to King Philip, have exultantly and truthfully exclaimed, as "Old Tippecanoe" Harrison's Kentuckians, Virginians, Pennsylvanians, and Ohioans were enveloping and overwhelming him at the battle of the Thames. With Tecumseh's death at that battle and the killing or the scattering of his braves, British fighting in western Canada, even for defensive purposes, collapsed.

Long before the cant phrase "modern style of fighting" — the open formation, individual initiative, and the use of natural objects for cover in advancing or retreating — had been invented, the American red man taught the American white man how to fight in the modern way. The real military genius of Lord Dunmore's war of 1774, which ended with the battle of Point Pleasant, was not Lewis, Morgan, Christian, or George Rogers Clark, all famous fighters then or later, who were on Dunmore's and the colonists' side, but Cornstalk, the Shawnee commander, against whom they battled. In New Mexico and Arizona, before President Roosevelt's grandfather

was born, the Apache Rough Riders hit the Spaniards oftener and harder than Roosevelt and his Tenth Legion did in Cuba. What the British learned in a provisional and partial way from a long series of humiliating beatings by smaller bodies of Boers in 1899-1902, and what the Hereros' repeated defeats of the German troops in Germany's section of Africa show that the Kaiser's soldiers have not learned yet, the Americans had learned by Boone's day.

In peace, too, the American Indian gained victories which ought to be as renowned as those he won in war. Hiawatha the Onondaga, and Dagonosedah the Mohawk, evolved a confederation for the Iroquois under which the affairs common to the Mohawks, Cayugas, Oneidas, Onondagas, and Senecas were regulated, and this went into operation over three centuries before Washington, Hamilton, Madison, and their associates met in Philadelphia to devise the federal scheme under which we live. While at work in the convention Morris, Wilson, Madison, and the rest of the constitution framers, said much about the Amphictyonic, the Lyrician, the Achæan, the Dutch, the Swiss, and other confederacies of ancient, mediæval, and modern days, but they overlooked one that was nearer at hand than any of them. The League of the Iroquois, as Jefferson wisely intimated, could have given valuable points to the Philadelphia convention of 1787.

While leaving their local capitals at home, their national capital—their Philadelphia or Washington—was at Onondaga, near the middle of the confederation's territory, where the chiefs and other representative men of the confederation met at stated times and managed the general concerns of the league. This gave them peace at home and allowed them to make effective war abroad. They drove out Champlain's old allies, the Hurons and Ottawas, exterminated the Eries, brought the Algonquins into subjection, and carried their victorious sway from New England to the Mississippi, and

from the Ottawa and the Saguenay to the Tennessee and the Savannah. Their power in war was due almost as much to the wisdom of their governmental organization as it was to their activity, intelligence, and intrepidity as fighters. It is possible that, if the discovery of the continent had been postponed two or three centuries, the Kinsmen of the Long House would have dominated all the tribes from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, and the work of white colonization would have been harder, or would have had to proceed on different lines.

The Indian has incited a distinctive and many-sided literature,—scientific, sociological, and adventurous,—which fills libraries in Europe and America. More than a century ago Charles Brockden Brown, in his *Edgar Huntley*, declared that in that book he was the first to utilize, for literary purposes, the "incidents of Indian hostility and the perils of the Western wilderness." He has had a long line of followers,—Cooper, Paulding, Robert Montgomery Bird, William Gilmore Simms, Captain Mayne Reid, Emerson Bennett, and scores of others, down to Edward S. Ellis, whose heroes in 1906 chase long-extinct buffaloes over abolished prairies, and across whose pages scurry Indian hunters who are as dead as the men who built the Pyramids.

Gail Hamilton said if there never were to be any railroads it would have been an impertinence in Columbus to have discovered America. The Indian's knowledge of the location and direction of the rivers and lakes and of the positions of the portages, and his readiness, under the right sort of persuasion, to put this knowledge at the service of explorers, missionaries, and settlers, "stood off" this stigma from Columbus before the railways came. Indians guided Captain John Smith, Champlain, and La Salle through the wilderness. Indian trails blazed pathways for the pioneers through forests and over mountains. Sometimes these trails were utilized by the railway builders. At the Louisiana Purchase Exposi-

tion at St. Louis, and at the Lewis and Clark fair at Portland were monuments to the heroic Shoshone girl, Saccajawea, who piloted Lewis and Clark across the Rocky Mountains and through the wilderness on each side of that range, in their exploration to the Pacific a century ago.

What have been the relations of the races since the establishment of the United States government? One writer has said specifically—and many have said virtually—that our treatment of the Indians has made our record a “Century of Dishonor.” Despite the evident sincerity of its author, this book was extravagant and misleading. So far as it obtained credence, its influence, on the whole, was mischievous. Said Jefferson, at the outset of his service as President: “I am myself alive to the obtaining lands from the Indians by all honest and peaceable means, and I believe that the honest and peaceable means adopted by us will obtain them as fast as the expansion of our settlements, with due regard to compactness, will require.”

This has been the spirit displayed and the policy pursued by the heads of the government, from Washington onward. The purpose has been to win the continent for civilization with the least possible embarrassment to its barbaric original occupants. In carrying out this policy presidents and congresses have sometimes made mistakes. More than once they have selected incompetent or corrupt instruments. Blunders and crimes have occasionally been perpetrated by these agents. But the crimes and the blunders have assailed the spirit and the letter of their instructions. Moreover, these have been fewer than is popularly supposed, and all were rectified by changes in agents and methods, while the government's practice of the past quarter of a century has sometimes been characterized by a generosity which has been quixotic in its extravagance. Through land accumulations and investments the Osages are the richest people on the globe. If all of Uncle Sam's white children had as much money per

capita as these Oklahoma red men, the \$112,000,000,000 which represents the wealth of the United States in 1906 would be advanced to at least \$200,000,000,000.

With Jefferson, just after the purchase of Louisiana, originated the idea of transferring the Indians to the west of the Mississippi, by an equitable exchange of the lands occupied by them for lands in the new province, and this purpose was carried out in 1834, in Jackson's day, by the creation of the Indian Territory. To that region were removed the Cherokees and the rest of the Five Tribes, and there they have remained ever since. Through modification and expansion the Indian Territory idea generated the reservation system for the Indians outside of the Five Tribes, and this, though in a rapidly diminishing area, exists to-day. The reservation system, which was conceived in a spirit of benevolence toward the Indian, was at length, through its free rations, its annuities, and its idleness, found to pauperize and emasculate him; and then began the change of policy by which he is being prepared for citizenship.

In the latter part of his service as President, after pointing out that the Indians are “our brethren, our neighbors,” and that they may be valuable friends and troublesome enemies, Jefferson said: “Both duty and interest enjoin that we should extend to them the blessings of civilized life, and prepare their minds for becoming useful members of the American family.”

In this, as in some other things, the third President was ahead of his generation, but we have caught up with him. As a preliminary step in advance, we abolished, in 1871, the practice of dealing with the Indians as independent nations, of sending out embassies to negotiate with them as we would with England or Germany, and since then Congress has had direct control of all intercourse with the red men. The formal treaties prior to that day have given place to agreements, but the 370 treaties from the founding of the government to 1871 remain as valid as

the eighty or ninety agreements which have been entered into between 1871 and 1906.

To tempt the Indian into individual ownership Congress in 1862 passed an act to protect him in the enjoyment of his property if he would abandon his tribe and live the white man's life. As a further incentive Congress in 1875 passed a law to give him a share of his tribe's property if he would give up the tribe and settle on a quarter section of land under the free homes law signed by Lincoln in 1862. In 1877 an act was passed making appropriations to educate Indians for citizenship, and in 1887 one granting citizenship to all Indians who, separated from their tribes, accepted lands in severalty, and adopted civilized life. This act was extended to the Five Tribes of the Indian Territory in 1901, and thus covered all the red men in the United States.

From 1789 to the end of the current fiscal year on June 30, 1906, the government will have expended \$420,000,000 for the Indians, and, in greater part, this means for those outside of the Five Tribes, who have been practically self-supporting in all their activities for two generations, except that in recent years Congress has been making small appropriations for them for educational and other purposes. The Indian appropriation bill for 1906 carried an outlay of \$8,000,000, of which \$3,777,000 was for the support of schools, and all this was for the Indians outside of the Five Tribes, of those in New York (whose schools are controlled by that state), and of Alaska. Congress's appropriation for education in 1877, when this policy started, was \$20,000.

What use is the Indian making of his opportunities? Let these facts answer. Outside of those in the Five Tribes, in New York, and in Alaska, 30,000 Indians are attending school, or one out of every six of the population. Of these, 26,000 are in the government's 257 schools, and 4000 are in schools supported by churches or by contracts with the government. Civilized clothes are worn wholly

by 116,000 Indians, and are worn partly by 44,000; nearly all of these reside in dwelling-houses; 70,000 talk English enough for ordinary purposes, and most of them can read it; and 40,000 are members of churches.

In the Five Tribes, of course, and among the Indians of New York, all wear the garb of civilization, all have good school facilities, all dwell in the same sort of habitations as white men, and most of them, either actually or theoretically, belong to some Christian denomination. Only 26,000 blanket Indians are left in the United States. Since 1877 the Indians, under the common-sense tutelage given to them, have made more progress than the whites ever did in any equal time. Under the improved sanitary conditions, too, and in the absence of wars, they are steadily increasing in numbers.

Both out of and in the Indian Territory the Indian has at last ceased to be

An infant crying in the night;
An infant crying for the light,
And with no language but a cry.

In the division of the turkey and the buzzard the white man, in his deals with his red brother, can no longer shove off the buzzard on all of the red men all of the time. There are politicians among the Five Tribes who, in the tricks of the trade, have nothing valuable to learn from Murphy, Platt, Gorman, or any other boss. Lobbies are set up by them at Washington. They pack caucuses at Tahlequah, South McAlester and Chickasha. Coming to politics of a higher order, they frame constitutions, as they did in the latter part of 1905, under the leadership of Pleasant Porter, the chief of the Creeks, — who is a more astute personage than was his famous Machiavellian precursor, McGillivray, of the Creek nation of a century ago, — for the proposed state of Sequoyah, comprising the Indian Territory.

Nobody in or out of the Indian Territory is saying that Green McCurtain, chief of the Choctaws, or Douglas H. Johnston, governor of the Chickasaws

(alone among the Five Tribes the Chickasaws call their head man governor), is as picturesque a personage as were their forerunners who fought De Soto and who blocked the path of Bienville and his French successors; nor will John Brown, the Seminole chief of to-day, hold such a large place in story as that filled by Osceola; while Edward VII is not likely to invite William C. Rogers, of the Cherokees, to England to talk great matters of state, as George III did Rogers's illustrious precursor, Oganasdoda. All these dignitaries, however, are meeting the demands of the situation better probably than could their predecessors, if they were here.

Warlike deeds make a more seductive appeal to the popular fancy than the exploits of peace, and no great Indian wars have taken place since Geronimo and Natchez, the Apache chiefs, led Crook, Miles, and other fighters through Arizona's deserts and hills in the campaigns of 1882-86, which resulted in Geronimo's overthrow; except the rising of the Sioux at Pine Ridge, South Dakota, in 1889-90, on the report of the approach of a conquering Indian Messiah; and that conflict, in which Sitting Bull was killed, lasted only a few weeks. And, of course, nothing like this can take place again.

The visitor to the Indian Territory in 1906 has more exercise in dodging automobiles and electric cars than he has in getting out of the way of arrows, bullets, or lassos. The only feathered head-dresses which he sees are in women's hats on shopping tours or on the way to balls or theatres. The Territory has 1500 miles of railway, and 1000 miles more are projected. It has churches, schools, banks, newspapers (one of them in the Cherokee language), and all the other accompaniments of the highest order of civilization. Ardmore, Muscogee, South McAlester, Tahlequah, Coalgate, Chickasha, and other towns of the Territory, are as modern in their ideas and their appointments as are places of the same size in Massachusetts or New York.

Tibet and Korea lagged behind, and were removed from the map. In the world's economy of to-day there is no room for hermit nations. The Seminoles, Cherokees, and their neighbors of the Indian Territory have bowed to this decree of destiny. If the Indian, out of as well as in the Indian Territory, is capable, he will keep his place in the procession, but with him or over him the procession will move on.

There is a fair prospect that the Indian will keep his place in the procession. The Carlisle school's football players have recently beaten West Point, and they have often defeated other white colleges. A basket-ball team of full-blooded Indian girls from the Fort Shaw (Montana) reservation school have, in playing that game, taken a long string of feminine scalps from the girls of white universities in the West. The educated red men are displaying a camaraderie and an adaptability to the new conditions which promise success to them in civilization's struggle. One or more of them will represent their end of the coming state of Oklahoma in Congress. This is right. They are to the manner born. The real F. F. A.'s are the Indians. Some of them, in the coming time, will sit in Roosevelt's chair.

Three quarters of a century ago, at the time that the Cherokees moved from Georgia to their present locality, the region west of the Missouri was about as blank as that referred to by Swift, when

Geographers, in Afric maps,
With savage pictures fill their gaps,
And o'er unhabitable downs
Place elephants for want of towns.

On the maps of that day the whole expanse from the westerly border of Arkansas, Missouri, and the present states of Iowa and Minnesota, to the Rocky Mountains, the boundary of the United States in that quarter, was designated "The Indian Country." All that wilderness has since then been organized into states, except Oklahoma and the Indian Territory, and they are about to join the roll.

Down in the foothills of the Wichita Mountains of Oklahoma the Comanches' Epictetus, the aged Quanah Parker, discourses philosophy and stoically awaits the end. Like the Moorish king Abu Abdallah, looking mournfully backward at his lost Granada, Geronimo, from Fort Sill, gazes westward across prairies and hills to the Arizona of his great days, which he will not see again. Up at Pine Ridge agency the Sioux nonogenarian Red Cloud, the most famous of living Indian warriors, who could tell as many marvels as Æneas told to Dido, refuses to accept the government's offer of an allotment of land, and goes down, like

Dickens's Steerforth in the storm at Yarmouth, waving his hand defiantly in the face of destiny.

Most of Hercules's labors looked light compared with the task which the late Henry L. Dawes undertook when he and the commission created under the law of 1893 started out to induce the Choctaws, the Creeks, and their neighbors to allot their lands to their members as individuals, to abolish their tribal government, and to merge themselves in the mass of the country's citizenship. That work has been grandly finished. The last councils of the Five Tribes have been held. The epic of the American Indian has closed.

THE LETTERS OF HORACE WALPOLE¹

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD, JR.

OF making many editions of letters there is no end. You purchase something which purports to be elaborate, complete, and final, and before you are well at home in it, another collection succeeds, revised, enlarged, and enriched with curious material, rescued from old garrets and worm-eaten trunks, where it has lain for years, unprized and unregarded. In this fashion the enormous correspondence of Voltaire has grown and grown, until it has come to include over ten thousand letters; and as new documents constantly turn up, one asks one's self in despair whether he is not still despatching them from his present abode, — an idea not wholly lacking in piquancy.

Walpole's correspondence is less extensive than Voltaire's. But, by a similar process, it has developed from a modest volume or so in the first edition of Lord Orford's works, through three volumes,

and four volumes, and six volumes, to nine large volumes collected by Cunningham in 1857, and now to sixteen volumes carefully edited and elaborately annotated by Mrs. Paget Toynbee. Yet even this immense work does not contain all the material known to exist, since Mrs. Toynbee informs us that a certain number of unpublished original letters of Walpole are in the possession of the Earl of Ilchester, who "was unable to accede to my request for permission to include these letters in the present edition." Family reasons may naturally account for this refusal, but if it is the result of a collector's selfishness, it is not especially creditable to his lordship.

(While we are upon the subject of matter not collected by Mrs. Toynbee, it may be worth pointing out that the brief note, apparently addressed to Gray, which was facsimiled in *Walpoliana* and printed in Mr. Tovey's *Gray and his Friends*, does not appear in the new edition under the date conjectured by Mr. Tovey, nor elsewhere in connection with Gray. Brief as

¹ *The Letters of Horace Walpole, Fourth Earl of Orford*. Chronologically arranged, and edited, with Notes and Indices, by Mrs. PAGET TOYNBEE. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

it is, the scrap is interesting, if it really bears on the reconciliation between Gray and Walpole, but quite possibly it was addressed to some one else, and is to be found in some other portion of the correspondence.)

What Mrs. Toynbee has omitted is, however, of no consequence, when we consider what she has been able to add. Cunningham printed 2654 letters. Mrs. Toynbee prints 3061, 111 for the first time. Much of this new material is, of course, comparatively uninteresting, brief notes on business or family affairs, yet even these are often important for the study of Walpole's character, as showing his nicety of feeling in money matters and his constant devotion to the interests of his friends; while the French letters to Madame du Deffand are in the highest degree valuable in connection with that lady's brilliant and characteristic correspondence; and the extensive series to Lady Mary Coke and that to Miss Anne Pitt, already printed, but now first collected, are in Walpole's easiest, sprightliest vein, and will afford endless delight to all lovers of the master of Strawberry Hill.

Mrs. Toynbee has done her author good service in other ways besides the collection of new letters. She has made many alterations in the chronology of Cunningham's arrangement, which was a careful piece of work for its day, but left room for a great deal of improvement. She has also much amended the text, especially of the letters to Mann, restoring numerous passages which Cunningham omitted without comment. For instance, letter 2183 (edition Toynbee) is nearly three times as long as its equivalent in Cunningham, although, in this case, the editor has not troubled herself to call attention to the fact.

On the difficult point of annotation, Mrs. Toynbee's work is, for the most part, satisfactory. In biographical details, dates, and the like, she has made a very great advance on former editions. One could wish, however, that she had been a little freer with the sort of acces-

sory information which is all the more delightful for not being absolutely indispensable. Lack of space would naturally restrain her from supplying the abundant feast of erudition which lends such charm to Mr. Tovey's *Letters of Thomas Gray*, but it seems a pity not to have retained more of the curious gossip so painstakingly accumulated by Dover, Wright, and the rest. To cite one or two examples. We do not feel especially interested to know the name and family of Sir Francis Dashwood's wife, but any one who is familiar with the character of Sir Francis himself will be sorry to lose the piquant bit in regard to his marriage which Cunningham quotes from Lady Mary Montagu. Again, vol. viii, p. 47 (Toynbee), we have Walpole's opinion of Charles Fox. Cunningham, in a note which the later editor omits, gives Lord Holland's account of Fox's opinion of Walpole.

But these are minor matters. From every point of view Mrs. Paget Toynbee has done a monumental piece of work, creditable in the highest degree for accuracy and thoroughness, and certain to be of the greatest value to every future student of English history in the eighteenth century.¹

Horace Walpole, the youngest son of the great minister, Sir Robert Walpole, was born in the year 1717. Educated at Eton and Cambridge, he early became intimately acquainted with some of the foremost literary men of his time. His situation of course afforded him every opportunity for political distinction, and, for many years, he was a member of the House of Commons and personally familiar with all the great Parliamentary leaders, but he never took any prominent share in public affairs, and during the latter part of his long life he chose to observe

¹ In the following analysis of Walpole's character and correspondence I have drawn my quotations, as far as possible, from the material either first printed or first collected by Mrs. Paget Toynbee, and the extent to which I have been able to do this shows the importance of the work done by her.

and criticise rather than to act. He was always a dabbler in literature, though disclaiming any serious ambitions for authorship. His *Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors*, *Anecdotes of Painting*, and *Historic Doubts on the Life and Reign of King Richard the Third* gave him a certain standing as a critic and historian. *The Mysterious Mother*, a tragedy, was highly praised by Byron, though Walpole himself called it "disgusting from the subject and totally unfit for the stage." *The Castle of Otranto* is interesting as the first work of the great school of romantic fiction which astonished the earlier part of the nineteenth century with its productions, and has had such a vigorous revival in recent years. Walpole's specimen is no worse than many of the others, and shares with most of them the disadvantage of existing apparently for the sole purpose of showing the superiority of Scott. Walpole also wrote historical memoirs of his own time, not remarkable for either accuracy or picturesqueness. When he was seventy-four years old, he succeeded his nephew in the earldom of Orford, which had been created for Sir Robert, but this new dignity brought Walpole little advantage or satisfaction. He died in 1797, after watching with melancholy foreboding the horrors of the French Revolution.

Certainly, none of the writings above referred to would have sufficed to keep Walpole's name alive as anything more than a literary curiosity. But during the whole of his long career he was an active and unwearying letter-writer, and the vast accumulation of his correspondence constitutes a monument of which any author might well be proud. To be sure, Walpole's letters are always literary, conscious, to a certain extent, artificial. At eighteen years of age we find him writing to his friend Montagu: "You have made me a very unreasonable request, which I will answer with another as extraordinary: you desire I would burn your letters, I desire you would keep mine." If this was his frame of mind at eighteen, it is not likely to have altered at eighty.

Therefore we must not look in Walpole for the instantaneous self-photography which makes the charm of the correspondence of Cicero, nor for the absolute simplicity and naturalness of Cowper or of Edward Fitzgerald.

Madame de Sévigné suggests a more suitable comparison. That Walpole tried to model his letter-writing upon that famous lady's is more than probable. His enthusiastic admiration of her was expressed at every period of his life. "You have undone yourself with me, for you compare them [his letters] to Madame de Sévigné's; absolute treason! Do you know, there is scarce a book in the world I love so much as her letters?" Again, he speaks of buying "the portrait that was Madame de Simiane's;" "I am going to build an altar for it under the title of *Notre Dame des Rochers*." Also, he must surely have had Madame de Sévigné in mind when he declared that women are better letter-writers than men; "for our sex is too jealous of the reputation of good sense to hazard a thousand trifles and negligences which give grace, ease, and familiarity to correspondence."

Walpole himself was always sufficiently jealous of his reputation for good sense, yet, assuredly, no woman ever hazarded more trifles and negligences. Hazarded is hardly the word, however. Madame de Sévigné may have hazarded such things. Walpole hunts for them, gloats over them, piles them up. So, being but a clumsy male, after all, he misses much of the "grace, ease, and familiarity," which give "Our Lady of the Rocks" such immortal freshness and charm. Only, Walpole had no daughter, and in this he had distinctly the advantage of his French model.

What one looks for first in correspondence is the writer himself. Even the student, whose final object is historical facts or social pictures, must begin by observing the transmitting medium, that is, the painting and recording mind. A man cannot write letters every week or oftener, for sixty years, to scores of correspon-

dents, without leaving a likeness of himself, more perfect and minute than was ever sketched by Rembrandt or Velasquez. Unfortunately the portrait of Walpole has not usually been found very pleasing. Indeed, Macaulay, as is well known, in his incisive fashion, labeled the author of the letters as an idler, an affected fop, socially a snob, politically a sneering indifferentist, and morally a cynical *pococurante*.

Allowing for Macaulay's "heightened and telling way of putting things," it would be difficult to deny that there is some truth in these charges. Walpole avoided the strenuous, on principle. He shunned ambition, large activities, and preferred the lighter pursuits, which, if less stimulating, are also less deceptive. His was the epigrammatic saying which may now be read on the advertisements of a popular specific: "Life is a comedy to those who think, a tragedy to those who feel." Being inclined by nature rather to thinking than to feeling, he set himself to develop this inborn tendency, and had a good measure of success.

The passion for political distinction he early and completely laid aside. "My books, my *virtu*, and my other follies and amusements take up too much of my time to leave me much leisure to think of other peoples' affairs; and of all affairs, those of the public are least my concern." So he wrote in his youth, and the note in his old age was the same: "I will never think on politics more. What has a man to do with them, who never felt a titillation of ambition?"

The passion for literature was never more to him than a whim or fancy, which was, doubtless, the reason why his literary work was never anything more than whimsical or fanciful. In his heart of hearts he had the feeling, always so common in England, that writing is an occupation unworthy of a gentleman. "What is the merit of a mere man of letters?" "You know I have always thought a running footman as meritorious a being as a learned man."

In the common relations of life he was equally averse to any intensity of emotion. At twenty-four years of age he wrote, "I am neither young enough nor old enough to be in love." Apparently he never got to be old enough — nor young enough. He never married, and when Madame du Deffand, nearly seventy years old, and more than a score of years older than he, conceived for him that singular passion which was the crowning grace of a singular life, his response to it was marked much more by the fear of ridicule than by the ardor of affection. With friendship it was the same. "*Though I don't love loving*, I could have poured out all the fulness of my heart to such an old and true friend," he writes to George Montagu; and to Lady Mary Coke: "You must not give way to all the friendship you are capable of. By some means or other it will embitter your whole life; and though it is very insipid to be indifferent, the vexations consequential of attachments are much too dearly bought by any satisfaction they produce."

It might be thought that a man of this temper would at least love nature. Listen to him: "I hate the country: I am past the shepherdly age of groves and streams, and am not arrived at that of hating everything but what I do myself, as building and planting." Yet he hastens to tell us that this distaste for natural pleasures does not arrive from any overfondness for society: "I am so far from growing used to mankind by living amongst them, that my natural ferocity and wildness does but every day grow worse. They tire me, they fatigue me; I don't know what to do with them; I don't know what to say to them; I fling open the windows and fancy I want air; and when I get by myself, I undress myself, and seem to have had people in my pockets, in my plaits, and on my shoulders."

The sum of the whole matter is, that life taken seriously is intolerable. "*Il faut glisser sur les pensées*," says "Our Lady of the Rocks," "*et ne pas les approfondir*." Live on the surface. Play with

trifles which amuse and neither deceive nor entangle. "This world is one great Alas! Most men suffer, yet all extol their chief plagues." If we would drown the groans and stifle the yawns, let us keep Folly's bells a-jangling, — "Folly, the cordial drop that Heaven in our cup has thrown."

A prophet, this, not likely to appeal to an age of strenuousness, like ours, an age overburdened with the seriousness of life and perhaps also, just a little, with its own importance. Yet there were worse men than Walpole, in his own day, and there are worse now.

For his disinterestedness in money matters we have his own word, and I think we may accept it — with other evidence. "Thank you for your Exchequer-ward wishes for me," he writes to George Montagu, "but I am apt to think that I have enough from thence already — don't think my horns and hoofs are growing, when I profess indifference to my interest. Disinterestedness is no merit in me; it happens to be my passion."

Theoretical disclaimers of friendship often go hand in hand with devoted attachments, and, though extreme devotion was hardly in Walpole's nature, it is impossible to doubt that he sincerely loved a few persons who were near to him. It would be difficult to improve on his attitude toward his father. "A son who adores his father," he calls himself; and on the numerous occasions which arise for defending Sir Robert's memory, he acquits himself always with tact and dignity. Nor can we question his genuine affection for Conway, for Montagu, for Chute, for Mann, an affection which even sometimes manifested itself in actions. His reception of Madame du Deffand's caresses may not have been always sympathetic during her life; but his words, when she was on her deathbed, have every mark of sincere grief: "Should she be capable of hearing it, when you receive this, I entreat you to tell her — but I do not know how to express how much I love her and how much I feel."

Macaulay is very bitter about Walpole's politics, accusing him of hypocritically praising liberty, while remaining at heart a thorough aristocrat; but who of us is really in a position to throw stones at such an inconsistency as this? I do not in the least doubt that Walpole loved liberty and would even have made some — not excessive — sacrifices for it. When he says, "The spirit of liberty alone has made me at any time attend to them [politics]; for life without freedom has but a narrower or a wider prison," I believe he means as much as nine tenths of those who have uttered similar sentiments — Macaulay not excepted. On a more tangible ground, that of humanity, Walpole is still more worthy of admiration. During the whole of his long life, like a true son of his father, he raised his voice unflinching against the stupid wickedness of war and the barrenness of military glory. There are still a few persons by whom this will be counted unto him for righteousness. The following somewhat lengthy passage is well worth quoting for the credit of that age and the benefit of this: "We cannot live without destroying animals, but shall we torture them for our sport, sport in their destruction? I met a rough officer at his house t'other day, who said he knew such a person was turning Methodist, for, in the middle of conversation, he rose and opened the window to let out a moth. I told him I did not know the Methodists had any principle so good, and that I, who am certainly not on the point of becoming one, always did so too. One of the bravest and best men I ever knew, Sir Charles Wager, I have often heard declare he never killed a fly willingly. It is a comfortable reflection to me that all the victories of last year have been gained since the suppression of the Bear Garden and prize-fighting; as it is plain, and nothing else would have made it so, that our valour did not singly and solely depend upon these two Universities."

Lastly, we, on this side of the Atlantic, should have some tenderness for Walpole, because he sympathized very little

with the tyrannical methods of George the Third, and because of his enthusiastic prophecies as to our future. "You have seen the accounts from Boston. The tocsin seems to be sounded in America. I have many visions about that country and fancy I see twenty empires and republics forming upon vast scales over all that continent, which is growing too mighty to be kept in subjection to half a dozen exhausted nations in Europe."

But, after all, the man in Walpole's letters interests us less than the powerful painter of the times. Pepys had more vividness and more genuineness than his successor. Saint-Simon had more passion and more genius. But Pepys's vision was slow and limited, and Saint-Simon's was obscured by his fantastic hobbies. Walpole touched everything, saw everything, heard everything, recorded everything. If we want grand, historic scenes, what can satisfy us better than the trial of the rebel lords or the burial of George the Second? If we want lifelike pictures of statesmen and orators, which of these volumes does not abound in them? It is true, Macaulay charges Walpole with systematic depreciation of all the greatest men of his age, and the charge cannot be wholly refuted. A satirist and a contemporary, who sees the hero without his robes and laurels, is always too prone to insist upon details which posterity would willingly forget. Chatham, the greatest hero of all, is too frequently the object of Walpole's unkindly comment; yet, for that very reason, what intense sincerity do we feel in this glowing account of his oratory: "He spoke at past one, for an hour and thirty-five minutes; there was more humour, wit, vivacity, finer language, more boldness, in short, more astonishing perfections than even you, who are used to him, can conceive."

When we turn to lesser men, whom we are not so accustomed to imagining upon a pedestal, Walpole's portraits have an extraordinary and fascinating vivacity and brilliancy. For instance, Mrs. Paget Toynbee, in a hitherto unprinted letter,

gives us this sketch of the versatile Charles Townshend, whose willful short-sightedness was so important an element in bringing on the American Revolution: "Charles Townshend has entertained us with another interlude: took part against Lord Chatham; declared himself out of place, nobody knew whether turned out or resigning; kept away on a great day of his own business; hatched a quarrel with Colonel Barré; returned yesterday to the House; acted as Chancellor of the Exchequer; outwent the rest of the ministers; made no mention of Barré; talked of his measures for the rest of the session; and probably dines with Lord Rockingham to-day and sups with the Duke of Grafton. What he will do next, besides exposing himself, you, nor I, nor he can tell."

And in a memorandum found among Miss Berry's papers and now first printed, Walpole gives us another vivid glimpse of the same eccentric personage, addressing the House of Commons, when he was half-drunk: "In this speech he beat Lord Chatham in language, Burke in metaphors, Grenville in presumption, Rigby in impudence, himself in folly, and everybody in good-humour, for he pleased while he provoked at random; was malicious to nobody, cheerful to all; and if his speech was received with delight, it was only remembered with pity."

Of all the figures so satirically sketched by Walpole none is more striking than that of the Duke of Newcastle. A cunning flatterer, a juggling schemer, a prince of corruption in the most corrupt of ages, a clown, a mountebank, at times almost a driveling idiot, — we should certainly conclude that this fantastic caricature was the mere invention of Walpole's personal hatred, if we did not find Lord Hervey confirming it in language which the *Atlantic* could not possibly print. How immense is the power of these memoir and letter writers, when with a few deft turns of the pen they can create or mar a reputation, can pose a character before posterity in any attitude they please,

can overcome the sober testimony of fact, and impress their own love and hatred on the memory of mankind to endless generations! What statesman of to-day, glorious in the flattery of his contemporaries, petted and spoiled by the press and the place-hunter, but would shudder to think of himself dancing forever in naked ignominy before the ages, like the Duke of Newcastle at the funeral of George the Second?

"This grave scene was fully contrasted by the burlesque Duke of Newcastle. He fell into a fit of crying the moment he came into the chapel, and flung himself back in a stall, the Archbishop hovering over him with a smelling-bottle — but in two minutes his curiosity got the better of his hypocrisy, and he ran about the chapel, with his glass, to spy who was or was not there, spying with one hand and mopping his eyes with t' other. Then returned the fear of catching cold, and the Duke of Cumberland, who was sinking with heat, felt himself weighed down, and found it was the Duke of Newcastle, standing upon his train to avoid the chill of the marble."

Walpole's literary gossip is less interesting than his political. As regards taste in general he is fairly representative of his contemporaries, although leaning somewhat toward innovation. The strange, the romantic, the picturesque, tempted him, filled him with a sort of timid joy. *The Castle of Otranto* is pseudo-mediæval, and Strawberry Hill was pseudo-Gothic; but the author of both was really more comfortable in the trimmed and finished surroundings of his own eighteenth century. There was genuine English stuff in him somewhere, however. Again and again he proclaims his enthusiasm for Shakespeare; and one of the most interesting of the letters newly collected by Mrs. Paget Toynbee is that to Jephson which speaks of certain Shakespearean passages as "texts out of the book of nature, in comparison of which the works of all other writers in every language that I understand are to me apocryphal."

To the authors of his own time, as men, Walpole is generally indifferent, as one would expect from what I quoted above about his contempt for the literary profession, and from his remark as to the youthful Burke: "a sensible man, but has not worn off his authorism yet, and thinks there is nothing so charming as writers, and to be one. He will know better one of these days." Gray Walpole first patronized, then quarreled with, then flattered. His conduct to Chatterton was long considered to have been cruel and heartless, and although these adjectives are probably too strong, there was much in it to be regretted, much which Walpole himself regretted at a later period of his life. His comments on the great French writers, whom he knew more or less intimately, are usually slighting and depreciative. Of Voltaire, for instance, he says that he was "as mean and dirty as he was envious." As for literary personages against whom he had a political or social grudge, he loses no opportunity of presenting them in an odious or ridiculous light. He can never say enough of the objectionable eccentricities of Lady Mary Montagu, and he abuses Dr. Johnson as savagely as Dr. Johnson would probably have abused him: "The saucy Caliban;" "the tasteless pedant;" "Dr. Johnson has indubitably neither taste nor ear, [nor any] criterion of judgment, but his old woman's prejudices."

Two books, which were immensely popular in their own day and have ever since ranked among the greatest productions of English literature, receive from Walpole a severe condemnation. *Clarissa Harlowe* he calls "a picture of high life as conceived by a bookseller, and a romance as it would be spiritualized by a Methodist teacher." Of Sterne's masterpiece he says: "At present nothing is talked of, nothing admired, but what I cannot help calling a very insipid and tedious performance . . . the great humour of which consists in the whole narrative always going backwards. . . . It makes one smile two or three times at the

beginning, but in recompense makes one yawn for two hours."

The most characteristic feature of Walpole's correspondence is, undoubtedly, the picture of the social world in which he lived. He was intimately acquainted with the best society of his day in both England and France, and that society was something which had never been seen before and may never be seen again. The crudeness of the seventeenth century had worn off, and the vast cosmopolitanism of the nineteenth had not yet obliterated that personal feature which must always be the most vital element of conversation. The grace, the ease, the vivacity, the courtly polish, the ready wit, of George Selwyn and Gilly Williams, of Madame du Deffand and Madame de Choiseul, and of scores of others like them,—all this is too delicate and evanescent in its charm ever to be perfectly conveyed to us by the dull medium of ink and paper. Yet we are grateful for even a dim reflection of a world so fascinating.

Any one who wishes to come as nearly as possible into direct contact with this eighteenth-century life will do well to look through Jesse's *George Selwyn and his Contemporaries*. There, in the carefully preserved correspondence of a man who was himself one of the central social figures of his time, we have the actual letters of men and women of birth, breeding, and wit, who open their hearts to us without a thought of attitudinizing or literary effect. It is one of the most significant and striking records of genuine human nature that exist.

Few men could be better qualified to be the literary reporter of this brilliant period than Horace Walpole. His curiosity was, indeed, less passionate than Saint-Simon's; but perhaps it was all the better suited to a more frivolous age. And, though not passionate, Walpole's curiosity was ever-present. If he did not love humanity, he was always interested in it, in all its moods and phases. He studied the complex motives of great statesmen, which stirred three or four continents, and it

amused him to see that those motives were sometimes as great as the men and sometimes of a pettiness all the more astonishing for the mass of the results that flowed from them. It was, in part, this pettiness which made him so alive to the trifles that called forth Macaulay's buskined rhetoric,—trifles oftentimes important because significant of human life and human character. The wafting of a billet-doux, the flutter of a fan, the new fashion of a garment, the chatter of gay youths about a card table, the elopement of a beauty, a duel, a robbery on the highway, an odd funeral, or a brilliant wedding,—all these thin and glittering threads which make up the tissue of common existence,—how deftly Walpole twists and turns and disentangles them!

Now it is a day at Strawberry Hill, "the puppet show of the time." Walpole does the honors to a group of French and English ladies, under the leadership of the Duchess of Grafton, "who perfectly entered into the air of enchantment and fairyism, which is the tone of the place." Or he visits Esher with the same company: "I never passed a more agreeable day than yesterday. . . . It was Parnassus, as Watteau would have painted it."

Now it is Vauxhall, with its more mixed company, its crowds, and gayety; or Ranelagh, with the "vast amphitheatre, finely gilt, painted, and illuminated, into which everybody that loves eating, drinking, staring, or crowding, is admitted for twelpence."

Now it is cards, but Walpole is no great friend to them. Then, as to-day, they were a substitute for conversation, and were its worst enemy, whist especially, which "has spread an universal opium over the whole nation; it makes courtiers and patriots sit down to the same pack of cards." And our chronicler again and again refers to the gambling fever which, hand in hand with cards, had taken possession of every order of society. "We have the most delightful of all summers,—fruit, flowers, corn, grass, leaves,—in short, though Judæa flowed with milk

and honey, I do not believe it was much richer than the present face of England. I know of but one richer spot, which is Almack's, where a thousand meadows and cornfields are staked at every throw, and as many villages lost as in the earthquake that overwhelmed Herculaneum and Pompeii."

So the gay and the rich and the careless trifled away the time. And because, after all, their life, charming as it was, was lived only for themselves, only for trifles, those among them who really thought were always on the verge of deadly ennui. Madame du Deffand, the noble heart, the serious intellect, found herself bored from youth to age. Even Walpole, who had a gift for distraction, cried out in his early days, "One can't pass one's youth too amusingly; for one must grow old, and that in England; two most serious circumstances, either of which makes people gray in the twinkling of a bedstaff." And forty years later comes the quiet comment, "Nothing can be more insipid than my life."

Yes, they thought only of themselves,

of their own society, their own order, these brilliant, charming ladies, these gay, witty, courtly gentlemen. The narrow world in which they lived was to them the sole possible world, the best world. They had no idea of the stupendous changes which were so soon to come, of the new heaven and the new earth which were to take the place of their pleasant dalliance and graceful vanities. Walpole lived through the French Revolution; but the impression of it in his correspondence is only one of horror. He was a liberal, but after the stiffly conservative fashion of English liberalism. From the first volume to the last, his letters are eighteenth century and nothing but eighteenth century. He would have been out of sympathy not only with the politics of the age which followed, its democracy, its humanitarianism, but with all its dreamy desires, its vast and vague aspirings, its spiritual agony, its passionate hope. One wonders — or no, one knows — what Walpole would have thought of the poetry of Shelley, of the music of Beethoven, of the philosophy of Hegel.

LOWER NEW YORK

BY GEORGE CABOT LODGE

I

BEFORE DAWN

TIME has no spectacle more stern and strange;
Life has no sleep so dense as that which lies
On walls and windows, blank as sightless eyes,
On court and prison, warehouse and exchange.
Earth has no silence such as fills the range
Of streets left bare beneath the haughty skies: —
Of unremembered human miseries
Churned without purpose in the trough of change.
For here where day by day the tide-race rolls
Of sordid greed and passions mean and blind,
Here is a vast necropolis of souls!
And life, that waits as with suspended breath,
Weary and still, here seems more dead than death,
Aimless and empty as an idiot's mind.

II

AT DAWN

Here is the dawn a hopeless thing to see:
Sordid and pale as is the face of one
Who sinks exhausted in oblivion
After a night of deep debauchery.
Here, as the light reveals relentlessly
All that the soul has lost and greed has won,
Scarce we believe that somewhere now the sun
Dawns overseas in stainless majesty.
Yet the day comes! — ghastly and harsh and thin
Down the cold street; and now, from far away,
We hear a vast and sullen rumor run,
As of the tides of ocean turning in . . .
And know, for yet another human day,
The world's dull, dreadful labor is begun!

THE STATESMANSHIP OF TURGOT¹

II

BY ANDREW D. WHITE

ON a beautiful May day in 1774 the long reign of Louis XV was ended. Ancestors of his — like Charles IX and Louis XIV — had dealt more evident and direct blows at the well-being of France, but never since the foundation of the monarchy had any sovereign so debauched the whole national life; and not only France, but the world at large, began to take account of the legacies he had left.

First of these were his character and example, the worst since the most degraded of the Cæsars; next was his court, unmoral and immoral, from which corruption had long welled forth over and through the nation. In civil matters, there had prevailed the rule of the worst; in military matters, defeat and dishonor; in finance, constantly recurring deficits and an ever-nearing prospect of bankruptcy; among the higher clergy, luxury and intolerance; among the nobility, the sway of cynics and intriguers; among the middle classes, unreasoning selfishness; among the lower classes, pauperism, ignorance, frequent famines, a deep sense of injustice, and a rapidly increasing hatred for those who had so long oppressed them. Imbedded in this enormous legacy of corruption, misrule, misery, and hate, were two sayings with which the late king and his most intimate adviser had been wont to repel pleas for reform, — "This will last as long as I shall," and "After me the deluge."²

¹ Previous papers in this series have been devoted to Fra Paolo Sarpi, Hugo Grotius, Christian Thomasius, and, in the preceding number, to Turgot.

² The latter utterance is attributed to Sainte-Beuve to Madame de Pompadour, but there is ample evidence that the king adopted it.

The deluge had come: a flood of resentments for old wrongs, of hatred for wrong-doers, of new thought boding evil to all that was established, of sentimentalism likely to become cruelty.³

To withstand this deluge had come Louis XVI, twenty years of age, kindly at heart, hating the old order of things, longing for something better, but weak, awkward, mistrusting himself and all about him; and, at his side, — destined to be more fatal to him and to France than all else, — his beautiful queen, Marie Antoinette, sometimes kindly, sometimes selfish, but always heedless, frivolous, lavish, never strong and persistent, save against those who sought to shield her husband and herself from the approaching catastrophe.

First of all there must be a prime minister. Reflecting upon this fact, and calling in the advice of those whom he thought his friends, Louis named Maurepas, — a decayed fop, seventy-three years of age, whose life had been mainly devoted to cultivating useful acquaintances and scattering witticisms among courtiers, but who, on account of quarrels with some of the women about Louis XV, had several years before been banished to his country seat. Maurepas promptly reappeared, and to him was entrusted the duty of selecting a new ministry.

³ See a remarkable citation from Burke in Alison's *History of Europe*, vol. i, chap. 1, on the natural transition from sentimentality to cruelty. A curious inversion of this is seen in our own country, when the same men who will risk their lives to lynch a murderer just after his crime is committed will, as jurymen, a few months later, after hearing a cunning speech, acquit him, — and with tears of joy.

He would doubtless have preferred to call men of his own sort; but, being shrewd enough to see that this was hardly possible, he began gradually replacing the old ministers with better. In this he had a system: — the selection of men who could make a reputation likely to give him popularity, but who were without any ambitions which might endanger him.

Foremost among these men was Turgot. The story of his success in the intendency of Limoges had spread far. Even amidst all the scoundrelism of the time there was a deep respect for his character, and an admiration for his services. Yet Maurepas, thinking it perhaps not best to trust him very far at first, made him simply Minister of Naval Affairs, and this office Turgot held for just five weeks and three days. Even during this time he showed his good qualities, by casting out various evils and suggesting many reforms; but Maurepas, feeling it necessary to yield to the universal hatred against the Abbé Terray, — everywhere recognized as a main centre of evil under the late king, — removed him from the great office of Comptroller-General, — at that time the most important position under the monarchy, — and in his place set Turgot.

This nomination gave universal satisfaction, and most of all to the new king. He received the new Comptroller with open arms; and during their first interview Turgot made his famous proposal: "No bankruptcy, no increase of taxation, no new debts; economy and retrenchment." At this the king was overjoyed, gave his heart to Turgot, and pledged his honor to support him.

That this confidence was well placed was shown by Turgot's first budget; it was made with such genius that it ended the deficit, extinguished a great mass of debt, and set the nation on the road to prosperity.

This practical financial policy was but part of a plan far deeper and wider. Turgot clearly saw that the old system was outworn, that its natural result must be a catastrophe, that in place of it must

be developed a system to meet the needs of the new time, that whatever was to be done must be done promptly and thoroughly, and that the only question was, whether this new system should come by evolution or by revolution.

Like heavy drops of rain before a shower came various suppressions of old abuses, including the monstrous *droit d'aubaine*, dismissals of incapables, abolitions of sinecures, arrests of speculators, freedom of internal trade in grain, and freedom of the press in matters pertaining to financial and general administration. Everything began to tend away from the old rule of secrecy, in which all noxious growths flourished, and toward the throwing open of public business to the light of public opinion.

All these things were contrary to the genius of Maurepas, and he gave as little help as possible; but during the following year he strengthened Turgot by the appointment of a true statesman as Minister of the King's Household. This statesman was Malesherbes, a man holding high judicial position, — neither ambitious nor especially hopeful, but of great capacity and of noble character. His new office was of vast importance, for its occupant had large control of the court, of ecclesiastical affairs, Catholic and Protestant, of the city of Paris, and of various districts and institutions throughout the kingdom. Observing Turgot's preliminary reforms and the appointment of Malesherbes, good men and true throughout the realm took heart. The king, Turgot, and Malesherbes stood together, — apparently a great force. Maurepas, encouraged by this success, gradually added other ministers; some, like Vergennes, strengthening the effort toward a better era; others, like Saint-Germain, holding back or going astray.¹

Meanwhile came two things of ill omen. First was the recall of the Parliament of Paris, which had been suspended in 1771, and which had been superseded,

¹ See Foncein, *Le Ministère de Turgot*, livre ii, chap. 10.

as we have seen, by a new royal court. The parasites of the banished Parliament besought Louis to restore it; the queen strongly seconded these efforts; Maurepas, with the great mass of time-servers, took the same side; and the mob hurraed for it. Opposing the recall of this old, selfish, tyrannical body were Turgot, Malesherbes, Vergennes, — Minister of Foreign Affairs, — and two powers which it surprises us to find in such company, — first, the king's next brother, the Comte de Provence, and secondly, the clergy. This position of the Comte de Provence was doubtless due to his clear conviction that the Parliament injured the royal power; the position of the clergy was due to the only good thing in the recent record of the Parliament, namely, its opposition to the French prelates, and especially to the Jesuits, in their attempts to revive religious persecution.¹

The second thing of ill omen was the coronation oath. The king must be crowned; and, costly as this solemnity was, and empty though the treasury was, it seemed best to give the monarch the prestige of the old ceremony, — the state-ly journey to Rheims, the largess of all sorts, the coronation by the archbishops and bishops of France in the most splendid of French cathedrals, the anointing with oil from the sacred ampulla brought from heaven by a dove more than a thousand years before, and first used by St. Remy in crowning the founder of the French monarchy. Turgot had advised a coronation like that of Henry IV, and that of Napoleon afterward, before the high altar of Notre Dame, at Paris. This would have saved millions to the treasury, would have brought to France multitudes of visitors whose expenditures would have enured to the benefit of the country; and all this, in the fearful condition of French finances, was much.

But in Turgot's mind this financial consideration was of comparatively small account. For, in the coronation oath, the French kings had been made to swear to

exterminate all heretics, and this oath Turgot — in the interest of justice, peace and prosperity — sought to modify. But the clergy were too strong for him. They insisted that the king must, above all things, take the old oath, and Louis yielded to them; yet amid all the pomp of the coronation it was observed that, when his majesty arrived at the part of the oath which referred to heretics, his words were incoherent and nearly inaudible.

Soon came a new trial of strength between Turgot, representing what was best in the new epoch, and the recalled Paris Parliament, adhering to what was worst in the old. We have already seen what the old system of internal protection of agriculture had done for France. Its main result had been frequent famines, but even more evil had been its effects on the king, court, and high financiers. For there had been developed a practice of deriving profit from famine and starvation; and a leading feature in this was the sale of privileges to escape the protective duties. Out of these had grown an enormous system of monopoly and plunder, — what, in modern days, would be called a "grain ring," including not only petty intriguers throughout the nation, but very many of the highest personages. Even King Louis XV had been besmirched by it. This monopoly had power to keep grain cheap in sundry parts of the nation, and there to buy it; power to keep grain dear in other parts of the nation, and there to sell it. There was an unlimited field for intrigue and greed; and for the tillage of this field was developed a strong and shrewd monopoly. Efforts were made to expose this; but to criticise a minister was considered akin to treason. Significant was the case of Prévost de Beaumont. He had discovered sundry misdoings of the grain monopolists and endeavored to expose them; no doubt with a bitterness which led to exaggeration. As a result he was thrown into prison, where he remained over twenty years, until the outbreak of the Revolution and the destruction of the Bastille

¹ The recall took place November 12, 1774.

set him free.¹ Against this whole system of internal protection of agriculture, and against all who profited by it, Turgot stood firmly. As far back as 1763 and 1764 royal decrees had been put in force abolishing it, but, with his invincible tendency toward cheaterly, the Abbé Terray, Turgot's immediate predecessor in the comptrollership, had suspended these decrees, and the old system with all its evils had again settled down upon France. Now came a new struggle. Turgot induced the king to revive the old decrees giving internal free trade in grain, and, although protection of agriculture from foreign grain remained, the whole system of internal protection was abolished. This aroused bitter opposition; first, of course, from the grain ring and its satellites. Unfortunately, bad harvests followed the new decree; during the winter of 1774-75 came scarcity and even famine, and, as a result, bread riots and insurrections in various parts of France, notably beginning at Dijon near the eastern frontier, but steadily drawing near the centre of government, and finally, in April and May, 1775, appearing in Versailles and in Paris. The result was much pillage of bakers' shops in the towns, burning of barns in the country, and sinking of cargoes of grain in the rivers, with here and there wholesale plunder and occasional murder. At Versailles, poor Louis tried to win the mobs by harangues, but these being unheeded, he thought it best, in the absence of Turgot, to lower arbitrarily the price of bread.

Turgot saw in this a beginning of new evils. Clearly, if the king lowered the price of the loaf at Versailles, every other province, every other district, every other city, every other hamlet, had a right to demand a similar favor, and this meant a

policy ending in bankruptcy and more helpless famine. Turgot's policy was really more merciful. As preliminary to all else, he insisted on having full powers from the king, suppressed the insurrection, dispersed the mobs, and two of the leaders in plundering and murdering he hanged on a gibbet forty feet high. It was a healthful act. Weak, sentimental people, whose measures in such crises generally turn out the most cruel which can be devised, lamented this severity; but the execution of these two malefactor doubtless prevented the deaths of scores, and perhaps hundreds, of innocent persons, which would have been unavoidable had the insurrection been allowed to rage and spread. What sentimental lenity to crime can do in enormously increasing murder we know but too well in the United States; what manly, prompt, and decisive dealing with crime can do in reducing the number of murders to almost a negligible point we see, to-day, in the administration of criminal justice in Great Britain.

While thus suppressing insurrection, Turgot struck boldly at the centre of the whole evil. The Parliament of Paris, in its general hatred of reforms, in its entanglements with monopolists, and in its dislike for Turgot, had done all in its power to thwart his policy by every sort of chicanery and pettifoggery. Thus they delayed the registration of the decree for reëstablishing freedom to the grain trade within the boundaries of France for three months; but now, near the end of the year 1774, Turgot availed himself of all the resources of French royal power, and forced them to yield.

Unfortunately, he could not get at his worst enemies. The bread riots had been organized to discourage free trade in grain. Behind the mob were the monopolists; the whole movement had a regularity which proved that its leaders were accustomed to command; and in the pockets of insurgents, howling for relief from starvation, were found goodly sums of money. Various clues led back to the

¹ For the alleged *Pacte de Famine*, and the history of Prévost de Beaumont, the most complete account I have found is in Afanassiev, *Le Commerce de Grains en France au 18ième Siècle*, chaps. xiv, xv. For Louis XV's interest in the grain monopoly, and for Prévost, see also Henri Martin, *Histoire de France*, tome xvi, pp. 292-296.

Prince de Conti, of royal blood, and to other magnates of position and influence; but Turgot, not wishing to delay other projects for important reforms, or to increase popular feeling, was obliged to abstain from any attempt at punishing them.

At the beginning of the year 1775, he turned to a new series of great questions, and, most important of all, to a project for reforming the *taille*, — the great land tax, — one of the abuses which weighed most heavily upon the lower orders of the people. It was the principal tax in the kingdom. The old theory was that the nobility upheld the monarchy with their swords, that the clergy upheld it with their prayers, and that the third estate upheld it with their money. This theory had borne a vast fruitage of injustice. The nobility escaped with such comparatively small taxes as the "capitations" and the "twentieths;" the clergy evaded the heavier burdens by so-called "gifts," which they themselves voted from time to time; the monied classes escaped the greater taxes by purchasing a sort of half-caste nobility which freed them entirely from the *taille* and largely from other burdens. Very many of the less wealthy, who could not attain to enrollment among the nobles, were able to buy privileges which exempted them from much taxation. Sundry privileged towns too, in one way or another, had secured immunities. As a result of all these exemptions, the burdens of the state fell with all the more crushing force upon the class of small peasant proprietors, farmers and laborers, numbering about one fourth of the entire population. They were the poorest inhabitants of France, but on them fell the whole burden of the *taille*, and to this were added multitudes of feudal and church dues, — to such an extent that throughout large parts of the country men of this poorest class were taxed more than four fifths of their earnings.

Here, too, it may be mentioned that taxes on articles of ordinary consumption fell upon them as heavily as upon the

richest in the land, and in some respects even more heavily. The government duties on salt, which made the price of that commodity eight times as high as at the present day, were levied in a way especially cruel, while monopolies and trade regulations raised the price of every article of use.

The most competent authorities tell us that the deaths of Frenchmen from famine in 1739–40 had been more numerous than those caused by all the wars of Louis XIV, that eight thousand persons died of misery in one month, in one quarter of Paris, that peasants died of want within the precincts of Versailles, that some villages were completely deserted, and that multitudes fled across the frontier. The Bishop of Chartres, being asked by the king how his flock fared, answered, "Sire, they eat grass like sheep and starve like flies." Turgot found that more than half of France was cultivated by peasant farmers who were absolute paupers, and all this within the most fertile, the most healthful, and the best situated state in Europe. Arthur Young tells us that not less than forty million acres of French soil were wholly or nearly waste. Many abuses, royal, feudal, clerical, contributed to this state of things, but among the causes especially prominent was the *taille*, and therefore it was that Turgot, who had endeavored to ease the fearful burden at Limoges, now sought to adjust it fairly throughout France.

The main difficulty dated from Louis XIV. A modern economist states it as follows: "Costly campaigns abroad, ruinous extravagance at home, left the kingdom at his death in 1715 with a debt of 3,460 millions of francs. . . . His murderous wars, reducing the birth-rate, increased the mortality, and the expulsion of the Protestants had reduced the population by four millions, or twenty per cent, since 1660. Agricultural products had fallen off by one third since he ascended the throne. Burdens increased, while they were diminished who bore them. A competent judge computed that

more than half of the taxes themselves were eaten up by the cost of collection."¹

This condition of things had been made even worse by the Orleans regency and Louis XV. No less cruel than the taxes themselves was the manner of collecting them. The king in council having fixed the amount to be levied every year, an order was issued naming some individual in each community as collector, and making him personally responsible for the whole amount of the direct taxes in his district. In case this official failed under his burden, the other leading taxpayers in his district were made responsible, — all for each and each for all. This system was known as the *contrainte solidaire*, and it was substantially the same which had done so much, nearly fifteen hundred years before, to dissolve the Roman Empire.²

Even more cruel were the "indirect" taxes levied upon all the main articles consumed by the peasantry and collected by the agents of the Farmers General. Remembrances of indignities and extortions by these agents were among the leading incentives to the fearful pillage, destruction, and murder with which the Revolution began fifteen years later.³

¹ See the admirable little book of Higgs, *The Physiocrats*. For the above statement he cites such eminent authorities as Levasseur and Lavergne. For the best statement known to me on this whole subject, see Taine, *Ancien Régime*; and for the best summary known to me in English, see Lecky, *History of England*, vol. v, citing Rocquain, Doniol, and others.

² For the disintegration of the Roman Empire by burdens upon leading tax payers, see Guizot, *Histoire de la Civilisation en France*; and for a comparison of the tax collectors with the Curiales just before the end of the Roman Empire, see E. Levasseur, *Histoire des Classes Ouvrières*, as above, tome ii, p. 710.

³ One of the most satisfactory accounts, within reasonable compass, of the old French system of taxation, which I have found, is in Esmein, *Histoire du Droit Français*, Paris, 1901, pp. 380 ff., 552 ff. For excellent short and clear statements regarding the *taille*, *contrainte solidaire*, and the "five great *fermes*," — the latter being the taxes collected by the Farmers General, — see Rambaud, *Histoire de la Civilisa-*

To meet these evils, Turgot prepared plans for an equitable adjustment of the tax and a better system for its collection, and this, with a multitude of other capital reforms, he elaborated during 1775, although during the first four months of the year he was confined to his bed by a most painful attack of gout. His physical condition did not daunt him: he worked on vigorously despite his suffering, and so far as the world knew he was as valiant in grappling with the enemies who beset him as he had been in the vigor of his early manhood.

Steadily pressing on in his policy of breaking a way out of the mass of old abuses and developing a better order of things, Turgot, in January and February of 1776, took up his most important work for France, — the preparation of "the six great edicts." Their main purpose was to loose the coils which were strangling French activities of every sort; and, of these, two were by far the most important. First, was the edict for the suppression of the royal *corvée*. The character of the *corvée* and the happy result of its suppression France had learned during his administration at Limoges. As we have seen, the purpose of this burden was the making of the royal roads, and the transportation of military stores. Under the old system the peasantry were liable to be called from their farm work during seed time or harvest and made to give many days of hard and exhausting work to road construction or to military transportation, — the main result being that the roads were among the worst in the world and the transportation of military stores anything but satisfactory. The cruelty and wastefulness of the system had then and there been remedied by Turgot, and for it he had substituted a moderate tax which, being applied to the roads, under proper engineers, and to transportation, under well guarded contracts, had *tion Française*, Paris, 1897, chap. ix. See also, for the best presentation of the subject in its relations to French industry, Levasseur, as above.

given infinitely better results, and had relieved the peasantry of these most galling burdens.

But to this system which succeeded so perfectly in the Limousin, and which Turgot now proposed, by one of the six edicts, to extend throughout France, there soon appeared an ominous opposition. Nobles, clergy, and the Parliament of Paris united to oppose it. Their main argument was that Turgot purposed to degrade the upper classes; that, logically, if government could tax the nobility and the clergy equally with the peasantry for the improvement of the highways of the kingdom, it could tax them equally for any other purpose, and that this would obliterate the essential distinction between nobles and base-born.

It is hard, in the France of these days, to understand the chasm of prejudice between the upper and lower classes which existed in those. There had been in French history before Turgot's time striking exhibitions of this feeling. Significant of much was the protest and complaint solemnly made by the nobility to the king at the States-General of 1614. They complained that the Third Estate, consisting of representatives of the vast body of the French people, not noble, had in one of their appeals presumed to speak of themselves as the "younger brothers" of the nobility; and the noble delegates protested against this as "great insolence." Not less striking evidences of this same feeling are to be seen throughout the plays of Molière: in all of them the *gentilhomme* is everything, the *roturier* nothing.¹

More extended and hardly less bitter was the opposition to the other great edict, — for the suppression of the *Jurandes* and *Maîtrises*, — the corporations which represented the various trades and the wardenships which controlled them. In order to understand this particular complex of abuses which Turgot now

endeavored to unravel, it must be remembered that under the old ideas of governmental interference there had grown up in France a system by which the various trades and industries had become close corporations, each having its rights, its laws, its restrictions, its exclusions, its definitions, its hierarchy of officials. No person could exercise such trades without going through a long series of formalities; no person could rise in any of them without buying the right to rise. For some of these features there had doubtless once been a valid reason; but the whole system had finally become one of the most absurd things in all that chaos of misrule. Between 1666 and 1683 Colbert had issued one hundred and forty-nine different decrees regarding various trades; from 1550 to 1776, over two hundred and twenty-five years, there was dragging through the courts and the cabinets of the ministry the great struggle between the tailors and the clothes menders, the main question being as to what constitutes a new and what an old coat, — the tailors being allowed to work only upon new clothing and the menders upon old. From 1578 to 1767, close upon two hundred years, the shoemakers and cobblers had been in perpetual lawsuits regarding the definition of an old boot, — the regulation being in force that shoemakers were allowed to deal only with new boots and cobblers with old. Similar disputes occurred among the roasters and the cooks as to which should have the exclusive right to cook geese, and which to cook smaller fowls; which the right to cook poultry, and which the right to cook game; which the right to sell simply cooked meats, and which to sell meats prepared with sauces. Beside these were endless squabbles between sellers of dry goods, clothiers, and hatters: wonderful were the arguments as to the number of gloves or hats which certain merchants might expose for sale at one time. In cloth making and selling there were minute restrictions, carefully enacted, as to the width, length, and color of pieces which

¹ For the protest and complaint of the nobles at the States General of 1614, see Duruy, *Histoire de France*, tome ii, pp. 236, 237.

might be sold. Workmen of one sort were not allowed to do work generally done by another sort in the same trade, and upon all the trades were levied taxes and exactions which they recovered, as best they might, from each other and from the public at large. Underlying and permeating all this tangled mass of evil was the idea of paternal government, — the idea that the duty of a good government is to do the thinking for its subjects in a vast number of matters and transactions on which the individuals concerned would far better think for themselves. As a legitimate consequence of this theory, one regulation required that tailors, grocers, sellers of mustard, sellers of candles, and a multitude of others engaged in various branches of business, carefully specified, should belong to the established church.¹

This whole system — as crippling French industry and undermining French character — Turgot sought to remedy. There was nothing of the Jack Cade spirit in his policy. He allowed just compensation in every case, but having done this, he insisted that the trade corporations should be extinguished and all wardenships abolished, except in four industries: in printing, because the nation was not yet ready for the measures which he would doubtless have elaborated later; in pharmacy and jewelry, because these trades need governmental control under all governments, — individuals being unable to exercise it; and in the barbers' and wig-makers' trade, because, during financial emergencies under previous reigns, so many wardenships, inspectorships, controllerships, and minor positions of various sorts in this branch of business had been created and sold to produce revenue that Turgot felt unable to buy them in. Noteworthy is it that when the rights of these barber functionaries were redeemed during the Revolution, the indemnity paid was over twenty millions of francs.

¹ For special cases in this growth of human folly, see Duruy, *Histoire de France*, tome ii. For the development of the system, see Levasseur, tome ii, *passim*.

Of course, ingenious and elaborate arguments were made by strong men in favor of that old system, as they have been always made in favor of every other old system. In our days these arguments have been echoed by Alison. As a representative of English High Toryism he naturally declares against Turgot's reforms; and especially striking is the Tory historian's defense of the old French trade corporations in comparison with the trade unions of Great Britain in the early part of the nineteenth century. He exhibits the long series of wrongs and plundering, and even of unpunished murder, by these modern English organizations of labor, and attempts to present them as the only alternative to the French organizations under the Bourbons. But this argument, striking as it was when Alison presented it over fifty years ago, has now lost its force.²

The main line of contemporary argument against Turgot was that his reforms "impugned the wisdom of our ancestors," that they swept away all distinctions between expert and worthless artisans, and that they were sure to destroy the supremacy of French industry.

There were long sessions of the Paris Parliament by day and night, with no end of sham patriotic speeches and impassioned debates. Prominent in these was D'Espréménil, big, handsome, oratorical, adored by his party, — ready at any moment to make eloquent harangues supporting abuses and denouncing reforms. Little did it occur to him that his own life and the lives of his friends were at stake and that Turgot was doing his best to save them; possibly this thought dawned upon him when, a few years later, he took his way to the guillotine.

Regarding this edict, also, Turgot persevered. The Paris Parliament, making a pretense of fairness, did, indeed, register of its own accord one of the minor edicts, while rejecting the others. All in vain: the king, though reluctant and halting, summoned the Parliament to a bed of

² See Alison, *History of Europe*, vol. i, chap. 3.

justice and compelled it to register this and all the other edicts.

Closely connected with these reforms were Turgot's dealings with another vast evil. The system of farming the "indirect taxes" of the nation had long been fruitful of corruption among the higher classes and of misery among the lower. In general terms, the system was one in which, the amount of these taxes having been determined, the collection of them was let out to a great combination of contractors, and on terms enormously profitable to them. To secure this monopoly, and to prevent opposition to it, this syndicate kept the hands of the government tied by advancing to it large sums in times of its greatest need; captured influential personages at court, from ministers and mistresses of the king down to the most contemptible of their parasites, by petty offices, pensions, and gifts; secured the services or silence of rogues in all parts of the kingdom by threats or bribery. It assumed the character of what in America of these days would be called a "combine," and at the head of it were the Farmers General, — wealthy, powerful, and, as a rule, merciless. Their power pervaded the entire nation, — from the king's apartments at Versailles to the cottages of the lowliest village. Whenever it was thought best to buy a man, he was bought; whenever it was thought best to discredit him, he was discredited; whenever it was thought best to crush him, he was crushed.¹

To these men and their methods, Voltaire had made a reference which ran through France, and, indeed, through

Europe. A party of Parisians were amusing each other by telling robber stories. Presently Voltaire, who had been listening quietly, said, "I can tell a robber story better than any of yours." The whole room immediately became silent and listened to the greatest personage in the French literature of the eighteenth century. Voltaire, after clearing his throat, began as follows: "Once on a time there was a Farmer General." Then he was silent. Presently all began to cry out: "Why do you stop? Go on. Tell us the story." "I *have* told the story," said Voltaire; "do you not see that in my statement there is included the greatest robber story in history?"

The French came to understand the Farmers General perfectly, and twenty years later, a class of patriots and reformers, differing from Turgot in their methods, sent all the Farmers General on whom they could lay hands to the guillotine.

Against that phalanx of injustice Turgot stood forth undaunted. He could not, indeed, completely rout it, but he checked its worst abuses, cut down its illegal profits, and greatly diminished its power to corrupt the nation.

In his own person he set a noble example. For a long time it had been customary for the Farmers General to present to the comptroller an enormous gift whenever the government contract with them was renewed. This had become a well-known institution, and the so-called "gift" to the comptroller was regarded as one of his proper perquisites. In Turgot's case it amounted to three hundred thousand livres, equal in purchasing power, very nearly, to the same number of dollars in our own land and time. Turgot utterly refused this gift; he had determined to enter into his great struggle unhampered.

While carrying out these fundamental measures he effected a long series of minor reforms. There was the abuse of the *octroi*, under which taxes were collected on the produce of the peasants at the gates

¹ For a striking, but entirely trustworthy, statement of this system of farming the taxes, see Foncin, *Le Ministère de Turgot*, liv. i, chap. 6. See also Esmein and Rambaud, as above. Also for a very complete, thorough, and critical study, see R. P. Shepherd, in his "Turgot and the Six Edicts," *Political Science Quarterly* of Columbia University, vol. iv. For a list of pensions paid by each of the sixty Farmers General, with names of recipients, and amounts received, see Neymarck, *Turgot et ses Doctrines*, tome ii, appendix.

of cities. In this there had come various growths of injustice, notably one in levying high taxes on the sorts of products consumed by the poorer inhabitants of towns, and in levying low taxes on luxuries consumed by the higher classes. At this he struck an effective blow. In sundry cities and districts, especially at Rouen, were special monopolies in the grain trade, and in the business of bakers, which bore heavily upon the poorer classes. These he planned to destroy. At court and throughout the nation were myriads of sinecures; and these he extinguished whenever a chance offered. Throughout the country the system of raising money by lotteries prevailed; he saw — what so few statesmen among the Latin governments have seen from that day to this — the power of lotteries to undermine the financial morality of a people; and he struck effectively at these also. But here it should be especially mentioned that at all times and in all places he was careful to provide compensation to all who had just claims for loss of place or privilege. In this he showed that same wisdom which Great Britain has shown in the history of her reforms.¹

Turgot now realized that measures to ameliorate feudalism must come. But he saw that the time had not yet arrived for developing them beyond what was absolutely necessary in preventing revolution. His main effort in this field was to prepare the public mind for gradual reforms, and therefore it was that, in 1775, he suggested to Boncerf, whom he knew to have thoroughly studied the subject, the publication of a pamphlet on the evils of feudalism. As a respected officer in one of the highest grades of the financial administration, and as a man thoroughly trained in the law, Boncerf was in every way fitted to discuss the subject. Nothing could be more fair, just, and moderate than his book. Even its title was studiously mild. Instead of announcing

it as an exhibition of the evils or cruelties or wrongs perpetrated by feudalism, he entitled it *The Inconveniences of Feudal Rights* (*Les Inconvénients des Droits Féodaux*). It was neither drastic nor vindictive. It simply defended, as an experiment, the abolition of feudal rights on the domains of the king, not merely as a matter of justice, but as a matter of policy. Hardly had it appeared, in January of 1776, when the Parliament struck at it venomously. On motion of D'Espréménil the book was ordered burned by the hangman, and indictments were brought against Boncerf which hung over his head until the Revolution swept them away. It is a curious historical detail that Boncerf, after the Revolution had begun its course, was placed by the Constituent Assembly in a position which aided him in destroying the evils he had exhibited in his book, and that he himself sealed up the cabinets which contained the indictments that had been brought against him. Significant also, perhaps, is the further detail that, later in his career, while D'Espréménil was brought to the guillotine, Boncerf escaped the Revolutionary jury by a majority of one.²

But it should not be understood that all of Turgot's efforts were given to removing old abuses. He was no mere destroyer; he was essentially a builder; all his reform measures had as their object the clearing of a basis for better institutions. Though the shortness of his ministry — only twenty-one months — prevented his putting all of these into definite form, there were several which have since rendered great services to his country. He vastly bettered the postal system throughout France, not only improving the roads on the plan which had done so much for the Limousin during his intendency, but developing on these a service of fast coaches and diligences which greatly reduced the time between the most important points in France, and which became the envy of

¹ On Turgot's policy regarding lotteries, see Foncin.

² A copy of the rare first edition of Boncerf's book is to be found in the Library of Cornell University.

all neighboring nations. Under his direction were also prepared projects for a great network of internal water communications by the improvement of rivers, and the construction of canals; and to study the problems connected with these, he called to his aid the men most eminent in applied science. He sought to create a scientific system of weights and measures to take the place of the chaos of systems which had come down from the Middle Ages. To aid industry he organized a better system of banking, not only in cities, but in rural centres, thus initiating the ideas which have done so much for French prosperity in these days. As to higher education, he virtually created the Academy of Medicine, which since his time has become the most famous and weighty in the world; and in the Collège de France he established new professorships of law and literature.

Best of all, as revealing his depth and breadth of thought, his insight into the character of the French people, his intuition as to their capacities, his foresight of their dangers, and his desire to create an environment in which a better future might be developed, was the *Memorial on Municipalities*. Among the many evidences of his power as a political thinker and statesman, this is the most striking as showing his ability to bring theory to bear on practice. He saw what the most thoughtful men in France have only just begun clearly to see, — that the greatest defect in that gifted nation has been its want of practical political education and its consequent centralization of political power. Therefore it was that, amid all his pressing occupations in 1775, he, with his friend Dupont de Nemours, sketched out a plan for the gradual education of the French people, not only in public schools, but in the practical management of public affairs, by a system beginning in local self-government, and ending in a constitutional government of the nation.

Beginning at the little village communities, he proposed to establish in each a local council elected by peasants and

other small taxpayers, to discuss and decide upon its own local matters, and also to elect delegates to the councils of the *arrondissements*, or, as we should call them, the counties. The *arrondissement* councils, thus elected by the village communities, were to discuss and decide *arrondissement* matters, and to elect deputies to the assemblies of the provinces. The assemblies of the provinces were to discuss and decide provincial matters and to elect representatives to the assembly of the nation.

Closely connected with this plan was a broad, graded system of public instruction for children and youth. Could he have been given a free hand in accomplishing this combination, he would have redeemed his promise that ten years of it would make a new France. In all this there was no rashness; he expressly declared his wish to proceed with the utmost moderation, and that his main desire was to lay foundations. Could he have been allowed freedom to make a practical beginning of his work, he would soon have produced an environment in which Bourbon autocracy and Jacobin mob rule would have been equally impossible.¹

To a very large body of men in his time the reforms of Turgot, and especially this plan for the political education of the French people, seemed madness; but those who best know France to-day, and who look back upon her history without prejudice, will, as a rule, find in this two-fold plan a proof that Turgot saw farther than any other man of his time into

¹ For Turgot's plan of political education, see *Œuvres de Turgot*, tome ii, pp. 502-550. For a good summary, see Stephens, *Life of Turgot*, pp. 113, 114; and for an eloquent statement of Turgot's *Memorial* and its probable effects, see Duruy, *Histoire de France*, tome ii, p. 567. The present writer had the fortune to take part in discourse with various ministers who served Napoleon III during different epochs of the Second Empire, and afterward, and to observe closely their doings; and never did he find one who, in his department, seemed to embody so thoroughly the spirit of Turgot as did Duruy.

the needs of his country. However we may dislike his restriction of the suffrage, however we may differ from him regarding details, there would seem to be no question that, had his plan been carried forward, the French nation would, within a generation, have attained what a century of alternating revolutions and despotisms is only now beginning to give.

It should be borne in mind that for over a century and a half before Turgot there had not been a meeting of any body of men representing the French nation, that there was not among the French people any idea of the most ordinary public discussion of political matters, and that the holding of a political meeting in accordance with the simplest rules of order was something beyond French comprehension. This should be remembered by those who think that Turgot should have given universal suffrage at the outset. Two things more should not be forgotten: first, that the number of peasant proprietors was large and increasing; and secondly, that he went farther in giving them power than any other man of note in his time; proposing a beginning from which a more extended suffrage would have been developed naturally and normally.

This, too, should be said for his system. He clearly saw that matters involving taxation in municipalities should be passed upon by the taxpayers themselves, and in this respect he was beyond the point at which our own nation has arrived. No absurdity in modern government is greater than that seen in the American cities, which permits great bodies of people, very many of them recently from foreign climes, ignorant of American duties, devoid of American experience, and consciously paying no taxes at all, to confer franchises and to decide on the expenditures of moneys collected from taxpayers.

On political questions, the rule at which general human experience has arrived is universal suffrage. In municipal matters, which are corporation matters, the rule should be that questions involv-

ing the granting of franchises, and the raising and expenditure of taxes, should be settled by taxpayers. Blindness to this fact has made our municipalities the most corrupt in the civilized world. A proper compromise would seem to be the election of mayor and aldermen by the whole body of the people, and the election by taxpayers of a "board of control" or "board of finance," without whose consent no franchise should be granted, and no tax levied.

A natural effect of Turgot's reforms was seen in the increasing number of his enemies and their growing bitterness towards him. First of them all was the queen. She persisted in making enormous pecuniary demands for worthless favorites, and in endeavoring to force into the most important places courtiers absolutely unfit. At the very beginning, Turgot had foreseen this, and there still exists the rough draft of a letter to the king, in which, prophesying the dangers which Louis must resist, he had begun a reference to the queen and had then erased it.¹ No less virulent was the king's brother, the Comte de Provence, — a prince who made pretensions to wit and literary ability. He had sided with Turgot in opposing the recall of the Paris Parliament, but now there came from his pen attacks on the great minister, — always contemptuous, and sometimes scurrilous. With the queen and the king's brother stood the great body of the courtiers. To understand the reasons for their resentment, we have only to look into the "Red Book," brought to light during the Revolution, and note the enormous sums which all these people drew from the impoverished treasury, and which Turgot endeavored to diminish.²

¹ For the striking out of a reference to the queen, see Léon Say's *Life of Turgot*, Anderson's translation.

² For an example of the impudent manner in which the Bourbon princes of the blood demanded that money should be ladled out to them from the treasury, see a letter to Turgot from the Comte de Provence, in Levasseur, *Histoire des Classes Ouvrières*, tome ii, pp. 611,

Very bitter also were the prelates of the Church. Probably the humble rural clergy, who remembered what Turgot had done for their flocks in the Limousin, felt kindly toward him; but the hierarchy, with the exception of two or three who bore him personal friendship, never relaxed their efforts to thwart him.

At an earlier period it might have been otherwise. Various writings by Fénelon, in which he braved the hostility of Louis XIV, show that his great heart would certainly have beat in unison with that of Turgot. Nor is it difficult to believe that Belsunce, the noble archbishop who stood by his people at Marseilles during the plague of 1720-21, religious persecutor though he was, would also have sided with Turgot in a clear question between the peasantry and their debased masters. But the spirit of St. Carlo Borromeo, of Fénelon, and of Belsunce had given place to that of a very different class of prelates. The measure of their fitness as religious teachers had been given in their panegyrics at the death of Louis XV, which, perhaps, did more than all else to undermine their influence.¹

The hierarchy was still determined to continue the old persecutions of the Huguenots, their hope being that, by annulling Huguenot marriages, rendering Huguenot children illegitimate, and reviving the long series of other persecutions initiated in Louis XIV's time, they might drive those who held the new faith from the kingdom.

Most virulent of all, save the queen and bishops, in opposing Turgot's measures, was the Parliament of Paris. In

every way it sought to undermine them. To it are due some of the worst methods of arousing public hate, which later brought the fury of the Revolution upon its members themselves.

To all these should be added the great mass of hangers-on of the court, and of people who profited by the general financial corruption. Typical was the remark of a court lady: "Why these changes? *We* are perfectly comfortable."²

On all sides time-servers fell away from the great reformer more and more, his only friends seeming to be the philosophers and a thinking minority among the people. Pressure and intrigue were steadily brought to bear upon the king, and such machinations were as cunning as were similar plans to undermine Prince Bismarck in our own time; but, unlike these, the efforts made against Turgot were not exposed until too late.

More than once Louis declared that only he and Turgot cared for the people; but about a year and a half after Turgot had become Comptroller-General, and the king had pledged to him hearty support, it was clear that this support was rapidly weakening. First came the resignation of Malesherbes. His services in improving the administration had been beyond price, but he at last lost all hope, both for Turgot's reforms and for his own. Naturally pessimistic, he complained that Turgot's desire for the public good was "not merely a passion, but a craze." Now came the crucial test of the king. The court, in view of the immense patronage of the office which Malesherbes had held, urged as his successor Amelot de Clugny, a contemptible parasite of no ability, sure to thwart the reforms of Malesherbes and to restore the old order. On this Turgot wrote letter after letter to the king, pleading most earnestly, not for himself, but for the reforms which had been accomplished under Malesherbes and which must be lost if Clugny came into power. But the king made no answer, save a cool and insulting demeanor whenever he met

612, notes. A copy of the "Red Book," in the Cornell University Library, gives monstrous examples of the way in which money was thus demanded and paid.

¹ There is in the Library of Cornell University a very remarkable volume in which have been bound together a large number of these sermons at the death of Louis XV, lauding, magnifying, and justifying his character, and, of all things in the universe, his *religious* character, and comparing him to David and other approved personages in Scripture.

² See Droz, tome i, p. 206, cited by Alison.

the great minister who was trying to save him. Finally, Turgot wrote a letter which has become famous and which still exists, — a letter showing entire respect and deep devotion, but solemnly, heroically, with that power of prophecy which was perhaps his most marvelous gift, reminding the king that it was weakness which had brought Charles the First to the scaffold. As a reply to this letter came a dismissal.

This was in 1776. Turgot had held office twenty-one months, and more than four of these months had been passed mainly in bed under acute suffering. He had done his best; but in vain. No man in the whole history of France had labored with more heroism and foresight to save his country.

His death took place in 1781, five years after his retirement, and his life during this period was worthy of him. He never again appeared at court, but gave himself up mainly to scientific work and philosophical pursuits. Only once during that time did he make any appeal to the government, and this took shape in a suggestion that, for the honor of France, Captain Cook, then upon one of his voyages around the world, should be exempt from the disabilities of other Englishmen during the war then raging. To the credit of French chivalry, this advice was taken.

No sooner had Turgot laid down his high office than a policy of extreme reaction set in. His main reforms were joyfully and malignantly undone. Lampoons against him abounded. Queen, court, nobles, and high clergy devoted themselves with renewed vigor to restoring the old abuses. Thenceforward they flourished, until the Revolution, in a way very different from that proposed by Turgot, dealt with them and with those who had restored them.¹

¹ For attacks on Turgot before and after his downfall, in the shape of pamphlets, verses, songs, and general ridicule, see Gomel, *Les Causes Financières de la Révolution Française*, pp. 206 ff.; also Foncin, as above, liv. iii, chap. xvii.

Various arguments have been made against Turgot. First of these is the reactionary charge, that he favored atheism, — that he brought on the Revolution. Any one who has dispassionately viewed the history of that epoch knows these charges to be monstrously unjust; that Turgot was not an atheist is shown abundantly by his writings and his conduct; that he did not bring on revolution is shown by his myriad efforts to produce that environment which alone could prevent revolution.

Next comes the flippant and cynical argument, — one of those epigrams which for a time pass as truths: the charge that in reforming France he dealt as does an anatomist with a corpse, and not as a wise surgeon deals with a living organism. This has been widely repeated, but its falsity is evident to any one who will study Turgot's work at Limoges, and the statements to the French people which prefaced his most important acts as Comptroller-General. When one compares his work with that of Richelieu and Sully, it becomes clear that no statesman ever realized more deeply than Turgot the needs of all classes of the people, and the necessity of dealing with them as moderately and gently as possible. Nor is there any evidence of any feeling toward the nobility and clergy save an earnest wish to make the changes, which would have been so beneficial to them, as satisfactory as possible. But *some* remedy to the evils which were destroying France he *must* administer, and it must be a real remedy. Within twelve years after his death the whole world saw with horror the results of its rejection.

Again, there is the English High Tory argument, best stated by Alison. His main charge is that Turgot was a doctrinaire who wished to rebuild France "on strictly philosophic principles" and on no other. So far from Turgot being a doctrinaire, he was perhaps the most shrewd, practical, far-sighted observer of actual conditions in the entire kingdom.

Typical were his long journeys through the rural districts with Gournay, his letters to the country curates, his discussions with the poorest and humblest of peasants who could throw light on the actual conditions of the country. His own reply to the charge that he unduly pressed doctrinaire measures may be found in one of his notes to a hostile keeper of the seals, in 1776, which runs as follows: "I know as well as any one that it is not always advisable to do even the best thing possible, and that, though we should not tire of correcting little by little the defects of an ancient constitution, the work must go forward slowly, in proportion as public opinion and the course of events render changes practicable."¹

Closely connected with this charge is the statement that his insuccess was due to his lack of *finesse* with the king, lack of suppleness with the queen and princes of the blood, lack of deference for the nobility and clergy.

But the fact remains that in such desperate cases applications of rose water and burnings of incense cannot be substituted for surgery and cautery. A sufficient answer to the contention for such pleasing treatment is found in the career of Turgot's successor, Calonne, — the great Calonne, — who, while evidently believing in the fundamental ideas of Turgot, applied them tactfully, deferentially, and soothingly. He it was who said to the queen, "Madam, if what you ask is possible, it is done; if impossible, it shall be done." He petted and soothed king, queen, court, everybody; delayed every effective operation or remedy, obligingly, — until all found themselves, past help, in the abyss of revolution.²

Still another charge has been made by sundry fanatics of the sort who purpose to bring in extreme democracy by decree

rather than by education and practice, — whether in France of the eighteenth century or in the Philippine Islands of the twentieth. They have dwelt upon the statement that he wished "to do everything for the people and nothing by them." To this it may be answered that the founder of American democracy, Thomas Jefferson, in a letter to John Adams, speaking of the French people and of their incapacity for governing themselves in the eighteenth century, virtually approved the ideas of Turgot. Those ideas and methods purposed simply to obtain, under the existing constitution of France and through the monarchy as the only practical means, the reforms that were necessary to save the nation from ruin; but, at the same time, by a wide and thorough system of education and by the steady development of political practice in the French *bourgeoisie* and peasantry, to initiate the entire nation, gradually, into self-government.

Napoleon did, indeed, openly avow and act upon this doctrine imputed to Turgot; but Napoleon's purpose was not to uplift the French people into fitness for self-government, but to keep them permanently beneath his throne.

The charge of too great haste has also been frequently made against Turgot's measures, and most powerfully of all by M. Levasseur, Professor of Political Economy and Director at the Collège de France; certainly one of the foremost, if not the foremost, authority on all questions relating to men and measures which concern the commerce and industry of France. While considering Turgot one of the greatest men whom France has produced, he compares him, to his disadvantage, with Richelieu and Colbert. But Richelieu dealt with problems far less complicated than those which fell to the lot of Turgot, and Colbert had twenty-two years in office, under a monarch who stood by him; while Turgot had less than twenty-two months, under a monarch who deserted him. M. Levasseur thinks that Turgot ought to have sur-

¹ See citation in Say's *Turgot*, Anderson's translation, p. 105.

² For an excellent comparison between Turgot and Calonne in this respect, see Say, Anderson's translation, p. 206.

mounted the numerous obstacles in his path "little by little and one by one;" but the eminent economist seems to lose sight of the fact that the opposition to each and every one of his measures was practically as great as that to all combined, and that time was an element of more essential importance in Turgot's work than it had been in the work of either of the other two great statesmen.

For what Turgot's friends have called the vigor, and what his critics have called the haste, with which he conducted public affairs, he often gave, in his discussions with friends, a pathetic personal reason, namely, that the Turgots always died in middle life, and that what was to be done he must do at once; this saying proved to be sadly prophetic. But there was a greater, statesmanlike reason. Turgot's prophetic gift showed him that what he offered was the best chance for France and the last chance for the monarchy; that promptness in decision and vigor in execution had become the only hope; that reforms, to prevent a wild outburst of revolution, must be made then or never.¹

Again, sundry good and true men, like M. Leonce de Lavergne, point out minor defects in Turgot's manner and career which they think mistakes, and, as the crowning mistake of all, the fact that he did not summon the States-General,

All great statesmen have the defects of their qualities, and all make mistakes; but the refusal to summon the States-General would probably be voted by the vast majority of thinking men, not a mistake, but an evidence of Turgot's wisdom and foresight. Eight years after Turgot's

¹ For M. Levasseur's judgment upon Turgot in which the above criticism is made, see his *Histoire des Classes Ouvrières*, tome ii, pp. 606 et seq. It is, of course, with the greatest diffidence that I presume to differ from so eminent an authority, but possibly one looking at the history of France from a distance may occasionally get nearer the truth than would a far more eminent authority immediately on the ground. The traveler who looks at Mont Blanc from a distance may obtain a clearer idea of its relations to the peaks which surround it than can one who dwells at the foot of the mountain.

death the States-General was summoned, and it plunged France at once into that series of revolutions which has now lasted more than a century. Turgot's methods were not revolutionary, but evolutionary. He did not believe that a new heaven and a new earth could be brought in by an illiterate mob, whether let loose in a city or throughout a nation. As a historical scholar, he knew that every republic ruled by uneducated masses had ended in despotism. As a practical observer of human affairs, he believed that to have anything like a free government, the first requisite is popular moral and intellectual education, and, as we have seen, his system was shaped toward developing a people who might gradually be fully entrusted with political power. Here again we may cite Thomas Jefferson, whose faith in democracy will hardly be questioned. In those most interesting letters, written toward the end of his life, reviewing events which he had known intimately, he admits that the French were not in his time fit for unlimited democracy.²

Yet another objection is that Turgot lacked tact; and as proof is adduced his final letter to the king, alluding to the fate of Charles I. The answer to this is simple. That final letter was written when Turgot saw that the end had come, that the king was giving himself into the hands of his enemies, that the only remedy must be heroic. Then it was that, like a great prophet of Israel, he firmly pointed to the past and told the king the truth. Looking across the abyss of revolution which separates the France of to-day from the Bourbon monarchy, the utterance seems divinely inspired. Rightly judged, it presents one of the greatest proofs of Turgot's fitness for his high mission and of his claim upon universal humanity.

And, finally, the objection is made that he failed. As to this, we may simply say that France had come to the parting of the ways. One way seemed hard. It led

² See Leonce de Lavergne, *Les Économistes Français du Dix-Huitième siècle*, essay on Turgot, *passim*, and especially p. 253.

through reforms soberly planned and steadily developed, over a solid basis of institutions thoughtfully laid and adjusted, hedged in by ideas of duties as well as of rights, lighted by education, — towards constitutional liberty. This was the way planned by Turgot. The other way seemed easy. But it led first through the stagnant marsh of unreasoning conservatism; then through dykes broken by unreasoning radicalism; then, by a wild rush, through declamation and intrigue; through festivals of fraternity and massacres; through unlimited paper wealth and bottomless bankruptcy; through mob rule and Cæsarism; through sentimentalism and murder; through atheism and fetichism; through the Red Terror and the White Terror; through the First Empire and the Invasion; through the Second Empire, the Invasion, and the Commune; through proscription at home, wars of conquest abroad, and enormous indemnities to be paid for them; through a whole century of revolutions, — sometimes tragical, sometimes farcical, but always fruitful in new spawn of declaimers and intriguers. At the parting of these two ways stood Turgot, looking far down along them both; marking with clearness of vision what lay in either path; seeing and showing what king, queen, nobility, clergy, and thousands on thousands of French

citizens realized only when brought to pauperism, prison, exile, and the guillotine. He wrought and strove like a Titan to mark out the better path, to fit the French people for it, to guide his generation into it, — and in this he failed; but in his failure, he was one of the greatest men the modern world has known.

For, across the revolutionary abyss; through the storms of demagogism and the conquests of imperialism; above the noise of orations heralding new millenniums, — and of drums and cannons dismissing them; — his calm, strong counsel, rejected by the eighteenth century, has been received and developed by the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. Every régime since that which perished with the king he tried to save — and not only in France but in all other civilized countries — has been made to hear and heed him. His statue, which looks down upon that great quadrangle in the heart of Paris, — the scene of so much glory and folly, — fitly represents him. Kings, emperors, presidents, have there been welcomed as saviors and dismissed as malefactors; but Turgot, steadily breasting the tides of unreason, remains to point out those principles of liberty, justice, righteousness, tolerance, education, which alone can give to any nation lasting prosperity and true glory.

M. MULVINA: HER LIFE AND WORKS

BY HARRY JAMES SMITH

WE had fallen into conversation most informally, over griddlecakes and coffee, in the dining-car. The waiter had served us at the same moment, and, as we sat opposite each other, the coincidence between the orders was noticeable. He smiled slightly, and I took the opportunity of speaking, for his face had interested me.

"It's a habit I got into at college," I ventured, semi-apologetically. "I thought they were a luxury then."

"Yes," he replied, with a sigh, "and the habit persists after the stomach is no more. I never get them at home; but nobody keeps watch of me on the train."

I took half the syrup in the jug, and he emptied it. Then we began to eat.

He was an extraordinarily slight man; you wondered if in a strong wind he might not have to carry an anchor with him. Partly, I presume, from the fact that his sallow face reproduced so markedly the contour of the bones behind it, his alert blue eyes seemed to look out almost shyly from the depths of their sockets, and his thin lips, which were close-shaven, had surely become more delicately related than is commonly the case with men to every shade of feeling. For that matter, all his features, from the large ears to the small but prominent white teeth, were what you call expressive;—a composite face, one in which you felt the suggestion of opposite qualities not in the least inharmonious, perhaps, but producing undeniably an effect quite out of the ordinary.

I had figured out his profession before I spoke again. "You are a teacher, I imagine?"

"I commend your perspicacity," he replied dryly. "Perhaps you are a reporter."

I apologized for my presumption, ven-

tured a few remarks in regard to the change of weather since the previous night, and then waited to see what he would do.

Finally he put down his coffee cup with a sigh. "Yes," he said. "Why should I hide it? I am an Associate Professor in Marion University, a thriving institution of learning in the Middle West; my specialty is English composition; and my salary — but no, breakfast is over. If you're in an amiable temper come back into the car with me and we'll talk, — they don't let me smoke. Talk helps digestion, and it pleased me to notice that you did not split your infinitive in the third sentence from your last."

I gasped; he smiled blandly; and we made our way into the forward Pullman.

"Do you always notice points like that?" I asked, after we had been seated for a minute or two in silence.

"Like what?" he inquired innocently.

"I mean the split infinitive and that sort of stuff."

"Why, of course," he replied in a matter-of-fact tone. "It's my business; it's my daily habit; it's a part of my constitution. I figure out that I have corrected some seventy-three thousand themes since they broke me in a decade ago."

I made a sympathetic interjection. "How does it happen there's anything left of you?" I added.

"Well, look at me. I'm fading; my roses are past. One dies of it, you know, in the end. Pretty soon there'll be a blue pencil and a shadow on the wall. No matter; we comfort ourselves with the vain hope that it does them good."

"You mean your students?"

"Assuredly; whom else? Yes, good boys and girls; one gets to be very fond of them. They're so refreshingly ingenu-

ous, so very young, so full of the joy of living; of course they lose all that later, but it's gratifying while it lasts."

You never could tell, as I had begun to discover, just how serious he was, even when he gave you most the impression of being so. His eyes would look at you with convincing earnestness, but you were likely to notice just the suggestion of a smile lurking in one corner of his upper lip; and you felt baffled. Whimsical is the word that comes nearest, I think, to describing his manner; but it is inadequate: it suggests a flippancy which was certainly not characteristic of him. You always felt that his whimsicality was a kind of protective armor; that a marvelously complex, yet perfectly sincere personality was behind it, perhaps too fastidiously self-respecting to show itself readily in audience.

"I suppose you find a few," I pursued, "who really have a literary sense and do promising work."

"Geniuses," he replied laconically.

"How much are you in earnest?" I asked.

"Well," he answered evasively, "you call yourself a literary man" —

I interrupted hastily.

"Oh, I know you did n't say that, of course," he went on, "but you are. You write for the magazines, and so forth, don't you?"

I admitted it with a curious feeling of self-contempt.

"Well, then," he continued, "what men or women of genius have you met?" He looked at me searchingly.

With some hesitation I produced three or four names, headed by Henry James.

"Not bad," he commented paternally. "But tell me, have you ever made the acquaintance of one Marianne Mulvina Sweeney? . . . I perceive that you are ignorant."

"Protégée of yours?" I ventured.

"Yes," he replied, "my joy and crown."

"You interest me profoundly," I urged. "Has she a story?"

"Not so much a story as a character," he corrected. "I will tell you about her if you like, for the finished product is what I could wish to be a model for all women geniuses, and perhaps you can use her sometime."

I wish you could have heard that man talk. He gave you the odd impression of always picking his words in advance of his utterance, and yet they came with an immediate pertinency that was captivating. It resulted, of course, from his having accustomed himself to speaking under the most watchful censure, and now and then he would interrupt himself with critical asides on his own diction which gave you exactly the impression of a blue pencil comment on a neatly-written sheet. It was to allow me some insight, he said, when I remarked upon the curiousness of the custom, into the workings of a morbidly specialized mind — "assuming," he "explained," "that, as an author in these decadent days, you are interested in abnormal psychology."

Marianne Mulvina Sweeney [he began] entered my Sophomore elective, English 27, a course open to any who have passed the required Freshman work, in nineteen-four. Yes, this is all modern history.

"I desire to take the work," she said, "because I am fitting myself to be a writer." She had, you see, that sense of dedication which is supposed to be characteristic of the great.

"Oh!" I replied, somewhat overcome, for one does not often meet with such frankness.

"Well, do you object?" she persisted, and the tone spoke far more than the words themselves, as if she had asked, "Are you, too, going to put barriers in my way?" It was clear that she was prepared to surmount any obstacles; it would be folly to think of impeding her.

"What has your record been in your previous English work?" I asked, as a preliminary to giving my consent.

For a moment I thought that I must

have insulted her; but she regained control of herself with an effort. "It is not," she answered, "all that I could desire. I blame no one." These last words she uttered with a sententious emphasis which indicated clearly that she might say more if she chose.

Marianne Mulvina was a remarkable-looking girl, — most remarkable. What you could see of her eyes through a pair of enormously thick glasses gave you the impression that they were unusually large, in color pale blue, with small pupils that glittered. This might have been due in part to the distortion of the lenses; but the rest of her physiognomy was *en rapport* — (Avoid the affectation of foreign phrases. Simple English is best.)

She had a mass of pale brown hair parted on the side and looped down savagely across a broad forehead. I say savagely, though admitting that the word may mislead: there was always a wildness about that hair, an abandon, as if she defied the world to criticise it. In moments of excitement she would sometimes unconsciously lift this loop and work it into a sort of unpremeditated pompadour, an act which seemed to throw out those large pale eyes of hers into unexpected relief — if I may be allowed the expression; — and then, recollecting herself, she would push and thump it back into place again, something as a mother thumps a refractory child. I never knew that forelocks could be so subtly indicative of states of mind.

But I learned all this later, — as it were, experimentally, — for, as I have implied, I consented at once — glad to be let off so easily — to admit her to the course, which means (Avoid indefinite uses of the relative) that I have spent seventy-two hours, not including formal conferences and informal conversations, in her presence.

I asked my Freshman instructor about her at the first opportunity.

"Marianne Mulvina — can I tell you about her?" he answered sadly. "Well, where shall I begin? Antenatally?"

"First of all, who is she?"

"She is," he began, "a genius. For evidence see Mrs. Sweeney. Her father came of good stock, though in unfortunate circumstances. Yes, there's the blood of many a good New England family in Mulvina's veins, as one may well say without boasting, — I quote the mother. Brought up humbly in one of our rural districts, she showed at an excessively tender age a most surprising precocity. Like Pope, she

. . . lisped in numbers, for the numbers came, —

her first recorded product being the couplet, —

Mulvina had a curl,
And she was a little girl."

"Interesting work for the historical critic," I interrupted. "I seem to detect sources already. But tell me," I added, "is this curl still preserved?" — and I put my hand suggestively to my forehead.

"Mrs. Sweeney can tell you the few details of M. Mulvina's career with which I am still unacquainted. She has come to Marion with her daughter to supervise and protect her. You will doubtless meet her soon. And I may add," he concluded, "that the Sweeney family is very sensitive."

I started to leave the room, but he called me back. "One word more," he whispered darkly. "She is a Wordsworthian and a Mabieite, — a real lover of Nature, as spelled with the capital N."

"Enough," I replied, and left him. I felt that I knew Mulvina.

At this point I ought to tell you something about English 27, though I am aware that such information is of no great interest to the layman. (Might not this sentence have been made periodic?) There is no work specifically assigned; the children simply hand in every day a page of written work on subjects of their own choice. In the classroom we discuss some of the more recondite principles of composition, and I read aloud for open criticism any of the recent themes that I judge provocative of fruitful discussion.

M. Mulvina — 't was thus she invariably signed her work — took always a seat two rows back and directly in front of the desk. She looked at me almost undeviatingly from the opening of the hour to the close; there was something judicial, uncompromising, in this scrutiny; it partook in some degree of the nature of eternity, as if she were forever recording your remarks relentlessly in the book of judgment. You could not forget her, you could not neglect her; those pale, much-magnified eyes, half discovered through the lenses of her black-bowed glasses, seemed somehow, as you saw her from the desk, to enlarge her personality, until it dominated the room, vague, severe, uneducible.

She rarely descended to take part in the discussions; but she had a way of putting in a word at the end, which, you felt, was intended as final, like the capstone of a monument. It frequently occurred to me, when I saw her preparing to speak, that her words deserved a Biblical introduction, such as, "And she opened her mouth and taught them, saying," for the effect was august and oracular.

M. Mulvina was particularly jealous in regard to the truth or untruth of what she called "Nature-touches," and she was also on the lookout for that irreducible quality termed Inspiration.

"This work," she would observe, slowly erecting her forelock, "seems to me careful, conscientious, correct; but may we not say that it lacks Inspiration?"

Of the effect of her remarks upon the class, she was altogether oblivious: a genius must be so, I think, if he is to live at peace among the children of this world.

The general character of her own work might be suggested by the titles, as, "Communion," "The Message of the Snowdrop," "Thoughts at Dawn," — Oh, I could go on endlessly, but you recognize the type, and when I remind you that she was a Sophomore, you may judge as you like. I ought to add that her age was twenty-two, extreme nervousness, as her

mother informed me, having made it advisable to keep her for two or three years out of school. (Dangling participles destroy Force.) During these years she had, it is to be supposed, communed.

I always hesitated — was it cowardice? — to find serious fault with her work. My blue pencil was incapacitated, crippled. There are certain types of mind, you know, which, though morbidly sensitive to criticism, are completely incorrigible by it. They are rendered miserable, for they feel that they have been wantonly misunderstood; that is all.

I ventured, therefore, to censure the product of her inspirations only in what I term my tactful manner, "where more is meant than meets the eye," you know. For example, "Ought one not to keep in mind a little more the capacity of one's readers?" or again, "Is not your title, 'Moods of the Sea,' the least bit suggestive of work of an inferior order?" Thus by indirections one seeks to deal with the race of Sensitive Souls.

But it was no use. The second week I received my first call from Mrs. Sweeney. As she mounted the doorstep my intuitions declared her identity. She was massive, indeed, one might say monumental. In one hand she gripped a closed umbrella, from the other dangled a black silk bag, out of the top of which protruded a clump of manuscript. She was the daughter, I think, of Jupiter Tonans, and on her brow sat Horror Plumed. That's a fact; you ought to have seen her hat.

I opened the door as obsequiously as possible, though inwardly trembling.

"My name is Sweeney," she said, "and I have come to talk to you." She said *to*, not *with*.

I showed her in and seated myself at a judicious distance from her. Diplomacy bade me leave her a clear field; therefore I waited.

"You have, sir," she began, after a considerable pause, "in one of your classes my daughter, Mulvina."

I conceded the point, venturing farther that Miss Sweeney seemed much inter-

ested in her work, and was an unusual young woman.

"She is," boomed her mother. "Literature and Nature are passions with her. And it is because I judge that you have failed to completely understand this" (she split her infinitives) "that I have come this afternoon."

Without allowing me to interrupt, she went on.

"Mulvina, professor, is not only an unusual child, but an unusually gifted child. Her father was a gifted man, though in unfortunate circumstances, and so was her grandfather—I make no reference to the maternal side of her inheritance. But in her veins, as I may say without boasting, flows the blood of many a good New England family."

"Indeed"—I began; but she took no notice, and after that I held my peace.

"I hope, professor, that it is your ideal to enter into personal relations with your students. I therefore desire to tell you something further of Mulvina. At the age of three she had begun to compose verses, and she has always been passionately given to poetry. I have urged her to offer some of her own poems to you; but she is too sensitive. Indeed, I may say that in the word sensitive is the key to Mulvina's disposition. It is clear to me that you have failed to realize this, and through this failure you have been the cause of much pain and no little harm."

At this point she opened her bag and imperturbably drew thence half a dozen of her daughter's themes. Selecting one of them, she read, with a voice in which an accent of scorn was surely discernible, one of those blue-pencil commentaries on which I had most plumed myself. "You have put some real feeling into this, I am sure; but do you not possibly run a little danger of seeming slightly inclined toward the sentimental?"

"Ha!" she ejaculated, in a tone that would have won her renown in melodrama. "She's sentimental, is she? Professor, I never knew a girl so free from that vice; the whole plan of her educa-

tion has been opposed to it. Enough. I will read another."

Well, I need n't recount to you the rest of that meeting. It lasted an hour, so they told me afterwards, and during that time I think I had uttered rather less than two dozen words myself. I don't want to be misleading. There was, of course, something magnificent, something almost awe-inspiring, in this exhibition of maternal solicitude. It had the instinctive grandeur in it of a lioness jealous for her young. Only at the time, you understand, I was hardly in a position to feel the full beauty of it. Besides, my prophetic soul told me that it would happen again. And it did, many a time and oft.

M. Mulvina came, too, ordinarily alone, and with the air of one willing to consider me her equal. She became even confidential. She told me of her loneliness, her aspirations, her disappointments,—Oh, I'm sure I don't know what could have moved her in that direction; but she felt somehow, that though I had hurt her cruelly by my misguided comments on her work, I desired to be sympathetic. As the year went by she became an obsession, a haunting presence; at every ring of the bell I dreaded M. Mulvina, or M. Mulvina's progenitress; and on Saturday afternoons I sneaked into the habit of spending hours at work in the University library in order to avoid her.

My Freshman instructor watched it with delight, with malicious delight, for you see he had been through it the year before. He never encountered me without inquiring after the welfare of M. Mulvina's soul. He could laugh; he had been her father-confessor for a year, and that was the end of it: but I—well, you see, she was only a Sophomore, and I offer Junior and Senior electives in Composition, and on alternate years a course in the Lake Poets. Mulvina confided to me that, despite much to which she found it hard to reconcile herself, much that she could not approve of, my methods on the whole seemed to her both stimulating

and suggestive, sometimes even inspiring, and that she had, in short, resolved thenceforth to elect all the work I offered in the catalogue. What I said to her when she announced this decision I cannot remember; but what I felt, I remember very well. I will not detain you with an account of it.

He sank back in his seat and shut his eyes with a look of whimsical resignation. "Perhaps you've never had such an insight before into the life of a college professor."

"No," I replied. "It is all a new field to me. I wonder no one has worked it. College stories always take the student's point of view."

"Well, there is, as you see, another side. And the world seems to think it is an easy life."

"But how about Mulvina?" I pursued. "That is n't the end, is it?"

"Why, no, of course not. This is only the climax. Are all the trains of cause and effect clear? Do you see her in all her nobleness and intrepidity of resolution bearing down upon my poor little electives, backed and reinforced by that Titaness of a mother? And do you see me, 'amid the blaze of noon, irrevocably dark, total eclipse, without all hope of day?'"

"Yes, it is all plain."

"Well, then, I resolved to break my bonds, — and I broke them."

There was a moment's pause. Those deep-set eyes of his kept their look of utter seriousness; but curious wrinkles of humor were flickering across his upper lip.

"Go on," I said, "for the love of Mike. How did you do it?"

"Your diction," he observed impersonally, "is what we label 'falsely robust.'"

"All right," I consented impatiently.

He leaned forward and put his finger lightly on my shoulder. "Listen," he whispered. "I married her."

"What!" I ejaculated.

"Oh, no, not to myself. That would have been banal. Any one could have done that. No, sir, I selected a husband for her with great discretion. I brought them together with the utmost tact, and when I had safely piloted them through the preliminary stages, I quietly withdrew — and was heard of no more."

"Who was he?" I inquired.

"A student of divinity, with a vacant, open face, simple-minded and transpicuous as a young jelly-fish."

"But don't you recognize any responsibility in the matter?" I put in, not a little dazed at his candor.

"Responsibility? Of course. It seems to me almost an ideal match: I think they were made for each other." He seemed almost hurt at my intimation.

"No doubt," I hastened to concede.

"But give me an account of it. I won't interrupt again."

There is n't much to tell [he continued]. You know the way a Western university is composed. There are a college and a preparatory school, of course; then a school of dentistry, or mines, or something of the sort, perhaps a conservatory of music, and invariably a theological seminary.

In thinking over the matrimonial requirements of M. Mulvina, it became increasingly clear to me that they could only be met by a theologian — pardon the cant term — and by a theologian of a certain type, — shall we say, the elder type? — where an habitual yearning after things of the spirit has been attractively combined with a marked immunity from the demands of — shall we say — common sense. Take notice, I am not ridiculing the type; my views are especially catholic in such matters; the world finds a place for all. For example, this particular specimen, now the Rev. Elihu Brown, finds his place in the scheme of things as the one man, who, according to Mrs. Sweeney, has ever been able really to understand and appreciate Marianne Mulvina.

I had met him some months before at a faculty reception, and had been impressed with his qualities; but it had not occurred to me then that I could ever so aptly minister to his happiness. Now I sought him out, and, as occasion offered, invited him to my house, and together we took rambles into the country.

"There is a green, flower-besprinkled hill," M. Mulvina had written, "not far from the dusty highway, where I am wont to go on many a balmy afternoon in May, to be alone with Nature and to muse on Her Beauty." And she had gone on to describe the view, the trees, the babbling brook, in terms rather vague and idealistic, it is true, but yet distinct enough for me to identify the locality.

I felt that my card was made out for me. Mulvina musing on Nature was Mulvina ready to fall in love.

On our previous rambles the *theologus simplex* and myself had discussed many serious subjects, including what he insisted on terming the relations of the sexes. He was a champion of equality, and considered his views extremely audacious, in view of the fact that historically the woman was derived from the rib of man. He would demand of her intellect, aspiration, sympathy, — just the qualities, in short, that he longed to find in a Man, only softened and beautified. Sentimentality and all that smacked of it he hated inveterately. It made his gorge rise, he said.

But one carefully predetermined afternoon I directed our steps randomly toward a sheep-pasture, half an hour's walk from town. I fell to talking about my classes, told him something of what they were doing, described some of my more earnest students, and thus quite innocuously reached at last the subject of Mulvina.

"There," I said, "is a young woman who interests me, and who would, I think, interest you, too;" and I told him of her independence, her resolution, her love of Nature.

"Is she sentimental?" he asked.

"I don't know how you judge a woman, Mr. Brown," I answered, "but I do not believe that you would discover a trace of sentimentality in Miss Sweeney."

Just then I espied the damsel, seated under an oak tree, musing.

"Look," I said, "what a coincidence! I think that is she now. If you care to have me, I will introduce you."

In moments of discouragement, sir, I love to recall that first meeting. Nothing could have gone better. I made them known to each other, and waited.

"Miss Sweeney," remarked the *theologus*, in a voice where the professional accent was already discernible, "I see that you are a true child of Nature."

She looked up at him with a smile of recognition, and then quickly turned her eyes across the fields. "Yes," she said simply, "I love Her in all Her moods."

It was enough. I felt that I had won.

A few weeks later she came to call on me, — a matter extremely personal, she prologued. I had never seen her really diffident before.

"The fact is," she managed to say at last, after a number of false starts, "that I find myself forced to make a very important decision, one that touches my future very intimately," — she began to finger her forelock with agitation, — "and my course of action depends upon my answer to this question: Is it a nobler thing to devote one's life to Art than to devote it to Love? As you know, I was preparing myself for a writer; it has been my passion, and I have never considered an alternative; but now" — she hesitated, working her loop of hair into a terrific pompadour under the shelter of her tam-o-shanter.

I completed her sentence for her. I protested that I understood the situation. We went over the case together. I do not care to discuss here the value of the arguments I resorted to; but they satisfied Mulvina.

"I don't know how to thank you," she said. "And as mother agrees with you,

and Mr. Brown also, I think we may as well consider my decision made."

So she went out and left me there alone, and I was very happy. As I said, it seems to me an ideal match, and I hope you will

agree with me now. You see, she will be able to supply Nature-touches and Inspiration to his sermons. Thus the world may not have lost Mulvina irretrievably, after all.

SOME EQUIVOCAL RIGHTS OF LABOR

BY GEORGE W. ALGER

THE American working man is a pretty good citizen on the whole, and except on rare occasions is law-abiding enough to suit any but the over-fastidious devotee of law and order. Even the best of us — from the trust magnates down — find at times some law or decision which we try to steer around in some peaceable way, and the real difference between the rest of us and the working man in his occasional ebullitions against government by injunction is a matter of manners rather than morals. It is a difference of method rather than purpose. While we adjust our course to avoid, by a safer and more circuitous route, the big rock of statutory prohibition to get at what we want in the forbidden waters beyond, the workingman sometimes tries to push over the rock itself, and comes to grief in so doing. This is what constitutes in the public mind the greater part of the so-called "lawlessness of labor."

To the large public of the well-fed who live by their wits and not by the direct application of physical labor, the grumbling of the laborer against the law seems delightfully simple. To this public the whole grievance of labor, spelled with a capital, is that the law forbids the heaving of bricks at scabs. This legal prohibition seems to us the most comfortable of doctrines. The law of brick-throwing has had so much discussion, and so many able efforts have been made, not only by the judges, but by distinguished writers and public men, to show the laborer wherein

he is wrong in so doing, that any extended discussion here of that subject would be superfluous. What the writer hopes to do is to cover some matters which far more vitally affect the laborer's attitude toward the law and the courts, and which, more than the "government by injunction" fetich, constitute those industrial problems of labor, which must find sometime an ultimate solution in law. They are matters of which the general public has little knowledge, and which, if better known, would insure perhaps a more sympathetic attitude toward the working man's point of view.

Stated as concretely as possible, the principal difference between the working people and the courts lies in the marked tendency of the courts to guarantee to the workman an academic and theoretic liberty which he does not want, by denying him industrial rights to which he thinks he is ethically entitled. His grievance is that in a multitude of instances the courts give what seems to him counterfeit liberty in the place of its reality.

A few illustrations of this will make the meaning clear. Some years ago, in Buffalo, N. Y., a girl about eighteen years old, named Knisley, was employed in the factory of one Pratt. She was at work on very dangerous machinery, which had no safety guards to protect her from injury, in spite of a statute of the state requiring such machinery to be guarded. The girl got her hand caught in the revolving wheels, and it was crushed and torn so that

it had to be cut off at the shoulder. This statute which required these safety guards on this machinery had been passed at the urgent insistence of New York labor unions so that working men and women, by such additional precautions enjoined upon their employers, should have safer places in which to do their work. This employer, Pratt, had violated this humane statute, and by this violation this young girl lost her arm. She sued Pratt for damages, and got a verdict from a jury in her favor. The highest court of New York took away that verdict and dismissed her case. The court said that the girl fully understood the danger to which her employer's violation of law had exposed her. She had the "right," it declared, to assume the risk of injury and keep at work at this machine, notwithstanding the danger to which she was exposed. The judges said that because she kept at work, knowing the danger, she was presumed to have agreed with her employer to waive any claim of damages from him in case she was hurt. She had a right to do this, notwithstanding the requirements of the statute which ordered him to protect her safety. Instead of giving this girl the actual and substantial right which the statute provided for her, — instead of declaring that she had a right to work in safety, — they gave her an academic right, the right to work in danger, to accept danger and suffer by it without redress.

In a state in which, every year, there are more than twice as many persons killed in industrial establishments as were killed in the Spanish war; in which, in addition to the killed, forty thousand employees are annually crippled, maimed, or wounded, such a decision, guaranteeing to working men and women the right to endure unnecessary danger, and effectually denying their right to safety in their work, is bound to create some dissatisfaction among the working classes. Labor's right to get killed, guaranteed by decisions of which this New York case is but a characteristic example, is not highly

esteemed by the people to whom this guarantee is given. The counterfeit liberty is no more satisfactory to its recipient than is the counterfeit dollar.

The working man's standpoint is perhaps more likely to receive sympathy when his safety is not merely a matter of his own concern, but involves the safety of the public as well. A very recent Texas case of this kind affords a good illustration of the difference in the eyes of the law between the locomotive engineer's right to safety and that of the public traveling on his train. This case, though tried in Texas, involved the construction and application of a statute of Arizona enacted to prevent railroads from overworking their employees; to protect not only the railway employees from physical exhaustion but the public from accidents occasioned by that exhaustion. This statute prohibits the employment of a certain class of railway employees, including locomotive engineers, for more than sixteen consecutive hours, without an allowance of nine hours for rest. It is a statute remarkable not so much for what it prohibits as for what it permits. In 1903, a locomotive engineer on the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé, named Smith, after working in Arizona for seventeen consecutive hours, started for his home to rest and sleep. He was sent for immediately by the master mechanic, and, against his protest that he needed rest, was set at work again, the master mechanic assuring him that the run would not take more than five or six hours at the most. But the run lasted fourteen hours more, and after thirty-one hours of continuous service, unavoidable drowsiness came over the engineer. He slept in his cab with his train on the main line of the railroad. There was a collision near El Paso, Texas, with another train, by which he and others were hurt. The highest court in Texas says that the injuries of the engineer were his own fault, and that, while the railroad was liable to passengers, it was not responsible to the engineer. It says that the violation by the railroad of

this reasonable statute, in overworking the engineer beyond human endurance, "would not excuse the contributory negligence of Smith" (the engineer), "which arose from his working for such a length of time that he was unfitted for business. He knew his physical condition far better than the railroad company could know it, and cannot excuse his carelessness in falling asleep on his engine, while it was standing on the main track, by the fact that he was required by the master mechanic to take out a train after he had been at work for seventeen hours."

The logic of this decision, like that of hundreds of others of similar character, is absurdly simple, and to the workman absurdly unjust. The reasoning of the court is that this man could have refused to work if he was tired, and could have taken his chances of an almost certain discharge from employment. The decision is simply one of a thousand judgments which declare to the workman what is to him a worthless and academic liberty, — a liberty which exists without law or the declaration of courts, — the right to lose his job. It scarcely needed a legal decision to tell this engineer that he could throw up his job if he did not want to work thirty-one hours on a stretch. The law the workman wanted was a law which would place reasonable limitation on the duration of his labor *without costing him his position*. If the only way he could derive benefit from this statute, which forbade his road to overwork him, was to lose his job, it was and is of as much practical use to him and his fellows as Pat's insurance: "It's foine, but I have to be dead to get it."

The enormously increasing number of railroad accidents in this country, compared with other countries, has attracted much attention. The greater number of deaths thus occasioned are of railway employees, but there are enough passengers killed every year to make the legal status of the railway employee, as regards his right to safety while at work, important to the public, as well as to him and his fellows. The safety of the railroad em-

ployee and the passengers are too closely bound together to be separated in the eyes of the law. When the collision comes, the engineer may die first, but the passengers are there in the cars right behind him.

These two illustrations might be multiplied, but further examples would add little. The workman does not want the vain liberty so often declared to him by the courts, of throwing up his job and looking for another. He does not take kindly to the judicial affirmations to him of the right to be maimed without redress, or to be killed, by his employer's indifference to his safety. His grievance is not directly with the courts and law. The workman knows little about the law, and most of what he understands he does not like. He objects to the economics on which these killing decrees are rendered against him. He does not call it economics, but at the bottom the real trouble from the workman's point of view is the blindness of courts, which do not seem to notice or to understand the social and economic conditions under which he has to work. For the law still embodies in these decisions an outworn philosophy, the old *laissez-faire* theory of extreme individualism. This theory resolutely closed its eyes to the common, obvious, social, and economic distinctions between men, considered either as individuals or as classes, and with self-imposed blindness imagined rather than saw the servant and his master acting upon a plane of absolute and ideal equality in all matters touching their contractual relation; both were free and equal, and the proper function of government was to let them alone. If the servant was dissatisfied with the conditions of his employment; if the dangers created, not merely by the necessities of the work, but by the master's indifference to the safety of his men, were in the eyes of the latter too great to be endured with prudence, then, being under this theory a "free agent" to go or stay, if he chose to stay he must take the possible consequences of personal injury or death.

To the working man of to-day this the-

ory embodies the "liberty of barbarism." — the "freedom" of the stone age. This freedom is to him not liberty, but injustice.

The history of the modern trade union movement is comprised for the most part in the workman's struggle for three morally sound economic rights, — the right to fair pay, the right to fair hours, the right to decent conditions under which to perform his work. No inconsiderable amount of violence, and sometimes bloodshed, occasioned by the struggles for these rights, has been due to the fact that the law has not recognized them as legal rights, but as a substitute for them has "guaranteed" the worker their precise opposites as ironic forms of personal liberty.

There is small comfort for the workers who have secured by strenuous efforts the passage of a law reducing the number of hours of their labor, by forbidding their employers to require more, to be told by the courts that the constitution "guarantees" them the right to work fourteen hours when they want to work eight, and that the statute which they had secured by so much effort is unconstitutional because it interferes with their "freedom of contract." The right the laborer sought by his statute was the right to leisure. The right the court so often guarantees him in its stead, and by its destruction, is the right to work unlimited hours under the stern laws of necessity. The right to work harder and longer than he desires, or than humanity should require, is called a property right, and the statute taking away that right is one, they declare, which takes away liberty or property "without due process of law." "Oh, wretched man that I am," says St. Paul, "who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" The laborer with his constitutional body of death groans also, and wonders if the time will ever come when the right to leisure — the right to reasonable freedom from toil — will become a "property right," and be recognized by the law, as it is by the workman himself, as an essential part of that hackneyed phrase, "life,

liberty, and property," which is not to be taken from him.

The guaranteed right to work with an over-sweated brow for his bread is not accepted by the workman as a great judicial ark of liberty. To get rid of this liberty he organizes in increasing numbers, and strikes and lockouts follow, so that industry shall recognize and give to him the liberty which the law has refused. He says if the law will not give him the right to reasonable leisure, he will take it for himself. When the United States Supreme Court, a few months ago, declared the bakeshop Eight Hour Law unconstitutional, and guaranteed to the bakers in the underground workshops of New York the right to work fourteen hours a day, under the frightful conditions in which their work has to be done, strikes of bakers followed. Such strikes seem to follow such decisions.

One of the rights, economic and moral, perhaps, but not yet legal, for which workmen have been struggling for a quarter of a century, is for decent conditions under which to do their work. Some progress has been made in certain directions, but the main work is yet undone. How indifferent their success has been in gaining legal support for the safety of that work has been indicated in an earlier part of this paper. The danger of accidents, however, usually can be avoided, by constant vigilance. But the danger to health, life, and character, from having to work in the unsanitary hovel, the badly lighted, unventilated, and unclean tenement; the destruction of the home by those remorseless laws of industry which seem to compel the helpless worker in the sweated trades to turn his home into a factory, are incalculable. A law which guarantees to the worker a right to destroy his own home is as valuable to him as one which should guarantee his right to commit suicide. The law, however, forbids the quick process of self-inflicted death.

There is among the yellow volumes of the *New York Court of Appeals Reports* a

decision rendered twenty years ago, which means to the worker in the tenements, in the sweated trades, precisely what the Dred Scott decision meant to the slave, — a guarantee of bondage. On its face it is a guarantee of liberty. Read by any business man or broker, by a reader unfamiliar with the tenement problem, by any banker sensitive to property rights, it is a splendid judicial utterance in the defense of fundamental individual rights. By such readers this famous decision cannot be read without what Rufus Choate would call "a thrill of sublimity."

Read by the tenement worker or sweated toiler in the needle trades, this same decision is like a voice which sentences him to penal servitude for life. The case referred to is the famous Tenement House Cigar case, "*In Re Jacobs*." It declares unconstitutional a sweeping, badly drawn statute, enacted through the efforts of a cigar-makers' union, which prohibited the manufacture of cigars and the preparation of tobacco in any form in tenement houses. The cigar makers knew what the conditions were in which they had to work in their own homes. The statute which they had drawn was, from their point of view, for the protection of the tenement worker's home; was to be the entering wedge for further enactments of the same character. Sweeping and broad as were the provisions of the statute, the decision of the court against its constitutionality was equally sweeping.

One of the most intelligent students of our social problems, a woman whose life has been chiefly spent in studying and bettering the condition of the poor and who is thoroughly familiar with the conditions of which she writes, says in a recent book of this *Jacobs* case: "To the decision of the Court of Appeals in the case, *In Re Jacobs*, is directly due the continuance and growth of tenement manufacture and of the sweating system in the United States, and its present prevalence in New York. Among the consequences and the accompaniments of that system are congestion of the popula-

tion in the tenement districts, the ruin of home life in the dwellings used as work-rooms, child labor in the homes, endemic diseases (especially tuberculosis) due to the overcrowding and poverty of skilled workers, the chronic pauperism of thousands of skilled working people during a part of the year in a series of important trades; insanity due to overwork followed by anxiety over a prolonged period of unemployment, and suicide — the self-inflicted death of a garment worker being of almost daily occurrence in New York and Chicago."¹ These harsh and bitter words are — let us remember — written of a decision which guarantees to the worker the right to work in his own home!

Other illustrations to show the reason for the attitude of the workman toward the courts might be given, but are not needed. They would simply afford further data to emphasize the same point, — the apparent fundamental difference between the worker and the judge on the very definition of liberty. It need not be claimed that the worker's point of view is absolutely correct; it need not be asserted that the things he has asked from the courts and has been refused have all been such as in the long run would be best for him. The whole point to be noticed is simply this: that by the working class ideal of liberty a special demand is made on the law, — a demand more frequently refused than granted. What it demands from the courts is the recognition and protection, and at times the creation, by law of the worker's economic rights. The law, on the other hand, guarantees to him the ancient and largely negative individual liberty, freedom from legal restraints, the right to do any unforbidden thing he wants to, — if he can, — and tells him to shift for himself for his economic rights. The worker's discontent with the law lies in the fact that it guarantees him individual, and not social or industrial, freedom.

¹ Florence Kelley; in *Some Ethical Gains through Legislation*.

SHAKESPEARE AND THE PLASTIC STAGE

BY JOHN CORBIN

"SHAKESPEARE," said the aged Goethe, in conversation with Eckermann, "was not a theatrical poet. He never thought of the stage. It was far too narrow for his great mind." But Eckermann seems to have been a thoughtful young man. "It is singular," he remarked, about a year later, "that the dramas of Shakespeare are not theatrical pieces properly so called, since he wrote them all for his theatre." But Goethe was unmoved. His opinion was the result of long experience in the scenic production of Shakespeare on the Weimar stage.

In 1825, when Goethe was in his seventy-seventh year, the first quarto of *Hamlet*, which had been printed in Germany, came to his notice. It seems to have been the only Elizabethan play he ever saw in the original state of the text. Certainly it was the first definite intimation he ever received of the true nature of Elizabethan stagecraft, and it revolutionized his conception of it. "No locality is indicated, and nothing is said with regard to stage decorations; nor is there any division into acts and scenes. The imagination has free scope, and should be satisfied with the plain old English stage. There the play runs its proper course, full of passion and unhindered, and no one has leisure to ponder over localities. In the newer editions, with which we have so long been familiar, we find the play divided into acts and scenes; the localities and decorations, too, are mentioned." Then he naïvely concluded: "Whether these additions were made by the author, or were the work of subsequent commentators, we will not attempt to decide."

The "localities" were foisted upon Shakespeare by Nicholas Rowe, in an irregular and haphazard manner, in 1709; and successive editors, regarding them as

an integral part of the text, have introduced them at every possible opening. The mightiest of managers have realized them in "decorations" that have sat like an incubus on the Shakespearean stage. During two hundred years, as Goethe clearly recognized, Shakespeare has been "not a theatrical poet;" the poetic drama has never "run its proper course, full of passion and unhindered."

Much has been written about Shakespeare and the modern stage. The crux of the question lies in his relation to his own theatre, and this has as yet received the scantest attention.

I

The scholarly world has, as it seems, held a very low opinion of Elizabethan stagecraft. "In all that is external and mechanical," says Dowden, "the theatre was still comparatively rude." "There was nothing," John Addington Symonds remarks, "but the rudest scenery." Coleridge is even more contemptuous. "The stage in Shakespeare's time was a naked room, hung with a blanket for a curtain." It is not without significance, perhaps, that those who despise the Elizabethan stage as crude and naked are no less contemptuous of the complex and highly embellished stage of modern times. None of them shows any love of the theatre as the theatre. Coleridge "never saw any of Shakespeare's plays performed," as we learn from a report of one of his lectures, "but with a degree of pain, disgust, and indignation. He had seen Siddons as Lady Macbeth, and Kemble as Macbeth. These might be the Macbeths of the Kembles, but they were not the Macbeths of Shakespeare. [The actors] drive Shakespeare from the stage, to find his

proper place in the heart and the closet." It is an almost universal cry of intelligent readers. Lamb, in an ecstasy of lyric praise, wrote: "The Lear of Shakespeare cannot be acted;" and as for the actors, he asked in fine scorn what they "had to do" with it all, anyway? "They might more easily propose to impersonate . . . one of Michael Angelo's terrible figures." Emerson despised the Hamlet of "a famed performer, the pride of the English stage," because the poetry of three lines "spoiled the illusions of the green-room." Maeterlinck pronounces the playhouse "a place where works of beauty perish."

There is something strangely disquieting about all this. One feels that Eckermann's question has not been answered. Is it quite unreasonable to expect a play, even the greatest play, to be playable? Is it as absurd to make use of the whisperings, the thunder, the varying color, the vibrant emotion of an actor's voice, in order to reinforce the sonorous lines Lear speaks, as it would be to make living pictures of the Moses or the David? Shakespeare certainly wrote with his actors in view, — a fact which no doubt gave rise to the vernacular directness and simplicity of his highest flights of poetry, which distinguishes them, as Lowell notes, from the literary, or rather rhetorical, verse of Milton. It is a truism that the artist who creates happily is wedded to his instrument of expression, his imagination to the material it works in. Stevenson relates the fine rapture that filled him at the perfect use of a comma or a semicolon. D'Annunzio once told an interviewer how he is accustomed to read the dictionary, enraptured by the mere sound of beautiful words. If Chopin had had only a spinet, could he have written as he did? Or, conversely, should we call the man a good writer of songs whose lyrics cannot be sung, the composer a master whose score, however lofty the mind revealed in it, cannot be played by an orchestra? Could Phidias have made the Parthenon out of Babylonian mud, or

Titian have painted his Venetian women in the crude chrome and ochre with which an Indian brave daubs his features? Certainly it is worth while to picture Shakespeare's stage, clearly as we may, as the executive instrument for which he wrote his mighty harmonies of the human soul.

What warrant have we for the belief that Elizabethan stage and stagecraft were crude? Sir Philip Sidney in his *Defence of Poesy* scoffed at its frequent changes of scene. But his point of view was that of the Elizabethan classicist, — or, as we now recognize, pseudo-classicist. Ben Jonson, who was tarred with the same brush, raised the same cry. In the prologue of *Every Man in his Humour*, he boasted a play

Where neither chorus wafts you o'er the seas,
Nor creaking throne comes down the boys to
please,

both of which devices Shakespeare employed. But should we give strict credence to the gibes of a satirist? What would the future antiquary think of our own stage, if he listened only to its detractors, even its most intelligent detractors, — George Moore and W. B. Yeats, for example? Shakespeare himself, it is true, chafed at the "squeaking Cleopatra" who boyed the greatness of the Egyptian Queen; and in the prologue to *Henry V* he asked: —

Can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France? or may we cram
Within this wooden O the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt?

But does this recognition of the limitations of his medium argue that he was out of sympathy with its virtues? Does it not rather show that, far from being, as Goethe found him, "not a theatrical poet," he studied his theatre with scrupulous artistic care? Lessing's painter in *Emilia Galotti*, in much the same quandary, took advice from the author of *Laocoön*, and consoled himself with the profound philosophy that one measure of an artist's greatness is the difference between his aim and his achievement.

If Shakespeare's theatre was as bare

and as crude as we have so often been assured, it was a solitary phenomenon of the kind in the England of Elizabeth. The order of the day, as is well known, was external luxury running riot in unexampled pageantry, — the reveling of a recently barbarous people in the full splendor of the Renaissance. The accounts of triumphs and progresses fill ponderous volumes. In at least one respect, the actors, as extant records show, rivaled the court itself. Great as was the delight in drama, and talented as were the playwrights who supplied the demand, the highest price Philip Henslowe paid for a play up to 1600 was eight pounds, the lowest being four; but for a pair of hose he paid £4 14s, and for a cloak £20. As money was worth about six times what it is now, the price of this cloak — a single part of a single costume — was equivalent to over £120. Henslowe's inventory of the apparel of the Lord Admiral's men lists eighty-seven garments, mainly of silk or satin, with gold lace and fringe, and often of cloth of gold. Is it likely that a Renaissance theatre in which such garments were displayed can be fitly described as a naked room hung with a blanket?

It was, in fact, very far from this. Coryat in his *Crudities* remarks that the playhouses he saw in Venice (July, 1608) were "beggarly and bare in comparison of our stately playhouses in England: neither can their actors compare with us for stately apparel, shows, or music." This was no British prejudice, as numerous foreign travelers in England bear witness. A Dutch scholar, Johannes De Witt, was so impressed by the theatres of the Bankside that he drew a sketch of the interior of the Swan, and recorded his observations in a Latin note. He says: "There are in London four theatres [*amphitheatra*] of noteworthy beauty. . . . The largest and most noteworthy is that whereof the sign is a swan, commonly called the Swan Theatre. It seats [*in sedilibus admittat*] three thousand persons, is built of a concrete of flintstones [*constructum ex coaceruato lapide pyrritide*], which abound

in Britain, and is supported by wooden columns painted in such excellent imitation of marble that the acutest might not nose out the deception. Since its form seems to approach that of a Roman structure, I have depicted it above."

Two statements in this description have been branded as errors, — that the theatre was built of concrete, and that it seated three thousand; and because of them the whole has been discredited. In his standard work, *Early London Theatres*, Mr. T. F. Ordish concludes that De Witt adds nothing to our knowledge. It is certain that the Swan was not built of concrete. But De Witt expressly states that the columns, which, as his sketch shows, made up the greater part of the interior, were of wood. As for the outside, Professor G. P. Baker of Harvard has acutely suggested that it was a half timber structure filled in with plaster, which De Witt mistook for concrete. If the foundation was of concrete, as it might well have been, the mistake would be very natural. The Fortune playhouse, as we know, had a brick foundation rising well above the ground. It is, however, De Witt's estimate of the capacity of the amphitheatre at three thousand that has mainly discredited his testimony. Even the most careful authorities will have the Elizabethan playhouse small. Ordish says: "Three hundred would probably be nearer the mark." Dr. Karl Mantzius, in his generally well informed *History of Theatrical Art* (1904, vol. 3, p. 113), places the maximum capacity at six hundred.¹

¹ His method of calculation was to divide the total gate receipts by the average price of a seat. The total he uses, £20, is almost wholly conjectural; and the prices of seats, from 6d to 2s 6d, he takes from the "induction" to Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*. This play, it is true, was first acted at the Hope, on the Bankside, in 1614, but the text dates only from the folio (1631-41). It is probable that the induction was spoken in one of the small and select private theatres in which Jonson enjoyed his chief vogue. On the Bankside the cheapest places cost a penny. Contemporary records speak of "twopenny rooms."

Mantzius had at hand a far more accurate means of calculation, the neglect of which — by all the historians of the stage — is one of the many curiosities of scholarly oversight. In the third volume of Malone's Shakespeare (edition of 1821) is a "Historical Account of the English Stage," which is rich in data and documents, among them being the contract made by Henslowe and Alleyn with one Peter Street, carpenter, in 1599, for the building of the Fortune. This Mantzius quotes (p. 66) from Halliwell-Phillip's *Outlines*, with one or two inconsiderable errors in detail. If he had analyzed it he would have seen that it strongly corroborated De Witt's sketch and description.

The new theatre, unlike the Globe, is to be square; but in many respects, as specified by the contract, the Globe is to be taken as its pattern. It is improbable, therefore, that it differed greatly from the Globe in size. "Some idea may be formed of the area it occupied," says H. Barton Barker in his *History of the London Stage* (p. 15), "when it is stated that [upon its demolition] a street was cut through it and twenty-three (23) tenements, with gardens, raised upon the ground;" but he shows no realization of the capacity of the structure that occupied this area. Its dimensions without, according to Henslowe's contract with Street, were to be "four score foote of lawful assize;" and the yard, or pit, was to be fifty-five feet square. The three galleries were to be twelve and one half feet deep, which is exactly what the dimensions just given would require. At a conservative estimate, these three galleries would seat 1278 spectators. With pit, stage, and the gallery over the stage, the capacity of the Fortune would be 2138,¹ or not so far be-

hind De Witt's round number estimate of the seating capacity of that "largest and most noteworthy theatre," the Swan. As to the size of the Globe there is a striking bit of contemporary evidence that one of the means by which Essex sought to rouse the city to rebellion, in 1601, was a representation of Shakespeare's *Richard II*. The capacity of Daly's celebrated theatre in New York is 1150, of the Hollis Street Theatre, Boston, 1640; the colossal auditorium in Chicago seats only 4079.

The stage of the Fortune Theatre is to be forty-three feet "long" and "in breadth to extend to the middle of the yard," or, as we should say, forty-three feet wide, and twenty-seven and one half feet deep. In a modern theatre a proscenium opening of thirty feet is sufficient for all the purposes of the ordinary run of plays, while an opening of forty feet gives scope to the most elaborate and crowded spectacular productions, even grand opera. Far from adding nothing to our knowledge, De Witt's description, interpreted in the light of the Henslowe-Street contract, revolutionizes it.²

De Witt makes it further evident that the Elizabethan playhouse was as beau-

and five in the third. Estimating eighteen linear inches for each spectator, and allowing for five aisles, each three feet wide, four lords' rooms in the first gallery, each seating 8, and eight twopenny rooms above, each seating 10, the first balcony would seat 310, the second 430, and the third 538 — a total of 1278. The pit would hold 800, allowing $(18 \times 18 =) 324$ square inches for each person and counting out the space occupied by the stage; and the gallery over the stage would hold 35. For the gallants, who after the year 1600 sat on the stage, 25 is a conservative estimate. $1278 + 800 + 35 + 25 = 2138$. With aisles, and such rear passageways as commanded the stage, all crowded, the theatre would hold $2138 + 120 + 300 = 2558$ as a maximum.

¹ The entrance to the galleries was by stairs on the outside, which suggests that the gangway within ran about the back of the galleries. The forward space would hold at least three rows of seats in the first gallery. Each of the two upper galleries had a "jutty forward" of ten inches, which would allow four slightly narrower rows of seats in the second gallery,

² In addition to the two doors shown in De Witt's sketch at the back of the stage, Shakespeare's theatre had appurtenances which I shall presently note. But there is no reason for believing that all theatres were identical. It is not to be denied, however, that in matters of detail De Witt is inaccurate. His sketch is, in fact — a sketch.

tiful as it was big. What more could we say of the imitations of marble columns adorning modern theatres than that the acutest might not nose out the deception? Henslowe's contract requires that the capitals of the pilasters supporting the stage be "carved proportions called Sattiers," — the grotesque satyrs that lend quaint distinction to so many beautiful sixteenth-century interiors. Far from being small and crude, the Elizabethan theatre was, as Coryat says, "stately," and in the most sumptuous taste of the time.

II

As to the decoration of the stage, the historians are strangely at variance — and not more at variance with one another than with the facts. Dowden, in his *Shakespeare Primer*, says: "Of movable scenery there was none." "Shakespeare," says George Brandes, "made no attempt at illusive decoration." Sidney Lee, in his recent *Life*, says: "Scenery was not known to the Elizabethan stage." So far, so good; but what are we to make of what follows? In his *Introduction to Shakespeare*, Dowden says: "Stage properties were numerous, rocks and tombs, stairs and steeples, banks and bay-trees." John Addington Symonds, in his *Predecessors*, speaks of "a battlemented city wall behind the stage." Both of these statements rest on ample authority. Is there not something inconsistent in this postulated theatre, bare and rude, which makes no attempt at illusive decoration, and yet presents woodland and seashore, castle chamber and city wall?

That pictorial decorations were known to the Elizabethans there is ample evidence. The accounts of the city and corporation of Canterbury record that, a full century before the culmination of Shakespeare's powers, namely, in 1501-02, the occasion being a performance of *The Three Kings of Colyn*, "a castle made of painted canvas was erected in the room by way of scenery." The revel accounts of 1581, when Shakespeare was still a lad at

Stratford, make record of "a storie of Pompey enacted in the hall on Twelfth-night wherein was ymployed newe one great cittie, a senate house," etc. Such instances could be multiplied. Painted scenery continued to be used for masques and such like occasions until they culminated in the extravagant creations of Inigo Jones, which rivaled in ingenuity and ambition of illusion the modern creations of the old Lyceum and His Majesty's, and helped so materially to embarrass the royal chest of James. Under Charles, as high as £20,000 was spent on a single masque — equivalent to \$600,000 to-day. If Shakespeare and his fellows had seen any advantage in pictorial decorations, we may be sure that they would have supplied them as they supplied columns and capitals, silks and cloth of gold.

That Shakespeare did not do so, we may fairly deduce from the peculiar form of the playhouses of the Bankside. The halls in which the royal revels took place have this in common with the modern theatre, that the stage was at one end and the audience at the other. It was natural, and one might almost say inevitable, that the division should be marked by a proscenium arch and a curtain, and that the stage should be hung with flies and filled in with wings, creating an illusion all but perfect pictorially. But playhouses like the Swan, the Fortune, and the Globe were built on a radically different plan. The stage was a platform extending, as an arm, to the middle of the pit, so that the spectators viewed it from all points of the compass, except only the narrow surface separating the stage from the tiring-house — and even this, at least after 1600, was at times invaded by the public. No proscenium arch was possible, no wings and no flies — and consequently no properly pictorial illusion. But is it reasonable to denounce a theatre as crude for no other reason than that it differs from ours in principle? The fact that the illusion was not complete is very far from proving that there was no illusion, for there are other kinds of illusion besides

pictorial, — as, for example, plastic. Leonardo's Last Supper is no more truly illustrative than the Laocoön. The real question is whether the amphitheatre with a protruding stage is in itself necessarily crude, and if not, whether Shakespeare made full artistic use of its capabilities.

Strange are the shifts to which those have been reduced who assume the naked stage and the blanket. Mr. Ben Greet, whose generally capable reproductions of Elizabethan stage management have done vast service to intelligent lovers of the drama in England and America, is obstinately convinced that Shakespeare was without not only pictorial scenery, but scenic properties. In *Twelfth Night* Maria says to her fellow conspirators: "Get ye all three into the box-tree. Malvolio's coming down this walk." Mr. Greet denies that Shakespeare troubled his head any more about the box-tree than about the walk, and in staging the play made his three actors dodge into an exit door and awkwardly stick their heads out to deliver their lines. But there is a difference of vast artistic significance between the walk and the box-tree. The walk has no part in the business of the scene: to omit it is to give freer range to the imagination; but the box-tree is the practical centre of the comedy of the situation; to omit it is to mar the plausibility of the scene, its liveliness and fun.¹

Mr. Greet's archæology is, in fact, as faulty as his stagecraft. Henslowe's diary gives a list of certain properties in his possession (March 10, 1598) for the use of the Lord Admiral's men. It does not include a box-tree; but it does include a bay-tree, a "tree of gowlden apelles," and a "Tantelouse tre." There were other means for creating the illusion of natural scenery, — one rock, and two moss banks. The items "I beacon" and "Pair of stayers for Phaeton" suggest spectacular sensation. For architectural effects there were tombs, — one to bury Guido and one

to bury Dido, and one, as it seems, for general utility. There were two steeples and one chime of bells. A "cage" brings reminders of the fate of Bajazeth in Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*; and "I caudrem for the Jew" is clearly the very cauldron into which Barabas of Malta falls and is burned to death in pitch, breathing hatred to all Christians. A reminder of the morality plays is in "Hell Mouth;" while "I great horse with his leages," *i. e.*, with his legs, illustrates what Ben Jonson (in *Cynthia's Revels*) calls "hobby-horse and footcloth nags," and shows that for all Hamlet's Oh! and his Oh! the hobby-horse was not quite forgotten. If any doubt remains as to the employment of such properties and set pieces, it is laid by the frontispiece of the 1615 quarto of Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*, which pictures the fatal arbor with young Horatio hanging in it by the neck. That it is no fancy of the illustrator is shown by the fact that the leaves are stuck into the bars of the trellis in the manner of a stage property. A similar bit of evidence is the 1636 quarto of Marlowe's *Faustus*, which shows the doctor conjuring in a well-appointed study, with the devil appearing through a trap. Passages which call for such means of illusion are without number throughout the Elizabethan drama, and leave no doubt that they were very realistically executed.

The mechanical appliances of the Elizabethans have also been called crude, and with as little warrant. Ophelia's grave was doubtless sunk into a trap in the stage, and it had earth and bones on it. It was from the trap-room beneath the stage that the ghost of buried Denmark echoed "Swear!" as he worked "i' th' earth so fast." Such devices had been used for centuries. The sacred drama abounds in quaint and intricate contrivances for representing miracles. In Mantzius's *History of Theatric Art* there is a picture of a sixteenth-century mystery stage with a ship riding in a Sea of Galilee that puts to the blush our modern tank drama. In Greene's *Looking Glass for*

¹ I am informed that since this article was written Mr. Greet has sparingly made use of properties, as for example box-trees.

London (1594) "the magi with their rods beat the ground, and from under the same arises a brave arbor." Peele's *Old Wives' Tale*, written before 1595, calls for an elaborate use of traps. In Ben Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels* (1601) there is a "fountain of self love" out of which Amorphus "takes up some of the water" and "sups" of it. In *Macbeth* the apparitions "descend" and the witches "dance and vanish."

That there was a loft over the stage of the theatres of the Bankside is evident in every view we have of them, though no one has as yet made mention of the fact. It was from the loft, no doubt, that in the plays which offended Ben Jonson, the "creaking throne came down, the boys to please," and from it also in *Cymbeline* "Jupiter descends in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an Eagle: he throws a thunder bolt." There is the best of reason for believing that this device, which perhaps taxed even the frank Elizabethan phantasy, was not introduced by Shakespeare: the masque in which it occurs is generally regarded as an interpolation. Yet it will not always do to judge Shakespeare rigidly by our own standards of taste in such matters. When Ariel sings, Ferdinand says:—

Where should this music be? I' th' air or th' earth?

. . . I hear it now above me;—

it seems more than likely that the spirit of the air floated and soared by means of wires worked from the loft. What more was done in the so-called aerial ballet, for employing which lately in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* an enterprising firm of New York managers was somewhat loftily censured?

The private theatres, — such as the Blackfriars, — seem to have made less use of set pieces and mechanical contrivances. One reason, as we may gather from the view of the interior of the Red Bull in Kirkman's *Drolls* (1672), is that the stage was smaller than that of the public theatres of the Bankside. The audiences, too, as it seems, prided them-

selves upon a chaster and more classical taste. The fact throws a strong light on Shakespeare's position as a popular playwright and provider of spectacles. Coryat, it will be remembered, takes especial pride in England's stately "shows and music." It is only "inexplicable" and "dumb" shows that Hamlet girds at.

That cloths painted in perspective were sometimes used as scenery is possible, though not likely. In the induction of *Cynthia's Revels*, which was produced at the private theatre of the Blackfriars, (1601), one of the children says: "The boy takes me for a piece of perspective, I hold my life, or some silken curtain come to hang the stage here! Sir Crack, I am none of your fresh pictures that use to beautify the decayed dead arras in the public theatres." By 1629 "fresh pictures" were to be found at the Blackfriars likewise, for in slanging the audience that had condemned his *New Inn* Jonson says, "The facings in the hangings and they [*i. e.*, the audience] beheld alike;" all this, however, is very far from implying that the "pictures" were meant to give pictorial illusion to the passing scenes. Among Henslowe's list of belongings we find "The sittee of Rome," which was perhaps such a painted hanging; and "the cloth of the sone and the mone," the use of which I cannot guess, unless it was to picture the "heavens" which decorated, at need, the under surface of the loft. At the utmost stretch of possibility, pictorial illusion must have been limited to the "heavens" and the flat surface behind the stage when balcony and alcove were not in use. Set pieces, properties, and actors stood forth in the amphitheatre, and were seen, so to speak, in the round.

This convention of plastic decoration dates far back into the Middle Ages. It is found in the sacred drama of all countries, and is, in fact, a necessary result of the amphitheatrical stage. In turn, it precluded all thought of completeness and realism of detail. It was enough to show the symbol of the scene. "Now you shall have three ladies walk to gather flowers,"

gently gibes Sir Philip Sidney (1581), "and we must believe the stage to be a garden." In Peele's *Old Wives' Tale*, a wayside cross presents, as we are told, the parting of "three several ways;" and in a similar manner, no doubt, Juliet's tomb and a yew-tree bodied forth a churchyard, Beatrice's arbor her garden. All the warrant we have for the statement that Shakespeare's stage was bare and crude is this use of symbolism as opposed to our modern completeness of realistic detail.

111

Certain quaint usages were, indeed, known to this plastic symbolic stage; but they were ably contrived for a definite effect, and at worst Shakespeare early discarded them, if he ever willingly employed them, developing a dramaturgy that needs only to be studied to be esteemed.

It has not been sufficiently noted that in its earlier years the Elizabethan stage admitted something very like the multiple or simultaneous decoration of the sacred drama — in which a series of set pieces, ranging from Hell Mouth to Heaven, was in full view throughout the entire action, each of them in turn giving the symbol for a separate scene. One of Sir Philip Sidney's satiric glances was at a stage that showed "Asia of the one side, Africk of the other, and so many other under kingdoms that the Player, when he cometh in, must ever begin with telling where he is; or els the tale will not be conceived." In *The Old Wives' Tale* the stage presented, besides the cross described above, the door of a smith's hut, a conjurer's study, a well, and probably other localities. The accuracy of our prevailing ideas of Elizabethan dramaturgy is shown in the fact that the stage on which all these things were shown has so often been said to have been small.

This convention of multiple symbolic decorations was part and parcel of some of the most vigorous stage effects in the plays that bear Shakespeare's name — a

fact that has curiously escaped the notice of commentators. In the last act of *Richard III*, Richard enters with his followers and says:—

Here pitch our tent, even here in Bosworth field.

This done, they go out to "survey the vantage of the ground." Richmond enters with his followers, and, as it appears, pitches his tent on the opposite side of the stage. At the end of the scene the stage direction says: "They withdraw into the tent." Richard is of the one side, and Richmond of the other, with all of Bosworth Field lying in the stage between. Then follows a series of rapidly alternating scenes, in which one sees, without break, the contrasting moods of the two generals. In turn they lie down to sleep. The ghosts, as they come in, one after another, go first to Richard's tent and haunt him with the vision of past crimes, then cross the stage to Richmond's tent, breathing words of cheer and courage. From this on, without break or change, we are hurried through the incidents of the battle of Bosworth Field, — the opposing armies being no doubt represented symbolically, as Sidney laughingly suggests, with a few swords and bucklers, — until Richard is slain, and Richmond crowned.¹

One may, if he will, call this multiple symbolic stage rude and crude. But is it not more scientific to recognize in it only the convention that runs through all mediæval art? Sculpture and painting were for centuries both multiple and symbolic; and for all of our perfection of technique, of detailed realism, we still recognize the elder convention as artistic and highly

¹ Generations of critics have maligned Colley Cibber's acting version of the play, quite ignoring the fact that some such rearrangement of these scenes is necessary to fit them to the pictorial stage. They have been almost equally unfair to its dramatic quality. Of the two famous lines, "A horse, a horse! My kingdom for a horse!" and "Richard is himself again!" how many critics are able to say which is the great dramatist's, and which the work of the reputed master of clap-trap?

effective. Certain it is that as applied to the stage it admits of stirring contrasts and a dramatic rapidity quite out of the question with a succession of realistic mountings.

In other ways, the stage was made to show two places at once. Recessed in the back wall, as is well known, was an alcove, which, with the aid of theatrical properties, was used to symbolize a bedroom, a cave, or a tomb.¹ Above it was a gallery which might symbolize a garden wall or the crest of high Olympus. It is even possible that the "stayers" which Henslowe inventories were used to land Phaeton and his equipage in the orient sky, — which is to say, in the gallery. Alcove and gallery, though separated only by a floor, were used at times to bring two remote localities into dramatic juxtaposition. In *Titus Andronicus* (1588–90), the folio directions read: "Enter the Tribunes and Senators aloft. And then enter Saturninus and his followers at one door, and Basianus and his followers at the other." After these two have settled their differences on the stage, "They go up into the Senate House," *i. e.*, into the gallery. Presently Titus Andronicus and his train enter below, bearing the corpses of two sons. The Senate House is still, as it appears, in session above; but Titus and his train "open the tomb," doubtless in the alcove beneath the Senate House, "and lay the coffins in the tomb." Thereupon there is conversation between those above and those on the stage, and after it "a long flourish till they all come down." The juxtaposition of localities

naturally as remote from each other as a graveyard and a senate house suggests that we may have taken Sir Philip Sidney's satire too literally. The early Elizabethan stage did not perhaps so much represent Asia and Africk, a senate house and a tomb, as — a stage! The sense of realistic scenic locality was as yet most indefinite.²

Crudities again, no doubt, from the point of view of the realistic imagination; but any one reading the play with regard to immediate theatric effect before an Elizabethan audience will own, I think, that it has an unusual measure of concentration, contrast, and speed, which in all times and places are the essence of effective drama. As to what Goethe calls the "passions" of the plays, one may have his doubts; but it is something that this multiple symbolic stage helped them to run their proper course unhindered.

IV

Was this symbolic, plastic, multiple stage "too narrow for Shakespeare's great mind?" Perhaps! Yet in one respect the manner in which he employed it narrowed it. In none of the plays associated with him did he put Asia of the one side and Africk of the other, or employ any such device as stayers for Phaeton. Whatever share he may have had, moreover, in the actual phrasing of *Titus Andronicus* and *Richard III*, there can be little doubt that the primary structure of the scenes, so reminiscent of the archaic stage, was the work of an earlier hand. In the more thoroughly original plays the unity of a scene is never violated.

On the contrary, when the dramatic effect requires it, we find a conscious purpose to define locality — to make the stage seem much more than the stage. After the murder of Duncan, while the hands of the guilty pair are still imbrued with his blood, comes the fateful knocking.

² This acute distinction is very clearly made by Mantzius, with regard to the early Athenian dramaturgy.

¹ The best assemblage of the data on which this statement is founded may be found in an admirably scholarly and sensible article by G. F. Reynolds, in *Modern Philology*, April and June, 1905. Mr. Reynolds runs into error, however, by ignoring that the "Lords' Rooms," or proscenium boxes, were often used as a part of the stage. Juliet's so-called balcony was a window presented by means of a second tier box, as was the coign of vantage from which the king spied on Canterbury in Henry VII, act v, scene 2. The present article was written before Mr. Reynolds's paper appeared.

The stage direction says, "Knocking within." But Lady Macbeth defines the locality very vividly:—

I hear a knocking

At the south entry : retire we to our chamber :
A little water clears us of this deed.

Macbeth addresses the intruder:—

Wake Duncan with thy knocking ! I would
thou couldst !

The modern pictorial stage, with all its appurtenances for creating local atmosphere, is capable of no more poignant concentration of effect. An interesting dissertation might be written on this definition of locality in the Elizabethan drama. In Ben Jonson's *Alchemist* the action is limited throughout the first four acts to a single spot, Subtle's consulting chamber, the stage direction "without" always indicating an ante-room beyond which is the street door, and "within" other apartments of the house, leading to the back yard.

Even more significant is the picturing of definite locality by means of descriptive speeches. "The player when he cometh in," says Sidney, "must ever begin with telling where he is, or els the tale will not be conceived." This sentence (which should have rendered impossible the statement that changes of scene were always indicated by shifting placards) suggests the origin and use of many of the most splendid passages of poetry in the drama.¹ The breezy, fanciful dialogue between Puck and the Fairy, which opens the woodland scenes of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and the idyllic speech of the Banished Duke which opens the forest scenes of *As You Like It*, give atmosphere and color to all the rest of the plays. Often the pictorial lines have also a definite function in the dramatic structure. When the royal train approaches the dwelling of Macbeth, Duncan says, —

This castle hath a pleasant seat ; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

¹ Mr. Reynolds shows, however, that placards were not infrequently used.

Banquo answers, —

This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting Martlet, does approve,
By his loved mansionry, that the Heaven's
breath

Smells wooingly here : no jutting, frieze,
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed and procreant
cradle.

Could any art of the scene painted present a picture more forcibly in contrast with the murder which, in this same spot, Macbeth and his lady have just been plotting, and which presently takes place ? Similarly dramatic in its suggestion is the "bitter cold" that preludes the first entrance of the ghost of buried Denmark, "the nipping and the eager air" of the second platform scene, and Horatio's closing lines in the first platform scene:—

But look ! The morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastward hill.

Edgar's description, in *Lear*, of the cliffs of Dover is the prelude of a moment of suspense, the intensity of which can only be felt in the theatre. Are not those critics somewhat captious and irresponsible who with their scorn of the playhouse and love of the printed page would divorce the means from the effect Shakespeare so clearly intended ?

That the stage settings were kept in a subordinate relation — mere symbols — seems to have been the result of a conscious intention to give full scope to the dramatist's imagination, and to that of his hearers. There is abundant evidence, certainly, that even on a stage that was necessarily symbolic there was an ever-present temptation to overdo this matter of visual representation. Whatever else the mob may be capable of, it may be relied on to applaud dumb show. It was only after experiment that the early Elizabethans learned when the sight stirs the imagination and when it kills it. In *The Troublesome Reign of King John*, when the king is crowned the stage direction reads: "There the five Moones appeare," and the Bastard calls the King's attention to them as a portent of ill:—

See, my Lord, strange apparitions —
 Glancing mine eye to see the Diadem
 Placed by the Bishops on your Highness head,
 From forth a gloomie cloud, which curtaine
 like

Displaide itselfe, I sodainly espied
 Five moones reflecting, as you see them now.

Clearly there was a visual apparition of five moons in the so-called "heavens" above the stage. In Shakespeare's re-writing of the scene, Hubert enters and describes the apparition as having taken place outside. Note the more vivid appeal to the imagination:—

My Lord, they say five moones were seen to-
 night:

Four fixed, and the fifth did whirl about
 The other four, in wonderous motion.

How clearly Shakespeare recognized the incongruity of an attempt at full scenic realism in the plastic stage he himself has somewhat quaintly shown us. The defect which led Peter Quince to include Moonlight and Wall in his dramatic personæ, it is implied, is a defect of imagination. "The best of this kind are but shadows," pleads Theseus, indulgent of the artisan-actors who delighted his man's sense of humor, "and the worst are no worse, if imagination mend them." But the feminine Hippolita, whose sense of humor is less in proportion as her sensibilities are greater, rejoins in plain terms, "It must be your imagination, then, and not theirs." Shakespeare found that his own mind's eye, and that of his judicious auditors, saw better when unhampered by an attempt to present the stuff of his dreams in complete visual reality. Solid and various as were the means at his disposal, and freely as he employed them on occasion, he always kept them subordinate to the verbal poetry. He used his visual emblems to stimulate the imagination, not to cloy it.

When the illusive decoration of the stage required heavy set pieces, Shakespeare, like the playwrights of our own most modern school, avoided as much as possible the awkward interruptions of the scene-shifter, with their deadening effect on the swing of the story. In *As You Like*

It it is most probable that the woodland scene, once set, was not removed. The few passages necessary to carry on the narrative in the court of the tyrant Duke are of a kind to be played well forward, and on a part of the stage only — front scenes, as we should call them. The time occupied in setting the woodland scene was also probably occupied by a front scene:— after the tyrant Duke had sentenced Rosalind to banishment, he and his lords went out, while Rosalind and Celia walked about the stage, Rosalind illustrating her swashing and martial outside in manly strides. In *A Midsummer Night's Dream* the time of setting the woodland scene is occupied with the conference of Bottom and his crew, no doubt at the front of the platform. After that, the action in the wood is uninterrupted till it comes time to change back to the court, the interim of the change being again occupied by the clowns. Throughout the Elizabethan drama, as Heywood implies (*History of Women*, 1624), it was the duty of the Clown "to breed in the less capable mirth and laughter"— in particular, no doubt, while the properties were shifting. In certain American popular stock companies the entr'actes are filled by vaudeville performances, coon songs and cake-walks, for example, bridging the scenes of *Faust*. The function of Tarleton and Kemp, in the popular playhouses of the Bankside, was no doubt precisely similar. How scrupulously Shakespeare studied the æsthetics of the acted drama is evident in the fact that he almost always elevated this front-scene nonsense into an integral part of the story. Hamlet's command, "And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them," has very plausibly been taken as an admonition to that unruly extemporist, Kemp. The practical *raison d'être* of Dogberry and his crew was to give Kemp a chance to exercise his quality; but Shakespeare made of his clown a plausible god from the machine to solve the whole tangle of the plot.

Whether during such front scenes the

shifting was screened from the audience is not easy to determine. There is no question that front curtains had long been known. The revel accounts for 1573-74 read: "John Rosse, for poles and shyvers for draift of curtins before revel house, 25s." In 1581, "Pompey's Senate House" had "eight ells of double sarcenet for curtains." As for the public playhouses, in the absence of a proscenium arch the curtain could at best have hidden only that part of the stage beneath the loft, running about the columns that upheld it. That such a curtain existed, I have found no evidence. A "traverse" or an "arras" is often called for, but only as the hanging of alcove, balcony, or box — as, for example, the curtain that shuts Juliet from view after she has taken the potion, and Desdemona when she is dead. It could scarcely have been possible for gallants to sit on stools on the stage, if anything like a front curtain was employed. The strongest evidence that there was nothing of the sort is the fact that when characters were killed on the stage it was the almost universal custom to provide some means in the attendant action for removing their bodies, as Hamlet made way with Polonius, and Falstaff with Hotspur. The simplicity of the symbolic settings made shifting a matter of a few moments only, while the amphitheatrical form of the playhouse, and the immediate contact it established between actor and audience, probably made any attempt at concealment only the more destructive of illusion.

The great virtue of this merely symbolic decoration was the fact that it made possible a dramatic narrative of the utmost rapidity, and capable of being varied infinitely to the needs of the story in hand. In both senses of the word it was plastic; and it was to preserve this plasticity in narrative, no doubt, as well as for the more imaginative poetic suggestion, that Shakespeare made sparing use of solid visual properties. I have found no instance in which they were employed except when essential to the actual stage business. For the most part, the player

when he came in "told where he was," and when he went out the stage was free to take up the narrative in another place, though this might be in a different country. When the locality was of no dramatic significance, Shakespeare did not pause to "ponder over" it, either with regard to properties or to poetic description. The stage remained the stage, and the whole emphasis was thrown upon the "necessary questions of the play," — dialogue, character, and action. The imagination had free scope — those are haunting words of Goethe's — and the play ran its proper course, full of passion and unhindered.

As Shakespeare found the plastic, symbolic stage, it abounded in the obsolescent conventions of the Middle Ages. He studied it with the eye of a master, and made of it the fit instrument for the mightiest of poetic dramas.

The inferiority of the realistic picture-stage of to-day for the production of our old poetic dramas need scarcely be insisted on. The attempt to make a locality which Shakespeare has been at pains to define more real by means of the trivial art of the scene-painter is, to say the least, to produce the deadening effect of redundancy. When the curtain rises, as, for example, on Macbeth's castle as Irving represented it, the eye takes in the whole at a glance. Then Banquo speaks those marvelous lines. Instead of perceiving the inner vision Shakespeare intended, — "the light that never was on sea or land," — one instinctively tallies off the "mansionry" of the martlet, his "pendent bed and procreant cradle," on the crude paint and canvas — and whether one finds them or not, the result is to dispel the dreams of poetry. Instead of reinforcing this moment of beauty and foreboding, the redundant illustration kills it. So it is with Horatio's "morn in russet mantle clad," with the moonlight in Portia's garden at Belmont, — in fact, with all the marvelous verbal suggestions of locality with which Shakespeare has been at pains to envelop and reinforce his action.

The effect of the constant shifting of our modern scenery is even more deadening. To make time for it, the text has to be mercilessly cut and transposed, which ruins many of Shakespeare's most ably calculated effects, and often renders the action all but unintelligible. And in the long and frequent entr'actes devoted to the heroic labors of the scene-shifter, the interest of an audience cools, even in the case of the most stirring story. The Marlowe-Sothorn presentation of *The Taming of the Shrew* was conceived as a rapid, knockabout farce; but the shifting of the scenes took sixty-one minutes in a total space of three hours. In a word, the narrative effect of the plays — a consideration of the highest moment in the theatre — is all but ruined.

v

Some such stage as that of Shakespeare is to be found wherever the poetic drama has reached its highest spontaneous development. The similarity of the form of the Spanish and the English dramas has often been pointed out, but has never been properly related to the similarity between the Spanish and the English stage. The first theatres of Madrid were the yards of houses, and took their name, *corrales*, from this fact. They were, in effect, amphitheatres, open to the sky, with pit (*patio*) and galleries. Doors, windows, and balconies were not dissimilar to those of the Elizabethan stage. Changes of place were as numerous, and if painted scenery was used, it was only in the form of simple drops that made no pretense at complete pictorial illusion. The Spanish stage was thoroughly symbolic, thoroughly plastic. The intimacy between actors and audience is attested by many circumstances, — notably the fact that spectators sat on the stage. Spectacular machinery was used, and by 1622 was carried to lengths of "inexplicable dumb show" which the judicious thought grievous. The preface of the sixteenth volume of the plays of Lope de Vega energetically satirizes "the Spanish comedia, where figures rise and

descend so crudely, and animals and birds appear in like manner." In every essential the two theatres were identical.

The Greek stage in its final form, under Sophocles and Euripides, observed the unity of time, and, roughly speaking, the unity of place; but in other essentials it was all but identical with the theatres of England, though the analogy has not, so far as I know, been pointed out. The space in which the actors stood was the centre of an amphitheatre. There were properties, but, as the latest authorities agree, virtually no illusive decorations. The representation was thus in the highest degree plastic. The *proskênion* corresponded to the wall behind the Elizabethan stage, and the roof of it was used like the Elizabethan gallery. A loft was of course impossible; but a crane was manipulated from the roof of the *skênê* in full view of the audience, on which gods and goddesses were made to float and soar. In place of the Elizabethan alcove, the Greeks used that astonishing mechanical device, the *ekkyklema*, which swung tableaux out into view of the spectators — thus effecting what was virtually a change of scene, by blending one locality with another. There were traps, and devices for imitating thunder.

Before Sophocles even the unity of place and time were not observed. Æschylus, in his earlier plays, changes locality at will, and in a manner suggestive of the multiple stage of the Middle Ages — or rather of a stage from which all sense of definite locality is absent. In the comic drama, even as late as Aristophanes, there was evidently no pretense of realizing definite localities. Thus in *The Peace* Trygæus begins by feeding his beetle in a pig-sty, mounts it, and, by means of the crane, flies up to heaven to the palace of Zeus, and thence descends to earth. Throughout, as it seems, there has been no illusion of place. The stage has been simply the stage. When Trygæus dismisses the chorus, he tells them to guard the stage properties from the thieves that lurk about the tiring-house.

There was thus the closest similarity between the form and methods, if not the size, of the early Greek and the Elizabethan playhouses. Judged by its fruits, the plastic stage is the most perfect instrument of the poetic drama the world has yet produced.

The unities of time and place seem to have resulted from the fact that Sophocles used the *proskênion* to stand for a definite locality—a temple or a palace. That they were an improvement, even in the sculpturesque Greek drama, may be questioned. As imposed upon the later drama of Europe, there can be little doubt that they were a misfortune. Corneille was at first enamoured of Spanish dramaturgy. He submitted to pseudo-classic rules only after a struggle—and, as it seems, much to the injury of his great powers. For centuries after him, pseudo-classicism sat like an incubus on the Continental drama.

In one important respect the Greek theatre, considered as an instrument of dramatic expression, was pretty plainly inferior to the Spanish and the Elizabethan. The huge expanse of the amphitheatre—at the smallest estimate, it seated seventeen thousand as against two thousand or more in Shakespeare's theatre—made hearing and even sight so difficult that only the broadest and most conventional effects were possible. The voices of the actors were reinforced by means of "sound-basins," and perhaps megaphone attachments in the masks—to the manifest destruction of all the finer shades of vocal coloring. The rigid mask sacrificed to a single salient grimace all the infinite variety of expression possible in the human face. The costumes were conventional, too, and quite unlike anything seen in real life. Not only the stature of the actor, but his strides and gestures, aimed at an effect of the heroic, even of the superhuman. In one way, of course, this conventionalization of speech and mimetics threw emphasis on the poetic element; but it may be doubted whether there was a gain in the

total effect. The Elizabethan drama, as lofty as Æschylus at its loftiest, as in *Lear*, has a whole gamut of delicate and intimate effects impossible in the Greek amphitheatre. As the plastic stage is the most nearly perfect instrument of the poetic drama, the playhouses of the sixteenth century represent it in its aptest development.

VI

When Goethe discovered the artistic superiority of the Elizabethan theatre, the work of his life was all but ended, both as a dramatist and as a producer of Shakespeare. It is interesting to speculate as to what would have been the result if he had made the discovery in his student days, when Shakespeare swam into his ken. *Goetz von Berlichingen*, which was the first result of this overmastering influence (sketched out in 1771, when Goethe was twenty-two), has, in its completed form, no less than fifty-five scenes, many of them mere snippets of half a dozen lines, yet calling for the interposition of the curtain and the scene-shifter. Schiller followed in Goethe's wake; and though subsequent experience with the actual stage somewhat retrenched the recklessness of both in shifting scenery, it is none the less true that they formed the German poetic drama on a conception of Shakespeare's stage and stagecraft which is false both to fact and to art. By their overmastering genius they galvanized the pseudo-Shakespearean tradition into life. But they have had no successors. If Goethe in his youth had had any knowledge of Shakespeare's stagecraft, we might have gained a *Faust* that would be playable, if not altogether intelligible. Wagner's ponderous and undramatic music-dramas are also perhaps in part a result of the pseudo-Shakespearean tradition. Certainly the critics who object to Siegfried's dragon of wriggling pasteboard and his mechanically flapping bird might emphasize their objection by the analogy of Quince's Moonshine and Wall. If anything "mends" those animated

properties, it is the spectator's "imagination," not Wagner's dramaturgy.

In England the course of events has been as bad, and worse. Byron, Shelley, Keats, Browning, Tennyson, have all attempted to carry on the national tradition in the drama. That their gifts were equal to the task, there can be no doubt. But one and all they failed. Other causes no doubt contributed to the death of the poetic drama on the English stage, but none more serious than the prevailing contempt and neglect of the æsthetics of the playhouse, which has led our poets to practice a dramaturgy founded on a study of the plastic drama when writing for a pictorial stage.

VII

Thanks to the liberality of a few citizens of New York, we are soon to have a repertory theatre devoted to dramatic art. The great Shakespearean masterpieces will doubtless continue to be embellished with realistic pictorial scenery, and in the process cut, transposed, and dragged out in the long-familiar manner. The public cannot be weaned at a stroke from its love of easy and obvious splendör. But

there is a strong and growing minority of intelligent people who prefer their Shakespeare harmoniously produced on a stage that, instead of destroying the effect Shakespeare intended, realizes it to the utmost. And not the least powerful argument for restoring the true Elizabethan tradition is that it avoids expenses which have so often proved ruinous. Irving once called attention to the fact that every great English actor-manager has died poor; and he himself proved no exception. No money should be spared in providing costumes, hangings, and the few requisite properties of the richest and most harmonious fashion. But less than the cost of a single spectacular production would equip a stage for the presentation of the entire Elizabethan drama. Certainly it should be the privilege of every child at school to make the acquaintance of the classics of our language in their habits as they lived. Nor is it certain that even the public will not in the end learn to prefer that the greatest of all poetic dramas be permitted to run their proper course, full of passion and unhindered, on the most perfect of all poetic stages.

THE SHEPHERD AND THE KNIGHT

BY ARTHUR COLTON

SHEPHERD

SIR KNIGHT with stalwart spear and shield,
Where ridest thou to-day?
The sunlight lies across the field,
Thou art weary in the way;
Dismount and stay.

KNIGHT

Peace to thine house and folds and stalls;
I ride upon my quest,
I travel until evening falls
Whither my Lord deems best,
By me unguessed.

SHEPHERD

Who is the lord, that sends thee forth,
Good knight, from thine own land?
He needs must be of royal worth
To whom such warriors stand
At his command.

KNIGHT

We have not seen His face, we hear
A voice that bids us be
The servants of an unborn year,
Knights of a day that we
Shall never see.

SHEPHERD

Reason enough ye go astray,
Sir Knight. I fain would learn —
So many warriors wend this way —
What wages they may earn,
For none return.

KNIGHT

They go before me in the night.
They follow after me,
They earn the triumph of the right,
Their wages are to be
Faithful as He.

SHEPHERD

Look you, Sir Knight, I take mine ease,
Fat are my sheep and kine,
I have mine own philosophies,
My way of life —

KNIGHT

Is thine,
And mine is mine.

SHEPHERD

Why, now! The man is gone! Pardie,
A silly wage! I trow
His lord that pays him mad as he.
Fools are a crop will grow
Though no man sow.

PREPARING OUR MOROS FOR GOVERNMENT¹

BY R. L. BULLARD

A CURIOUS and interesting process has been going on in Mindanao of the Philippines; the West is being grafted upon the East; American government and ways are passing to Oriental savages.

The most troublesome and inaccessible tribe were the Lanao Moros, living about the fine lake of that name, high in the mountains and forests of the interior of Mindanao. From thence in the past they had sallied forth when they pleased, in piratical and slave-taking expeditions that made the name of Moro the terror of the Philippines. Returning thither, their ways had seemed to close behind them. It was for the Americans to open these ways: for here, as perhaps over all the earth, road-making was to be the first step, and to merge with government-making and civilization.

For the Malanaos, as these Moros called themselves, the two began together.

United States troops began laboriously to open a road from the north shores of Mindanao to the borders of Lake Lanao. The work fell to the soldier; for, with the coming of civil government to the other Philippines, the Moros, because of their long tradition of piracy, lawlessness, and savagery, had been left to the care of the army. From this work, from his part and charge thereof, and from his subsequent experience as first governor of Lanao, the writer speaks.

Having heard only fearful rumors of the military prowess and dire fanaticism of the Moros, we came to find a numerous people in a native state of political chaos, to the civilized mind incomprehensible, for reasonable beings incredible. Nothing, not even pandemonium, could be said to reign in such disorder. An infinity of chiefs called dattos, with pompous titles — sultan and rajah — suggesting power and authority, yet having none, divided a fine country into many minute sovereign and independent followings, of uncertain

¹ Compare Major Bullard's article on "Road-Building among the Moros," in the *Atlantic* for December, 1903.

jurisdiction as to persons, places, and things. There were five tribes, which, however, differed only in name, — not in condition or characteristics. These tribes had their traditional, hereditary sultans, doubled and trebled perhaps, but always largely nominal, and, except for their immediate personal following, with but little real authority. Over their “sons” — the general people and the countless lesser dattos and sultans of the tribe — they had influence, hardly control. The latter governed themselves, that is, lived as they pleased, as they could, or as they were allowed by their neighbors. More, probably, than any other man on earth the Moro did as he pleased; his only restraint was his fear of others.

With perhaps a dozen separate datto groups within a radius of a mile, with no common superior to adjust differences, followers of different dattos wrangled, lay in wait for one another, made war, or watched one another in a state of armed peace that was worse than war. With no other means of squaring accounts than by war and aggression, these were continual. Rivalry and jealousy were the predominant tones. Fear on the datto's part that, if he were severe with his followers, they would leave him and, by joining some neighbors, disturb the local balance of power, prevented the punishment of any but domestic offenses; and so Moros everywhere were thieves, robbers, pirates, and slave-takers, in a state of continual violence and wrong-doing toward one another and all men, so far as they dared.

They loved markets, trade, and intercourse, but for these there was no protection except individual prowess. If wives or children went out without guard but a little way from home, they were likely to be nabbed and run off into slavery by prowling man-hunters, shifted about, sold quickly from hand to hand, and lost beyond all power of tracing. They showed signs of industry, but for this virtue savagery offers no encouragement. Trained in the use of the dagger, *kris*, two-handed sword and spear, all Moros were soldiers,

proud, quick-tempered, quarrelsome, ever on the lookout for opportunity to try their skill in arms, without which, waking or sleeping, they were never caught.

Such were the Moros. There was no government. The only suggestion of it was found in the datto. Manifestly here not only had the foundations of government and order yet to be laid, but the very places for them were to be made and prepared.

From a few fights that had preceded our coming, it had been made plain to the American authorities that with our superior intelligence, arms, and organization we could, whenever desired, absolutely wipe the Moros off the earth. There was, however, in such proceeding neither purpose nor glory, and the policy was to grant opportunity to the Moros, if they would take it, for better things in peace. Thence, logically, my first steps were to try to demonstrate to them our good intentions, to place on exhibition before them the advantages, the benefits, of peace, order, and government, — things which they had not.

Beginning then, the labor of soldiers slowly and painfully for four months worked a road through jungle, forest, and mountain toward the heart of the Moro country. In this time, though often invited and always treated with great consideration, but a few straggling Moros came to visit me. With these, however, I spent time patiently, squatting or sitting about camp, sometimes talking, often in silence, all day to the very night, so long as they would stay, to allow them to look and learn, to observe us for themselves, and satisfy their curiosity; then, as they went away, I invited them to come again to-morrow.

They came in little bunches, and the dattos talked. They rarely spoke directly upon the subject which nevertheless I could see was uppermost in their thoughts, — our coming. They either disdained any show of interest in it that might imply concern or fear about our presence, — for a Moro is nothing if not proud, — or

else preferred to draw their own conclusions from time and observation.

In the outset of trying to establish friendly relations, ill luck befell. Simultaneously with the Americans there appeared amongst the Moros the most fearful of all diseases, the Asiatic cholera, and straightway it was charged upon us. The white men were in league with the Cholera Man, and had brought his devils to destroy the Moros. My few friends dropped away out of sight, whence they had come. Prowling bands, even lone Moros, beset the trails and camp, lying in wait and attacking with fury and bitterness lone sentinels and small parties. A single old datto, Alandug, stayed. From his seacoast village he had looked wider upon the world, and was wiser than his fellows. I did not need to tell him, for he easily saw for himself, our mortal terror of the cholera, whose cause we called germs, he, devils. He did not, however, understand why we were not dying like the Moros. I showed him the soldiers boiling their water, and told him that before drinking we thus drove the cholera forth from the water in which it lived. To my surprise he never flinched at the statement, he swallowed it whole; this truth, so hard of acceptance among wiser men, found ready belief with this savage. Long afterward I knew why. It agreed with the Moro religious theory that all diseases are but devils that have slipped from the outside into the body. Our theory and theirs, so different, yet the same, proved a first bond, something common between white man and brown. Alandug told the other Moros what a just theory the Americans had of the cholera, and how the awful disease had killed but few Americans. In a short time my friends began to come back with him, bringing all the ills of human flesh for cure by advice of the white man, in whose medical theories they had quickly acquired confidence. Thenceforward medicine, and especially quinine, became my ally, esteemed above right, reason, principle, and, upon occasions, even above force.

The labor of building a great road through mountain and tropical forest was slow. We were still, after months, far from the Moro country, not among the people we had come to reach. A weekly market at a coast settlement, and the season of salt-boiling, were, however, bringing parties of Moros from the far interior past us to the coast. Curiosity induced them to squat, talk, and smoke with me, while they "sized up" the Americans and admired their beautiful arms.

Thus daily I spent hours with them. The first thing ever in their eyes and thoughts was arms, — firearms, — but on this subject I would not talk. They were greatly impressed with the quantity and variety of the things we had. Here I was ready for them. The Moros were very poor, they said; they relied upon arms and the religion of the Prophet; their sultans and dattos were mighty, and were not subject to or ruled over by one another, or by any man, because they were brave, feared not death, and their mountains covered them. I told them of the might, but assured them of the friendly intentions, of the Americans; that we had not come to fight, but to open roads, so that the Moros could come to buy, sell, trade, work with the Americans and grow rich; that we had come to bring the Moros all the valuable and useful things which they saw we had. I ended with an offer to hire and pay them for working on the road. Thereat they professed much pleasure. In this, my thoughts were on work for peace, theirs on arms for war, firearms, which in the Moro eye shut out sight and consideration of all things else. Moved by the hope of getting these, some smaller dattos near, after much talk, declared themselves ready to accept the offer of work. Old Alandug came first, with a handful of ugly-looking followers, whom we treated like kings, and handled like infernal machines ready to go off at any time. When at the end of the day they received their pay, their thoughts turned upon the coin, the money in hand, in a sort of charmed, pleased surprise. The

next day saw their numbers grow; succeeding days new groups were added, with growing confidence, but armed, always armed, stuck all over with daggers and krises. A few days' work, however, and my old friend, Alandug, fell from me for a while on the arms question. A stray Moro, a low-bred, common fellow, taking advantage of the datto's absence at work with me, had eloped at one fell swoop with two of the datto's young wives. The datto must have revenge, and, to obtain it, rifles from me, his brother, who had come to do the Moros good. Disappointed at my refusal, he went away sulking; but, as I had expected, his people in a day or two sneaked back to work without him, to get from the Americans the sure pay and regular food which made them forget their datto's anger. It was an augury of good which, as time passed, I was to see more and more realized.

The market-goers and salt-makers carried the news of the money-getting to the interior, and other strangers appeared, strengthening the number of our laborers and friends, and weakening the ranks of the hesitating or hostile. Pay for work was sure, and the burning desire for arms began to be forgotten in an awakened love of gain. A new force was at work among Moros, and what, in civilized men, we rail at as low and vile, became in these savages a saving virtue, making for peace and progress. The followers of the datto Alag and the men of Pugaan, who, on account of a damsel bought and paid for but never delivered, had for years been attacking one another on sight, and dared not now, as they loved their lives, meet on market or trail, wiped the score from memory to come and earn money together on the American road. The sultan of Balet and the sultan of Momungan, next-door neighbors who, in a way to rack the nerve and wreck the best men ever built, had long been either at war or in a state of continual guard night and day against each other's raids, forgot the old cannon that had been the cause of the trouble, and came to work on the road without friction.

Men to whom it had been discredit, if not dishonor, to be found without arms, gradually came to lay them aside at the white man's insistence, for a short time at least, while they labored. Harder still for a Moro, — whose law is an eye for an eye, conduct for conduct to all generations, — a datto, a favorite of mine, under the same influence, came after six months to look, if not with forgiveness, at least without excitement and feverish desire to kill, upon a Moro road laborer of mine, some of whose people in long-gone times had fought and wounded the datto's grandfather.

A boyhood spent among simple, ignorant plantation negroes, later experience as officer over them and over others like them, the Filipinos, had strongly impressed upon me the distrust which such people always feel toward middlemen of all kinds, especially interpreters. Direct speech alone satisfies them. With the Moros the constant effort and practice of our all-day séances had in a few months obviated alike the need of interpreter and the possibility of distrust: I had learned their own tongue. They could talk with me directly, and they soon were coming oftener and farther to do it.

From the beginning, among these visitors had appeared many *panditas*, scribes and priests, men of solemn dignity and preoccupied mien. They made a great show of silence; but, notwithstanding this, I could see that in reality, by look, gesture, and occasional word, they generally directed the speech of the datto whom they accompanied. They touched so often upon religious matters and customs that I had quickly felt the need of being informed on the subject of Mohammedan teaching, especially concerning conduct and foreign relations. I accordingly "primed" myself at once, and was soon astonishing the *panditas*, who were themselves really ignorant of their religion, with my learned talk crammed for the occasion from Sales's translation of the Koran. With the Moros in Spanish times, religion had been the greatest

stumbling-block. In their view the Koran was the whole law, established long ago in the days of the Prophet, so that change and innovation in anything that it governed (and it governed all things) were not only unnecessary, but wrong. Now we, the Americans, had not, like the Spaniards, come talking a new religion. We had the correct Moro theory of disease. Moreover, we had, as it were, slipped up on their weak human side by appealing to their love of gain, and by keeping them employed had even kept their thoughts from the usual fanatical channels into which they were wont to turn on meeting new things. In short, before the Moros knew it, they had been surprised, juggled out of their usual position, and on this one point of religion, where we had expected the greatest difficulty, we were, on account of a little study and pains (I almost said trick), not only to have none, but were to meet with real assistance in getting control of the bulk of the Moros. Religion is the one thing, if there is any, that faintly holds together the incoherent groups of the race. After many visits from less important priests, came the chief and most reverend one in all Lanao, an old and very shrewd man. I received and treated him with great dignity and show of respect, and talked the Koran with him as long as he pleased. Delighted with his first reception, he came again and often. In a few months he was my staunch friend, and was sending letters and messages to his people, many of whom were now either preparing for war or had already been committing acts of war against the Americans. He told them that he spoke the will of Allah-'ta-Allah (God); it was that they live in peace and accept the Americans. He assured them that the Americans also, like the Moros, knew the will of Allah-'ta-Allah and the words of the Prophet. With this old man I advised on many subjects, and one of his last acts with me was to rise, to my great surprise, in a grand assembly of his people a year after our first meeting, and solemnly announce it

as the will of God, made known to him, that the Americans rule over the Moro people and tax them to the fifth of all their goods! He could have given no greater proof of loyalty, for the rock on which his people split was taxes.

For nearly a year the presence of the Americans, contact with them, observation, the example they offered of order, obedience, and government, the practice which in working with the Americans the Moros themselves received in obedience, order, industry, and responsibility, were lessons to the Moros preparatory to government, which was to follow. On many these lessons were unmistakably having the desired effect; on others, not. The latter committed against the Americans every aggression that treachery and stealth could devise. Sentinels were stabbed in the dark, lone soldiers ambushed, cut up, and killed, small parties attacked, tents, tools, and arms stolen and carried away. Our patience long left these things unpunished, hoping that with time and a better comprehension of us the Moros would of themselves see the folly of continuing such acts. On the contrary, as the road went deeper and deeper into the Moro country, these aggressions became worse and more frequent. Our enemies, and even our friends, began to think we were afraid. Unpunished, enjoying to the full at our expense the gratification of their Moro love of lawlessness, our enemies taunted our friends with a foolish self-denial in abstaining from the sport. The friends felt and protested that we were making no difference between good and bad, between friend and foe. They demanded, and indeed it was right, that a distinction should be made.

There was, therefore, better feeling when one morning all learned that we had surprised in his mountains, captured the arms, destroyed the rendezvous and scattered the band of Datto Matuan, whose followers, as all Moros knew, had beset and robbed the American camps. This was emphasized when, a few days later,

after wandering all night through the forest and mountains and wading lake and marshes, we had captured the fort and had utterly wiped out the band of the sultan of Birimbangan. His people under pretense of selling fruit had treacherously approached, cut up, and disabled for life an American soldier. Jeeringly referring to the American slowness to act against their enemies, he had answered my demand for redress by saying that he would take my message under consideration for some months, and then let me know whether he would talk about the matter at all. But respect grew when the news spread of a score dead in the town of Bacayauan, whose people had killed a soldier for the purpose of robbery, and who, when called upon for justice, had first ignored, and then, fortifying the town, had defied the Americans.

Nothing that happened between Americans and Moros was hidden. For the sake of instruction and effect Moros were made to know or hear all, and in these expeditions the effect was increased in Moro eyes by the fact that the Americans had distinguished well, and no friendly Moro had suffered at their hands. There was in consequence a wider call for American flags as a symbol of friendship. It was enough. Punitive measures were thereupon stopped. They were stopped out of policy also, with a view to the future pacification of even the bad Moros, on the knowledge that with them it is revenge, an eye for an eye, to the end of time, without regard to how justly he who first lost an eye deserved to lose it. For this reason a "kill and burn" policy can never succeed with Moros, can do nothing more than destroy them.

These object-lessons had gradually, with the passage of time, brought many villages and settlements to a peaceful recognition of the American commander as their common superior. As this process went on it brought to light the miserable conditions under which these savages had always lived, — willing, yet of themselves helpless, to throw them off. I was

overwhelmed with a flood of complaints, requests to adjudicate claims, settle disputes and differences between different dattos and villages, punish countless robberies, burnings, murders, and woundings, for which there had never in Moro history been any other tribunal than war and counter-aggression. The story led back as far as tradition goes, and opened a broad field of work, too broad for one man.

It was plain that here, at least, near the road, the preparations for government had outrun the provision of machinery for its operation. However, something had to be done. I therefore quietly assumed the functions of lawmaker, ruler, and judge, ruled and settled disputes and differences on my own judgment and knowledge of conditions. The law was scarcely of record, — neither was the old English Common Law, — and the government was somewhat informal; but, like all simple folk, Moros seemed to prefer personality to form in government. Fortunately, too, with my clients exact justice according to civilized ideas was not necessary, nor in demand. Moro ideas of justice were, from their history, tradition, and lives, naturally hazy and faint, not to say *nil*. It was more important here that there be some law than that it be perfect, some decision and end of controversy than that they be just.

My dictum was therefore accepted in general by the Moros near. Soon, however, the rumor of these things spreading, acts in intentional contempt and defiance of them as representing the growing American authority began to be committed by remoter dattos. Military men stationed among them need never seek occasions of quarrels with Moros. Moro ignorance, folly, and perversity can be relied upon to furnish plenty of occasions, and such occasions as cannot be ignored or pardoned. Two such were now forced upon me. The sultan of Detse-en, amongst the most powerful Moros, under threat of war to the bitter end, was required to make full apology, and to cut

off his son from the succession to the sultanate, for public and boastful abuse of the American flag. It was a fit and effective though severe punishment. The second was even worse. One morning I surprised and captured, and soon had tried and sentenced to seventeen years' imprisonment, two dattos who, to show their disregard and contempt of what the Americans had enjoined, had made, against Filipinos, a successful slave-taking expedition by sea, under the American flag, which they had somehow managed to get hold of! With the Moros restraint of personal liberty is the most grievous of all things; it is inflicted for no crime, however great, and is allowed for but one cause,—insanity. The punishment of the two dattos, therefore, spoke straight to the Moro heart, and all were made to hear it. Death were far preferable. The abused flag came into my hands along with the dattos. That was the latest, no doubt it will be the last, time that the American flag will cover a slave-taking expedition.

The road had now been finished. In its concluding stages the competition among the Moros for the work, for the opportunity to earn money, had become so sharp as to be troublesome. Dattos were quarreling with one another about it, and, once started at work at a given point, they were so self-willed and determined that they could hardly be stopped to be directed elsewhere.

The road work ended, the danger of idleness arose, for it had now become evident to me that Moros could be managed in two ways only,—by putting them at work and keeping them at work, or by putting them in fear and keeping them in fear. There is no possibility of living in quiet with unoccupied or uncowed Moros. I preferred the method of work.

On my offer to hire them now to fetch supplies from the seacoast, there were repeated all the doubt, hesitation, and delay of the time when they first began work upon the road, complicated this time by fear that the Americans might

try to make them carry bacon or something that contained some product of the hog, to the Mohammedan the lowest and vilest of things, accursed of God and the Prophet. After repeated reassurances on this point, they began. At first, to make sure, they would carry only flour, but the work proved profitable and became most popular. Then they took boxed stuff, then canned stuff, then ceased to question what,—every man wisely curbing his curiosity, holding his tongue, carrying all things that came, and bacon at last among the rest!

Assuredly the leaven of new ideas was working. Gradually, in the past few months, the Moros had accepted much; and this demonstrated their readiness to accept more, of what was American. The time seemed opportune to give more form to this beginning of control. Accordingly the writer was duly appointed governor of the Lanao Moros, with a small staff, and a scheme of government somewhat like that obtaining over the rest of the Philippines. Its defects were manifest at the very first effort to put it in operation. It failed to turn to account, to place itself at the head of, the weak but only organization in all Moro-land, the datto group, and to lay hold of the only power known to Moros, the authority of the datto.

On a small scale and imperfectly I had already had a government in operation in the only way that government can for years be operated among the Moros,—one-man power without formality, backed by force and a knowledge of the conditions, and exercised upon the people through their dattos. As the law for the new government did not contain these essential provisions, it would not work; but the little machinery of government which had previously been set up went on working quietly, until the new law by amendment adapted itself to the requirements of conditions, and the governor became *de jure* what he had already long been *de facto*,—father, adviser, judge, sheriff, ruler, lawmaker, with the dattos as his subalterns and assistants.

Formal acceptance of government was naturally regarded by the Moros as a serious step, even where they had already in effect been living under that same government for some months. Reasons were demanded. I therefore held meetings to explain and satisfy all. Argument was made as varied and as different as the dattos themselves. Here came in profitably the knowledge which I had gradually been acquiring of each and every one's circumstances and history. For one, it was sufficient to point out that Americans had not bothered his religion or his women; for another, that he had suffered no injustice from us as he had from other Moros, Filipinos, or Spaniards; for this one, that tribal wars in which his people had almost been wiped out had been stopped by the Americans; for that one, that we had suppressed the thieves who had been robbing him of his women and goods. It was enough to remind the sultan of Sungud how he and his people had prospered by the Americans, and the datto of Punud that he was wearing rich clothes since we came. It satisfied some that we had not come and tried to place over them the Filipinos, upon whom the Moros look with contempt as the immemorial source of their slave supply, and with hatred as their traditional enemies; and others, that we had already adjusted and would go on adjusting—it was the purpose of the government to adjust—differences, and punishing wrongs between the different groups of the Moros, and so wipe out the sudden deadly attacks by one another from which all had suffered, and of which all stood in constant dread before the Americans came among them.

"Why do you want this, and what do you come here for, anyhow?" questioned, at one of these meetings, the old sultan of Bayabao, after I had just finished dealing out quinine to him and his begging retinue one raw, rainy day. "We are satisfied as we are," he added vehemently, as he sat shivering in bare feet, thin shirt, and flimsy trousers before me, well, warmly, and dryly clad.

"Have you such shoes and clothes as I to warm your body and protect your feet? Or have you such medicines as I have just given you to cure your sickness?" I answered. "Do you know how to make them?" He was silent and the great crowd listened. "We do, and have come to show you. That is why."

To this day he and his people have not fought the Americans, nor resisted their government.

It pleased and convinced many when I pointed out and emphasized, what they already knew, that now, with a security hitherto unknown to them, they were able to travel through all Lanao.

Such were the reasons given, and they were pointed out and patiently repeated as the direct good which had already come, and of which more was to be expected, from the power and authority of the Americans. They won over gradually, without war, half of all the Malanaos, and government went on taking on more form; but the most numerous, warlike, and inaccessible tribe, under the most influential hereditary sultan of all, remained stubbornly hostile and aggressive. In twos and threes, his people prowled about, and by cunning, stealth, and lying in wait, lost no opportunity to rob, assault, stab, kill. They would accept nothing the Americans said, for while with most men it is credulity, with Moros it seems to be incredulity, that goes with ignorance of the world. To them, accustomed to see men governed only by desires and passions, it was inconceivable that the Americans bore these aggressions from any other cause than fear or weakness. Tradition and experience were all against such an idea. To them, whose largest example of power had been a datto who could muster a few hundred men, it was wholly incredible, and they ridiculed the idea, that the United States could bring against them any more men or arms than they had already brought. To them it was inconceivable that any man who could would not without more ado destroy his enemy. That the Americans

had not done this meant therefore that the Americans could not do it. To talk to them of power without exercising it, or of punishment without executing it, was taken as mere vamping. To my persuasion, demands, and threats alike, therefore, their dattos sent jeering replies or answered me with worse aggressions. The last straw was the murder of four soldiers by stealth, to secure their arms. Then followed a deadly punitive expedition. It carried surprise and astonishment, a fearful lesson to foolish, boastful savages whose ideas of war were one thousand, and of power three thousand years behind their age. This was the last argument, and to my next invitation not only those who had been punished, but the few others who had stood aloof, declared their readiness, and in a short time came under the new government.

In organizing them, wherever they could be won over and had made full submission, those dattos who had led in hostility were appointed to authority over their people under the United States; for history shows that such men, under the conqueror, and whether the conqueror wills it or no, remain the strong spirits and real rulers of their country. Violent changes were thus avoided.

All had now come under American authority, and the work of inducing them to accept government was practically finished. There was, however, one thing that still stuck in the throats of all, choking and gagging even those who willingly and peacefully had long been living under the new order. This was the question of taxation, a delicate subject, a last test with Moros, because it is a matter of religion. There had been much talk and murmur of this through all the tribes and groups. Therefore I again held a meeting, at which were assembled all the sultans, dattos, and men of consequence, for question and discussion. I laid before them all the reasons. It appealed to the dattos who had been appointed to offices over their people, to say that we must have money to pay them, but these were

very few. Again, for the common good, I said, — to punish criminals and catch thieves; but the common good had little meaning for men who had known no government, no *res publica*, nothing common; let every man care for himself, was their idea. In all their experience taxes stood for what had been wrung for selfish purposes by the strong from the weak, by conqueror from conquered, by master from his bondman; and money paid for any other cause than direct barter and sale meant tribute, a horrible thing of subjection, dishonor, and slavery. That good should be alleged of taxation was incomprehensible; that it was intended for the good of those who paid it was past belief. All their experience and tradition were contrary to such a thing. Public spirit could not be appealed to, for long habit of life in minute communities had effectually throttled the budding of such a feeling, and left only selfishness.

Yet I felt no uncertainty as to the ultimate outcome of the matter; for by experience I had learned that in all things whatsoever, to the last, the white man outclasses, and can always find some intellectual way to go around, a Moro. In this matter it came thus: —

The Moros, like all other natives of the Philippines, are possessed of a consuming desire to carry a "pass," — some sort of an official certificate as to character, home, business, and the like, of the bearer, — and they are willing to pay any amount therefor, and never think of it as taxation. On this weak point the Moros showed the first signs of yielding. Then the plan of indirect taxation caught, pleased, and overcame them, as it catches wiser men than they. Imported cotton cloth paying duty at the custom house had long been reaching the Moros through a few coast traders, and was now in large use among all Moros. Touching the jacket of the nearest datto, "You are a lot of foolish and ignorant children," I said. "You are haggling about paying taxes when you have already been doing it for years, and have actually been giving the Ameri-

cans money to pay me, to pay the interpreter and all my soldiers." This at once caught their attention. The explanation followed. They understood it remarkably quickly. They saw the humor and the truth of the thing, and, wondering at the *finesse* that had been able to make them contribute to their own subjugation, yielded in a sort of nonplussed way, feeling, no doubt, that it was useless to hope to escape a people who could devise such

a smart system of getting money from other people without the latter's even knowing it. To my help also at this juncture came my old friend, the priest Noskalim, the Metropolitan, as it were, of Lanao, with, if not a revelation, something better — wisdom — to his people: "It is the will of Allah-'ta-Allah, The Merciful, who has many names."

In these ways government and civilization have gained upon them.

ANATOLE FRANCE

BY BRADFORD TORREY

M. ANATOLE FRANCE is a writer who is continually saying something. His thought is always breaking into bloom. He is not one of those who, on the ground of weightiness of matter, or other supposed excellence, have taken out a license to be dull. All his pages have light in them. His readers not only know in which direction they are going, — a great comfort, not always vouchsafed to such travelers, — but are made to enjoy the journey, having a thousand sights to look at by the way. It is an author's business, he considers, to make his truth beautiful; and nothing is beautiful but what is easy. An artist who knows his trade will "not so much exact attention as surprise it."

It sounds like a good creed; and the style of his writing answers to it. Its qualities are the classical French qualities, — neatness, precision, ease, moderation, lightness of touch, lucidity. In sum, it is such a style as comes of good breeding. He is clever without being smart, and pointed without emphasis. As for that dreadful something which goes by the name of rhetoric, you may search his twenty-odd volumes through without finding trace of it. His method is old-fashioned, his masters are the old masters. Brilliancy, surprise, felicities, originali-

ties, — yes, indeed, he has all these and more, but he knows how to wear them. They are all natural to him. "Elegant, facile, rapid," he says; "there you have the perfect politeness of a writer." Obscurity, difficulty, is to his way of thinking but a kind of bad manners.

He was born to enjoy beautiful things, one would say; elected before the cradle to a life of scholastic quietness and leisure; a dilettante and a saunterer, loving old streets, old shops, old books, the old literatures, fond of out-of-the-way and useless learning, the very type and pattern of an aimless reader and dreamer. And so, to take his word for it, he appears to have begun. Those were his best days. Then he was most himself. So, in certain moods, at least, it seems to him now. Of that time he is thinking when he says, "I lived happy years without writing. I led a contemplative and solitary life, the memory of which is still infinitely sweet to me. Then, as I studied nothing, I learned much. In fact, it is in strolling that one makes beautiful intellectual and moral discoveries."

The old book-stalls on the Paris quays, — one wonders how many scores of times he has an affectionate word to say for them in his various books. Even in one

of the earlier essays of *La Vie Littéraire* he apologizes for what is already becoming a frequent reference. "Let me tell you," he breaks out, "that I can never pass over these quays without experiencing a trouble full of joy and sadness, because I was born here, because I spent my childhood here, and because the familiar faces that I saw here formerly are now forever vanished. I say this in spite of myself, from a habit of saying simply what I think, about that of which I think. One is never quite sincere without being a little wearisome. But I have a hope that, if I speak of myself, those who listen to me will think only of themselves; so that I shall please them while pleasing myself. I was brought up on this quay in the midst of books, by humble and simple people, of whose memory I am the only guardian. When I am gone they will be as if they had never been. My soul is all full of their relics."

He runs a risk of being wearisome, he says. But that is merely one of those bits of French politeness to which the only polite and truthful reply is a contradiction. Indeed, he knows better. It was he who said of Renan that his most charming book was his little volume of youthful reminiscence, because he had put most of himself into it. And of M. Anatole France it is equally true that although he has an abundance of ideas, and loves not only his own past but the past of the world, — especially of all mystics, heretics, skeptics, enthusiasts, and saints, — yet he never comes quite so close to his reader as when his talk grows most intimate. It is what we who read are always after, the man behind the pen. If he will really tell us about himself, about his inner, true self, which we blindly feel must be somehow very like another self, more interesting still, with which we seldom succeed in coming face to face, although according to the accepted theory of things it is, or ought to be, our nearest neighbor, — if he will really tell us something, little matter what, that is actually true about himself,

we will sit up till morning to listen to him. It seems an easy way to be interesting, does it not? And so indeed it is, for the right man; for the really fine things are always easy, — if one can do them at all.

There intrudes the doubt; for if success in personal reminiscence is easy, failure is ten times easier. Of course a man must have taste, an innate or well-bred sense of the fitness of things; and so a brook must have banks, to save it from degeneration and waste. But what if the stream itself be muddy, if it have no movement, no sparkle, no variety, if it do not by turns ripple over sunny shallows, loiter in comfortable eddies, and deepen and darken in dream-inviting pools? Or what if the banks be straight-cut and formal, till what should have been a brook is little better than a ditch? What if taste has become propriety, and propriety is hardened into primness, and the writing or the talk is without the breath of life? Yes, success is easy, and it is also impossible. As the art of man never made a mountain brook, so instruction never by itself made a writer. The rain must fall from heaven, and readability (and *hearability* likewise, since writing and talking are but two forms of the one thing) must come from the same source, or, as Emerson said, by nature.

If a man is to disclose himself he must first have known something about himself, a pitch of intelligence by no means to be taken for granted; he must be one of the relatively few who are affectionately cognizant of their own feelings, who delight in their own view of things, who have felt, loved, suffered, and enjoyed, to whom life and the world have been inwardly real and interesting, for whom their own past especially is like a fair landscape, here in full sunshine, there flecked with shadows, but all a picture of loveliness and a thing to dream over.

In reminiscence, as in painting, the subject must be somewhat removed, loss of detail yielding a gain in beauty, since in the one case, as in the other, what we seek is not an inventory, but a picture.

This, or something like this, is what Renan had in mind when in beginning his *Souvenirs* he remarked that what a man says of himself is always poetry. For his own part, he declares, he has no thought of furnishing matter for *post-mortem* biographical sketches. He is going to tell the truth (mostly), but not the kind of truth of which biography is made. Biography and personal reminiscence are two things, and can never be written in the same tone. Many things, he tells us, have been put into his book on purpose to provoke a smile. If custom had permitted, he would more than once have written on the margin of the page: *cum grano salis*.

One thinks of Charles Lamb, though in general he and Renan had wonderfully little in common. How dearly he loved to talk of himself, hiding the while behind some modestly transparent veil of mystification! And how dearly we love to play the innocent game with him, seeing perfectly what is going on, but, as children do, making pretense of being deceived. Better than almost any one else he had the winsome gift of half-serious, tenderly humorous self-disclosure. As Renan said, it is all poetry, and always with something to smile at.

All this because of one of M. Anatole France's many stray bits of gossip reminiscence concerning the old quays of Paris and his boyish adventures among them! Such trifles are characteristic; they connote other qualities, and of themselves show us one side of the man and the writer. He loves his own life, especially his real life, the happy years that lie behind him. The power to see them is to him a matter of wonderment, a kind of miracle, a true fairy's gift. If he could see the future with the same distinctness the fact would be hardly more astonishing, and probably it would be much less beneficent. So he tells himself in one of those rare and precious moods when the soul seems preternaturally awake, and the commonest everyday objects wear a look of newness and mystery till we are

taken with a kind of inward shivering as if we had been seeing ghosts.

For the more connected story of his youthful memories one must turn, of course, to the two volumes expressly devoted to them, *Le Livre de Mon Ami* and *Pierre Nozière*. That he should have written *two* such books is significant of the hold that his childhood still has upon him. But the two are none too many. How delicious they are! — full of tenderness and humor, every sentence true to the pitch, and the writing perfect. And how many pictures they leave with us! The woman in white and her lover with the black whiskers. The ragged street urchin, Alphonse, whom the well-fed, well-dressed house boy envied and pitied by turns, till one day he (the good boy) pilfered a bunch of grapes from the sideboard, lowered them out of the window by a string, and called upon little Alphonse to take them; which the suspicious Alphonse proceeded to do with a sudden twitch at the cord (such rudeness!), after which, turning up his face to the window, he thrust out his tongue, put his thumb to his nose, and ran off with the dainty. "My little friends had not accustomed me to such fashions," the good boy confides to us. And then, to heighten his sense of disappointment (how commonly grown-up human benevolence is similarly disrewarded!), he bethought himself that he must tell his mother of his pious theft. She would chide him, he feared. And like a good mother she did, but with laughter in her eyes.

"We ought to give away our own good things, not those of another," she said; 'and we must know how to give.'

"That is the secret of happiness," added my father, 'and few know it.'

"He knew it, my father."

The books are full of such pictures, seen first by the child, and now seen again, losing nothing of their color, through the eyes of the man of forty; full, too, of a boy's dreams and ambitions. Now he will be a famous saint (like every boy he is bound to be famous somehow), and

instantly he sets about it with fastings, an improvised hair shirt, and even an attempt, ingloriously brought to nought by the strong arms of the housemaid, to play the rôle of Simeon Stylites in the kitchen. What with this muscular, unsympathetic maid, — who also tore his hair shirt from him, — and his father, equally unsympathetic, who pronounced him "stupid," the boy had a bad day of it, and by night-fall, as he says, "recognized that it is very difficult to be a saint while living with one's family. I understood why St. Antony and St. Jerome went into the desert to dwell among lions and satyrs; and I resolved to retire the next day to a hermitage." And so he did, choosing a labyrinth in the neighboring Jardin des Plantes.

A few years later, wiser now and more worldly-minded, he is determined to set up catalogues like his old friend Father Le Beau; and soon (joy on the top of joy, and audacity almost past confession) he determines that he will some day print them, and *read the proofs!* Beyond that he can conceive of no higher felicity (though he has since learned, through the confidences of a blasé literary acquaintance, that "one wearies of everything in this world, even of correcting proofs!").

Needless to say, he did not become a cataloguer, more than he had become a saint; but good Father Le Beau, for all that, determined his boyish admirer's vocation, inspiring him with "a love for the things of the mind and with a weakness for writing;" inspiring him, also, with a passion for the past and with "ingenious curiosities," and, by the example of intellectual labor regularly performed without fatigue and without worry, filling him from childhood with a desire to work and instruct himself. "It is thanks to him," he concludes, "that I have become in my own way a great reader, a zealous annotator of ancient texts, and a scribbler of memoirs that will never see the light."

Good Father Le Beau! How plainly we can see him at his pleasant task, and

the small boy beside him taking his lesson! And if any be ready to smile at the childish story, as if it were nothing *but* a childish story, — well, there is difference in readers. To some, let us hope, the simple adventures of a boy's mind, dreaming on things to come, will seem quite as entertaining, and even quite as instructive and morally profitable, as some more highly seasoned adventures of a man who covets his neighbor's wife, or of a woman who covets her neighbor's husband. Of books recounting the pleasures and miseries of illicit passion modern literature surely suffers no lack; and truth to tell, M. Anatole France himself (the more's the pity) has contributed to an already full stock two or three examples not easily to be outdone in piquancy of situation or freedom of speech. Concerning these no account is to be taken here. Enough to say that they are unspeakable, — in English, — though, not to do them injustice, it should be added that neither *Le Lys Rouge*, nor even *Histoire Comique*, for all its misleading, pleasant-sounding title, makes the path to the everlasting bonfire look in the remotest degree alluring. The old truth, old as man, that "to be carnally minded is death," is nowhere more convincingly set forth than in the modern French novel, whether it be Balzac's, Flaubert's, Maupassant's, Bourget's, or Anatole France's. It is unfortunate, we must think, for our author's reputation and vogue outside of his own country, that not only the two of his books just now named, but at least three others, though in a less degree, are unfitted for full translation into English, or even to be left in their original tongue upon the open shelves of public libraries or on the family table. But what then? They were not written *virginibus puerisque*, their author would say, and even their freest parts treat of nothing worse than every newspaper is obliged somehow to chronicle, however it may veil its language, and nothing worse, perhaps, than is readily allowed in the English classics, especially in the books of the Bible and the writings

of Shakespeare. Wonderful is the effect of time and distance! We gaze upon nude statues of the old Greeks and Romans without a shiver, but the representation of an American president bare only to the waist — as one may see, in all kinds of weather, poor unhappy-looking George Washington sitting in front of the national capitol — affects us with a painful sense of discomfort, not to say of positive indecency.

M. Anatole France, as has been said, seems by birth and early predilection to have been devoted to a career of studious leisure. He would always be contented, one would have thought, to be a looker-on at the game of life, sitting by the way-side, book in hand, and watching the world go past; taking it all as a show; never so much as considering the possibility of entering for any of the prizes that more ambitious men run for, nor concerned very much as to who should win or who lose; hardly so much as an observer; a spectator rather, as he said himself; "in love," as he said again, "with the eternal illusion that wraps us round," but only as an illusion; cultivating his own garden, — like M. Bergeret, who delighted to cut the leaves of books, esteeming it wise to make for one's self pleasures appropriate to one's profession; at the most a collector of old books, and a teller of old tales; a lover of Virgil, a disciple of Epicurus, a friend of quietness, and a worshiper of the graces.

Such we imagine M. Anatole France to have been when he wrote his earlier volumes, including the one which the majority of readers would probably name as the most beautiful of them all, *Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard*. The dear old savant tells his own story, talking now to his cat, now to his friendly despot of a housekeeper, now to good Madame de Gabry, now, best of all, to himself. The whole story is, as it were, overheard by the reader, and surely there never was, nor ever will be, a prettier revelation of an old man's soul.

Like Renan, and like M. Anatole

France, Sylvestre Bonnard, Member of the Institute, had a natural sense of humor, and if he does not put into his narrative things on purpose to make us smile it is only because he is in no way thinking of us. He smiles often enough himself, his own oddities and blunders as an absent-minded scholar — since, like Cowper's Mr. Bull, he "has too much genius to have a good memory" — providing him with abundant occasion; and we smile with him. We love him for his goodness, and we listen delighted to all his philosophy. If he is not a saint, he is something better, — or if not better, more interesting and lovable, — a man so humanly sweet, so simple-hearted, so pure-minded, so bright in his talk, so admirable in his kindness, so adorable a confessor of his own foibles, that there is no resisting him. Dear old celibate! — who had loved a pair of blue eyes in his youth, and had been true to their memory ever since! Verily, he had his reward. Never man awaited the sunset with a better grace.

The man who drew this character was surely at peace with the world and with himself. Life had so far been to him mostly a fair-weather stroll in a pleasant country. And the same may be said, with some grains of qualification, of the man who wrote the weekly articles that went to the making of the four volumes of *La Vie Littéraire*. These are not things to last, it may be, like *Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard*, which, if one may be so simple as to prophesy, can hardly fail to become a classic; but for the present they must afford to many readers, if not a keener, yet a more various, delight. They are books of extraordinary interest, in whatever light one may view them. As we turn them over, remarking here and there the pages that at different times have especially pleased us, we find ourselves saying again and again, Oh, that we had such books in English, and on English subjects! If there were in Great Britain or in the United States a writer who could week by week furnish one of our newspapers with pieces of literary criticism or

bookish causerie of this enchanting quality; so light, so graceful, so original, so suggestive, so full of happy surprises, so bright with humor and philosophy, so perfect in form and temper, and so satisfying in substance! Yes, if there were! How quickly we would all subscribe for that newspaper! The articles might deal, as M. Anatole France's often do, with books that we have never read and have no thought of reading; it would not greatly matter. If the subject in hand were nothing but a text-book or an encyclopædia, a letter from an inquisitive correspondent or a play of marionettes, the talk about it would be literature. And real literature, served to us first every Sunday morning! The very thought is an exhilaration. We are not to be understood as implying that excellent literary criticism is not more or less often written in English, and on both sides of the water. The question is not of moderately sound, workmanlike articles, proper enough to be read and forgotten, but of essays full of charm, full of genius, full of poetry, — essays in which, to adapt a saying of Thoreau, we do *not* miss the hue of the mind, essays that of themselves are in the truest sense little masterpieces of the literary art.

He had never thought of doing such things. His old publisher, Calmann Lévy, "rather friend than publisher," who had welcomed him in his obscurity, and smiled at his first humble successes, had for years been chiding his indolence and dunning him for another book. But he was in love with his idle ways and distrustful of his capacity. He was then living those "happy years without writing," of which we have seen him cherishing so fond a remembrance. But now came the manager of *Le Temps*, a man accustomed to have his way, and behold, the dreamer's pen is again covering paper. "I believe you have a talisman," the new critic says to the editor, in dedicating to him the first of the four resulting volumes. "You do whatever you will. You have made of me a periodical and regular

writer. You have triumphed over my indolence. You have utilized my reveries and coined my wits into gold. I hold you for an incomparable economist."

Such are the services of journalism to literature! A man never writes better, or more easily, than when regular work — not too pressing — keeps his hand in play. So Sir Walter Scott, hag-ridden by debt, if he finished a novel in the morning began another in the afternoon, because, as he explained, it was less difficult to keep the machine running than to start it again after a rest.

In this same dedicatory epistle to M. Hébrard are to be found some of the brightest and most characteristic things that M. Anatole France has ever written about his own nature and habits, as well as about his ideas of critics and criticism. For talking about himself, as we have before said, and as the reader must have discovered even from our few quotations, he has the prettiest kind of talent. "You are very easy to live with," he tells M. Hébrard. "You never find fault with me. But I do not flatter myself. You saw at once that nothing great was to be expected, and that it was best not to torment me. For that reason you left me to say what I pleased. One day you remarked of me to a common friend, —

"'He is a mocking Benedictine.'

"We understand ourselves very imperfectly, but I think your definition is a good one. I seem to myself to be a philosophical monk. At heart I belong to an *abbaye de Thélème*, where the rule is comfortable and obedience easy, where one has no great degree of faith, perhaps, but is sure to be very pious."

There is nobody like a skeptic, he continues (he is echoing Montaigne), for always observing the moralities and being a good citizen. "A skeptic never rebels against existing laws, because he has no expectation that any power will be able to make good ones. He knows that much must be pardoned to the Republic;" that rulers at the best count for little; that, as Montaigne said, most things in

this world do themselves, the Fates finding the way. Still he advises his manager never to confide his political columns to any Thelemite. The gentle spirit of melancholy that he would spread over everything would be a discouragement to honest readers. Ministers are not to be sustained by philosophy. "As for myself," he adds, "I maintain a suitable modesty and restrict myself to criticism."

And then, in two sentences, one of which has attained almost to the rank of a familiar quotation, he defines criticism and the critic.

"As I understand it, and as you allow me to practice it, criticism, like philosophy and history, is a sort of romance, and all romance, rightly taken, is an autobiography. The good critic is he who narrates the adventures of his own mind in its intercourse with masterpieces."

To be quite frank, he declares, the critic should begin his discourse by saying: "Gentlemen, I am going to speak about myself apropos of Shakespeare, apropos of Racine, or of Pascal, or of Goethe. It is a fine occasion."

And here, of course, the battle is joined between the two schools of critics: the subjective, or impressionistic, so called, on one side, and the objective, or scientific, so called, on the other.

Into this controversy (which, like many another, may yet turn out to be concerned with words rather than with things) we feel no call to enter. Like our author himself, we desire to maintain the modesty that is fitting to us. We content ourselves, therefore, with some random comments upon *La Vie Littéraire*, which to our taste is one of the most delightfully readable books of recent times. Having read it and reread it, we are (somewhat ignorantly, to be sure, having nothing like an exhaustive acquaintance with universal current literature) very much of Mr. Edmund Gosse's opinion when he says of M. Anatole France that he is perhaps "the most interesting intelligence at this moment working in the field of letters." The word "perhaps,"

it will be noticed, is outside the double commas. A genuinely modest man likes to make a show of his modesty even in his use of quotations.

Whether criticism in general, as critics in general write it, ought to be of one school or another, subject to personal impression or subject to rule, one thing is beyond dispute: the singular charm, one feels almost like saying the incomparable charm, of *La Vie Littéraire* lies in its intimate, individual quality. It is not a set of formulas, nor even a thesaurus of literary opinions and estimates. It is the voice of a man, speaking as a man. As you listen you see his mind at work; you know what he thinks about, and how he thinks about it; what he enjoys best and oftenest, what trains his reveries naturally fall into; how the world looks to him, past, present, and future. He does not set himself to reveal himself; when men do that they mostly fail; his mind *plays* before you. Above all things he is an ironist. There is nothing, least of all anything in himself or concerning himself, that he cannot smile at, though there may be tears in his eyes at the same moment. He admires, and can perfectly express his admiration; and when he despises, he is no more at a loss. The more he knows, the more he is ignorant, — and the more he wonders. He is full of modern knowledge, and he loves of all things a fairy tale. Shakespeare delights him, and he cannot say well enough nor times enough how greatly he enjoys the marionettes.

It can hardly have been an accident (and yet, for aught we know, it may have been, since accident often seems to be no more foolish than the rest of us) that his first *Temps* essay was concerned with a representation of *Hamlet*, and the second with the latest story of M. Jules Lemaitre. Both the Danish prince and the martyr Sérénus were men oppressed and finally overcome by a sense of the mystery of things, having ideas, almost in excess, and being so skillful in debate that they could never come to a conclusion. Like

horses and politicians they needed blinders, and for lack of them could not keep a straight course.

Both make a lively appeal to our critic's sympathy. He is sufficiently like them himself. And so what ought, on one theory, to have been a dissertation upon Shakespeare's conception of Hamlet's character, runs of its own will into an address to the Dane himself. He is so real to the Frenchman that the two go home together, as it were, after the play, and the Frenchman, having sat silent so long, finds his heart full and his tongue suddenly unloosed.

First he must apologize to Hamlet for the audience, some part of which, as he may have noticed, seemed a trifle inattentive and light. Hamlet must not lay this to heart. "It was an audience of Frenchmen and Frenchwomen," he should understand. "You were not in evening dress, you had no amorous intrigue in the world of high finance, and you wore no flower in your buttonhole. For that reason the ladies coughed a little in their boxes while eating iced fruits. Your adventures could not interest them. They were not worldly adventures; they were only human adventures. Besides, you force people to think, and that is an offense which will never be pardoned to you here."

Still there were a few among the spectators who were profoundly moved, a few by whom the melancholy Dane is preferred before all other beings ever created by the breath of genius. The critic himself, by a happy chance, sat near one such, M. Auguste Dorchain. "He understands you, my prince, as he understands Racine, because he is a poet."

And then, after a little, he concludes by confiding to Hamlet what a mystery and contradiction the world has found him, though he is the universal man, the man of all times and all countries, though he is exactly like the rest of us, "a man living in the midst of universal evil." It is just because he is like the rest of us, indeed, that we find his character a thing

so impossible to grasp. It is because we do not understand ourselves that we cannot understand him. His very inconsistencies and contradictions are the sign of his profound humanity. "You are prompt and slow, audacious and timid, benevolent and cruel; you believe and you doubt; you are wise, and above everything else you are insane. In a word, you live. Who of us does not resemble you in something? Who of us thinks without contradiction, and acts without inconsistency? Who of us is not insane? Who of us but says to you with a mixture of pity, of sympathy, of admiration, and of horror, 'Good-night, sweet prince; and flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!'"

This may not be great Shakespearean criticism; certainly it bears no very striking resemblance to the ordinary German article that walks abroad under that name; but at least it is good reading, and so far as may be possible in a few sentences, it may be thought to go somewhat near to the heart of the matter.

As for the Sérénus of M. Jules Lemaitre, he, too, is a thinker and dreamer set to live in difficult conditions. He, too, is caught in contradictory currents, and finds it impossible to make the shore. For him, as for Hamlet, death is the only way out. His creator, of whom M. Anatole France loves to talk, is himself a born skeptic, always asking, under one ingenious form and another, the question of the old Roman functionary, "What is truth?" and never getting an answer. Like his friend and critic, "he loves believers and believes not." It may have been he of whom it is remarked, somewhere, that he had "a mind full of ironic curiosity." We have been turning the volumes over in search of the phrase. We did not find it, but we found ourselves repeating the word with which we began: "M. Anatole France is a writer who is always saying something." It seems to us truer than ever; and it seems a considerable merit.

In the course of our search we fell anew upon the essay dealing with that

amazing book, the *Journal* of the Goncourt brothers. It is no very enlivening subject, one would say, but the essay is of the brightest, sparkling from end to end with those "good things" concerning which the scientific critic may say what he will, so long as the impressionistic critic will be kind enough to furnish them for our delectation. As plain untheoretical readers we are thankful to be interested.

Of all books, as we know already, M. Anatole France believes in personal memoirs. In his opinion writers are seldom so likely to be well inspired as when they speak of themselves. La Fontaine's pigeon had good reason to say:—

Mon voyage dépeint

Vous sera d'un plaisir extrême.

Je dirai : "J'étais là ; telle chose m'advint : "

Vous y croirez être vous-même.

Even a cold writer like Marmontel gets a hold upon us "as soon as he begins to tell about a little Limousin who read the *Georgics* in a garden where the bees were murmuring,"—because he was the boy, and the bees were those whose honey he ate, the same which he saw his aunt warming in the hollow of her hand, and refreshing with a drop of wine, when the cold had benumbed them. As for St. Augustine's *Confessions*, so called, our essayist has no very exalted opinion of them. The great doctor, he thinks, hardly confesses enough. Worse yet, he hates his sins; and, in the way of literature, "nothing spoils a confession like repentance."

But Rousseau, "poor great Jean-Jacques," "whose soul held so many miseries and grandeurs,"—he surely made no half-hearted confession. "He acknowledged his own faults and those of other people with marvelous facility. It cost him nothing to tell the truth. However vile and ignoble it might be, he knew that he could render it touching and beautiful. He had secrets for that, the secrets of genius, which, like fire, purifies everything."

But we must be done with quotation,

though the matter that offers itself is fairly without end. Especially one would be glad to cite some of the essayist's reminiscences of men he has known; some of them famous, like Flaubert, "a pessimist full of enthusiasm," who "had the good part of the things of this world, in that he could admire;" Jules Sandeau, whom the critic, when a child, used to meet on the quays of Paris, which are "the adopted country of all men of thought and taste;" and dear old Barbey d'Aurevilly, so queerly dressed, so profane a believer, "so frightfully Satanic and so adorably childish;"—and others, and these among the best,—two or three priests, especially,—never heard of except in our author's pages.

One would like, also, to speak of his favorite heterodox theory touching the fallible nature of posterity as a judge of works of art; of the fun that he pokes so effectively at the new school of symbolists and decadents (small wonder that they do not love him); of his ideas upon language, upon history, upon the grossness of Zola,—with which he as an artist has no patience,—upon the exalted rank of the critical essay, upon the educational value of the humanities. These and many other things have their place in the four volumes, and every one is touched with grace and something of originality. Everywhere the personal note makes itself heard. It is a voice, not the scratching of a pen, that we listen to, the voice of a man who never forgets that he was once a child. He has lived in Eden. We all begin, he tells himself, where Adam began. "In those blessed hours," he says, "I have seen thistles springing up amid heaps of stones in little sunny streets where birds were singing, and I tell you the truth, it was Paradise."

The two or three years during which he was contributing weekly articles to *Le Temps* were not quite of this heavenly quality, we may safely presume; in the inevitable course of things the gates of Eden must for some time have been al-

ready closed against him; but if one is to judge by his books of the period, meaning to include among them *La Rôtisserie de la Reine Pédauque*, *Les Opinions de M. Jérôme Coignard*, and *Le Jardin d'Epicure*, — three of the best and most characteristic, though the two first named are not for readers afflicted with what a French critic calls *pudeur livresque*, — they were still years of quietness and a reasonably full content. He was writing and studying more than formerly, to be sure, and of course, by his own showing, was learning so much less; but, taking everything into the account, he and the world, for all its badness, were pulling pretty well together.

Since then, somehow, we cannot profess to know exactly how or why, a change appears to have come over him; a change not altogether for the worse, nor altogether for the better. Life, in his eyes, is no longer so bright as it was. He is more serious, more satirical, less disposed to mind his rhyme and let the river run under the bridge; a little out of conceit with his old rôle of saunterer and looker-on. He seems to have heard a drum-beat, and if there is to be a fight, he will, after a rather independent fashion of his own, bear a hand in it. Perhaps this is the manlier part. At all events there is no quarreling with it, and the evil days on which Anatole France has fallen ("*le perfide Anatole France*," as we are told that his political enemies — a strange word for use in connection with the author of *Sylvestre Bonnard* and *Le Jardin d'Epicure* — are accustomed to call him) have borne their full share of fruit.

His second manner, to call it so, is like his first in this regard, that its most successful creation is an old scholar. M. Bergeret is Sylvestre Bonnard with a difference, as the present Anatole France is the old Anatole France with a difference. It strikes us as almost a pleasantry of Fate that these two leading characters should stand thus as representatives of their creator's two selves, or, if one prefers to express it so, of their creator's

one self in his two periods of calm and storm.

Sylvestre Bonnard's life ran an even course. Its incidents were no more than the windings and falls of a quiet brook, — just enough to keep it wholesomely alive and give it a desirable diversity and picturesqueness. The world was good to him; and he thanked it. If he did not marry the girl with the pair of blue eyes, — the eyes *de pervenche*, — he was happier in his bachelorhood than most men are in their married condition, and doubly happy toward the last, when time and chance (with more or less of human assistance) brought him his heart's desire in the opportunity to care for his lost Clémentine's grandchild. His professional successes were according to his taste: he was a member of the Institute, an authority upon ancient texts, and in his old age the happy author of a book upon a new hobby.

Such was the life of a savant as M. Anatole France conceived it before the world was too much with him, before "Nationalists" and "Royalists" had begun to look askance upon him, and call him traitor.

M. Bergeret, like M. Bonnard, is a man of kindly nature, a scholar, and a lover of peace, but life to him, as to Shelley, has been "dealt in another measure;" a disloyal wife, uncongenial daughters, squalor in his house, disappointment in his calling, lack of favor with his colleagues and superiors, and, to fill his cup, the Dreyfus controversy, which makes him a target for stoning.

And in the midst of it all, notwithstanding it all, what a dear old soul, and what an interesting talker! — so amiably philosophical, so keen in his thrusts, so sly in his humor, so fond of good company, his own and his dog's included, and, in spite of his weaknesses, so equal to the occasion! If he was irreligious, according to his neighbors' standards, it was at least "with decency and good taste."

The four volumes in which he figures

(*Histoire Contemporaine*, they are jointly called), like all the works of their author, are crammed with clever sayings. There is no great story, of course, though some of the incidents are many shades too lively to be set in modest English type; but the characterization and the dialogue are of the best, — in the good Yankee sense of the word, "complete."

For its full appreciation the book — it is really one, in spite of its four titles — demands a more familiar acquaintance with the ins and outs of current French politics than the average American reader is likely to bring to it. There are so many wheels within wheels, and the intrigues are made, of set purpose on the author's part, to turn upon desires and considerations so almost incredibly sordid and petty! It is a comedy; we are bound to laugh; but it is also a horror, and is meant to be. Satire was never more biting. The game of provincial politics, bishop-making and all, is played with merciless particularity before the reader's eyes; and if he fails to follow some of the moves with perfect intelligence, he sees only too well the smallness and baseness and cruelty of the whole; a game in which a matron's honor is no more than a pawn upon the chessboard, to be given and taken without so much as an extra pulsebeat, even an extra pulsebeat of her own. If it be true, or within a thousand miles of true, — well, as was said by one of old, a critic accounted wise in his day, "man hath no preëminence above a beast."

Poor M. Bergeret! He ought to have been so happy! Like his human creator, he was born for life in a cloister, some Abbaye de Thélème, where he should have had nothing to do but to read his books, say his prayers, mind a few cabages, perhaps, and be quiet; and instead of that, here he is passing his days in such a turmoil that he experiences a kind of joy on finding himself in the street, the one place where he gets a taste of "that sweetest of good things, philosophical liberty." And with all the rest of his

tribulations there falls upon him that dreadful nightmare of the Dreyfus case. Neither he nor his neighbors can let it alone. It is like the bitterness of aloes in all their conversation.

One resource he still has; one neighbor, better still, one housemate, with whom he can discuss anything, even the "Affaire," with no fear of being stoned or misunderstood. His dog Riquet, though he "does not understand irony" (a congenital deficiency, it must have been, with such opportunities), is to our *Maître de Conférences à la Faculté des Lettres* a true friend in need. For that matter, indeed, M. Bergeret is probably not the only man who has found it one of the best points in a dog's favor that you can say to him anything you please. If your human neighbor stands in perishing need of wholesome truth, or if you stand in sore need of expressing it to him, and if there happens to be some not unnatural unwillingness on his part, or some momentary lack of courage on yours, why, you have only to deliver your message to him vicariously, as it were, to the sensible relief of your own mind, if not to the edification of his.

"Riquet," said M. Bergeret, after a vain endeavor to make one of his brother provincials submit himself to reason, "Riquet, your velvety ears hear not him who speaks best, but him who speaks loudest." And Riquet, well used to his master's conversational peculiarities, took the compliment in good part; in much better part, at all events, than any human interlocutor would have been likely to take it. For really, unless one actually lost one's temper, one could not say just that to a neighbor and equal, especially if it happened to be true.

For a heretic living among the orthodox there is nothing like keeping a dog. So we were ready to say and leave it; but we bethink ourselves in season that there is a more excellent way. Keep a dog, if you will, but also keep the pen of a novelist. Then all your beliefs and half beliefs and unbeliefs, all your bene-

volently contemptuous opinions of men and of men's institutions, all your treasures of irony and satire, dear as these ever are to the man who possesses them, instead of being wasted upon a pair of velvety ears, may be trumpeted to the world at large through the lips of a third party, a "character," so called, some M. Bergeret, if you can invent him, or an Abbé Coignard.

It is one of the best reasons for reading fiction, by the way, provided it is written by a man of insight and force, that he is so much more likely to tell us what he thinks when he is not compelled to speak in his own person.

A happy lot is the novelist's. Such a more than angelic liberty as he enjoys, so comfortably irresponsible and blameless as he is, whatever happens! One thinks again of Jérôme Coignard, concerning whom too little is finding its way into this paper. That grand old Christian and reprobate, as we know, could live pretty much as he listed and hold pretty much such "opinions" as pleased him, at ease all the while in the assurance that somewhere in a deep inner closet, fast under lock and key, he preserved a faith in the Christian mysteries so perfect and unsoiled — never having been subjected to any earthly contact — that the good St. Peter, when the inevitable time should come, would be sure to pass its possessor into the good place without a question.

Yet it will never do for us to intimate that M. Anatole France has sought to save either comfort or reputation by talking through a mask. His theological, political, and socialistic heresies, if you call them such, this being matter of opinion, have been too openly expounded, and have brought him, as has already been told, too many enemies and reproaches. The most that we started to say under this head was that the storms into which the currents of the world have drifted him are reflected in his *Histoire Contemporaine*, especially in the difference between his M. Bergeret and his M. Bonnard.

Of the two, M. Bergeret has the greater philosophic interest for us, as well as the greater number of rememberable things to say to us. If the reader wishes to see him in two highly contrasted situations, let him turn to the wonderful chapter describing his sensations and behavior immediately after detecting his wife's infidelity, and the beautiful one in which he and his more practical sister visit together the old Paris mansion in which they had passed some portion of their childhood. They were house-hunting at the time, and the Master, falling into one of his far-away, philosophical moods, remarked, apropos of something or nothing: "Time is a pure idea, and space is no more real than time." "That may be so," answered his matter-of-fact, executive-minded sister, "but it costs more, in Paris."

Doctor Johnson called himself "an old struggler," and the words come unbidden into our minds as we review M. Bergeret's story. To us, we must confess, the old Latin professor seems almost as real a personage as the Great Cham of literature himself. We hope he is happy in his new post of honor at the Sorbonne. It was time, surely, that some of the good things of life should begin to come his way.

And now it is pleasant to add, by way of ending, that the latest book of M. Anatole France seems to indicate that he also, as well as the man of his creation, has come out into a larger place. His mood is quieter and less satirical, though he is still many degrees more serious than in the old days of *Thaïs* and *Sylvestre Bonnard*. *Sur la Pierre Blanche* is a work of the rarest distinction; not a book for the casual reader to hurry over in pursuit of a story (in a loose way of speaking it may be characterized as a volume of imaginary conversations), but one to be cherished and dwelt upon by such as love the perfection of art and are not averse to knowing what kind of thoughts visit a free-thinking, humanity-loving man, of a philosophical, half conservative, half

radical turn of mind, in these days of social and political unrest, as he looks back upon the origins of Christianity and forward into those new and presumably brighter eras which we who live now may dream of, but never see.

The motto of the book explains the significance of its title: "You seem to have slept upon the white stone amongst the people of dreams." Toleration, the spread of peace, imperialism, the socialistic evolution (following hard upon the capitalistic evolution, now at its height, or passing), the yellow peril, so called, the white peril, the future of Africa, — these are some of the larger and timelier questions considered. In general the thoughts of the book are those of a scholar whose face is turned toward practical issues. The author is not concerned with any Utopia, — absolute justice, by his theory, being not a thing to be so much as hoped for, — but with some quite possible amelioration of the existing order, and some gradual, natural, irresistible approaches (irresistible because they are the work of Nature herself) toward a

state of society less unequal, not to say less unendurable, than the present.

Let those scoff who will; for ourselves we rejoice to see the man, like the boy, "dreaming on things to come."

At the same time, we should not be sorry to believe that, in the heat of writing, and out of the love, natural to all of us, of making facts conform to theory, we may have laid a thought too much of emphasis upon the alterations through which his mind has passed. His days, we suspect, have, after all, been pretty closely bound each to each by natural piety. We recall his fine saying about Renan, brought up in the Roman Church and dying an unbeliever, that he changed little. "He was like his native land, where clouds float across the sky, but the soil is of granite, and oaks are deeply rooted."

Changed or unchanged, in his first manner or his second, Republican or Nationalist, socialist, anti-imperialist, "intellectual," or what not, who will refuse to read a writer who can express himself after such a fashion?

THE PRODIGY

BY FANNY KEMBLE JOHNSON

HE dangled his legs over the stone coping which formed a neat quadrangle about his father's private portion of the college grounds. Before him curved a dazzling gravel walk along which pretty girls sauntered with young men who wore the most remarkable ties, and whose hatbands would have seemed conspicuous elsewhere. They always smiled at him with some curiosity in their regard, and after they had passed odd remarks occasionally floated back to the Prodigy. Although perfectly familiar with preparatory Greek and Latin, he did not always comprehend these fragments of conversational English. This evening, for instance, a girl in white had said, "What a shame, — a child like that!" She caught herself from looking back as she said it, so he knew at once that he was the child; but he could not imagine what the "shame" could be.

He gazed meditatively far across the Campus to the public school ball ground, where lads of his own age, or younger, danced about with ball and bat. A certain wistfulness crept into his expression. A yearning stirred in his heart. It was merely a rudimentary yearning. It did not know how to express itself in action so as to be of any use to the little boy. It only made him conscious that, while he was not really interested in the game, it would probably be a pleasant thing to feel enough like other little boys to be interested.

As he sat there, troubled with rudimentary yearnings and with preparatory Greek and Latin, he caught sight of his father escorting Miss Lizzy along the white walk in his most deferential manner. Miss Lizzy wore her loveliest raiment, and her openest air of disapproval. The Prodigy, who loved her, ran to join

them, and clasped her soft hand all the way up her petunia-bordered path to her spacious porch, where woven grass chairs opened wide arms to them all. Miss Lizzy seconded the invitation; but the Professor did not feel as if she really wished him to stay, so he said, "Thank you, but it's time for our row, hey, Win?"

The Prodigy removed his hand from Miss Lizzy's and placed it in his father's; but the Professor, coloring slightly, his eyes fastened on the lady's face, released it gently.

"Well, run along and get into your flannels," he suggested.

When the Prodigy had trotted off, the Professor, coloring more pronouncedly, said, "Lizzy, have you ever told me why you will not marry me?"

"No," replied Miss Lizzy composedly.

"That's unfair," he accused her, with not a little bitterness. "I have loved you a long time. You," he read her with his look, "you do care for me, — then why?"

Miss Lizzy stepped up another step. She now considered him from the vantage ground of the porch. Once she glanced across the hedge between their lawns, catching a glimpse of the Prodigy's fair little cropped head vanishing in a side door, but she looked back immediately. She was not rosy now, but pale, and in her lovely, gentle eyes a deep, still anger revealed itself to him for the first time.

"Why?" urged the Professor.

"I, too, might have a child," she said in a low voice. She turned, as she said it, into the house, not stopping until she gained her own big, cool room, where the long, white curtains flung cobwebbed shadows on the dark floor. For almost the first time in her life she failed to

look around her with homecoming, loving eyes. Her heart beat violently. Her color came back deeper than usual. She let the anger burn openly in her face. "I am glad it is said at last," she thought; "I am glad. I am glad. It has lain unsaid in my heart for four years."

She sat down at her writing table, slowly removing her gloves and hat, and thinking of the little boy. Poor Alice's poor baby he was—Alice, her cousin, her schoolmate, who had died in her married girlhood, leaving her child to the mercy of men, leaving his babyhood to be sacrificed to the Professor's vanity. Because he was a brilliant child, an unusual child, Jim had experimented, tempted him on, made of him a thing unnatural, monstrous, set the eyes of a stooping student in the soft curves of a pallid babyface. It was a crime not named, not punished by the law, but murder seemed to her less.

The Professor took it in presently, but when he got so far as opening his lips the steps in the upper hall had died away. There was nothing left him save to follow Winston, which he did, slowly turning a deep and angry red. For it naturally put him in a temper to be told he was too big a brute to be a father,—or was it fool?

"Ready, Win?" he called up the stairs. The Prodigy shrilled back, and presently the two were to be seen, decked out in white flannels, flashing by beneath the willows of the opposite river bank. The Prodigy looked very little at that distance, but he was pulling bravely to his father's carefully adjusted stroke. The low sun brought out a glint of gold in his close-cropped fair hair, and in the Professor's darker locks.

"Then," thought Miss Lizzy, watching them from her window, "he'll have a dip and a rub, and Jim will run him up the bank, and he'll eat a shredded wheat biscuit, and go to bed, and Jim will come over here feeling perfectly virtuous, and say, 'Well, we've had our exercise.'"

She gave a little start. "No," she said, "he won't come to-night."

On the river the Prodigy dropped his oar.

"Hullo!" exclaimed the Professor. He reached for it deftly.

"I'm tired," said the Prodigy.

"Oh, we get our second wind," encouraged the Professor gayly.

"My head aches," said the Prodigy after a few more strokes. "It's been troubling me a good deal lately," he added with dignity.

"Eyes," suggested the Professor.

"Perhaps it is," assented the Prodigy politely. "It's a round spot here,—about as big as a quarter. It burns." He placed a finger to the left of his pink parting, and looked at his father interrogatively.

"We'll see an oculist to-morrow. Glasses will set you right."

The Prodigy's face expressed a vague distaste. "I don't think I'll like glasses," he objected unexpectedly.

"Why, you soon get used to them, Win." He bent a smiling, dark-eyed look down into the large, shortsighted, black-fringed, blue eyes. "I would n't be without mine."

"Miss Lizzy thinks they're ugly," observed the Prodigy after a pause.

The Professor flushed with annoyance. "A mere prejudice," he commented, carefully impersonal in tone. "One's comfort comes first," he concluded sensibly.

"I think they are ugly, too," said the boy, "though, of course, that is n't the point." He sighed after his sensible conclusion. "I'm tired again," he added. "Please take my oar, father."

He sat down in the boat between his father's knees, very much in the way, and laid his head on one of them, and went to sleep. So it happened that the dip, and the rub, and the run up the bank were omitted from the regular routine. Instead, the Professor carried the Prodigy to the house in his arms, and put him on a couch in the first bookridden room he came to, and telephoned for Miss Lizzy and a doctor.

"I think it must be the heat, Lizzy,"

he said, meeting her with oblivious anxiety.

Involuntarily she gave him a look which reduced him to a mere sensation of heartsickness; then, with swiftly averted eyes, gathered the Prodigy to her heart and carried him to his spacious, hygienic bedroom with its shower bath, its miniature gymnasium, and its big low, study table. He looked very babyish lying in a peaceful stupor in the large, old-fashioned walnut bed. While she waited for the doctor she regarded the physical culture apparatus with the expression of one who finds herself in the neighborhood of a torpedo. "As if a *boy* could n't get exercise enough if he were let alone!" She went on taking in all the carefully chosen, carefully adapted articles in the room, to keep from looking at the Prodigy. He was so small, so piteous, and she did not know what to do for him.

She gave an exclamation of relief at the sound of a man's foot on the stairs.

"What kept you so long, Frank?" she cried, — they were all her childhood's friends, boys to be scolded by her if she were vexed.

He did not reply until he had made a rapid examination.

"I was three miles down the road," he answered at length. He sat on the side of the bed looking up at her. "It's pretty bad. I'll 'phone for a nurse."

"I" — she began.

"No, I like my nurses better — reliable machines. You are too anxious. Besides, he won't know who nurses him. If he gets better — why then?"

"If?" she cried. "Ah!"

"Oh, he may pull through and not be an idiot. Some fools have luck."

She turned pale. "You are very cruel," she said to the doctor, who had once wished to marry her, — who perhaps still wished to.

"You know that you think as I do about this, Lizzy?"

"He never dreamed he was harming Winny," she said, defending the Professor.

"No," — Preston glanced around the room, — "plenty of exercise to offset the brain work, — how could it possibly hurt him? Plenty of precedent, — Pope, De Quincey, Macaulay," — he stopped abruptly, and glanced toward the door. "Oh, there you are, Jim! Come here, will you."

Miss Lizzy fled past the Professor to the dark porch and crouched in his big chair beneath the Virginia creeper. She buried her head in her arms against its back. She felt as a mother feels when her boy is being beaten. He deserves it, but how can she stand waiting for it to be over? Through the open window Preston's voice, low, professional, floated down to her, but indistinctly. When it ceased it was answered by a sound, a cry, she knew not what. She stopped her ears to it.

Ten minutes later a nurse from the hospital went past her into the house. A light streamed from the window. She heard both men descend the steps, but only Preston came out.

"Lizzy," he called softly.

"Here I am."

"I will take you home."

She hesitated.

"No, come," he said.

At the door he answered her look at last.

"Lizzy," he said, "I was sorry for the beggar, too. I didn't hurt him any more than I had to. No, I can't come in. Good-night."

He took a few steps away from her and then came back. "Don't fret until you have to. Sometimes these cases turn out all right. The little chap has a good constitution. As for Jim, it won't harm his soul to find out that he's fallible, but it's tough on him to-night. Still, who can help? Not even you, Lizzy. The nearest one can get is a universe away, and you can hardly bear that, — a man can't, anyway, not when he's been to blame."

She flashed a rebellious look at him.

"Mere vanity in you to think so," — and he was gone.

Long after his steps died away she stood watching the light from the Prodigy's window. None came from the library, where the Professor had thrown himself down in the darkness.

For days, weeks, the Prodigy explored the borderlands of Life. Sometimes he went very far; but his father's hand always drew him groping back to the big white room. Every day Miss Lizzy came in and sat in the low wicker chair near the bed, sharing the Professor's silence for a strange half hour. Often he did not notice her, and she loved him the better for it.

It was not self-absorption, but a self-ignoring, — a loss of his own identity in an agonizing realization of the child's. The Prodigy did not know when his father was there, — he only knew when he was not there; so he stayed nearly all the time. One day the fever did not return. The doctor, the nurse, and the father stood by the bed waiting to know if the Prodigy would live, and if he might not better have died.

Over in the town a clock was striking six as he opened his eyes.

"Father," he said vaguely.

The Professor dropped to his knees by the bed, answering with touch and smile.

"Hold my hand," said the Prodigy, going to sleep again peacefully.

The Professor looked up, asking his first question since the night it happened, — not that he spoke now.

"Luck's your way this time, Jim," said Preston, in the tone of a lenient judge.

Into the Professor's heavy eyes leaped the marveling of the miracle-beholder. He put his head on the Prodigy's pillow, and Preston went out, signing the nurse to follow.

In the hall stood Miss Lizzy.

"Eavesdropping?" queried the doctor light-heartedly.

"Oh, Frank, I was afraid to go in."

"Go on. He will need you now — that he does n't need you. The little chap knew him," he added softly.

She too offered that tribute of wonder-

ment. But from her it irritated him. He turned quickly. "Let me speak to you in the library, Miss Wood," he said to the nurse, who had been effacing herself in a magical way, much as if she carried Siegfried's cloak handily over her arm.

Smiling happily and absent-mindedly after them, Miss Lizzy opened the door and went in. Not till she gained the bedside did she see that the Professor had fallen asleep, his hand clasping the Prodigy's, his dark head close to the child's white cheek. All the loveliness of his face, seen so, impressed itself on her heart. The pallor of long sleeplessness, the defacement of long pain, had given it the appeal to win her at last. She had not thought before that they resembled each other greatly; but looking down now she saw that the boy was but a fair little image of his father. "My poor little boys," she said beneath her breath. She felt as if she were a guardian angel hovering over them with outspread plumage. She smiled at herself. "I have been as perfectly useless as one, anyway," she candidly admitted as she slipped away.

Slowly the Prodigy journeyed back to his tiny place in the world of men. Instead of being older than his years, his eyes were now younger. The pondering intelligence was gone. In its place flowered a soft wonder, a babyish questioning, an insatiable demanding of affection from surrounding slaves.

One afternoon the Professor carried him to a big chair on an upper porch. Preston followed. The Prodigy lay back among some blue-ruffled couch pillows. A little blue dressing-gown wrapped him. A gay, blue-striped steamer rug covered his knees. All this blue deepened in his eyes to an azure, heavenly and intense. Preston, who had halted by a table strewn with illustrated weeklies, offered the Prodigy one.

"I'll let you look at some pictures to-day," he said carelessly.

The Prodigy, having been long debarred such things, turned the pages with childish interest. Presently he

looked up, keeping a page open with one thin little claw.

"What ships are these, father?"

"Are n't the names there, Win?" said Preston. His eyes caught the Professor's.

"I don't know," said the Prodigy. A puzzlement troubled the pure blue of his eyes. His little head with its newly grown toss of loose, light curls turned from one to the other. "I — I can't read them," he stammered gropingly.

"Of course not," said the doctor easily; "I forgot."

Taking the paper, he explained the battleships with that vivid wealth of detail dear to a boy's heart. The Prodigy listened, the faint trouble vanishing. At last Preston laid the paper aside. "I'd better be off," he cried, "if I'm to be seven miles out in the country by five."

The Professor followed him into the hall, catching his arm in a grip that pinched. "Well," said Preston, in a low voice, "you've read of such things, have n't you, Jim?"

"But it's happened to my boy," said the Professor, "to my boy!" He repeated it like a fool.

"Good thing, too," said Preston. "Now he knows as little as he ought to know. Buy him a primer, Jim."

He went away, looking back at the Professor, who still stared foolishly at the blankness of this inconceivable thing. He felt like a brute; but consider. It was plain enough to all their world these days that Miss Lizzy meant to marry the Professor.

The Professor went back and took the Prodigy up in his arms. "Father's baby," he crooned, folding him against his breast. His mind grew clearer. So it had been that near, — not death, though death had been breathlessly near, but that dreadfuller than death, that horror he balked at naming. The last shred of his selfish, vain, little ambition was torn painfully away. A healing peace descended on him. The Prodigy could have entered college that fall, so far as being prepared

went. Now the father's heart thrilled with the thought that the child would soon be well enough to learn to read.

It was an Indian summer afternoon, — a golden, mellow caress in its coolness, a dim, sweet sounding of earth's music in its stillness. Suddenly the Prodigy lifted himself, and looked eagerly across the campus to where the public school boys were spreading over their ball ground. An upflung bat glinted in the sun. Distant shouts disturbed the silence. The Prodigy's eyes darkened, brightened.

"Like it, old fellow?" asked the Professor.

The Prodigy ignored this. "Father," he said, "I remember now. I remember that I have forgotten — things I used to know."

"Yes," replied the Professor, matter-of-fact in manner, "you would, you know. You were pretty sick, Win."

"And I don't know any more than other boys now?"

His tone was hopeful — yet fearful, too.

"Not as much, Win," said the Professor. He was able to say it without a pang.

The Prodigy straightened up, sparkled. New tides of life pulsed through his thin little body. "When I get well," he said, "I'm going over there to school." His words unfurled like a gay banner in the golden October air.

"Sure," said the Professor, with creditable promptness for a man whose breath had been taken away.

The Prodigy sank back. His soft curls cuddled in the crook of his father's arm. The sudden sleepiness of weakness mastered him. "Sing something," he ordered; "sing 'The minstrel boy to the war has gone.'" He listened with infinite satisfaction, gazing up into the pale zenith, falling asleep at last to the mingling strains of distant boyish shouts, and the song of an ancient, beautiful, boyish bravado: —

"But the harp he loved ne'er spake again,
For he tore its chords asunder."

There sounded a quiet step in the hall, a faint stir in the doorway.

"Who can write them now?" said a vision in white, with a tea rose tucked in her low, falling dark hair, so straight, so soft, so clearly parted on her pretty brow. She echoed the gallant refrain. "But I suppose we are very archaic to sing Moore to-day."

"As long as the boys like him," said the Professor, "his songs will be new-fashioned enough for us. But look at my boy. What do you think of him to-day?" He added slowly, "Do you know?"

"That he is n't a Prodigy any longer?"

"Yes."

"I have known for a week. I am so happy that — I am sorry for you."

"So you think I regret it?"

She looked at him.

He shook his head; "I am glad, too," he said.

She dropped her eyes to the boy. "Bless his heart," she murmured, leaning over to see. "He looks like a precious baby, asleep that way. I had n't an idea his hair was so pretty."

It tempted her fingers. She could not help brushing it with a butterfly wing of a touch.

"Oh, Lizzy!" exclaimed the Professor just above his breath. She met his eyes, bewildered. Did he not know? He alone of all her world?

"How right you were," he cried, at the end of that long look. "I have never deserved you, Lizzy, — unless it's now — when I know what a fool I've been, — and how dare I ask you to marry a fool?" He brooded a moment. "You'd better take Preston," he broke out bitterly, jealously.

"Jim," said Miss Lizzy, beautiful, crimson, longing to laugh, "I've managed my own affairs for thirty-two years. I need no advice from you. Frank Preston, indeed!"

Their eyes met in mutual, ungrateful disdain.

"I can't move," whispered the Professor.

He glanced down tenderly at the small, clinging hands. The boy stirred, clung closer.

Miss Lizzy's blush increased. She no longer felt like laughing. She leaned over a little more. Just then the child half roused, half opened his sleepy eyes, put up a drowsy arm about her neck. "Kiss me," he said.

SIGNIFICANT BOOKS OF RELIGION

BY GEORGE HODGES

THEY are all in furtherance of expansion. Some, indeed, would expand religion to the point of vaporization; but this is an inevitable accompaniment of freedom. It belongs to that perfect liberty which carries with it the privilege of error and of folly. It means that truth is discovered by experiment, after a good many of the experiments have failed.

There is, of course, in the contemporary literature of religion a proper amount of cautious conservation. There are brethren who are both scandalized and scared. But the scared and scandalized theologians, for the most part, get their books printed in rather small quantities, and by publishers who have little more than a denominational constituency. They do not come to the table of the reviewer. The books of religion which are being widely read at present are of the liberal sort.

The difference between this situation and the attitude of our recent ancestors appears in Dr. Greene's admirable monograph on *The Development of Religious Liberty in Connecticut*.¹ The Cambridge Platform of 1648, dealing with the duties of the Civil Magistrate "in matters Ecclesiastical," declared that the foremost duty of the state is to put down blasphemy, idolatry, and heresy. The magistrates were to advise with the elders in the trial of heretics, and in cases of condemnation were to remember that such offenders were "moral lepers for whose evil influence the community was responsible to God."

This repressive legislation made no end of trouble not only for dissenters, but for the orthodox as well. The Estab-

lished Order found itself in the position of a schoolmaster who has made a rule which contradicts human nature. He cannot enforce it. Human nature finds various ways whereby to evade him, or, failing that, defies him openly. Thus at Yale the New Lights persisted in disturbing the academic peace. The authorities expelled David Brainerd — now remembered as a missionary and a saint — for criticising the college prayers. They dismissed the Cleveland boys because in the vacation of 1744 they went to church with their parents, who were Separatists. They suppressed Locke's essay *Concerning Toleration*, which the senior class had secretly printed at their own expense. But the New Lights were no more discouraged than the rising sun.

With much learning and insight into the meaning of events, with a lucid style and without prejudice, Dr. Greene has written a valuable religious history of Connecticut. The lesson — which she does not draw, but which is plain enough — is that repression of private opinion, even when such opinion is in error, is not for the advantage of religious truth. It makes faction and controversy, divides churches, embitters differences, destroys brotherly love, and, after all, does not gain its purpose. The argument of truth is not assisted by the courts. These troubles were ended for the moment by the Great Awakening. That religious revival changed the subject.

How religion prospers in the sunshine of such a spirit is shown by Professor Harnack in his *Expansion of Christianity in the First Three Centuries*.² He finds, indeed, that the organization of the Chris-

¹ *The Development of Religious Liberty in Connecticut*. By M. LOUISE GREENE, Ph. D. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1905.

² *The Expansion of Christianity in the First Three Centuries*. By ADOLF HARNACK. Translated by JAMES MOFFAT. Two vols. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1905.

tian community had a great deal to do with it. It combined the two principles of individualism and association. Thus, in regard to every Christian, he was expected to save his soul, — the very formula of individualism, — while at the same time he was forbidden to forsake the assembly of his brethren. And in regard to the community, there was on the one hand the local parish with its presbyter, and on the other hand the territorial district with its bishop, each having its own independent prerogative. It was this combination, according to Dr. Harnack, which made the primitive Church such a power in the Empire. The primitive Church was at the same time Congregational, Presbyterian, and Episcopal.

Professor Harnack deals also with the doctrine of the early Christians. He discovers the "sad passion for heresy-hunting" as early as the second century. "These people," said Celsus, "utter all sorts of blasphemy, mentionable and unmentionable, against one another, nor will they give way in the smallest point for the sake of concord, hating each other with a perfect hatred." At the same time, together with an endeavor after doctrinal uniformity, there was maintained a singular complexity of opposites. Some were for humbling the human understanding under the word of ecclesiastical authority; some held that Christianity was a system of philosophy, reasonable and lucid and eminently provable; some were mystics, for whom religion was a sacramental mystery whereby they entered into the immediate perception of God.

But the chief characteristic of the Christian religion in the time of its early expansion was its good, honest, helpful living. This was the convincing apologetic of the primitive Christians. They held the religion of the Spirit and of power, of moral earnestness and holiness; they preached and practiced the gospel of love and charity; they offered to save men both from sin and from sickness; they went about, like Christian Scientists, with gifts of healing. Professor Harnack

does not mention Christian Science by name, but he has it in his mind when he remarks that the Founder of Christianity did not explain that sickness is health. There was nothing artificial or sentimental, he says, about Him. Nevertheless, he finds that the Christians made a great point of curing disease, and that they did it without medicine. He shows how Christianity supplanted the cult of Æsculapius. It would have been a fair thing at this point to acknowledge that the Christian Scientists, whatever their errors, have returned to the primitive practice of Christianity, and that the extraordinary expansion of their sect in our time is an illustration of Dr. Harnack's subject.

Some of the obstacles which lay in the way of the expansion of Christianity in the first three centuries are shown in Dr. Wright's *Cities of Paul*,¹ in Dr. Healy's *Valerian Persecution*,² and in Dr. Crapsey's *Religion and Politics*.³ The old world, as Dr. Wright displays it in his interesting chapters, was very like the new. Even Ancyra, though it is most unlikely that St. Paul visited it, is abundantly illustrative of the fickle and superficial spirit of the times. The reader suspects that the dramatic properties of the place inclined the writer to look with favor on the North-Galatian theory, which is no longer in good standing among scholars. Tarsus, however, comes rightly enough into the book, and there Dr. Wright finds a colossal image of Sardanapalus snapping his stone fingers in the face of the world, saying, "Eat, drink, and be merry. Nothing else is worth that." This common sensuality was the most serious hindrance in the way of the true religion.

¹ *Cities of Paul*. By WILLIAM BURNET WRIGHT. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1905.

² *The Valerian Persecution*. By PATRICK J. HEALY. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1905.

³ *Religion and Politics*. By ALGERNON S. CRAPSEY. New York: Thomas Whittaker. 1905.

The persecutions were a lesser evil. How the Christians bore themselves under these tremendous onslaughts, how they successfully defied the Roman Empire, Dr. Crapsey and Dr. Healy make very plain. It is pleasant to read the two books side by side, and find them in substantial agreement in spite of the different positions of their authors. Dr. Healy's book bears the imprimatur of a Catholic archbishop; Dr. Crapsey's exposed him to the investigation of a diocesan committee appointed to examine his orthodoxy. The reader looks over Dr. Crapsey's pages with a certain quickening of interest in consequence of being told that various sentences therein have a shocking sound in the ears of elderly persons; but these sentences are so incidental that they will not be discovered except by reading the book attentively. The cardinal difference between the professor in the Catholic university and the rector of the Rochester parish is that one confines himself entirely to the past, while the other brings the past into immediate relation with the present. Professor Healy is writing history, one of the most innocuous of occupations; but Rector Crapsey is writing sermons, taking his texts from history, — a perilous adventure.

Dr. Crapsey finds true religion in philosophy, and saints among men of science. He prefers Darwin to Dominic. The Church, he says, is discredited as a religious teacher because it persists in using a method which is now discarded in every other department of life. It insists that theological statements which are pronounced by ecclesiastical authority must be received without further question. The Church, he says, is our hopelessly old-fashioned great-grandmother, to be affectionately revered, but not to be seriously consulted as to our contemporary problems. It depends, however, on what Dr. Crapsey means when he speaks of "the Church." That is a large name, and includes a great many different people, Dr. Crapsey himself being one of them. It is true that

Tertullian said in the second century, "What has Athens to do with Jerusalem, or the Academy with the Church? Now that Jesus Christ has come, no longer need we curiously inquire or even investigate, since the Gospel is preached. To be ignorant of everything outside the rule of faith is to possess all knowledge." But Tertullian became a heretic, while men who proved all things died in the odor of sanctity. In the opinion of some very respectable scholars of old time, Athens was a suburb of Jerusalem, and the Academy was next door to the Church, and to be ignorant of everything outside the rule of faith was to be so ignorant as to misunderstand the rule of faith itself.

A great part of this philosophy, in which ancient fathers found divine inspiration, is presented by Dr. Gomperz, in his three volumes entitled *Greek Thinkers*.⁴ He begins with the earliest recorded reflections upon the universe, in the primitive cosmogonies, and passes in review the procession of intellectual discoverers and pioneers to the death of Plato. He finds in Hecataeus the first of the historical critics. This philosopher visited Thebes, carrying with him, perhaps by way of passport or introduction, his genealogical tree, which traced his family back some fifteen generations to a divine ancestor. The Thebans took him into the hall which contained the statues of the high priests of their city. There were three hundred and forty-five of them, in hereditary order, father and son, each done from life, not one of whom had been either a god or a demigod. "He must have felt," says Dr. Gomperz, "as if the roof of the hall in which he stood had been lifted high above his head, and had narrowed the dome of heaven. The region of human history stretched before him in infinite, and the field of divine intervention was diminished in proportion. Gods and heroes,

⁴ *Greek Thinkers: a History of Ancient Philosophy*. By THEODOR GOMPERZ, Translated by LAURIE MAGNUS and G. G. BERRY. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1905.

he perceived, could not possibly have taken part in such events as the Trojan War or the expedition of the Argonauts, to which indisputable history assigned a comparatively recent date. Things must have occurred in these circumstances much as they occur at present. The canons of the possible, the natural, and therefore of the credible, had to be applied to the events of an age which had formerly been the playground of supernaturalism and miracles." Thereupon, Hecateus put his family tree in the fire, and went home to rewrite history. Geryon, he said, with whom Hercules fought, was a plain king in the northwest of Hellas, having only the conventional number of heads. Cerberus was a large snake which once inhabited the Laconian promontory of Tænaron. And so forth. Thus the higher criticism began.

Professor Gomperz gives a volume and a half to Plato, and deals in technical detail with the earlier philosophers, but it is all made abundantly interesting to the ordinary reader. There is a constant human touch, a personal concern for the men who published their deep thoughts, and for the places and circumstances in which they lived, and for their relation to our present life, which is both edifying and delightful.

The temple roof is high-pitched in Mr. Santayana's *Reason in Religion*, but the reader soon finds, like old Hecateus, that it has taken the place of the sky. Dr. Adler tells how St. Sebald, being summoned to minister to a poor family in the dead of winter, found them starving and freezing; whereupon he broke off an armful of stout icicles from the eaves, put them in the grate, blew a warm breath upon them, set them to blazing, and upon the fire thus kindled cooked a supper. But Mr. Santayana's cold facts do not burn. There is no heat. He shows, indeed, a momentary glimmer of flame when he remarks that any one who entertains the idea that religion contains a literal representation of truth and life has not come within the region of

profitable philosophizing on the subject. "His certitudes and his arguments," he says, "are no more pertinent to the religious question than would be the insults, blows, and murders to which, if he could, he would appeal in the next instance." But this warms neither the hands nor the heart.

This book is one of a series of five volumes on *The Life of Reason*.¹ They are very cleverly written. The reader, however much he may dissent, goes on reading. Every page is suggestive, though often the suggestion moves to an inquiry rather than to an affirmation. Is it true, for instance, that the Hebrew mind makes use of metaphor, but that the Greek mind, perplexed by metaphor, translates it into metamorphosis? and is this the source of the doctrine of transubstantiation? So long as Mr. Santayana is concerned with matters with which he is sympathetically acquainted, his philosophizing is profitable. The volumes on Art and Society are excellent. But his discussion of Religion calls to mind the theory that no heretic has ever been condemned for heresy; the men who have been condemned have always been thus sentenced, not in form, but in fact, for being disagreeable.

It is likely that Mr. Dickinson, who writes on *Religion: a Criticism and a Forecast*,² would find himself in general agreement with Mr. Santayana. Both of them define religion in terms of imagination, and make it a poetic interpretation of experience. Both assert that the truths which it maintains are symbolically rather than literally true. But Mr. Dickinson is in earnest. He is desirous of claiming for himself and his fellow thinkers a place in the household of faith. This and that, and a good deal,

¹ *The Life of Reason*: I. Reason in Common Sense; II. Reason in Society; III. Reason in Religion; IV. Reason in Art; V. Reason in Science. By GEORGE SANTAYANA. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1905.

² *Religion: a Criticism and a Forecast*. By G. LOWES DICKINSON. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. 1905.

he cannot believe; but faith, he holds, is not a creed, but a certain attitude toward life, — "the attitude of a man who, while candidly recognizing that he does not know, and faithfully pursuing or awaiting knowledge, and ready to accept it when it comes, yet centres meanwhile his emotional and therefore his practical life about a possibility which he selects because of its value, its desirability." This, he says, "keeps the horizon open." "Faith is the sense and the call of the open horizon."

The heart, even of the orthodox, goes out to such a man as this, desiring to know the way of God more perfectly. So it is with the anonymous author of *The Creed of Christ*.¹ He is a religious man dealing with religion. He believes that Christ has been grievously misinterpreted, so that Christianity has come to stand in large part for the very things which Christ, when he was here, contradicted. Pharisaism, for example, the idea of an external obedience as man's part in a covenant with God, to be maintained for the sake of a reward, — this, he says, was what Christ hated. "The idea of a covenant between God and Man, when kept (as poetry keeps it) in the region of natural law, is sternly grand and fundamentally true; but when the vitalizing influence of poetry ceases to be felt, and the letter of the Law which God is supposed to have given to Man comes to be regarded as divine, the idea degenerates into the most soulless of all conceptions, that of a commercial bargain." This, he says, in the days of the scribes, had killed freedom, conscience, and imagination. And all this, against which Christ had so protested that the system crucified him in self-defense, came back into the Christian Church. "By the time the Church had been fully organized, the whole diameter of thought separated Christianity from the mind of Christ. Everything that Christ hated most had been accepted, systematized,

and authoritatively taught. The central idea of Israel's creed, that of salvation by machinery, had won a complete and apparently final triumph over the central idea of Christ's creed, that of salvation by spiritual growth. The false dualism of the Old Testament — its total separation of the supernatural from Nature, of Heaven from earth, of God from Man — had become the basis of the philosophy of Christendom." The book ends with a prophecy of "final triumph," in which the supernatural world, as distinguished from the natural, shall fade "like the cloud-mountains of a summer day." Then Christ "will have entered into the possession of his kingdom; the idea of the Incarnation will have fully disclosed its inner meaning; and the restoration of God to Nature will be complete."

This is somewhat alarming to the quiet reader, and seems to portend a general and unpleasant overturning of foundations, but a second reading shows that there is a great amount of salutary truth in it. The actual difference between the Jewish expectation of the Messiah and the realization of it in the person of Jesus Christ is set forth soberly in Professor Shailer Mathew's admirable study of *The Messianic Hope in the New Testament*.² The Pharisees did look for very much the sort of Messiah that is reprobated in the *Creed of Christ*, but the Messianic Idea was not arbitrarily attached to Jesus; he laid claim to it with all plainness. At the same time, as Professor Mathews shows, he dealt with it as he dealt with the law and the prophets, taking part and leaving part, and bringing in new meanings. The connection of Christ with the Old Testament, which some modern thinkers would sever as with a knife, is here considered with all critical freedom, and yet with insight and appreciation.

As for that fading away of the supernatural for which the *Creed of Christ*

¹ *The Creed of Christ*. London and New York: John Lane. The Bodley Head. 1905.

² *The Messianic Hope in the New Testament*. By SHAILER MATHEWS. University of Chicago Press. 1905.

looks with eagerness, the meaning of it is contained in Professor Bowne's essay on *The Immanence of God*.¹ There it is admirably stated by a Christian scholar. The book contains no new contribution to thought on this subject, but that is not its purpose. It puts the whole matter in a clear, popular way on the level of the general understanding. This is a praiseworthy service, for in this theme is the heart of all the present controversies. The change of thought about the miraculous in nature and in Scripture is in the doctrine of the immanence of God. "By this we mean that God is the omnipresent ground of all finite existence and activity." The old idea was that there are two forces at work in the world, one represented by the word Nature, the other by the word God. These two were quite distinct, so much so that wherever an event was adequately accounted for by natural causes, it was thereby removed from the activity of God. The regular course of life was natural, the irregular, the mysterious, the unknown, was divine. Only by such interference with nature, only by breaking through nature, did God manifest himself to man.

Such a belief made all discussion of the miraculous a nervous business. For every event which was taken out of the range of the unexplainable over into the range of the natural law was taken away from God. God was being gradually exiled from the world. This belief, however, was the result of a wholly needless and entirely irrational distinction between God and nature. There is no such distinction. The natural routine of the world is the expression of the will of God. It is all an act of the constant purpose of God. What is going on, therefore, at this moment, in religion, is a taking over of nature into the supernatural, that is, into the divine order. This is the supreme extension of religion.

"The source of all religion in the hu-

man heart," said Professor Max Müller, "is the perception of the Infinite, the yearning of the soul after God." And "this sense of the *infinite*," says Dr. Hall, in his Barrows Lectures, is from the Infinite. Our yearning for God is from God. This is the ground on which he would base all the science of religion. The title of Dr. Hall's book, *Christian Belief Interpreted by Christian Experience*,² represents the difference between his position and that of a detached philosophy. The initial requisite for an understanding of religion is a religious experience. Dr. Hall was asked to interpret Christianity to the Oriental mind. He traveled about among the universities of the East giving these lectures. Such an audience demanded great simplicity, because the course was brief, but at the same time great frankness, sincere respect for differences of opinion, and an appeal to reason. The lecturer showed these qualities in a clear style, an unfailing courtesy and consideration, and a purpose to set forth Christianity in its profound agreement with the desires and interests of our best nature. This young religion, he says, stands amidst the ancient faith of India and China as the child Jesus stood in the temple among the doctors. The lecturer, too, comes from the youngest of the nations. This, at once, dismisses all idea of controversy. What he asks is not philosophical surrender, but "philosophical adjustment." Thus he proceeds to discuss the Christian idea of God, the Lord Jesus Christ as the Supreme Manifestation of God, and the ideas of holiness and immortality. These he commends to attention because they have been proved by experience. Have you not been taught them by your fathers? Does not your own nature respond to them with instinctive agreement?

This appeal to instinct and experience is clear and convincing in such books of practical ethics as Dr. Adler's *Religion*

¹ *The Immanence of God*. By BORDEN P. BOWNE. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1905.

² *Christian Belief Interpreted by Christian Experience*. By CHARLES CUTHBERT HALL. University of Chicago Press. 1905.

of Duty,¹ Dr. Van Dyke's *Essays in Application*,² President King's *Rational Living*,³ Dr. Henderson's *Children of Good Fortune*,⁴ and Professor Peabody's *Jesus Christ and the Christian Character*.⁵ These are all wholesome and helpful. Most of them illuminate the path of duty by the light of religion.

Accordingly, Dr. Adler begins with a chapter on "Changes in the Conception of God." "What rivers of joy," he says, "sometimes wild and turbid, but often deep and pure and serene, have flowed from the well of religion! There must be some proportion between cause and effect; the cause is apparently a purely imaginary conception, a fancy, mistaken for a fact; and the effects are these magnificent manifestations of beauty and art, of comfort and joy to man, and, above all, the conviction that this falsehood is truer than any other truth." Is the cause a fancy, then? May it not be the supreme truth? The writer is sure of it. He holds that there is "a moral certainty, based, not on truth verifiable in experience, but on truth necessarily inferred from moral experience."

"Christianity," says Dr. Van Dyke, taking this for granted, "needs not only a sacred scripture for guidance, warning, instruction, inspiration, but also a continuous literature to express its life from age to age, to embody the ever-new experiences of religion in forms of beauty and power, to illuminate and interpret the problems of existence in the light of faith and hope and love." To this literature, Dr. Van Dyke's last book, like all

his books, is a contribution. These recent writers in ethics are all of a hopeful mind, and find the contemporary situation eminently encouraging. The first *Essay in Application* maintains that the world is better than ever it was before.

Dr. Henderson holds that we are all of us children of good fortune. Most of us are much too busy, he says; and if we are engaged in occupations in which profit is the major end, our business is not only irrelevant to the best life, but is positively immoral. The second best, also, with which we are apt to be contented, is a form of immorality. Every smallest act involves some measure of moral responsibility. But this is nevertheless a beautiful and stimulating world in which to live; "the moral outlook is full of promise;" we are always "in touch with a godlike possibility." The strong, cool winds blow through the leaves of the book. Dr. Henderson would not describe them as Pentecostal, but they come from the high mountains which are near the sky.

The same good sense shines in President King's treatise. This is the practical advice which used to be given to young people in homiletical form, as in the works of Mr. Smiles. Now it appears as psychology. It is profitable in any shape.

But the best book of ethics is that of Professor Peabody. Here is learning and wisdom and perception of human need, and the word spoken in season, made attractive and convincing and vital by association with the Supreme Person. Precept is enforced by example. The whole matter is uplifted by being put upon his plane. "The root of Christian ethics is in the command: 'Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness;' the flower of this righteousness is a rational and serviceable love: but when this growth from root to flower is surveyed as a whole, the moral process is found to be nothing else than the process of life itself." A man's life consists "in the capacity to use his possessions, in the discipline of the body as the instrument of the will, in wealth of righteousness and love." "The

¹ *The Religion of Duty*. By FELIX ADLER. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. 1905.

² *Essays in Application*. By HENRY VAN DYKE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1905.

³ *Rational Living*. By HENRY CHURCHILL KING. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1905.

⁴ *The Children of Good Fortune*. By C. HANFORD HENDERSON. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1905.

⁵ *Jesus Christ and the Christian Character*. By FRANCIS GREENWOOD PEABODY. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1905.

Christian character is not a fragmentary collection of detached virtues. It is a normal, healthy, gradual growth." "The perfecting of the saints is like the development of the body. We are 'henceforth no more children,' but are come unto a 'perfect man,' unto 'the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ.'" This is effected by what Dr. Peabody calls the

"descent of faith," — faith coming down to transform the world, faith revealed in works. "Up the ladder of life mounts duty, until the pure in heart see God, and down its stairs descends the wisdom from above to interpret the life below; and along both ascent and descent stand the angels of God to guard and cheer the sons of men."

MAN AND BEAST

BY SAMUEL H. DRURY

"I ALWAYS had a reverence for the cruelty-to-animals people," one was saying, "until the other day, when I heard of some humane old women who caught a frog and reset its hind leg. Since then my reverence has been quenched by mirth."

This extreme case, showing how in our time humaneness has become a distinct emotion, will serve as a text for the following notes on the relations between man and beast. Nowadays we are prone to treat all animals as melancholy Jaques treated the stricken deer, or as the boarding-house spinster treats the leashed poodle. It is a high and legitimate love, we are told,—this love for animals. Nay, more, from the brute's point of view it is a love *of* animals. You and your dog are exchangers of affection; a man's saddle horse, as well as his mother, is his best friend. Now, in order to prove the fallacy of believing in friendship between man and other creatures in the order vertebrata, we must first point out certain limitations of the brute creation, and then note the limitlessness of that special creation known as friendship. If it is possible to show that friendship requires what animals cannot give, because they have it not, then all this sentimentalism about our loving animals must go by the board. The so-called love-bird, bereft of

its mate, pines away, we shall contend because its left side has lost a warm, feathery support. We shall see that the miracle of St. Francis having converted to Christianity the very fierce wolf of Gubbio was the most impossible of feats. Possibly, then, we shall be persuaded to redirect our misplaced affections, and save them for the genus man.

It is doubtless true that a man's preferences and loves have in the last ten years shifted their ground. In the old days, when one found himself possessed of a benevolence larger than the demands made by his wife and children, if he thus had a residuum of love, he became a philanthropist. Other human beings less closely allied to him seemed the legitimate repositories for his overflow of affection,—it was in all cases a giving or a swapping of love between individuals of one genus. But we must coin another word from the Greek, antithetical to philanthropy, to show the new channel for our loving. It is no longer a philanthropy, but a philtherisy; we have changed from lovers of men to lovers of beasts. The last decade has been signalized by a propaganda in favor of beasts. We have been persuaded to refine our constant notion of humaneness into one of love. We have felt the cogency of Coleridge's conclusion, that "he prayeth well who lov-

eth well both man and bird and beast."

In truth, the animal world, that vast realm of struggle and sacrifice, needs no apologies. It is hardly the sensible thing for a man, himself included in that animal order, to pick flaws therein, or to limit the scope of a circle in which he is but a segment. The includer rightly may have a serene contempt for the peevishness of its parts. But in the face of this truth, though not in opposition to it, we contend that, however great is the similarity between the human and the brute order, they can never develop anything higher than interdependence and interest. Your human being and the animal are forever separated from mutual friendship and love by two great gulfs which presently we shall note.

To deny that the lion and the lamb, the ichthiosaur and the chipmunk, the hornet and the bee and the beaver, all show marked intelligence, would be both vain and uncharitable. Oftentimes the human being must blush to compare his inventiveness and dexterity with that of those lives over which Scripture gives him dominion. The intelligence of animals is a threadbare topic; the books of natural history which have submerged the public have conclusively proved that there are more things in wood and field than are dreamed of in our technologies. Facing nature, man's attitude has come to be one of permanent reverent surprise, so prodigally has Omniscience spent itself on the world minus man. And other faculties besides the purely inventive are at hand. There is hardly a phase of the civilization we prize not directly exhibited by bird or beast. Most of man's splendid abstractions become concrete in the woods. Shall we not witness courage, sacrifice, clannishness, affection, beauty, self-defense, utility, simplicity? The simple life! Go to the sheep, thou epicure; consider her ways, and be — simple. For utility see the rosy rafters of the mollusk's shell; for affection note the cuddling love-bird or the jealous snarl of the she-wolf; for a true commonwealth, visit

the Carolina forests draped in sable by congresses of crows; for courage, hear the intrepid roar of the lion, or watch the trapped and beclubbed mink spring at the trapper's throat; for sacrifice, learn the tender lesson of the pelican; for beauty — any random glance supplies it.

Impressed by the resources of the animal world, I am about to concede that a gospel of Philtherisy is timely, and that the world minus man would show a merely numerical and physical change. But just here I note that, in all the austere and high gamut of accomplishments that the brute contributes, we have failed to find two important buttresses in life's building. If, then, this is not a careless oversight, and if man is their sole possessor, the world minus man would be so much the poorer.

The lonely, humming seamstress in the sunny window claims that her canary is a real companion. Novelists never fail to tell how the lovesick hero, before leaving home in the dead of night, has a heart-to-heart talk with his terrier. And the shipwrecked mariner gets on comfortably, the only man on the island. But tell me, then, why it is that the most throbbing chapter is where Crusoe meets Friday; or where Mowgli sees the Hindoo maid; — and tell me why, if the proud lady capitulated, the above-mentioned hero might kick the terrier; or if callers arrived, the seamstress would silence the canary to hear the human voice? It is because the world minus man has in it no ingredients of real friendship, — and what those ingredients are is becoming obvious.

Friendship is a fine frenzy composed of extremes. Like a lofty mountain, it is green-based and snow-capped. We can best define friendship by parting it from what is often given its name, — acquaintanceship. Now, acquaintanceship is the impersonal relation between persons. Brown and I are acquaintances. We have met three times, — once at a tea, once on the street car, and now at dinner. Brown is a nice, clean-cut, moral man; his uncle is a bishop and his father owns a bank.

He is a college man, — so am I. Of course we are expected to have many things in common (yea, verily, *in common!*). We set about the pleasant, harmless task of exchanging facts. He tells me about Stevenson's prose, and I tell him how the Japanese paint birds: he explains the mechanism of an engine, and I narrate a story about my grandmother. We meet; we part. But I know nothing about Brown. He has contributed no coin stamped with *his* superscription to my alms-box; he has dropped in buttons. That his contribution is valueless is sure, for I own a set of Stevenson, and the engine is diagrammed in my dictionary. And contrariwise, what does Brown care about my grandmother? Presumably, poor lady, nothing. As acquaintances, Brown and I have been neither helped nor hurt; we have both taken pains to be as little persons as possible. Acquaintances are always on their mediocre dignity. I would not for the world make a fool of myself before Brown, any more than he would tell me about himself at his best. It is the barren intercourse of buried lives.

But between friends, how different it all is! — this middle ground of information and tawdle and anecdote is by tacit consent debarred. Folly and philosophy are the two flowers of friendship. Thus we see that the receipt for turning an acquaintanceship into a friendship would vary. If the time were long, continual intercourse might breed knowledge of the soul and its darker musings. For an immediate change, some catastrophe, some hideous, staring crisis, confronting the two acquaintances, might weld them into being friends. They would have touched bottom together. The two distinguishingly human gifts are the capacities for the ridiculous and the religious emotions; they are also our most prized ranges of thought. They are the universal accomplishments of the genus homo. And friendship concerns itself with these universals. With my friend I shall be, if the mood takes me, an abandoned ass, I

shall ape and gambol. And as often, when the contrary mood takes me, we shall delve into earth's secrets, and mourn and weep. We shall take upon ourselves the mysteries of things as though we were God's spies; or haply the room will burst with the pressure of our absurdities. The rarity of this complete uncovering of our true naïveté, this noble conquest of self-consciousness, is the reason that each person has but few friends, it may be no more than one. Friendship requires a total eclipse of commonplaces, of subterfuges. And it is worth noting here, as by-products of our main idea, how impossible it is to prearrange or to predict a friendship. There is no reason in heaven or earth why my brother and I should be friends; heredity does not extend to the transmission of the point of view. And again, it is interesting to see how limited is man's choice of activities, should he care to touch masses of people. To link himself with the universal human thought, he must have for his business the promulgation of a universal human preference, — he must be either a priest or a joke-monger. The finest man I know touches both poles, — now he is Yorick, now Hamlet. His is that violin-like power to move to tears or mirth. And the best of women are those whose eyes are deepened, not dimmed, by pain; who, as only women can, crush from all experience the wine of a fermenting joy.

Since love is merely an intensified and specialized form of friendship, therefore equally dependent on the swapping of the sublime and the ridiculous, we cannot speak of the "love of nature" or the "love of progress." You might worship the wild tulip (as it "blows out its great red bell like a thin clear bubble of blood"); you might rave over the mechanism of its construction; but it has no voice, it cannot answer you, you cannot love it. And who ever had a heart-throbbing at the thought of the spinning jenny or of the printing press? Who ever thanked God for the invention of the cotton gin? The only thing that ever sent a man sky-

ward with pleasure or kneeward with gratitude is the fact that there are human voices and human hearts. It is evident in the whole range of natural history that there is no real sense of humor, or no real religious emotion, save in our own kind. Did you ever see a zebra laugh, or a flamingo pray? The talk, then, about mutual friendship with our brute brothers is like suggesting a one-battery circuit, — there is no answering spark.

Analyze the verdant world, this cageless zoo, as closely as you please, — you will find no mirth, you will find no gravity. Ridiculousness and religion live not in the woods. The monkey's grin is a facial contraction; the crocodile's tears are but optical sweat. The ingredients of friendship were not breathed in till creation's last day, and into her last achievement, — for it we are forced back on one another.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

A COMPLAINT OF TRAVELERS' TALES

I AM — or rather was — an inveterate reader of travelers' tales. But for a slip of fortune I should myself have been a mighty prowler over the earth. As it is, I take cheap, second-hand voyages over a dry sea of printer's ink; and being thus hardly circumstanced, I am something particular in the matter of pilots.

Fortune, alas! is not so nice; she picks out her travelers with a blundering hand. Curiosity they have, and mettlesome spirit, else they would never set forth; and stoutness of will, else they would never arrive. But why, pray, should they not be dowered further with eyes to see things rich and rare, and grace to speak well of them when they come home again?

I dined last week with a distinguished traveler just back from Chinese Turkestan. "Here," I said to myself, "will be the real thing!" and whetted my palate for pungent Eastern flavors. The traveler turned out a silent little man, who dined with his eyes on the cloth, and could not be got to speak of his adventures beyond saying, with a hasty upward glance, "Yes, yes, certainly. It was very interesting." Might not such a man as well live "dully sluggardized at home"?

Now your traveler, I make bold to maintain, should be a man with a tang to him, an agreeable vagabond, a racy talker. And if there be in his veins a drop or two of the blood of old John Maundeville, so much to the good. But by what right does a fellow of juiceless personality and unready tongue take upon himself the high title of Traveler?

Yet this peripatetic sphinx, who buries in his inscrutable bosom the rich secrets of the East, is by no means the most culpable of voyagers. Better he who holds his tongue than he who will not hold his pen. I am not ungrateful to those rare spirits who have blessed us with tales of real travel. But I have not always the wit to stick to these springs of perpetual pleasure. I find myself trapped into trying new tales of "sondry londes." Publishers' announcements make my mouth water. Such an one has forced his way into the mystic capital of Tibet, or interviewed the Ethiopian King of Kings, or camped with the Berbers of Morocco.

Being a hopeful soul, and a forgetful, I am all agog for the new book of wonders. So I betake myself to a frugal pipe, dropping my cigar-money in a box, until, having amassed the price, I can go out and bring in proudly two volumes of Concentrated Fascination.

And what do I get? Out of his rich

experience my traveler relates how on the eve of setting out he had a painful but salutary séance with a dentist. The very night before the start he went to bed! His trunks miscarried and he had no end of bother hunting them up. On March 9, at 8.45 precisely, he took ship. By May 23, he was nursing a blistered heel. The 25th found him sleepless in Abyssinia. On the 26th he was "off his feed." On the 29th the gray mule died, and next day was buried.

Ye gods! was it for this I squandered my unsuperfluous coin?

If the man must publish the inanities of his private journal why not advertise the fact? But no! the unconscionable imposter calls it a *book*, a book of travel, and then he opens his paragraphs with such phrases as these: "Next day we resumed our journey," "Next morning I woke," "The following day was Thursday," "The day after that it rained!"

This sort of man enriches his book with portraits of "the author in native dress." Bald and bearded, he appears in Chinese gown and baggy boots, a parasol balanced over his foolish head; or swathed in the red-and-white toga of Ethiopia, or the bulging bath-robe of Tibet. This view is commonly the first of a series, — a sort of House-that-Jack-built. "This is the gentleman who went to Abyssinia. This is the jackal that bit the gentleman who went to Abyssinia. This is the servant that slew the jackal that bit the gentleman that went to Abyssinia." And so on.

I cannot, more's the pity, sue the author for obtaining money on false pretenses. Does not his preface explain that the book was an accident? He never meant to write it. He just happened to keep careful notes and to collect striking photographs of himself, and he has but yielded to the importunities of his many friends in giving the facts to the world.

How humble he is! He passionately disavows all pretension to authority. His feeble effort lays no claim to literary or scientific merit, being but a plain tale,

plainly told. Can I be wroth with such a shrinking soul?

Again, how conscientious the man! How scrupulous for the truth! Says he, "All I have written has happened, and" — oh Jupiter! — "*all that has happened I have written!*" I believe him; he has left nothing out!

However, I'd forgive him his Pre-Raphaelite non-selection of detail, if he did not fail me at a pinch. I turn his pages hopefully, looking for a tasty bit, and run upon this heading: "A Night in the Monastery of Tashilumpo." "Hah!" say I, "here is the real thing at last!" Page 1 is occupied with details of the journey to Tashilumpo. Page 2 records the fact of arrival, the reception, and the consumption by the author of the inevitable bowl of buttered tea, and his retirement for the night. "On the morrow," say I, as I turn the page, "he will arise and look about the place." The page turned, I find these words: "I shall make no attempt to describe the monastery, which abler pens than mine have already made familiar to readers of books of travel." And I throw the book out of the window.

It must be admitted I afterwards sneak out and pick it up. After all, a book is a book; I despise nothing which wears covers. But I quarantine carefully in a place apart the books which are not what they seem.

Here, for instance, is a booklet calling itself *A Visit to Vergil's Farm*. I found that in an old bookstore sailing under the name of a distinguished Latin scholar, and took it home. I opened it, flattering myself I was about to break into the noble Roman's cabbage-patch. After a lengthy preamble, which I skipped, the author led me up a long hill from which he promised a clear view. When I arrived, out of breath, at the first turn, this was what he showed me: "You cannot imagine how delightful was the sight!" Being but a dull-minded mortal, I could n't. Something dashed, I followed him up yet another steep, to yet another point

of vantage. This time he was more explicit. "From this point," said he in a burst of enthusiasm, "the view is unsurpassed!"

I know him now, the traveler with the extensive views. I run my fingers through a book and if my eye lights on the words "the former," "the latter," and "few persons realize," I feel confident his view will be unsurpassed; and I leave him without covetousness in the custody of the bookseller.

Here is a whole shelf full of books bearing the sacred name of travel, — books innocent of egotism and as full of matter as a nut of meat. Yet I do not love these books. Here is one, *The Land of the Lamas*. Run over the chapter heads: "Kushlai to Begumbi; Shaskun to Nikpol; Kara Sai to Yepal Ungur." Curiously enough I have never progressed beyond "Kushlai to Begumbi," and whether that be in Tibet or not, is more than I can tell.

Should I ever really thirst for facts about Tibet, I know I could get them out of that book by giving my mind to it; for it has an index. That is more than can be said of that row over there. Those are the works of British noblemen and officers of His Majesty's Indian army, and I go to them when in the mood for gambling. They were written, I gather, while their authors were unpacking in London, and facts were jotted down as mementos in the travelers' boxes suggested them. When, as aforesaid, the grab-bag impulse comes over me, I go and take one down, shut my eyes, and dip in. It is sufficiently exciting. And yet this scarcely appeals to me as the way to make travel.

Now I am not unreasonable. I do not demand that every book which comes off the presses shall have literary charm. Neither do I expect that escaped noblemen and soldiers on leave will prove expert literary craftsmen. But I cannot see why a carpenter should make a box and call it a reliquary, or an explorer a geographical treatise, or an egotist his con-

fessions, and call it a book of travel. Nor can I see why, when the parts are assigned, the right man should not now and then be chosen to go to the uttermost parts of the earth.

MY SUPERSTITIONS

I WAS interested in a recent contribution to the Club on pet economies. Mine is not collar buttons. They may roll under the bureau and stay there for all of me. But elastic bands — there you have me. I would not deliberately throw away an elastic band for any temporal consideration. When one comes my way in the course of life, and my title seems fairly clear to it (one must be conscientious in these matters), I carefully hoard it in my purse or twist it about my finger until I can get home and store it where it belongs, in a green box on my desk. From thence it never issues until some very important package seems fully to justify the use of the priceless treasure.

It is not, however, concerning economies that I would interview the Club to-day, but concerning another whimsical departure of the human spirit, namely, pet superstitions. How many contributors plead guilty here?

Of course I know there is no sane person who would turn his left shoulder to the new moon or allow the figure thirteen any place in important enterprises. These precautions are so universal that they lie in the highroad of convention. We shake our heads at the poor daredevil who recklessly runs athwart them, as we shake our heads at a playing with fire, at a leap from a precipice. But the real charm of superstition lies, not in the highroad traveled by all, but in the lanes which, each for himself, we mark out for individual adventure, experiment with Fate. Of these there are perhaps as many as there are questing souls.

My binding superstition is one which I think I must have invented for myself. Not deliberately, of course, for then it

would lose effect. But I have never yet met anybody who has the same belief, so that it is beginning to seem to me my special revelation. I believe, with entire confidence, that my calendar must come true. Such a calendar I have in mind as every one is pretty sure to receive for a Christmas present, with a quotation for each day, or, better, for a month at a time. It is these quotations on which I rest; they are oracles to me. Better a month at a time, I said, because I prefer a leisurely progress, with time for complete developments, to any amount of variety furnished by swiftly changing days.

But such as my calendar is, I accept it, questioning not its nature, and soberly there by the Christmas tree I sit down to inquire the outline of a twelve-month's destiny. It is not only lawful to anticipate thus the workings of the future, it is an incumbent duty. For what other purpose comes the Sibylline leaf, sent forth so inscrutably by Dutton, if not to warn and advise?

My calendar this year is one quite after my heart. A merry Shakespearean affair, with a quotation for each month and a jolly picture illustrating brightly, if none too reverently, the familiar text. With its crude colors and naïve figures, it fills a cheerful, incongruous place on the wall beside the Beata Beatrix. But cheer is not the chief attribute of this calendar. It is an august creature, a seer and a prophet. For seven months it has foretold and then followed the destiny of its owner with such entire accuracy that I stand in awe of it.

The Club is nothing if not confidential. I know that, and I would reveal if I could the inner workings of the year. But the Club is also possessed of a subtle delicacy of apprehension, — particularly in cases like mine, — and when I inform it that the Muse and I had come to straits, and then proceed to quote to it some of the phrases of the first half of the year, I know it will forbear probing. Most excellent fellowship!

"Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone." That was February, and the Muse departed in the guise of a merry old gentleman riding furiously on a brown nag with streaming tail. His hat flew off, but he did not care. Would he not even come back to pick it up? I wondered sadly. The promptly succeeding answers were, "Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more;" "The course of true love never did run smooth;" "He jests at scars that never felt a wound." What a doleful outlook! I forged ahead desperately enough through the mocking months; was there no hope anywhere? Then, with a long breath, I lighted on June. "In maiden meditation, fancy free." So, I was going to assert myself, was I, at last; give care to the winds, and march off, a pail of milk in either hand (symbol of life's abiding comfort), while five geese waddled in between me and — my editors? One of the geese was cackling at me, but four were cackling at the editors. That picture did more to restore my self-respect than any amount of philosophy. I used to run and look at it in crises of discouragement. I had such a happy, indifferent air under my gray sunbonnet, and the editors, left on the fence, were so rueful. It was a beautiful conception. I cannot, in all honesty, say that this pleasing prophecy was fulfilled, so far as the editors were concerned, but my part came perfectly true. It was too good just to be alive in the glad, sweet June days to bother about anything in the world. I dropped my pen, laughed at myself, and marched out into the open country. What a happy month!

"Oh, mistress mine, where are you roaming?" There, you see. That was July's demand. And, duly, an editor followed me up to ask for an article. (*Ask for it, fellow Contributors!*) I wrote it, of course, but I did not care much. No, truly. I was spending the month on Lake George, and I had just learned to swim.

It is August now, great August, to

which I have been looking forward from the year's beginning. For it promises mighty things.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.
What could be better than that? I have been listening for the murmur of this tide ever since I woke up, expectant, on the morning after July thirty-first. I am bound to admit that it still delays, but Fate works slowly; my faith is strong. It shall not find me unready, at least. I stand, as it were, mentally clad in a bathing-suit, on tiptoe for the plunge. I learned to swim last month, you see. How all things work together! Surely it cannot fail me, my tide; it has been promised me; it is my right; I have put my trust in it. If the last days of August draw near unfulfilling, I shall do something about it, I know. I will have my tide. *I will play moon.*

September daunts me, I must confess. "I am he, that unfortunate he." Now what does it mean by that? What business has that word "unfortunate" on the heels, on the ebb-tide, rather, of my splendid August? Alas! good readers, I should prefer to leave the leaf unturned. But it does no good to juggle with Fate. I shall turn the leaf, grimly determined. Perhaps I shall send the poorest manuscript I have to the *Atlantic*, and get it back again, and then the thing will be over. Perhaps—the thought gives me sudden pause—perhaps this very intercourse which I am so trustfully holding with the members of the Club is going to be denied me. This paper may be returned. That is a chilling notion. But swiftly another thought succeeds. One or the other of the prophecies of my calendar must be fulfilled in the destiny of this paper. Either the *Atlantic* will send a tide up to receive it, or else it will be left high and dry in the hands of its author, "unfortunate." In the latter case, good reader, of course you will never know the difference.

As I am, presumably, not the only person in the world who received this cal-

endar last Christmas, I like to please myself with the thought of a subtle fellowship linking unknown lives to mine. Perhaps some reader may even now feel the thrill of the common progress of our Fate. Have you this calendar? Has it told truth? Some woman, I know, has a whole love-story following out these accepted lines. I think of her often, with interest. He played with her in the winter and spring, the scoundrel! But in June she sent him about his business, treated him to a fine disdain. Good! He came after her quickly enough. Now this month they are happy—bless their young hearts!—it is their high tide. I wonder on which day they promised each other. I wish so much I could see them. She is going to coquette a little next month, I am sorry to observe, thinking to punish him, no doubt, for the bad spring he gave her. But all will come right in October, for then—

Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

November sees them married, I think; and in December they close the year happily by their fire.

Sit by my side,
And let the world slip; we shall ne'er be
younger.

The calendar does exceedingly well by them. I send them each day my good wishes.

But as for us, reader, shall we meet as the lovers meet? I know not. Good will to you, at any rate, and a prosperous calendar this next year.

THE AMALGAMATED BOOK INSURANCE CO.

WHEN I get my just dues and become a millionaire, I am going to establish the Amalgamated Book Insurance Co. I believe it will be a huge success. It will cover a field that has too long been neglected; and I wonder why no such company has been created.

I have the prospectus, fully written, in

my desk at this moment, and I have read it to Claudia; and she thinks, as I do, that it is one of the best things I have ever written.

Sometimes when Claudia and I are seated on our porch, — we call it veranda when we have company to tea, — Claudia jumps up with a startled expression and gazes with intensity toward the railway station. Then, suddenly, she turns to me, and says breathlessly: —

"There come Maude Jones and Walter Ferris! Run in and get that photograph of Maude, and set it on the mantel. It's in the bottom drawer of the side-board. Be sure to put it right side up. And as you pass the bookcase, take out that book you borrowed of Walter, and dust it, and put it on the centre table. Open it somewhere, and put it face down."

We always do this with borrowed books now. Once I borrowed the first volume of Hume's *England* from a friend, and after I had kept it six or seven years he came out to dinner. While I was down cellar grinding the ice-cream freezer, he got to nosing around, and just as I came up he was poking into the bookshelves.

"Say," he said in a mean, sarcastic tone, "get me a shovel, will you? I want to shovel a ton or two of dust off this book. It looks like the missing volume from my set of Hume. I've been trying for three years to think who borrowed it."

"Is that your book!" I exclaimed. "Do you know, Morris, I've been trying to find the owner of that book for years! Actually! I've asked and asked, and I have written and written. I don't know anything I have worried about as I have over that book. Seemed as if I *could n't* find the owner!"

Morris opened the book, and showed me one of those nasty, suspicious-like book plates, with his name on it.

But you may be sure he got no more invitations to dinner from Claudia and me.

When, however, I look along my own bookshelves, and see my set of Balzac

grinning at me with one of its front teeth knocked out (*César Birotteau* is the volume, and Ferguson has it; he's in California now), and see my dear, dear (it was dear in two ways, for I bought it on the three-dollars-down-and-three-dollars-due-every-time-you-are-hard-up plan) Daudet, with a mental vacuum just where *Tartarin de Tarascon* should be, I feel that the man who borrows a book and does not return it is as bad as a burglar. He breaks into the bookshelves with his enthusiastic chatter of books; and just when he has the owner slobbering with glee over a mutual admiration, he says gently, —

"I'd like to read that. You make me want to read it. It must be great if you talk that way about it."

Out comes the volume, and off with it goes the wretch, — and you don't see him again for eight years. There is a burglar insurance against ordinary burglars; my plan is to have book-borrowers' insurance, — or, at least, that was my first idea.

The Amalgamated Book Insurance Co. will insure every book owner who takes out a policy against the loss of books by borrowing. It will replace all books that are "borrowed for keeps." As soon as a policy-holder loans a book he drops a post card to the company, and at the end of six months a representative of the company takes a police officer, and a sheriff, and a constable, and goes to the borrower's house. The Company's representative is armed with a search warrant and a pair of bellows. He enters the borrower's house, finds the book, claims it, blows the dust off it with the bellows, and returns it to the lender. If the borrower cannot be found, the company pays the lender the full price of a new set of the books.

The moral effect of this would be mighty. The world would become better and kinder. Many a man of an otherwise Christian and generous spirit has become mean, stingy, and crabbed through losing books. He begins life poor but generous,

with no books but a second-hand copy of *David Harum* and a gift copy of Milton's Poems, given him by a loving grandmother. He tries to lend Milton's Poems, but he can't. Nobody was ever known to borrow Milton's Poems, except children and the weak-minded. But his friends borrow his *David Harum*. He lends it ten times, and glows with happiness to think he has given happiness to ten persons. The eleventh person keeps the book. The altruistic youth does not care. He imagines the book is still going through many hands, and still giving pleasure. It is not. A borrowed book is a talent wrapped in a napkin and laid under a stone. The borrower does not return it; he dares not lend it. In such a case, *David Harum* ceases to be a great educative force, teaching men how to eat eggs, and becomes a dusty, innocuous desuetude.

A little later the youth buys a set of Dickens, printed in gray ink on thin blotting paper, at \$2.98 for eighteen volumes. Each book is two inches thick and one ounce heavy. The bindings are green cheesecloth precariously stuck on with flour paste; but it is none the less a set of Dickens. When a youth owns his first set of books, he feels himself a literarian, but he is still generous. A friend takes *David Copperfield*. *David C.* remains where *David H.* went, — in the realm of stagnant books. And so, gradually but surely, the youth becomes suspicious of his fellow men. His generosity dries in his veins, and he becomes a book miser, the meanest of all human beings. The Amalgamated Book Insurance Co. would allow him to lend right and left. Human nature would broaden and glow.

The second class of policy issued by the Amalgamated Book Insurance Co. would be granted to borrowers. This idea came to me when I looked over my bookshelves one night and saw how many books I had that were owned by people who had insisted that I borrow them. You can't refuse to take a book home with you when your friend begs and insists, and says, —

"Oh! you must take it! You really must. You may not like Henry James. I don't blame you. I did n't until I read this one. But this is great. I think it is the greatest novel ever written. You just take it. Take it for my sake. *Please* take it."

Of course you take it; but, even if you read it, you do n't return it. I don't know why you don't return it, but you don't. You suffer pangs of shame. Your wife says from time to time, —

"You must return this book to Mr. Wallace; it is a shame."

But you don't return it.

The Amalgamated Book Insurance Co. returns the books for you. If you take out a borrower's policy, an inspector calls at your house once a week and goes over your bookshelves. All borrowed books he returns to their proper owners, and you can sleep at night without awakening with a qualm of conscience over that book you borrowed from Jones. This borrower's policy opens the whole vast field of literature to you. You can borrow any book of any man. *You* feel safe in borrowing, because you know the book will be returned. *He* has only to say, "Have you an Amalgamated Borrower's Policy?" and he knows the book will be back on his bookshelves in ten days. My Borrower's Policy scatters peace and good-will over the world of books.

But the Amalgamated Book Insurance Co. does not end its usefulness there. I shall issue a Guarantee Policy to protect the policy-holder against dull, poor, and trashy books. Every morning a credit sheet will be sent to all holders of this policy, and on it will be listed all the books issued the day previous, including the magazines. Opposite each book will be found its rating, as "B," "BB," "Z," "B12," and so on, and each policy-holder will have a sheet giving the key to the ratings.

The ratings will be prepared by the most conscientious corps of critics available. As the Amalgamated Book Insurance Co. will receive no advertising from

publishers, the ratings will be just and true.

If you read in the daily papers that "*Green Fire*, the new novel from the pen of Silas O. Gummy, is beyond all question the best book of the year, if not, indeed, of the past ten centuries," you can turn to the credit sheet.

"*Green Fire*, a novel, by Silas O. Gummy, PG47X," it says. You look at the key, and find that "PG47X" means "Dull, trashy, weakly sentimental, not worth reading," and you are saved \$1.50 and valuable time.

For magazines the quotations will designate whether the matter contained runs to "Exposures," "Ladies' Fashions," "Guff," or "Good Reading."

Claudia and I, in talking it over, have thought of several other policies we might issue, but we have not fully decided on them. We might insure authors against the attacks of critics, and magazine editors against being drowned in floods of unavailable manuscripts, and publishers against books that prove failures, and all writers against unconscious plagiarism; but we have no definite plans.

What we would like to do would be to insure the lives of the characters in romantic novels. If we could do that, the Amalgamated Book Insurance Co. would be immensely popular. Think of the carnage and sudden death that strews the pages of the romantic novel, and suppose we could insure all the characters! How much more safe and sane they would feel! How much more reckless and blood-thirsty the bravoës would be; how more daring the duellists; how less guppy and teary the death-bed scenes!

But perhaps we cannot do that. I don't just see how we could manage it. But this we could do: we could insure authors against the pangs of seeing their books, the loved children of their brains, dying in grimy ignominy in that orphan asylum of the failures, the book-stall, where the cruellest words ever daubed with marking brush proclaim:—

"Any book on this stand 10 cents."

EPITAPH AND BIOGRAPHY

AFTER all, what is biography but extended epitaph? Between the two, the obituary may be regarded as a sort of connecting link. But take the epitaph, pure and simple, as the seed of biography. Here are the dates of birth and death. If there is no more, surely it is sometimes because there is little more to say. If there is a list of the distinctions to which the dead attained, here, forsooth, is the framework for the biographer's narrative. Append your text, "The memory of the just is blessed," or whatever sentiment your fancy may prefer, and you have given the biographer the starting-point for his eulogy, which nowadays he will possibly call an "appreciation."

These seeds of biographic narrative and eulogy are sown, I admit, more sparingly in our later day than of old. The fashion of reserve has grown. So, too, has that leveling force which moulds men into one familiar pattern. If there is less diversity and individuality in epitaphs, so there is in men — and in biographies.

The analogy need not be pressed too hard to show that the epitaphs which men have written for themselves have the full flavor of autobiography as distinguished from biography. The honest man throws all his individuality into his epitaph. There is the true whimsical humor of Franklin in the colophon which the glorified printer proposed for the closing of his book of life. The pathos of Keats, with a name "writ in water," rings clear in the phrase. Could anything be truer for Stevenson than his "This be the verse you grave for me"? Who more fitly than FitzGerald could have disclaimed every particle of responsibility, with his selection of "It is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves"?

These observations spring not from graves and worms, the usual associates in talks of epitaphs, but from a singularly vital book about a man of rare vitality, the *Memoir of Colonel Henry Lee*, by John T. Morse, Jr. The book contains

many selections from Colonel Lee's writings, and more than half of these, in bulk, are the little obituaries with which he was wont to celebrate the deaths of his contemporary Bostonians. Midway between epitaphs and biographies, let them take the blame for much of what has been said. Colonel Lee paid his obituary tributes with such discrimination and felicity that one feels the justice of his having fallen into such hands as those of his kinsman, Mr. Morse. Any member of this Club of Contributors — or of any other club, for that matter — to whom Colonel Lee is merely a name, or something less, should seek his acquaintance. In Mr. Morse's book he will be found a person who would have been noticeable in any place at any time. Here he appears specifically for what he was, an essential product of the nineteenth-century Boston. The Boston which in his person survived nearly till the century's end was embodied perhaps no less distinctly in his uncle, Dr. James Jackson, whose memoir, by a grandson, Dr. James Jackson Putnam, has appeared almost simultaneously with the memoir of Colonel Lee. Dr. Jackson is the more serene, the less audacious figure, yet quite as truly typical of what the New England capital, albeit in an earlier generation, could produce. Each of these men could put his knowledge of his fellow-citizens to the best of practical uses, — Dr. Jackson by enriching the diagnosis of illness through his acquaintance with all the inheritances of a patient, Colonel Lee by telling Governor Andrew just what qualities of manhood and leadership might be expected from So-and-So's son, seeking a commission in a Massachusetts war regiment. When the local can be turned to account so palpably approaching the universal, it commands a new respect, and quickens every villager of us with new possibilities.

It is inevitable to join the name of Dr. Holmes with these two fellow townsmen and kinsmen of his. The same biographer has dealt with him and with Colonel

Lee. In his charmingly characteristic verses, "The Morning Visit," it was Dr. Jackson who stood, for the portrait of "the truest, noblest, wisest, kindest, best" of physicians. Thus linked together, Colonel Lee, the man of affairs, the lover of good plays, good books, and good society, the devoted son of his college; Dr. Jackson, the beloved physician, who asked no more than to be the best physician and friend of his friends and patients; and Dr. Holmes, the physician who was, besides, the Autocrat, with all the personal meaning the word has acquired, — these three represent the happy little Boston of the prenatal and juvenile days of the *Atlantic*. Has it all departed, — the spirit which distinguished the town before unlovely business blocks took the place of pleasant dwellings surrounded by flower gardens and fruit trees? One cannot think so while this fledgeling century is producing and enjoying two such memorials of the older day as these two new biographies present.

The world does not outgrow its needs and desires. It wants just such epitaphs as the *Miscuit Utile Dulci* surmounting the tablet to the memory of Dr. Holmes in King's Chapel. It wants obituaries as good as those which came from Colonel Lee — and it wants the men to provoke them. Most of all, perhaps, it wants just such intimate biographies as Mr. Morse's *Holmes and Lee*, and Dr. Putnam's loving record of his grandfather and all the Essex County worthies from whom he sprang. It is not for every good and clever man to be a national figure. The country is too big for that. But when all the local figures are drawn with the faithfulness and skill of the best local biographies, we shall have at least the materials for a national summary of biography, in which the local elements, justly proportioned, will blend in a true picture of the national life.

BOOK PLATES

SOME people have an instinctive aversion to anything plated; I dislike plated

books. Can there be any apology for the person who is addicted to the substitution of a book plate for his genuine signature? No! His defects of character are revealed with tragic clearness by every fly-leaf in his library.

No man with any poetry in his soul will use a plate to record his ownership of a volume. To establish that immortal communication between author and reader, that sense of intimate personal relation, the reader must not refuse the author his *hand*, and try to meet him, as it were, by proxy. The name of the owner of a book on the prefatory page is a symbolic monument, since it marks the meeting of two spiritual forces; it is the reader's sign of surrender, his acknowledgment that he is ready to welcome the mysteries which the book may hold in store for him. Therefore the inscribing of his name is a solemn act, to be done, without intrusion of such an intermediary as a book plate, *pensively*.

I do not feel that a person who can willingly forego the pleasure of writing his name in a new purchase is really capable of loving a book. His is only *Platonic* affection, cool, dispassionate, remote.

A book plate indicates a certain love of ostentation. Is it fitting that an individual should suggest that his library is so voluminous that he cannot undertake the physical fatigue of writing his name in each book he possesses? Public libraries, large and abstract collections, may make use of this mechanical means of identi-

fying property, but the private library should be more modest, more personal.

To the critical observer a book plate seems to cast suspicion upon the owner's educational attainments. One wonders if, after all, he can really read and write, if his books are any more to him than Locke's *Essay on the Human Understanding* was to Leonora, who treasured there in her party patches. May there not be reasonable doubt of his ability to read, who thus, in place of signing his name, resorts to the illiterate practice of making his mark?

It is an obvious and regrettable fact that this same man is a devotee of *platitudes*. Otherwise he would not permit the monotonous recurrence of the same "quaint device" in each volume. He loves, above all things, order, symmetry, convention, and prefers in a book nicely adjusted intellectual formalities; he cannot endure anything not stereotyped.

Finally, this defacer of books is cruel, for he strikes a mortal blow at one of the most innocent sources of pride in the lives of bibliophiles. No more will books command a high price because some great man had written his name there. No more will the imagination see in a volume the absolute proof of the famous ownership, and delight in dreaming of the days when hands that now are dust turned those very pages. What would have been the course of human letters if William Shakespeare had placed his book plate in that copy of Florio's *Montaigne*?

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MAKING EDUCATION HIT THE MARK

BY WILLARD GILES PARSONS

IN hitting a mark a great deal depends on clearness of vision. It is advisable to decide, in the first place, at which mark to aim. In the matter of arranging a system of public schools the state is trying to hit a mark, and it behooves it to know just what that is and where it lies. And in the putting of the system into practice, all the way along the line, it would be well if the aim could be kept in mind, distinct and clear. The teacher who assigns the daily lessons, the board that determines curricula, the public that supports and influences schools, need constantly to ask themselves two questions: What is the mark? and, How can it be reached?

It is, indeed, difficult to keep one's eyes open all the time, difficult to keep asking these questions and answering them; it is natural enough, perhaps, that they should go unanswered and unasked now and then. But if the eyes of education are shut too long a time, the aim is sure to miss. Then it is time to wake up. And such a moment seems, in a certain point, to be the present.

As for the teachers, it may be they do sometimes incline to assign the next lesson because it comes next in the book. We hear much, and need to hear much, about the necessity of elevating the standard of instruction. But the teachers are the least of this trouble; they keep their eyes open pretty well; and they are better than the system.

The standard most in need of elevation is that of the intelligence, whether localized in school boards or left at large in the community, by which the system is arranged and directed.

From a multitude of causes the direction has gone blind. School boards are all too regularly composed of men ignorant of that which they prescribe; college councils are the scene of faction and of misshapen compromise. Blinding to both, and to the public as well, is the confusion and forgetfulness of aim. We must clear up our notions as to what we want to do in our public schools; we must separate and distinguish our various aims; we must direct our education straight; we must find out where we wish to go, or we shall continue to arrive nowhere.

The broadest division of the aims of public education gives us two: cultural and vocational. To this division of aims corresponds a like division of the subjects of study, some being properly cultural, others properly vocational. To it, again, corresponds a division of kinds of study: for cultural study, as a rule, is general and broad; while vocational study, as a rule, is special and minute. Vocational studies train to produce; cultural studies, to appreciate. The proper result of vocational study is skill; of cultural study, taste.

The confusion of these aims is the chief cause of the present blindness of our education. Nearly every course in every school tries for both at once, and consequently misses altogether. For different aims require differently directed courses. Vocational aims require vocational courses, dealing with vocational subjects; cultural aims require cultural courses, dealing with cultural subjects. Is that not almost too obvious a remark? Yet it needs to be made, and made again, and shouted,

for education is getting a little deaf (in the high places) as well as blind. And to this must be added the insistence that each aim be kept pure. In vocational courses the vocational aim must be supreme. In cultural courses the cultural aim must be supreme.

Cultural subjects may at a later period be pursued for vocational ends. This occurs whenever a student determines to specialize, most commonly through a desire to teach. A student who will teach a subject must have special and minute work in it; he makes it his vocation, and needs vocational instruction. But a course in a cultural subject, when guided by a vocational aim, is a vocational course. Hence we shall include such under vocational courses, or, when an exacter term is desirable, we may call them vocational-cultural courses.

Now these two aims are separate and distinct. Partly so by the nature of the various subjects of study appropriate to each; for vocational subjects may not profitably be taught for cultural purposes, and the vocational end in cultural subjects may on no account be set until the pure cultural aim has been attained. Partly so, again, by the difference of desire on the part of the students; an intelligent student wants instruction for one purpose or the other, and not for both at once. Hence separate courses are necessary. But this — in this discrimination — is where our system of education fails. It teaches vocational subjects partly with the cultural aim, cultural subjects partly with the vocational aim. In theory, indeed, it admits the distinction; but in practice it has gone off into the jungle.

Of course taste results from a vocational course, — a vocational subject taught with a vocational aim, — to a slight degree; and, likewise to a slight degree, a cultural course — a cultural subject taught for a cultural aim — results in skill. Taste and skill are not wholly disjunct. Taste must try its hand before it can fully appreciate; and skill cannot produce well till it has learned to judge.

But the point is that in aim the two are separate, that the routes leading to the two are different routes, that the skill which results from a cultural course, the taste which results from a vocational course, are by-products, not included in the aim, but wholly adventitious. They are not to be rejected; but they are not sought. The single thing that should be sought is, in the vocational course, skill, in the cultural course, taste.

The fault of the vocational courses is that they do not give true, practical skill. They talk too much about inculcating virtue. It is not virtue one wants in his carpenter or his lawyer, but virtuosity. Just as the vocational student, fixing his eye on skill, is about to shoot straight, the theorizing educator nudges his elbow and whispers he must take a wing off culture, too. Then skill escapes, and only a moulted feather flutters down from taste. The nudge spoiled the shot. Vocational courses must leave culture to the cultural courses, and attend to their own business. They must make themselves practical. They must look out into the world and see what it wants of them. They must keep their eye on the market.

Manual training, therefore, should place its products on sale, and fill orders for work it is prepared to do; business training should secure business work from business men for its students, and professional training, likewise, professional work from professional men. This will serve to keep the training real and of value in the world as well as in the school. Something of this kind is done in schools of law, where the student is allowed to do law work in offices; and pedagogy sends its students out to observe actual teaching in the schools. But the practice is merely sporadic, and nowhere is the principle recognized as fundamental.

Vocational training is too scholastic, too much shut away from the world at large. In the old days of apprenticeship and *Wanderjähre* this was not so. Then the learner was up against the market

from start to finish. His world was *the* world, and he moved about in it until he knew it as it was. Nor will any one contend that the work of those days — the days of Peter Vischer and of Botticelli — was inferior in virtue, beauty, ideality, to the work of to-day. The peculiar problem of art-craft is to take the necessary, the useful, and render it beautiful. There shall result no loss to any craft, nor to any business or profession, if it keep the preparation real, meet the market from the start, and turn its students, so far as possible, into apprentices of life.

The cultural courses, on the other hand, do not give true, vital taste. They talk too much about scientific methods and exactness of knowledge. Analysis may furnish taste a reason (though only the pedagogue cares what it is), but it cannot give taste birth. Taste depends upon liking. To have taste in a matter is, first, to have taste for it. It is, indeed, commonly claimed that study of a subject at school will awaken a love for it. This is the common cant of education. It is indulged in by school boards, by hobby-riding pedagogians, by teachers on parade. But everybody knows it is prate, and the schoolboy most of all. He does not learn to love anything because he studies it in school, but, if he does love anything he studies there, it is because of his own natural instinct for it, and distinctly in spite of what he is made to do with it in school.

The charge is, perhaps, especially applicable to the high school. Take it, for instance, in literature. How many learn to love Homer? What boy carries his *Æneid* to the woods, to read unbeknown to his teacher? Or ask an intelligent and wide-awake boy — not a crawling high-grade seeker after marks — why he never reads Shakespeare at home, and he will reply, "Because I get enough of him in school." This is the attitude of those who are learning to "love" Shakespeare!

It would seem, indeed, from the condition of Shakespeare on our stage, that we all get enough of him in school. A

big noise is made on the occasion of a big-priced production by a big-advertised star, that the full house refutes the charge that Americans do not love Shakespeare. It does no such thing. It refutes nothing but the supposition that Americans love anything so much as bigness. To take the monetary success of occasional and extraordinary performances, appealing to our liking for the unusual and the demonstrative, as indicative of love, suggests that we no longer know what love is. Love of Shakespeare on the stage would mean the success of frequent, ordinary performances in every town large enough for a high school and a theatre. Such, for instance, as the love of Wagner in Germany. Or, again, of Shakespeare. For it is not only in her own dramatist, but in ours as well, that Germany can teach us what art-love is. The appreciation of Shakespeare is far more general and genuine there than here. The continuousness of his success, despite the frequency and mediocrity of the performances, despite the lack of all bigness and *éclat*, shows that it is Shakespeare that is loved. But then, what could one expect? The Germans do not, like us, get enough of him in school.

The dose, it must be confessed, that we receive in school, is hardly such as to taste like more. A glance at the Shakespeare textbooks is sufficient. One quarter introduction, one quarter Shakespeare, two quarters commentary. No healthy-minded boy can relish such a sandwich. He feels, somewhere in the silent depths of his silent consciousness, that there is something wrong when he is expected to love Shakespeare. He is quite likely (little innocent!) to think the wrong lies with him. He will admit, therefore, that he ought to like Shakespeare; but nothing short of the willingness to lie for the sake of shutting off inquiry — a virtue born of schools — will compel him to admit that he does. Nor, considering the Shakespeare of the schools, can this be any but an encouraging symptom of the persistent sanity of youth.

The scientific, minute study of Shakespeare, the use of his plays as material for grammatical analysis, philological investigation, historical research, — as now common in the high school, — belongs only to the last years of the college and to the graduate school. The proper study of Shakespeare in the high school is to *feel*; to read Shakespeare, see Shakespeare, play Shakespeare. This might awaken love. It would certainly result, in the high school, in a truer, broader acquaintance; in the college, in a truer, sounder criticism; on the stage, in a truer and more frequent presentation.

And this is true not only of Shakespeare, nor of all literature alone, but of all cultural subjects, — that taste, being the one thing to hit, is not even aimed at; that the love the school should wake it does but kill.

There is something pathetically ludicrous in the sure, complaisant way in which the schools assure themselves they are teaching love. What sensible person could expect Tom, Dick, and Harry, gathered from homes of Puritan gloom or philistine glitter, not to speak of Egyptian darkness, to fall in love, at sixteen, with *Lycidas* or the *Commemoration Ode*? If the schools really meant to teach love, they would choose a gentler incline up the slopes of Parnassus. They would go down into the valley and meet the student in his own loved haunts; thence they would lead him gradually up the mountain, progressing step by step. But, even if we could expect the average schoolboy to love on sight the sudden peaks of poetry, what a way to take of presenting him to them! Suppose it is this: "How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank." The school says: "Parse, analyze, paraphrase, name figure of speech, and then, — don't fail! — enjoy!" But the schools have no real intention of teaching love. Single teachers, scattered here and there, have; but they cannot. For the school will not allow them, having forgotten the value of love, of taste, of art, and being wholly given over to the lust of the scientific, the

analytic, the exact. The boy who can scan and parse his Shakespeare passes, though he be blank and cold to the poetry and feeling. But the boy who cannot parse and scan fails, though he read with understanding and feel with inner fire. For feeling is subjective (as they say), illusory, and unstatistical, while parsing is a science, and so worth teaching. But — do we not know it in our sore and wearied souls? — in things of culture, in things of art, much knowledge, without love, is as sounding brass.

The confusion in cultural courses of the aims of taste and skill has been attended by confusion in the order and advance of learning. All study deals with phenomena. Its first essay is to make their acquaintance. This it does by observation. Its second essay is to formulate their theory. This it does by analysis. The succession is unalterably fixed: first, observation of phenomena for the purpose of acquaintance; second, analysis of phenomena for the purpose of theory.

These two stages of learning correspond, in cultural subjects, to the two stages of their courses already indicated: pure cultural and vocational-cultural. The pure cultural course seeks acquaintance by means of observation. The vocational-cultural course seeks theory by means of analysis. But the vocational aim, as the aim of vocational-cultural courses, has crept into the field of the cultural at the remote corner where this borders the vocational field, the graduate school, and thence has gradually spread outward over the entire region of the cultural. It has insinuated itself into pure cultural courses and turned them into vocational. It has banished the original aim of taste. It has mixed theory with acquaintance and analysis with observation, until the very order of knowledge has been confused and lost.

The first cause of all this disastrous confusion is to be found in the undue expansion which the imported German scientific spirit has undergone on American soil. The American university has

done well to take lessons from the German; but it forgot, in attempting to copy, that it rests upon a much smaller base than its model. The accomplishment previous to college is much greater in Germany than here. There, on entering a university, students have already acquired a sufficiently broad acquaintance and power of observation; they are ready for analysis and theory. The work of a German university is consequently justified in being, in cultural subjects, chiefly analytic and theoretical. But here, on entering college, students have not formed a sufficient acquaintance nor power of observation; they are not yet ready for pure analysis and theory. The work of the American college is consequently not justified in being chiefly analytic and theoretical. Here, then, is a discrepancy; here lies the fault.

In the way of a remedy, the worst has been selected. Since the trouble is that students in college are not prepared for courses of analysis and theory, lacking too much in observation and acquaintance, the obvious thing to do is to increase their acquaintance and observation, either by lengthening the period of preparation before college or by postponing in college the advent of analysis and theory to the later years. But neither of these plans was followed. For the dominating influence was that of the graduate school, the present veiled prophet of our education. Its learned investigators, — was not their word the final law? But they, absorbed in analysis and theory, engaged in running down the Germanic prefix *ge*, wrestling with *Æolic* forms in the dialect of Homer, deciphering the correspondence of a Thomas Cromwell, and such like, — what should they care for so infantile an aim as the acquisition of culture? Moreover, they had quite forgotten that their beloved analysis and theory cannot properly begin except upon a broad basis of acquaintance and observation. Dominating the college, they made its work chiefly analytic and theoretical, — error number one. When they found

that the college students could not do the analytic work that they required, they demanded that the high school train in analytic methods, — error number two. Thus the vocational aim of the graduate school in subjects of culture has been thrust downward through the college and the high school, and even come to permeate the grammar school, so that now the whole of education from start to finish has become a matter of analysis and theory. Culture and taste receive none but an empty attention. The order of learning is thrown into a confusion almost inextricable.

The sore point in this graduate school remedy, and one that must make even its tough-skinned inventors occasionally wince, is that it does not remedy. For analysis and theory are not sufficient to themselves; they can exist only, as has been said above, upon a broad and solid basis of acquaintance and observation; and in curtailing and vitiating these the remedy weakens the very support it was supposed to strengthen.

First, then, observation of phenomena to form acquaintance. In analysis there are two steps: study of classified phenomena to gain known theory; and investigation of unclassified phenomena to establish new theory. Such the unalterable order. It is true, of course, that observation must last throughout. Analysis must be accompanied by fresh observation, and, again, fresh observation must accompany investigation. And upon investigation will attend analysis. But it remains true that observation must make the start and be developed to a certain power before analysis may set in; and that investigation must be postponed till last of all. In each of the three stages the aim of the preceding will be present, but subordinated from aim to means; while the proper aim of each stage will reign supreme.

It is impossible to assign each of these aims to a separate school, to say that each school is to be dominated by one of them. Since, indeed, the first and last aims will

naturally fall to the first and last schools, the aim of the grammar school must be observation for acquaintance and that of the graduate school be investigation for theory. But in the intermediate schools, the high school and the college, the aim in this regard depends upon the stage which the particular study has reached. A subject in which a good acquaintance has been gained in the grammar school may aim at theory in the high school. But cultural subjects begun in the high school, or in college, must aim there only at acquaintance. The point is simply that in every subject, wherever begun, the order of learning must be followed.

At present this order is everywhere contravened. In the grammar school the broad and general study which its own aim, the acquisition of information, demands, is not preserved. Minute and special study, belonging to a later aim and school, is introduced. We have already seen how this has come about, by pressure from above. That it is tolerated by the people is largely due to the popular impression that thoroughness of knowledge demands minuteness of detail, — an impression that is part of the general superstition of the scientific, in which our age delights to debase itself. Even were it true, it would not constitute the final word. For is thoroughness of knowledge the whole of education? Is there nothing else in the human brain to satisfy than a craving for statistics? Is there no feeling to be trained up to taste? Is there no æsthetic side to be awakened, guided, formed? We are so fearfully under the domination of the scientific spirit, we of this age, that we are blind and deaf to all else. Our æsthetic side, our taste, our feeling, we are in danger of losing. Worst of all, we regard the scientific attitude toward life as something final, conclusive, perfect. This is the superstition of the scientific. Finality in learning means atrophy as surely as in religion. It blinds us to our faults, and consequently to our need of change and progress. The tyranny of science is not forever; no more than

was the tyranny of art. We look back to the Renaissance, an age dominated by the artistic even as ours by the scientific spirit, and we point out plainly enough its dangers and faults. Due, we pronounce, to the predominance of the artistic spirit; to the predominance, ultimately, of *one* spirit; for perfection would lie in an interblending of spirits many and diverse, in the union of the scientific, artistic, religious, in the harmony of the good, the beautiful, the true; and progress is not resting finally in any one of these, but turning incessantly from one to the other, developing, adapting, unifying. Then, leaving the Renaissance and coming to ourselves, we seem to forget our recent wisdom, and, losing our vision at short range, fancy the scientific attitude final and complete, fancy the domination of one spirit safe. We call for thoroughness of knowledge, and, gaining the body, perceive not if it be a carcass.

But, taking thoroughness of knowledge not for the single end of education, which it is not, but for the high and essential end it is, it cannot be maintained that it demands minuteness of detail. It depends, simply, upon what knowledge you are aiming at. Thus, if you want a general outline of a subject, you can make the knowledge of the outline thorough without going into detail. Thoroughness of knowledge is not minuteness, but readiness and accuracy. A thorough general knowledge of our Civil War, for instance, does not require a knowledge of every battle, but, the general outline being fixed, an accurate and ready knowledge of that. The confusion of thoroughness with minuteness even acts to prevent thoroughness. For, with the mass of detail demanded by minuteness, it is beyond the student's power to gain an accurate view of the subject presented or to hold in readiness what he has been able to perceive. Thus he gains neither minute nor general knowledge. And he is far from gaining thoroughness. What he does gain is a false and pernicious idea of what knowledge is. For he is taught

that his faulty and hesitating recollection is knowledge. On the other hand, if the subject matter of a cultural course be kept general, it will prove possible for the student to win an accurate view and to keep ready what he has won. He will know that his knowledge is general, and he will have learned what general knowledge is. He will be prepared to pass on to the learning of what special knowledge is. Thus he will have made a true start toward a knowledge of what knowledge is, — a *sine qua non* of education which our present education is too confused to give.

The subject in which the grammar school (so-called) contravenes most sharply the law of the order of learning is, perhaps, grammar. For grammar, being the analytic and theoretical study of language, does not belong in the grammar school at all. The scientific classification of phenomena cannot begin until the phenomena have been assembled and made familiar. To this law of learning language is no exception. The language study proper to the grammar school is observation and acquaintance, that is, more particularly, practice in reading, speaking, composing. Nor for this is the study of grammar necessary. What is necessary is a very large amount of practice; much reading, much speaking, much composing. The only use of grammar here is a negative one, namely, to correct mistakes. And for this negative purpose the only person in the grammar school who need know grammar is the teacher. The positive, scientific study of grammar must be reserved for the high school.

At present this sequence is not preserved. The result is confusion along the whole line of language work, and the loss of all good results. For grammar, being introduced at too early a period, is not apprehended. The grammar school graduates who enter the high school disclose a practically complete ignorance of grammar. The entire work of the grammar school in grammar is waste. The high

school, in consequence, is called on to repair the blunder. And here another blunder follows. It is, indeed, the proper duty of the high school to teach grammar. But the high school does not realize this and make provision for it. When it finds itself called on to do what it feels the grammar school should have done, it makes no real room for the course in grammar, but grudgingly attaches the study of grammar to the study of literature. This blunder is fatal to each side. For grammar is a science, and demands scientific study. Work in grammar as an adjunct to work in literature fails to give the clear, scientific view which alone means apprehension. And the combination is disastrous to literature also. For thereby literature is led more than ever to subject itself to scientific treatment, and the study of literature for its own sake vanishes away. This mixture of grammar and literature together in the high school is one of the most flagrant instances of the confusion of aim.

Grammar and literature should, indeed, both be taught in the high school, but side by side, and not intermixed. If this were done, the study of grammar would find its proper place. But even then there would remain a great evil as the result of the introduction of grammar into the grammar school. For in this way the language study proper to the grammar school, — a study second to none in importance, and to be successfully pursued only in the grammar school, — is thrust out, neglected, and lost. Correctness in reading, speaking, composing, is nowhere attained. Our very colleges are full of English students who can neither read, speak, nor compose English. Instead, they are busy criticising Arnold and De Quincey, Tennyson and Browning! Certain colleges attempt to escape this anomalous disgrace by setting a universal entrance examination in English composition, and following it up, within the college gates, by a universal prescribed course. But the attempt comes too late. The faulty and hesitating use of English remains

common, even in their upper classes. The only time to form correct habits of reading, speaking, composing, is before incorrect habits have been ingrained, that is, in the grammar school. But so long as the grammar school persists in trying to teach grammar, we shall remain, in speech and composition, ungrammatical.

Correctness in the use of language, and in a use that shall be fluent, is aim enough for one school along this line. From beginning to end the grammar school needs to devote itself to its attainment by daily practice in reading, in speaking, in composing, until ease and accuracy be won. And this attainment is worth while. It is better that our children, our men and women, read and speak and compose correctly, and remain ignorant of scientific grammar and of scientific criticism, than that, as they now are on the whole, they remain incorrect in reading, speech, and composition, and possessed of a grammatical and critical conceit.

Another evidence of loss of aim in the grammar school is found in its work in mathematics. Like its language study, the mathematics of the grammar school should aim at primary, universally necessary knowledge. This means, chiefly, facility in performing the fundamental operations. It is for this that ordinary life finds a universal use for mathematics. Yet this is what the grammar school refuses to give. It is too little concerned with life and its needs, and too much with an arithmetic which, to be scientifically complete, shall contain all the varieties of problems ever cunningly devised by clever arithmeticians. The result is that it is only an occasional grammar school graduate who can be relied upon to add a column of figures with certainty and despatch. What they most want of arithmetic, it has failed to give them.

Nor need it be imagined that the power for training the mind peculiar to arithmetic will go unused through confining it to the field of the useful, and forbidding its excursions off into the regions of the ingenious. The training which the mind

asks of arithmetic at this period is facility, much practice in easy operations. Its profound and subtle powers do not develop until later, and the effort of the 'trick-problem' to arouse them at this time is premature and harmful. Training in more difficult mathematical work must be left till later years, when the mind is ready, and when this will properly be afforded by algebra and geometry.

These are but illustrations of the grammar school's need to ask itself the questions: What is the mark? and, How can it be reached? As for the high school, it needs the same clarification of view. We have seen how it misses its aim in literature, being led astray by the prevailing tendency toward the slough of the prematurely scientific. Called upon here to awaken love, it has totally lost sense of its high calling. The formation of taste being with difficulty amenable to analysis and theory, it has been abandoned as unscientific; and the study of literature has undertaken in its stead training in dissection and accuracy, — things eminently scientific, and as eminently foreign to its proper and higher purposes. Analytic study of language for purposes of science should be disjoined from its synthetic study for purposes of taste, and left to a separate course. And, in general, the inculcation of accuracy should be left to the exacter sciences, such as logic and mathematics. These are sufficient for this end. But they will not give taste. If the aim of taste is to be crowded out of those studies fitted to attain it, where shall it come in? Or are we, after all, to abandon taste, as something hardly scientific?

Let us hope not. Let us hope that the study of English literature will some time awake to its high calling; that it will free itself from the shackles of scientific methods; that its teachers will desire, and school boards allow, the restoration of the aim of taste; and that its students will come to know what it is to read fine books for the love of them.

The study of literature, however, is not solitary in the error of its way. All cul-

tural courses everywhere have suffered the loss of their proper aim. Of this Greek and Latin are notorious examples. Formerly prized as productive of fine taste and culture in their followers, they are now entirely turned over to the scientific machine. Their students no longer draw culture from them, and it is hardly to be doubted that the most of their followers to-day neither possess culture nor the power of ever getting any. The men of polish are no longer the men of the classics. And no wonder, for the classics are pursued nowadays for hardly anything but money. Nearly all their students are at them to get their living from teaching them. But the living is so meagre that first-rate men look elsewhere. Occasionally some bright man, who knows that a unique power for culture does lie in their study, rightly pursued, devotes himself, sacrifices himself, to them. But he dooms himself to loneliness. All he can do is to dream of the old days when the classics were a pursuit for gentlemen. But nowadays he finds that they are not known or studied as languages, but as so much dead material for grammatical analysis. Accuracy is indeed necessary in learning a language; and to its attainment analysis and grammar are essential. But only as steps to the single aim. At present it would seem that the high school has forgotten the aim and remained enmeshed in the means. Students who have had four successful years in Latin can parse and analyze (after a fashion) and recite rules from the grammar book. But give them a fresh page, and then watch their mental process! It is that of putting a puzzle together. Everything moves by conscious rule, nothing by spontaneous feeling. Properly speaking, they can neither read nor write. Is this knowing Latin as a language? And as for liking it! The fond instructor dotes.

The inculcation of accuracy, — so loud a part of the despairing cry of Latin for attention, — is, we must admit, within its power. But there are three fatal objections against making it the paramount aim and

justification of Latin in the high school. First, this aim, still more properly and efficaciously, is within the power of mathematics, and must be left, as the paramount and justifying aim, on the ethical side, to that study. Second, this aim, when it does enter into the study of Latin, belongs to a later stage, to the stage of analysis and theory, which must be preceded, in the high school, where Latin is begun, by the preliminary stage of observation and acquaintance. Third, the aim of accuracy must rest, from start to finish of the Latin course, subordinate to the more appropriate and higher aim of taste.

In a day like the present, when the need is to reduce the curriculum, — and, indeed, in every day, if a curriculum is to be rightly put together, — every study must justify its claim to inclusion by a unique power, must do, better than any other study, something admittedly worth doing. What, then, we ask, is the unique power of Latin? In view of logic and mathematics, its claim to inculcate accuracy cannot set up to be unique. The whole treatment of Latin as a mere science, to which the linguistic of to-day, masquerading as philology, has degraded it, must, so far, at least, as beginners are concerned, be totally abandoned. The language must be taught as language, and find its justification in its revelation of the Roman race. This is the only thing admittedly worth doing which Latin does better than any other study. And the justification, how magnificent! To know the language as language, to familiarize the brain with its processes, so that it moves freely forward in them, is to give the mind new paths of thought, and paths that shall increase, in a manner that is unique, its power of thinking. And to know the spirit of the Romans is to know humanity in one of its very greatest incarnations; is to gain a view of life at an angle so widely divergent from our own that we obtain thereby an insight and an apprehension wholly new. But this mental process comes only when the brain is made to move through Latin as Latin;

this new view of life comes only from familiarity with language and literature as language and literature; and neither shall ever, in the faintest hope, arise from the reduction of the language to mere material for grammar. Not, therefore, the distinction between the locative and ablative, not the traces of a middle voice, not the naming of hard-named metres, not, on the ethical side, the teaching of accuracy in grammar, — these are steps, but not aims; but rather a full inspiration of the Roman spirit, a deep mind-growth by new processes of thought, an insight into life that is known as culture and taste.

With these instances of the high school's loss of aim, — we might cite others, — let us pass on to the college. Here prescription's barriers are down (or should be), and the field is widely open. Every student is conscious of two aims: to prepare for his vocation and to broaden his culture. He should have these aims in mind as distinctly two, and the college should aid him in keeping them distinct. They differ from each other, and require different treatment. A man preparing for medicine, for instance, may want a course in Horace to broaden his culture. At the same time, a man preparing to teach Latin may want a course in Horace to specialize his knowledge. The two courses cannot be the same. The cultural course aims to convey the Horatian spirit, and reads as Horace expected his verses to be read, without a thought of grammar, but for their meaning and their grace. But the vocational course (whose student must in every case have had the cultural course) aims to analyze the Horatian grammar, metre, style. To attempt to include the two aims in a single course, as is commonly done, is to confuse both. They cannot be made contemporaneous, for they are successive. The aim of analysis and theory cannot set in until a broad basis of observation and acquaintance has been laid. In a course of both together, little valuable analysis can be accomplished, and the student who wants

it will be continually vexed by the intrusion of other matter. And as for the other side, the reading Horace as Horace, the gathering in of the Horatian flavor, — this, being the more delicate matter, generally escapes entirely before the rude onslaught of analysis.

In college, therefore, where the cultural subjects become material for vocational work, there must be, in every one, two separate courses: the pure cultural and the vocational-cultural, or, to use commoner terms, general and special. To all special courses, general courses will be prerequisite. The specialist will have the general course first and the special course afterward. The general student will stop with the general course. Or, if he desire special work, for any reason, he may go on and take the special course. Thus no student will be deprived of special work, but every student will be given what he wants, and will know what he is getting. The proper sequence will be maintained, the distinction of aim recognized, the special course kept special, and the general course kept general.

Now the distinction in aim, resulting directly from the different desires of the student, should produce, parallel with the double lines of instruction, cultural and vocational, a double body of instructors, teachers, and investigators. The college has long recognized its two fields of work, — on the one hand to investigate the unknown, and on the other to teach the known. But, in its desire to extend the boundaries of learning, it seems to have forgotten that knowledge is not an end in itself, and that its acquisition has no ultimate defense save as it enters into the life of men at large. In its eagerness to secure good investigators, it has assumed, perhaps unconsciously, that good investigators make good teachers. This does not follow. These are two men, not one. The powers and interests of investigating are different from those of teaching, with which they rarely unite. Concerned with the remotest limits of his field, his brain busy night and day in chasing some

elusive element or law, the investigator is out of touch with the general student, out of his range of interest and comprehension; he has quite forgotten where, on the long path of learning, the general student stands, and fails to make connection between the student and himself; he lectures on the advanced, minute points in which he is himself absorbed, and, as a lecturer for general students, he proves, honestly judged, a failure. The teacher, on the contrary, remains in close and sympathetic touch with the student, and knows exactly where he stands; he ponders continually how to reach him, to awaken, to inspire. Good teachers, then, make but mediocre investigators, and *vice versa*. Occasionally, indeed, some great man, combining many interests and many powers, is at once teacher and investigator in a high degree. He, then, is the educator *par excellence*. But he is rare. The average college may count itself rich if it possess one such. No college can depend upon his kind to fill its instructors' list. It must make the fundamental recognition that the men are two. It must divide its force of instructors into two bodies. It must not require — though it may allow — general teaching of its investigators, nor advanced investigation of its teachers. It must hold each group in equal honor. For the man who can take results, and select, order, and present them so as to interest and illumine, — who can relate knowledge to life so as to elevate and inspire, — is not without his own value to the college and the state. A good teacher is worth a good investigator any day. But this, it would seem, is something college boards in founding chairs, and college presidents in filling them, at present need to learn.

As it is, no division of the instructing body is made. The teacher is required to give to mediocre investigation the time he wants for planning out his teaching. For nowadays the way — one might almost say the only way — to rise is to print investigations. Hence our college towns are full of young instructors sitting up

late of nights, before countless slips of "collected cases," tabulating nonsense. The investigator, on the other hand, is required to address general classes and give to mediocre teaching the time he wants for investigation. For there seems still to exist a tradition that the professor must lecture. Hence, once more, our colleges are full of learned investigators laboriously lecturing to yawning mouths.

Thus, to the intelligent, how many, oh, how many college lectures are become a bore! The stupid find them otherwise. For they — happy delusion! — imagine they are growing, must be growing, wise. To sit with spreading ears — even though they hear not — before such awesome learning, — this, to the blockhead, is education. Few lecturers, alas, know anything about lecturing. It is not lecturing to read off bibliographies. If every lecturer would first convince himself and his audience that there was some reason for his speaking rather than printing, there would be fewer lectures. The art of lecturing requires art. It requires — a thing unrecognized by science — personality. The college lecturer comes stoop-shouldered from his stack of indices, and recites the latest statistics; or he comes square-shouldered from the athletic field, and recites the latest stupidities. Statistics and stupidities are better in books. One may skip them. But the true lecturer, who knows how to lecture, who has something of his own to say, so intimate, so earnest, so personal, that to convey it all a book is insufficient, but he must say it with his own lips, looking in the faces of his students, — he no longer comes. Or, if he does, he comes discredited, uncertain of the tenure of his office; and it is only because he is either simple in his innocence or determined in his wisdom, that he continues to lecture, to believe in heart and character, in feeling and taste, in moral uplift and intellectual fire, in a world where the reigning gods want only facts. But the students know the difference. How refreshing to behold the cheerful sanity

with which they avoid the pits that have been digged for them, and go their willful way! Where a true lecturer opens his doors, there they flock in. But soon the teeth of prescription seize them. They are forced to go here and there. And thus the bores also win an audience. A fact which accounts for their majority among those who insist upon prescription. As most college lectures go now, they are nothing but oral books. The men have vanished out of them. The typical college of to-day consists of a shrewd financier, libraries and their librarians, and laboratories and their laboratorians. Like the rest of the age, it is made up of money and matter. Machine-mad, we have gone far toward making education also a machine.

Is it not enough? Shall we not make education once again to live? Shall we not maintain the order of learning, and insist that observation and acquaintance precede analysis and theory? Shall we not count teaching worth as much as investigation, and honor the artistic equally with the scientific? Side by side with skill, shall we not reinstate taste as an aim, and strive to make it a result? While we retain the vocational course that is satisfied when the vocation is learned, shall we not resurrect the cultural course that is satisfied when mere culture is attained? Shall we not acknowledge the fundamental distinction of goal, and the folly of trying to aim two divergent ways at once? Shall we not, in other words, seek to make education hit the mark?

THE HERMIT

BY GEORGE HIBBARD

I

HE looked gravely over his book. The dog sat up, taking notice and regarding him with an alertly receptive gaze. He put out his hand toward the tobacco jar on the table. It wagged the stumpy end of a black-and-white tail. All the active eagerness, all the brisk animation, all the suppressed bedevilment, and more, of the normal fox terrier was manifest in the quivering body. Not a limb stirred, even the bright black eyes hardly moved; but under the short, crisp hair the muscles worked, ready to start into instant exercise at the slightest provocation, at no provocation at all, so long as there was something doing, provided all stagnation was prevented; monotony was impossible, and quiet a thing not to be imagined.

"I believe," he said slowly, "that I shall call you Alaric. I had just got as far

as that when you came, and you made something of an invasion."

Speech was better than nothing, and the dog welcomed this with a ripple of joy, beginning at the tail and ending at the ears.

"You know I did n't want you," he went on severely.

Alaric, nothing dismayed, beamed benevolently on the speaker, with lucent teeth and red, lolling tongue. It was clearly debating whether an attack on the other's shoes would be welcomed as a diversion. Evidently concluding the moment was not propitious, it remained passive, — as passive as its nature would permit.

Certainly, for one who has eschewed the world, who has turned from what he has declared a mockery and a sham, who has buried himself away from all as a delusion and a snare, the presence of a zealous fox terrier is a disturbing element.

When one has sought a lodge in some vast wilderness, there to court solitude, there to rail — or growl — on Lady Fortune, the advent of a stray animal with an ever-stirring interest in the least thing which is going on presents something of a trial. When one has made up one's mind to become a hermit, to suck one's paw and nurse one's ill-humor, such cheery companionship is disconcerting. There is confusion in bringing cynic philosophy up against this breezy confidence and manifest belief that all is for the best in the best of possible worlds. The most gloomy mood will find difficulty in persevering with such a discordant counterpart. The utmost cheerlessness is not proof against the influence of such association. There is an anticlimax, a comedown, a descent from the sublime to the ridiculous, in the enforced relationship of misanthropy and a companion with a mind filled with delirious thoughts of rats, and straying to ecstatic possibilities in the way of cats.

He had felt this from the first. The intruder had strolled in casually through the hut door one afternoon when the sun was shining brightly. He looked up from *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, as he had often done since. The dog regarded him intently for a moment; then, apparently satisfied with the inspection, wagged a friendly tail.

"Heigh! What are you doing there?" he threatened morosely, as he made a repelling movement.

It clearly regarded this as the beginning of a game. It spread its paws apart, lowered its head, and growled pleasantly.

"Get out," he ordered, and his foot advanced discouragingly.

Nothing evidently could have pleased it better. A convulsive wiggle agitated its slim body. It made a sideways dart at the boot. He kicked vigorously. A joyous bark met this performance. Such cheerful exercise was very exhilarating. There is little satisfaction in losing one's temper, in getting into an annihilating rage, even, when such conduct is persistently

regarded as excellent play. Distinctly, no comfort is to be found in ill temper under such unfavorable conditions.

He recognized this. He sat down examining it while it watched him benevolently. An unwilling smile, the first for weeks, broke through the storm of his wrath.

"You'll have to stay," he announced, "since I can't turn you out."

This cordial invitation was received with perfect equanimity by the other. Realizing that the performance was ended, it extended itself placidly in the sunshine. Since that hour innovation had followed innovation. He had not been able to devote so much attention to cynicism and himself, with the four-footed comrade of marked social proclivities constantly under his eyes — and his feet. A moody walk was a very different thing with a companion that darted hither and thither, attracted by this or that at every step. The necessity for calling or whistling broke into the bitterest reverie. A bird flushed or a rabbit started would upset the most acrimonious train of thought. It was aroused by everything, absorbed in everything, ready for anything. Dallying indoors was impossible, with eloquent eyes and tail urging to exercise. To sally out was to be involved in a whirl of experiences. In the trees were there not squirrels? Along the river were there not woodchucks? Any expedition became an adventure.

"I am afraid," he said reproachfully, as he sat after one of these excursions looking at it sitting before him, and urging further action, "that you are nothing but just a common cur. I detect certain lines and colorings which appear unmistakably to mark you as just a plain yellow dog. If you were anything really valuable, some one would have been after you. I imagine you must have strayed away from some stranger, some peddler or something, in the neighborhood, who probably was glad enough to be rid of you. To your lowly birth I might ascribe the hail-fellow-well-met way in which you

treat everything. A true bench-show prize-winner would have more of a stand-off, uninterested, and disdainful manner. A really lofty soul would live more in seclusion and within itself."

At which arraignment it blinked placidly. Without the least pretense it started for where the provisions were kept, suggesting something to eat.

Then! One afternoon it gave a short bark of particular vivacity. He stood stock still, disconcerted and gazing. To seek literally fresh woods and pastures new, to fly civilization, to bury one's self in a supposedly uninhabited wilderness, to avoid men, and then in an afternoon stroll to come on a girl, — and such a girl! A most pronounced, provoking form of girl. A typical girl, from her little white shoes to her hat, which seemed to preserve the *chic* of the town without making it out of place in the forest. The conventional girl, except that she was not conventional at all, but as different as every living girl is from any other, — who manifestly would furnish as many surprises as there were minutes in the hour. Just the everyday girl, and because she was the everyday girl, utterly unlike all others. The customary girl, with the ever-present possibility of becoming the one girl. In fact, that commonplace wonder, that matter-of-course marvel, the next girl a young man meets, who may suddenly mean all the world to him.

The Hermit would not naturally have followed so frequented a path. Alaric, however, had insensibly led him there. On the moment he was for passing without noticing her, as a procedure in accord with his characteristics. The heart of the woods, though, is not Fifth Avenue. What would be a civility in the one would be an impertinence in the other. Rosalind and Orlando meeting in the Forest of Arden may accost one another at sight, whereas on Murray Hill they must not speak.

Besides, Alaric was running toward her welcomingly, in a way not to be disregarded, which made silence impossible.

"A beautiful day," she said pleasantly, as he bowed.

He resented the sensation, but he felt of a sudden as if she had presented him with the sunshine.

"Very," he growled, with pride in the stern maintenance of his part.

He was about to proceed in accordance with his rôle. Society, however, was something too infrequent for Alaric not to hail with delight. It bounded joyfully toward her, and in a moment dirty prints of its forefeet marked her white frock.

"Come here," he commanded gruffly.

"Oh, never mind," she exclaimed; "I don't mind dogs. I like them. Down, down. What do you call him?"

"Alaric," he replied gloomily.

"Alaric," she repeated, while she gave it the end of her sunshade to worry in a manner that at once won its doggish heart. "Why," she exclaimed, pausing suddenly, "I met you at the Mortimers'."

"Of course," he answered, not sufficiently indurated in his sullenness to discredit the suggestion.

He had often been at the Mortimers'. There were always girls. He might very well in his increasing bitterness have disregarded her. The fact appeared incredible — still —

"What are you doing here?" she asked, seating herself on a stump.

"Why," he replied, standing irresolutely before her, "reading *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*."

"That is n't doing much," she answered thoughtfully. Then, with a clear laugh she rippled quickly, "Oh, I have heard of you, the misanthrope, the man-hater, and, what is more, the woman-hater."

"Yes," he responded, with the grace to turn uncomfortably red under her gaze.

"How interesting!" she said. "The Wild Man of Borneo is not to be found on every gooseberry bush. To think that you would have passed without my knowing you if it had not been for Alaric!"

"The beast's always getting me into

something," he replied, in his best dissatisfied manner.

"Perfect," she commented placidly. "You are not in the least disappointing. As uncivil as possible. When I came up to the camp I feared that I should find nothing but the hush and solitude of nature."

"I hoped to find nothing else," he answered pointedly.

"Better and better," she continued critically; "an absolute bear."

He stood awkwardly silent.

"Why do you hide here," she asked directly, "when you are rich, passably young, and have all the world before you where to choose?"

"*Cui bono?*" he responded.

"Take care, or Alaric will think you are talking about bones," she laughed disconcertingly. "There's ambition."

"A bubble."

"Even soap bubbles are pretty. Then there are friends, Romans, countrymen."

"A mere wear and tear on the affections."

"Just the everyday pleasures of life."

"The everyday vexations, annoyances, disturbances."

"Oh, very well," she said mischievously. "I have n't anything else to offer, except — love."

"The greatest humbug of all," he declared decidedly.

"I felt bound to put it in to complete the list," she explained, inspecting him with perfect composure.

As he could think of nothing to say, and as standing to be studied like a rarity in a museum was disconcerting, he lifted his hat and moved stiffly away. With the consciousness that her smiling eyes were following him in his retreat, he found that the sustainment of a becoming dignity was difficult.

He had proceeded hardly more than a hundred yards when the impulse to turn became overmastering. Perceiving that Alaric was not following, he faced about abruptly. He whistled as he looked. She met his eyes squarely as he stood at the

bend in the path. The smile changed to a light, merry laugh. What, no — yes. He could not credit his senses. She had raised her hand — her slim finger tips were at her lips — she was throwing a kiss to him. He started. Angrily he halted in embarrassment. The next moment he veered, and plunged ignominiously past the corner out of sight. No exit could have been more absolutely lacking in misanthropic grandeur.

II

"The incapacity of a weak and distracted government may often assume the appearance and produce the effects of a treasonable correspondence with the public enemy" —

He followed slowly, and with painstaking care to concentrate his attention, Gibbon's sonorous sentences. The darkness had fallen. The woods lay silent, but with the silence of a summer night when a ceaseless and unheard undercurrent seems to stir. All was still; but the sense, if not the sound, of infinite life and movement was in the air and in the hour. In spite of the quiet, he felt restless and disturbed. In fact, the very calm, with its unmistakable but unseizable suggestion of throbbing existence, rendered him the more uneasy.

The peace in the hut was unbroken. Certainly this was a time of all others to philosophize; to reflect upon the vanity of human wishes; to congratulate one's self upon escape from vain shadows. What more could a recluse desire than absolute seclusion, absolute solitude, and the chance to follow the cynical account of the greatest overthrow in the world's history? Certainly such a conjunction should fill a solitary's cup of bitterness satisfactorily full to the brim.

Still his progress in the history had not been great.

"They disdained either to negotiate a treaty or to assemble an army, and with rash confidence, derived only from their ignorance of the extreme danger" —

He dropped the book hurriedly. A pattering of little feet made itself heard. A small, pointed white head appeared dimly in the outer circle of faint lamplight. A slim, spotted body wriggled.

"Alaric!" he exclaimed.

A certain consciousness of delinquency oppressed the truant. Still, the sense of guilt was not so overmastering as to produce any remarkable seriousness. The black eyes were as unabashed, the tail as confidently agitated, as ever. Certainly the transition from the consideration of the fortunes of the Roman state to those of a small stray fox terrier was considerable and abrupt. The story of the one, however, was two thousand years old. The case of the other was of the day, the hour, the moment. The active present won in a canter. Ancient history was left at the post.

"Where have you been?" he demanded with sternness, yet with a certain trace of relief perceptible in his voice.

Whether it detected the inconsistent satisfaction or not, it certainly did not appear to be daunted by the severity. It advanced with perfect assurance, and, with the air of one perfectly at home, dropped something which the sharp teeth had firmly held. He bent forward curiously, searching in the obscurity to discern the nature of the object.

He looked intently. At length his eyes, a little dazzled by the white page, were able to see more clearly. Even with more distinct discernment he felt that he must doubt. Something small and shimmering and pink. By all the doctrine of chance the most unlikely, with all the possibility of contrast the most improbable, inconceivable, and incredible anomaly, portent, miracle. A little, pointed, satin, shining, peach-blossom-tinted slipper. There it stood on its small sole, pert in provocation. He stared at it in mute amazement. Certainly, such a bewildering superfluity was never before found in a hermit's cell. He appeared to be dazed by the marvel of it. He peered without motion at the pretty, exaggerated

talon. There it rested, passive and apparently powerless, yet alive with a world of suggestions, magical in the evocation of sudden visions. Nor were the phantasms such as might naturally float before anchorites' eyes. There it was, as if a modern temptation and allurements for a twentieth-century St. Anthony.

For a moment he remained petrified. Then he rose and approached, slowly and suspiciously, the surprising phenomenon. He walked about it doubtfully. He picked it up gingerly. A pile of the volumes of the *Decline* lay upon the table, and on those he placed the slipper. Then he sat down. The abandoned history remained disregarded. He took his pipe, filled, and lit it. There he rested, looking at the dainty trifle. The slipper might to all intents and purposes have been pedestaled on the column of books. He presented every appearance of a fetish worshiper. Suddenly he started.

"What shall I do with it?" he murmured in consternation.

He appealed to Alaric, who only cocked his ears and winked.

"This ought to go back to her," he went on; "but in what way?"

Alaric twisted his head.

"Certainly I can't take it," he said; and concluded even more emphatically, "certainly not."

On the following morning, at a perilously early hour for strict formality, he stood upon the broad veranda of the Camp. Hidden in the trees of the Point it stood. The spot was so secluded that in his first researches in the neighborhood he had not discovered it. With his unsociability he had heard nothing of it from the natives. He looked about in disgust. A log cabin, but a wonderful log cabin. A palace of logs, a château with the bark on. A spreading, spacious mansion, containing within its rough-and-ready exterior all the modern improvements. He scowled as he viewed a shaded electric light over the door.

He had been led through the house to the piazza by the discordant English

servant. There he saw her at a table, writing. She started up gleefully as he approached.

"Something unusual must have happened."

"There has," he replied morosely, as he drew the slipper from his pocket. "I wanted to bring this back to you, as I suppose it is yours."

"Yes," she said, looking gravely at what he awkwardly held out. Then she laughed. "Oh, for a serious person you are taking a great deal of trouble about nothing."

"One does n't care to retain property which does not belong to one," he responded stiffly.

"I thought you had abjured the world and all its ways."

"One can't entirely escape it, as I have found. One may have become a savage, but one cannot quite forget early traditions."

"And early traditions include returning objects lost, strayed, or stolen. How did you come to have it?"

"Alaric" — he began.

"Alaric appears to see more in human society than you do. He followed me."

"He's a base deserter, a turncoat, a renegade."

"But he came back to you. Not with an olive branch, but a pink slipper, in his mouth."

"I should not call it," he said slowly, "an emblem of peace."

"A little, harmless, satin slipper," she objected.

"Anyway, it was very disturbing to know what to do with it."

"So you concluded to bring it yourself. Is n't Alaric leading you into a lot of difficulties?"

"I am afraid that he does not appreciate the joys of seclusion as I do."

"Or," she continued, rising and seating herself in a hammock, "the delights of *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. How much further have you got?"

He looked confused.

"I did not read a great deal last night."

"Oh," she said, gazing out on the placid lake.

He stood ill-temperedly silent.

"You might lend me the first volume," she continued, flashing about at him.

"I don't think you would like it."

"Who knows? Life is just full of surprises."

"Disagreeable ones," he muttered.

"Of course you have to say that to be in character. Was n't I a surprise?"

"Yes," he answered reluctantly, with clear foresight of what was coming.

"And life's surprises are disagreeable, therefore I was a disagreeable one, — Q. E. D.; and they say women can't be logical," she concluded.

He paused, in visible quandary. She watched his struggles with delight.

"Certainly," he said slowly, "you were not at all what I expected to find in the woods."

"Oh," she mocked, "that's an evasion unworthy of any thoroughgoing cynic, — an escape of which a true scoffer should be ashamed. Have the courage of your dismal doctrines. Stick to your black flag of spleen. Be true to your dull colors of despair. What's the use of being a misogynist if you don't say horrid things, — if you think them?"

"I don't know," he began lamely. "I came to return the slipper. I have executed my mission." He turned. "Perhaps I made a mistake in doing it."

"Of course anything pleasant and friendly and nice is a mistake," she declared.

"I don't know," he repeated, making a hasty retreat down the steps, and passing onto the lawn.

"Don't forget to send the first volume of the *Decline*," she called after him; "or," — he could not be mistaken in the words, though they seemed to come as a soft whisper from nowhere in the still morning air, — "or bring it."

The soft-footed hours of the long, golden summer's afternoon were slowly passing. The warm shaft of light falling through the door had traveled over the

floor from the nearest table almost to the rough bookcase, but leisurely and laggingly. The deep stillness appeared the fitting accompaniment of the tardy passing of time. Alaric was bored. Weary of dozing in the sun, it was sitting bolt upright, yawning with ennui. Its eyes were half closed from the mere weariness of inaction. The desire to be up and out was manifest in every twitch of its anxious body. Beyond was a wide world of promise. What was the use of remaining in tiresome idleness, with all the warm, bright country-side wasting with all that it had to offer? It gave expression to its impatience with a sharp restless bark. He rapidly cast down his book.

"I should n't mind if it was n't for you," he announced to Alaric furiously; "shuffling about there you'd make a mummy nervous. You make me nervous."

He rose angrily. Alaric, seeing a chance of change, leaped lightly and yelped joyfully. It raced through the door and began to rush in furious circles round the grass.

"You idiot," he commented, contemplating Alaric. "Still, I suppose that's what you think I am. I wonder," he continued, "if I can be. A glorious day." — He spoke to Alaric. "Come on. We will go to the village. There will be the dogs. The dilettanti — I can't call such artists in idleness loafers — about the village are always worth studying as characters."

He had reached the door when he pulled up suddenly. Shamefacedly he glanced back. Weakly he crept to the table. He picked up one of the dark volumes of the *Decline and Fall*, the first volume, and thrust it in his pocket.

"I might meet her," he muttered.

Together he and Alaric struck into a wood path. With his stick he struck viciously at the heads of the taller weeds. Alaric, running ahead, gleefully explored each cranny. In this wise they reached the wide, shaded, grass-grown, peaceful village street.

"Do you know of what you remind me?" a girl's voice spoke clearly.

"No," he replied, looking up sharply.

She, on horseback, had drawn up by the side of the road. A riding habit appeared to suit her wonderfully; everything, as he swiftly and resentfully reflected, appeared to become her marvelously. Certainly she was something to remember, — or to try to forget, — seated there on the thoroughbred, the light filtering down through the leaves upon her.

"Of a blind man led by his dog."

"A beggar," he answered quickly.

"Blind, at least," she said; "for none are so blind as those who will not see."

"Alaric appeared to want to go somewhere," he explained elaborately; "and I came to the village with him."

"I always stop at the post office myself for the letters when I am driving or riding," she declared disconnectedly.

"I put this in my pocket," he said, with equal inconsequence, producing the volume of Gibbon.

"How thoughtful of you, when you did n't expect to see me."

"Of course, I did n't know," he said gravely. "And Alaric" —

"Alaric," she interrupted, "appears to be something of a traitor to the cause of misanthropy."

"He's such a provokingly cheerful creature," he complained.

"Why should n't he be, — why should n't everybody be cheerful on such an afternoon, in such a world as this?"

She extended her arms, as if to take the soft, sweet air in an embrace.

"What's the use?" he complained sourly.

"Anyway, it's better than sulking in one's tent because one can't have the particular moon one's crying for."

"It is not a question of moons," he answered stiffly, "or moonlight, or moonshine. It's a matter of candles; no candle's worth the play, nothing's worth the exertion. There is n't any earthly use in getting interested or excited about any-

thing, much less grieving or fighting about it."

"Alaric clearly believes differently."

A series of low growls sounded blood-thirstily. Alaric and a heavy village cur were eying each other with marked hostility. At that moment some recondite canine contumely, beyond endurance, caused Alaric to hurl himself at the foe. In an instant, in a whirlwind of dust, the two were twisting and tumbling. Out of the obscurity, like thunder and lightning from a storm cloud, came knotted snarls and darting flashes of teeth.

"Hang that dog!" he exclaimed, rushing forward.

Effective interference with two lively animals actively engaged with one another, and meaning business, is not easy. In the eagerness of the fray all ordinary means of persuasion were disregarded. Words counted for nothing. Blows were as ineffective. He hung over the writhing mass, entreating, commanding, dealing out retribution. At last, seizing Alaric, he succeeded by a process of strangulation in causing the jaws to relax. He dragged the terrier, gasping, sputtering, and still full of fight, from his prey.

"Alaric had the better of it," he announced; "and the other was a larger dog."

Something of excitement showed in his eyes. The brief struggle for control had evidently stirred him.

"The animal's got grit," he said, looking at his four-legged possessor with pride.

She smiled thoughtfully, gazing down on him.

"Is anything worth fighting for, — losing one's temper about?" she asked slowly.

"They're only curs," he answered apologetically. "They don't know any better."

"But men fight, too."

"More fools they," he responded.

The hot, fidgeting hunter on which she sat gave a sudden start. If her seat had not been so perfect she would have been

thrown. The movement had been so quick, the action so unexpected, that only the unconscious readiness of perfect horsemanship had saved her. A farm cart was lumbering past in which lolled two yokels. Abreast of the animal on which she was poised, one of them gave a sharp chirrup. The restless creature bounded at the sound. He looked up, took in at a glance what had happened. Before she could read his intentions, in an instant he had leaped into the cart. He had seized the offending lout by the collar, dragged him into the body of the wagon, and thrown him to the ground. The man was a sturdy customer, but the science of his assailant rendered him powerless. He rose from the ground, limping, and thoroughly cowed.

"Don't you know any better than to frighten a horse that way," he raged. "If you don't, you must be taught."

"It was n't me," whined the culprit, now thoroughly intimidated; "it was him."

"It was not," he thundered. "You're a loafer and a liar and a sneak, and I'm going to teach you a lesson."

"Don't murder him," she said, leaning over with laughter in her eyes. "Spare him. See, I am holding up my thumb. Remember, nothing is anything, — certainly not worth the losing of one's temper."

He paused in confusion.

"Get out," he ordered the man abruptly; "I'll give you just one half minute to be beyond sight."

The oaf turned and fled down the road, with Alaric in pursuit. Watching the fugitive as he disappeared, she laughed merrily, then turned and inspected him.

"Oh, you are so — so inconsistent," she murmured.

"You might have been hurt," he answered eagerly.

"Should that make any difference, — and you did it as if you enjoyed it."

Alaric was leaping and barking in transport. It was having the time of its life. Returning from the chase, it stood

gazing with admiring eyes at the cause of the whole satisfactory tumult.

"As much as he did," she said, pointing in the panting fox terrier.

He swung round on his heel and strode away.

"I forgot," she called softly, when he had advanced several steps, "to thank you."

He paused and reluctantly turned.

"No woman," she said, "ever thinks much of a man until in some way he has fought for her."

He retraced a step.

"Any more than she really cares for him until she has cried about him," she continued thoughtfully.

He was half way back by now.

"But fighting — and tears — and living and — liking — and loving don't come in your philosophy. However," — she leaned forward and held out her hand from which she had stripped the glove, — "thank you."

He took the small palm, and, as they stood as much alone as if they were in the country itself, he pressed the slender fingers to his lips.

"Is not that rather — inconsistent — too?" she asked.

This time she went, the horse starting forward at some silent signal, while he stood ruefully staring after her.

III

"Alaric!"

"Is n't it always Alaric?" she asked, advancing to meet him across the big, fireplaced, low-ceilinged library. "But," she said, observing him more closely, and holding out her hand impatiently, "what is the matter?"

"Alaric is lost."

He stood, the raindrops shining on his coat, mud splashed on his boots. His countenance was discomposed. The lines about his mouth, instead of suggesting dissatisfaction, indicated a certain anxiety.

"Really," she inquired slowly; "do you mind?"

"Mind," he answered impatiently, "of course I mind. I've got rather fond of the little fellow in these last days."

"What was the use of that," she asked anxiously.

"I don't know," he said petulantly. "At least, there is not time to discuss it. I get accustomed to having him about, I suppose, and when he did not appear yesterday afternoon I missed him. I was troubled all of the night."

"Senseless wear and tear on the affection."

He had the grace to turn red.

"The facts are as they are," he hurried on. "When I could n't find Alaric this morning, I was truly distressed. I could not settle down to anything."

"The *Decline and Fall*" —

"Not even that. I thought he might be here, and came on at once to find out."

"I have seen nothing of him."

"Where can he be, then? Why, he may be starving," he urged excitedly. "Can you take it as calmly as that?"

"After all, what does anything matter?" she demanded coolly.

"A suffering animal!" he exclaimed hotly.

"And you came all the way through this day to hunt for it," she demanded, pointing to the window.

A gray slant of rain drew across the pane. Through it the trees could be seen bending mistily under a driving wind. A cold, heavy sky shut in the world like prison walls.

"What difference does the day make?" he said angrily. "It's the dog. I thought you would be interested about it."

"I wanted to see if you could be," she darted back at him, "about anything."

"Of course, this is different," he declared somewhat contritely.

She stepped forward and touched a bell. All indifference or languor had disappeared from her manner and her voice. She stood alive and ready.

"I will take you in my trap," she announced. "You have n't anything in

which you can drive, and we'll cover the country much more rapidly in that way."

He was silent as the wheels spun down the drive between the dripping pines. He stared straight before him, frowning disapproval on the lugubrious landscape.

"For a philanthropist to be discovered in evil and all uncharitableness," she commented, "is not to be compared in humiliation with the state of a true cynic found harboring a good thought or doing a kindly deed."

He grunted discontentedly.

"What shall we do? The best thing," she said, answering herself, "will be to inquire of the farmers of the neighborhood."

He shook off the raindrops impatiently.

"Come," she said, "don't feel so badly about it. No one can be perfect. One human weakness does not absolutely prove that you are an angel of amiability."

"I had become accustomed to him," he said, "as I had to the table and chairs, I suppose. If my clock was lost, I believe I should have noticed it. That is all."

"Of course," she said, "no one would think of accusing you of entertaining a warmer affection than one might have toward a dollar watch. No one would do you such a wrong." She glanced slyly at him. The wind had blown a strand of her hair across her eyes. With a quick motion she righted it. "Here we are at the Holbrook Farm. We'll ask."

Nothing had been seen of a small, white fox terrier. At the next farm the story was the same. If Alaric had been spirited away, he would not have disappeared more completely.

"Looking for a needle in a haystack," he complained, "is nothing to searching for a dog in a thinly settled country."

"The excitement of the chase is on me," she declared; "I'm going to find him."

Questions, however, were unavailing. Men, women, and children were interviewed unsuccessfully. The circuit of their quest was widening.

"Here's Herman Kraus," she said; "such an ill-tempered person."

She leaned forward, addressing the old man, who sat in the dilapidated buggy which he had drawn up on the side of the road.

"Have you seen a fox terrier with one black ear and half a black tail?"

"I seen," said the man, deliberating, "a black-and-white pug dog" —

"I don't care anything about that," she answered.

"And a Newfoundland."

"Here," he interrupted, drawing money from his pocket, crumpling it, and throwing it in the other vehicle. "We've lost such a dog. It's worth any one's while to find it."

"I wonner" —

"What," she demanded, as the farmer paused.

"If he could' a' got in that there trap."

"What trap?" he asked quickly.

"I set one yesterday."

"Where?" he inquired sharply.

"Down by the clearing in the river woods."

She did not wait for further words. She sent on the horse with a sudden impulse.

"Oh, poor little creature!" she wailed. "If it should be there!"

"I'll see about it if it is," he said vindictively. "Hurry up."

She turned and looked at him, questions and irony in her eyes.

"I'll own up," he said quickly; "I do care. I did n't believe that I could. When I think of that little wretch caught there by the leg — He may have been there all night."

"Oh," she cried, "we can't go quick enough."

She drove the horse on rapidly. Through the broken country ways they raced. At the mad pace neither said anything. She was busy getting the horse over the ground as quickly as possible. He sat impatiently watching the road stretching out before them. They turned into a path, — a mere woodcutter's track among

the trees. The same speed was not possible there. Still she kept on, with utter disregard of the springs of the vehicle or of sweeping branches. They ducked and dodged.

"How much farther?"

"Perhaps a quarter of a mile," she replied.

Across stones and logs they jolted. Down the banks of the small gullies and up the other side. A heavier lunge even than usual caused him to grasp the side of the seat.

"When you might be comfortably in your chair reading the *Decline!*" she managed to gasp.

"Hang the *Decline!*" he exclaimed, as excited as she. Her eyes were shining, her cheeks flushed. He looked at her.

The trees grew more thickly as they advanced. With the winding course they could see but a few yards ahead. Suddenly they came out into an open space.

"There! there!" he called, "there he is."

"Oh, it's pitiful," she sobbed.

Small, trembling, swaying with weakness, Alaric stood with one paw imprisoned in the steel jaw of the closed snare. Feebly he lifted his head as they drew near. As they stopped and jumped to the ground, a faint whimper reached their ears.

"What he must have suffered!" she moaned, as she sank on the grass beside the trap. His strong hands quickly bent back the powerful spring. As Alaric was released she gathered him between her arms, and sat on the soaked leaves with him in her lap.

"Oh, you poor doggie," she said, bend-

ing her head and resting it against one soft, flopping ear.

He knelt beside her, absorbed by the spectacle.

"How is he?" she asked anxiously.

"I believe he'll get well," he said.

He took the limp paw in his hand, feeling it carefully.

"No bones broken, I think," he concluded.

"Oh, are n't you glad," she said, looking up with the tears standing in her eyes.

"Glad does n't express it," he answered quickly. "I'm thankful beyond measure — for a great many things. My eyes have been opened. I've come out of my shell. I've seen the error of my ways. I've changed my philosophy. I've turned over a new leaf. I've upset my old idols. I've reformed, and" — he drew a long breath — "I feel like shouting. I was just moping and wasting my time. I was a mental hypochondriac; a moral valetudinarian. I was a kind of living suicide. Alaric knew better and more than I. Alaric taught me."

"Bless Alaric," she murmured, as she stroked the dog's smooth hair.

"I've learned the great truth."

"What is it?"

"It is not good that the man should be alone," he answered gravely.

"Oh!" she murmured softly.

"So I'm never going to let the woman — the one woman — you — your own dear self — go away from me a single moment again."

"Who said," she asked, looking up boldly, a challenging glance that changed into greater confusion, "that the woman wanted to?"

THE REFORM IN CHURCH MUSIC

BY JUSTINE BAYARD WARD

THE question of church music has been much before the world of late. The discussion, at first confined to specialists, is now rapidly spreading to the general public, the musical and the unmusical, the faithful and the faithless. It may be useful, therefore, to bring out as clearly as possible the fundamental principle of the art of musical prayer, in order that principle, and not caprice, may be brought to bear in the solution of the problem. It is, then, with principles that I propose to deal. Should a concrete school of art be deduced in the course of these pages, it is not by way of limitation, but of illustration.

First, then, we want an adequate test of church music, an explicit standard of artistic value. We have been too long content to make beauty in the music *as music* the Alpha and Omega of such test; a method wholly inadequate in this case. For church music is an art made up of two elements, music and prayer,¹ and it cannot be judged by the value of one of its elements tested as a separate entity. We need a test that applies to the art as a whole, and we find it in the simple formula: "Lex orandi lex cantandi." Here is the crux of the whole matter: the law of prayer must be the law of song, both that our prayer may be good art and that our art may be good prayer. Prayer and music must so combine as to make *one art*: the music must pray, the prayer must sing. Otherwise the prayer is forgotten in the detached beauty of the music, or the music is forgotten in the detached beauty of the prayer. Unless the prayer and song thus rise to heaven as a single "spiritual groaning," unless they

become one, merged in a true marriage of the spirit, their association is an offense both artistic and devotional. This, then, is the true test of a musical composition for the church: Does it conform to the law of prayer? It is good art. Does it seek independent paths of edification? It is bad art.

In opera we recognize the same principle. There the law of the drama is the law of the music. The music cannot be gay when the characters are sad, or *vice versa*; and thus the spirit of the music agrees with the spirit of the drama. But more than this, their forms must coincide; the hero leaping from a crag must not be left suspended in mid-air while the orchestra finishes the working out of the theme. The spirit and form of the drama regulate the spirit and form of the music. This principle is universally recognized as regards opera; but the very musician who applies it as a matter of course to the theatre is dumbfounded when asked to apply it to the church. The modern composer is equally shortsighted in his methods: a man with no conception of love, if such there be, would scarcely undertake to set to music the drama of *Tristan and Isolde*; yet a man with no conception of prayer — and of such there are, alas, many — does not hesitate to set to music words of whose meaning he has not the vaguest practical knowledge. And when confronted with his ignorance, he cheerfully admits it, adding, as though this covered the whole ground, that he knows the laws of musical composition. Plainly, such a composer is equipped for half his task only; for if the law of drama be the law of music in opera, and the law of prayer be the law of song in church, the composer must understand the meaning of the drama, in the one case, and the

¹ I use the word *prayer*, not in the sense of a mere petition, but in its wider meaning, — a lifting of mind and heart to God.

meaning of prayer in the other, in order to give either an adequate musical setting. It may be possible to write beautiful music to sentiments he does not understand, but the chances are small that he will write appropriate music; and good art is the appropriate intensified to an ideal.

It is clear, then, that familiarity with the laws of musical composition, while indispensable, is not sufficient in itself, for it is no less shallow to expect the law of counterpoint to teach us the law of prayer, than to expect the law of prayer to teach us the law of counterpoint. Our education must be twofold. By studying the rules of composition, the individual corrects his musical eccentricities by the standard which has been evolved from the musical experience of the centuries; his devotional eccentricities need the same correction, that they may be brought up to the standard evolved from the spiritual experience of the ages. We need to equip ourselves spiritually as well as musically; educate ourselves not only in the works of the masters in the art of music, but in the works of the masters in the art of prayer; bring our musical perceptions into touch with Palestrina, with Bach, with Beethoven, and our devotional perceptions into touch with those geniuses in religion whom we call saints. Not that we need all be saints in order to write, or even understand, church music, but we must have at least some apprehension of sainthood, of what constitutes true spirituality as distinguished from false, even as we distinguish between true and false art-principles. But the laws of music are, comparatively speaking, so easy to learn, and the laws of prayer so hard, that we allow ourselves to be content with the merely beautiful in our church music, and to drift away from the ideal of the appropriate. To this ideal we must return.

I shall henceforth limit myself to a discussion of the music of the Catholic Church, not merely because the present reform movement originated there, and is being worked out systematically under the leadership of that great musician, Pope

Pius X; but more especially because in the Catholic Church we have the problem in its most concrete form. There, the music is not merely an accessory, but an integral part of the ritual; words and music form together a complete artistic whole. The ritual of the Catholic Church is fixed, because the idea is fixed of which ritual is the outward manifestation. Ritual bears as natural and inevitable a relation to faith as the gesture does to feeling; the material manifestation, it is true, but a necessary one to the normal creature, who — being not yet a pure spirit — possesses no other means of expression. As ritual without faith becomes a lie, so faith without ritual is ineffective, a talent buried in the earth. So long as we remain human beings, the spiritual must take an outward form, — of word, of gesture, of action, — that it may be part of our nature. Even God became man that He might be fully apprehensible to his creatures; He translated Himself into terms of the tangible; which is, indeed, the sacramental principle. And so we must have ritual. But this ritual must really express what is behind it; it must bear a very logical relation to faith, even as the gesture does to the thought. We do not express our affection by a blow in the face, nor gesticulate violently when the heart is an icicle. Every ritual-result must be the direct manifestation of a corresponding faith-cause. Herein lies the true importance of church music. For it is not enough that it should not hide the faith; it must reveal it, even interpret it, and, through the outward manifestation of faith, raise the heart to an understanding of its inner meaning; it must, by means of the natural, help the weak human heart to rise to the heights of the supernatural.

This is why the Pope attaches such importance to this reform in music; why he insists that these three hundred million people of his, not all artists by any means, — the tiller of the soil and the worker in the subway, — should listen to a certain type of music, and no other.

What is the music whose use the Pope wishes especially to enforce? The Gregorian Chant. To quote from the Encyclical: "The more closely a composition for the Church approaches in movement, inspiration and savor, the Gregorian form, the more sacred and liturgical it becomes; and the more out of harmony it is with that supreme model, the less worthy it is of the temple."

Thus, in the Pope's judgment, the standard is fixed. This sounds, on the face of it, somewhat arbitrary, like binding ourselves to an antiquated art-form, and clipping the wings of progress. And so it will be interesting to examine the claims of the Gregorian music, and determine where and why it is superior to any more modern form as a setting of liturgical prayer.

The Gregorian is objected to as an antiquated art-form, a musical archaism. But an art-form does not become antiquated through mere lapse of time: Greek architecture and Greek sculpture, which date still farther back, remain the standard in plastic art. The Catholic liturgy is, as we have seen, fixed in its general character and scope; the form that best expresses it, then, need not be the latest fluctuation of popular taste; it need not even be the form which is most interesting, judged from a purely musical standpoint. But the highest art will be the form that best fits the liturgical form. Granting, even, that music, as an art, has advanced and developed since the days of St. Gregory, the question remains, which, for us, is the important one: has it advanced and developed along the lines of prayer, or the reverse, in religious or in secular channels? For if it has not advanced along the lines of prayer, then the earlier form will be the best art for our specific purpose.

One can trace a certain definite sequence in the development of every art. First we have the idea which strives to express itself in form. This form, at first crude, gradually perfects itself, until the point arrives when idea and form become

synonymous. Then we have the classical period. Any further development of form is at the expense of the idea; it is the beginning of decadence, the lowest ebb of which is reached when art has descended to pure matter without idea. When form has thus submerged the idea, the painter uses color for color's sake, the musician revels in mere sound, in "tone color," the orator in "fine words," sonorous phrases, tickling sound, dazzling color, *vox et præterea nihil*,—and art lies dead. Perfection of form is good art, display of form is decadence; and so the psychological moment when idea and form coincide must remain the classical period for all time, the highest expression of that particular idea. A true development in art can only be brought about by the entrance of a new idea. Thus after the vocal idea comes the instrumental; after the melodic idea, the contrapuntal. One succeeds the other, but one does not improve upon the other. Gregorian Chant represents the culmination of the melodic idea, the highest conceivable development of unisonous music, and further development had to take the form of polyphony.

The important question, then, is not whether we ought to go back to antiquity, but whether, by so going, we shall or shall not find the classical period in the art of musical prayer: the moment when the idea—prayer—and the form—music—became identical.

Let us briefly examine the characteristics of liturgical prayer; for Chant, as an art, stands or falls on the basis of its adaptability to this purpose. If it can be proved that the Gregorian form, and that form only, succeeds in translating the liturgy into music, in fitting that particular idea with form, then its value as an art is proved.

The liturgy of the Catholic Church serves a twofold purpose: to pray and to teach. The latter, her teaching function, is defeated by the use of any but unisonous music, because polyphony makes the words, in a greater or less degree,

incomprehensible. In Chant the words are not repeated, twisted, turned upside down, inside out, and hind part before; they are uttered slowly, distinctly, pensively, each syllable lingered over as though with tenderness. It is a "musing," a quiet spiritual breathing. We can hear the Word of God and absorb it. Thus the teaching function of the Church demands the use of Chant.

Her prayer function demands it no less. Structurally, her prayers were conceived in a spirit of Chant and not of music,¹ their very length precluding a more elaborate setting. A single illustration will suffice: during Holy Week the history of the Passion is read in all Catholic churches as the gospel of the day, while the congregation stands. Bach has given the Passion a musical setting, — one of the greatest of all pieces of devotional music. Yet it has one fatal objection: its performance takes no less than five hours, — a somewhat severe test upon the bodily strength of the congregation. Thus the musical structure of the period prevented even the great Bach from clothing his great idea with suitable form. Chant merely enunciates the words, music embroiders on them; one is the principle of concentration, the other that of diffusion. Chant is, therefore, the only form in which the whole liturgy can be sung at all.

So much for the merely structural demands of the liturgy. Its æsthetic demands are no less clear.

Liturgical prayer is not the expression of individual reaching up to God, as in private devotion; it is the Church praying as a Church, officially, as a corporate whole. Her prayer has a fixed form, the outgrowth of the spiritual evolution of the Church, a survival of the fittest in the realm of religion. This prayer has, first

of all, dignity: it is addressed to Almighty God. For this reason our modern rhythm, the outgrowth of the dance movement, is out of place, the form being too trivial to express the idea. I am speaking on purely artistic grounds. Again, prayer must have spontaneity; any insincerity kills prayer as prayer. For, as we have seen, a form attracting attention to itself detracts from the idea, and the idea in this case is God. Thus a prayer in rhyme would so obtrude its form as materially to detract from the idea. In precisely like manner is a prayer in music inferior to a prayer in Chant. Music, with its fixed measure, its regular strong and weak beats, is a formal garden, cut and trimmed into conventional avenues, adorned with hothouse plants. Chant is nature, the beauty of the fields and the forests. The formal garden has indeed its own place, its proper function; but prayer trimmed into a formal garden is an anomaly. The spirit bloweth where it listeth. Music moves with the regular rhythm of poetry; Chant with the free rhythm of prose, the cadence of a fine oratorical period. Chant has feet but no measure, and these feet succeed each other naturally, not artificially, so that there is no conflicting form to obstruct Chant in its effort to take the identical shape of the words and phrases of the prayers.

Modern music has two scales, or *Modes*. Chant has eight. It is evident that eight modes give greater variety of expression than two, — an advantage for which even our modern indiscriminate use of the chromatic does not fully compensate. A mode is a manner. As in speech the speaker's manner shades the meaning of his words, sometimes even alters it, so in music the mode, or manner, determines the character of the composition. The meaning of a triad, for instance, depends entirely upon whether its manner be major or minor: lower the third, and its manner is sad; raise the third, and its manner is gay. Our present musical system is limited, then, to two manners, the major and the minor; and so Chant has

¹ Music is here used in its restricted sense, *i. e.*, figured or harmonized music as distinguished from unisonous Chant; and to denote what the ceremonial of the bishops officially styles *musica*, and what is meant in modern language by "une Messe en musique," "eine musikalische Litanei," "musical vespers," etc.

the advantage of greater scope and variety. But more than this: the character of these two modern scales compels us to choose between a gayety almost frivolous on the one hand, and, on the other, a sorrow savoring of despair; neither of which emotions has any place in the Christian soul at prayer. The eight modes of the ancients, on the contrary, were devised to meet the requirements of prayer in an age when art was exclusively the servant of religion. They enabled the composer of the period to seize the subtle prayer-spirit, that elusive characteristic of Christianity, the rainbow tints of *joy in suffering*. Chant is joyful, but with the joy of the Cross, as distinguished from the joy of the revel. Chant is fervent, but with the passion of asceticism, as distinguished from the passion of the world. Prayer-sorrow is never despair, nor is prayer-joy ever frivolous. Chant is the artistic embodiment of this spirit; the minor idea and the major idea are so interwoven, their relation is so intimate, that to disentangle them is impossible. We are never left in sorrow, yet our joy is never without a cloud. Even in those bursts of ecstatic joy of the Easter Alleluias lurks the memory that we are still a part of earth, still in the valley of tears. Light and shadow play tantalizingly in and out, like the sun shining through a forest; glimpses of heaven caught through rifts in the clouds of the world.

We do not find in the ancient modes the same violent contrasts of mood as in the modern. They combine a solemnity, a grandeur, with the most tender and fervent devotion. Their minor tendency gives not so much the impression of sadness as of great solemnity and awe; their major tendency, not so much the impression of merriment as of a tender and ardent devotion. Thus we have the combination that makes true prayer: reverence and love, — the prayer that, like David's, rises as incense before the altar.

There is something obvious about the two scales of modern music. Christianity is not obvious. It is a philosophy of

seeming contradictions: joy through renunciation, happiness through suffering, triumph through failure, victory through death. These emotions are not commonplace, to be neatly pigeon-holed under the headings "gay" or "sad," "major" or "minor." No, let us use artistic discrimination in this matter: the modern scales, the modern measure, our entire musical system as it at present exists, was devised for secular uses, and is perfectly adapted thereto. But when we try to adapt this modern music to the exigencies of liturgical prayer, we simply spoil two good things: we ruin not only our prayer, but our modern music as well, for we rob this music of its own character and give nothing in its place. Thus modern liturgical music, if it succeeds in being non-scantalious, becomes, at best, negative; which in itself defeats the true purpose of church music. For it is not enough that it be negative; it must be actively spiritual. It is not enough that it should not distract; it must stimulate. For the sole principle upon which the use of art in church is justifiable is this: that, by acting upon the imagination, it interprets and intensifies hidden beauties in the realm of the spirit. Church music must not have less character than secular music, but its character must be different; a difference not of degree but of kind. There is no emotion more intense than religious emotion, but its intensity is along other lines than those of worldly emotion. The same is true of religious music.

This is a distinction which many of the great composers in the past have recognized. Thus Wagner, who is not open to suspicion of partiality for antiquated art forms, frankly borrows the Church's form when wishing to construct a religious drama. By means of one Gregorian progression, a single phrase borrowed from the treasure of the Church, he gives his entire opera a stamp of pseudo-spirituality, of which quality his own far from spiritual development of the theme does not succeed in wholly robbing it. Such

is the force of the Gregorian. Beethoven and Brahms made frequent use of the old modes, instead of the modern scales, when wishing to create an atmosphere of purity and highest mysticism. Indeed, a study of the great composers would seem to bear out the theory that the more lofty the thought, the less adequate becomes the modern scale, and the more intense the emotion, the less adequate becomes the modern measure. The general tendency of modern music is toward greater variety than the present system allows: greater variety of mode and greater variety of movement. Even for secular purposes, we are beginning to feel the cramping effect of the artificially constructed measure, more especially in moments of intense emotion; and we struggle toward freedom by constant use of the syncopation, of alternate double and triple time, and of any device which ingenuity can contrive to bring us nearer to the natural freedom of Chant. The modern composer in search of variety of mode makes pathetic excursions into the music of various nationalities; he borrows the scale of the Hungarian, the Arabian, the Norwegian; he makes use of negro melodies, of Irish melodies, of Indian melodies, and imitates the freedom of rhythm of these peculiar styles. There is a general feeling of unrest in the air, a dissatisfaction with the formalism of our present system. The freedom of mode and freedom of movement, after which we are striving, is the natural property of Chant.

In listening to Chant, we must listen with the ears of faith. We must enter into the atmosphere that created the art; seize, first of all, the idea, that we may understand the form to which it gave birth. Chant must not be listened to *as music*; for music, in our modern sense, suggests that formal arrangement of sound, that conventionalism, to which our ear is accustomed, and does not, therefore, include Chant in its popular use. Chant is a form of declamation, a musical, and very devotional, recitation of the text. It does not attempt to repro-

duce the illusion of the text, as in the theatre. It aims higher: at suggesting the sentiments brought out by prayer in the human soul. In this sense its spirit is subjective rather than objective. It seems like a soul bending back upon, and into, itself; a soul meditating inwardly, not a soul expressing itself outwardly. It suggests a meditative mood, and does not give the impression so much of a giving out, as of a taking in.

If the Gregorian Chant makes great demands upon the understanding and sympathy of the listener, how much greater still must be the demands it makes upon the musical and devotional perception of the singer! It needs art of the highest character to render these melodies; and failure to recognize this fact is directly responsible for their present unpopularity. An impression has prevailed that the Gregorian melodies, on account of the simplicity of their intervals, need no study, no artistic rendering; that all they need, in fact, is to be spelled out; whereas, in reality, they demand not only study and art, but genius. If a piece of modern music can be killed by an incorrect performance, how much more must this be true of Chant, with its exalted aspirations! For this reason the general public could scarcely fail to dislike the Chant in view of the shocking performances by which alone they have been able to hear and judge of its merits; performances on the artistic level of that of a schoolboy spelling out Shakespeare, or an ignorant peasant interpreting Dante. We can now confidently hope for an improvement in this matter. Much of the trouble has been caused by practical difficulties in deciphering the ancient manuscripts, which, owing to the fact that the writers possessed no exact musical notation, and, furthermore, no printing, have come down to us by means of a system of hieroglyphics, something like our modern shorthand, further complicated by the vagaries of the individual copyists. But the last few years have seen the deciphering and arrangement of these

melodies on a scientific basis by the Benedictine monks, and there will be no further excuse for incorrect performances.

Not only has the Gregorian been thus, of necessity, condemned without a hearing, but it is also very often condemned without a clear idea of its aims and true meaning, or even, indeed, of its mere technical construction. A Rip Van Winkle of the twelfth century awaking in the twentieth could be hardly more ignorant of our modern music than we are of the Gregorian, nor could he expect to understand our music fully, and sound its artistic depths, without some little study, and something more than a few cursory hearings, confined, perhaps, to its more elementary forms. I therefore plead with the Rip Van Winkle of the twentieth century for a little more patience in his judgment of the art of the past, and a little better understanding of Chant before he utterly condemns it. At first, indeed, it sounds merely strange; its unfamiliarity alone impresses us, like the sound of a language we do not understand. And, like a new language, its very unfamiliarity lends it a seeming monotony: all the phrases sound alike, because all are equally incomprehensible. But with the key to their meaning this seeming monotony is dispelled, with the clouds of our own ignorance. So it is with this, to us, new art language: the unusual succession of its tones and semitones and the consequent phrases, the unexpected intervals and progressions, are still as unfamiliar idioms. We hear, indeed, but we do not understand. The infinite variety of the modes is, to us, a closed book. But with familiarity and a little study we begin to understand the language, and find ourselves admitted into a new world of artistic possibilities. For Chant is by no means monotonous to trained ears. We have the variety of the eight modes, each one of which corresponds to a separate prayer-mood, and has its own individuality, its own peculiar idioms. We have, furthermore, a variety of form as marked as that which dis-

tinguishes the song-form from the sonata, in our modern music. These melodies follow strictly the spirit of the liturgy: they are simple where it is simple, elaborate where it is elaborate. And so there are the simple or syllabic melodies, which have one note only to a syllable; the melodic, which have several notes, or even a group of notes, to a syllable, and finally the florid, which become almost pure song; as, for example, in the Easter Alleluias: here we have reached the emotional altitude where speech ends and music begins, for, unable to express our Easter joy in language, we shout out the cry "*Alleluia*," while the melody supplies the meaning.

This art had birth with the birth of the liturgy. The liturgy took its present form under St. Gregory, to whom also is due the solid foundation of Chant as an art. Prayer and music were thus the fruit of a common conception, and together grew to maturity in the centuries that followed; together they reached their full height in the golden epoch of Christianity. When correctly rendered, this music breathes forth a spirit of devotion, pure, ardent, tender, truly characteristic of a period that produced a Gregory, a Bernard, a Bonaventura, an Aquinas, a Dominic, a Francis of Assisi, and inspired a Dante, a Fra Angelico, a Della Robbia, a Palestrina. The great masters of asceticism inspired great masterpieces of ascetic art, as by cause and effect. The highest kind of mysticism found expression in these melodies, the full "out-flowering" of the faith meditated upon; and these flowers of art are truly Christianity's own flowers, not, in any sense, flowers engrafted from a foreign stem. The age of faith produced the art of faith. Then came the Renaissance of the sixteenth century, with its return to the study of pagan art-forms, and introduced a pagan spirit into the art of its time. Not that pagan art-forms lead necessarily to the adoption of pagan ideals, nor that Christian art is inconsistent with classical perfection of form. Christian art, like

other arts, is perfect only through true perfection of form; but Christian art is opposed, more than all others, to *display* of form, and so the student turns, not unnaturally, to subjects wherein he can give free scope to his powers. With the Renaissance begins the gradual but steady secularization of art, the consequent secularization of public taste in art, and, as a result, the final intrusion of purely secular art into the church.¹

In striking contrast to the ascetic ideal is our modern art, the keynote of which is naturalism. Whether it be in literature, in painting, or in music, we are busy portraying and glorifying the purely natural emotions: sorrow is intensified to despair, gayety to ribaldry, love to license. The animating principle of modern art is emotional self-indulgence, a letting down of barriers, rather than a strengthening of the will, which is the Christian ideal. Modern art is a glorification of the line of least resistance: Christian art, the glorification of struggle. The two art tendencies are not antagonistic only, — they are contradictory.

If the Christian ideal in its fullness produced the truly Christian art form, may it not be possible, by an inverse process, to enter into the ideal by means of the art; by studying the effect to arrive at a better understanding of the cause? Familiarity

¹ The spirit of Renaissance was essentially opposed to devotion, self-denial, and the purely religious sentiments. We see this, not only in its partiality to pagan subjects and its worldly treatment of sacred history; but also in the profusion of ornament and the sacrifice of everything to mere display by which it is characterized. Skill supersedes careful labour; science takes the place of feeling; and nowhere is the artist forgotten in his work, but rather every stroke of his brush, and every modulation of his colour is made to sing the praise of his dexterity. The contrast between that humble but inspired endeavor to work out an unattainable ideal which marked some early artists, and the ease with which the masters of the Renaissance interpreted their own gorgeous but less elevated fancies, has been well drawn by Mr. Browning in *Andrea del Sarto*.

— JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

with this classic prayer music must reveal something of the prayer ideals which gave it birth, and thus bring about a new era of faith. Does art seem an insignificant approach to such a renaissance of spirituality? Not necessarily, for the language of art is, in a sense, universal, in so far as it touches the subconscious personality, and creates a receptive mood. Art cannot do the work, but it can at least pave the way. Piety is not, it is true, a mere matter of the emotions, but real piety, which lies in the intellect and the will, can often be approached and set in motion by means of the emotions; a permanent result be achieved through a transitory cause. The emotions are simply a motive power, but not on that account to be despised. They are to piety what appetite is to physical life: not the food, but the impetus to take food. They are a means to an end. But it is the food itself, and not merely the appetite, which supports life; the appetite simply makes easy and natural what might otherwise be difficult. To stimulate appetite is not, in itself, unsanitary, nor is to stimulate the emotions necessarily unspiritual. But as the emotions are prone to run away with us along false paths, we strive to stimulate them as much as possible along the lines of true piety, that we may absorb food and not poison. That is the theory of ascetic art as a whole, the test of whose value lies simply in the quality of its stimulus.

One more aspect of this movement, which must not be forgotten, is its democratic character. For the carrying out of the full ideal demands the coöperation of the entire people, who will no longer assist at, but take part in, the liturgy. This may not be accomplished in a day, but the Church works for the future, and already she is sowing the seeds. The little Catholic school child is learning to pray, not only in words, but also in song; not only in the Church's language, Latin, but in her musical language, Chant; and when these children grow up, our choirs will be the whole Catholic world. While

the variable and the more elaborate parts of the liturgy will demand the great genius, the great artist, the simpler parts will be taken up spontaneously by the entire congregation; producing the superb contrast of, on the one hand, the perfection of art, and on the other, the majesty of numbers. This is, indeed, nothing new:

it is thus that the liturgy is intended to be rendered; it is thus that it has been rendered in the past, and is still rendered in a few centres of Catholic life. It is simply a return to the true ideal, a "renewing of all things in Christ," a revitalizing, through art, of the spirit of Catholic democracy and universality.

REED NOTES

BY MADISON CAWEIN

I

WHAT bird is that that sings so long?
 To hear whose song
 Each bashful bud opens its rosy ear,
 Leaning it near:
 While here,
 Under the blossoming button-tree,
 I seem to see
 A shape, a presence look out at me;
 And, clothed in raiment of white and gray,
 Pass on like the Spirit of Easter Day.

II

Deep in the leaves' concealing green
 A wood-thrush flutes,
 The first thrush seen
 Or heard this spring; and straight, meseems,
 Its notes take on the attributes
 Of mythic fancies and of dreams —
 A Faun goes piping o'er the roots
 And mosses; gliding through dim gleams
 And glooms; and while he glides he flutes,
 Though still unseen,
 'Mid thorny berry and wild bean.

III

Come, let us forth and homage her,
 Clothed on with warmth and musk and myrrh,
 The indescribable odor wild that clings
 Around her like a garment: let us sing

Songs to her, glad as grass and all the things
 Exulting in her presence — greening things
 And airy that have gotten them new wings:
 Come, let us forth and give our praise to Spring.

The smell of tannin in the ozoned air,
 Under the oaks when the woods are green,
 And the scent of the soil and moisture where
 The young leaves dangle and make a screen, —
 Where the hiding Wood Nymph combs her hair, —
 Will breathe us full of the faun again,
 Making us kin to the wind and rain.

IV

The wind goes groping among the trees,
 Telling the bees
 Where the little buds open that no one sees.

At intervals, as softly cool it blows,
 The wild-plum shows
 Its bee-swarmed clusters 'twixt the woods' dark rows.

V

Who is it knows
 How the blueberry grows,
 Blooms and blows? —
 Only the bird that sings and sings,
 Waving its wings,
 Saying, "Come see it where it swings!
 Ruddy green and amber rose
 See, oh, see,
 In honor of Spring,
 Under this tree,
 See how they ring
 Their tiny bells, that cluster out,
 Silvery red, in a rosy rout."

VI

I saw the Spring go by, her mouth a thread
 Of wildrose red,
 Blowing a golden oat:
 And now, a crown of barley on her head,
 The Summer comes, a poppy at her throat.

THE TENTH DECADE OF THE UNITED STATES¹

BY WILLIAM GARROTT BROWN

VI. THE THIRTY-NINTH CONGRESS

ON the first Monday in December, 1865, as Senators and Representatives took their seats for the first session of the Thirty-Ninth Congress, they must have felt that a gulf divided it from all its predecessors. The nation had come safely through a fearful passage, but for the future the old charts would not serve. The new legislature could not gather from the experience of earlier congresses precedents to guide it in the extraordinary work it had to do. To ascertain its own powers, it could not turn to any clear pronouncements of the courts, but must go back to the Constitution; and the applicability of the texts it found there was doubtful — so doubtful that no shrewd observer of the human nature of legislative bodies would look to see mere constitutional scruples prevail in the long run against any strong prompting of expediency, against party passion, against the universal tendency of lawmakers to assert all the powers to which they can lay any reasonable claim.

It was a strong congress, on the whole. In a letter to the Duchess of Argyll, Sumner said of the House of Representatives: "In my opinion, it is the best that ever has been since the beginning of the government. It is full of talent and is governed by patriotic purpose." Of talent, indeed, there was no lack in either chamber. Besides the names on the rolls that were already famous, one is struck with the number of new names that were to remain for years in the public eye. The House was unusually strong in young blood. Out of some two hundred members who took their seats on the opening day, a score or more were soon to pass down the long corridor to the quieter and

more distinguished chamber at the other end of the Capitol; others were to sit in the cabinets of future presidents; two members of the same state delegation were to occupy the White House in succession. Two particularly brilliant young members, Roscoe Conkling of New York and James G. Blaine of Maine, already, perhaps, rivals in their own minds for the succession to the leadership of their party in the House, found during the session excellent chances to display their gifts in oratory and their skill in the management of men. Before the adjournment, their rivalry broke into a memorable quarrel. Members who had risen or were rising to prominence by the ordinary course of promotion for competent attention to the business of the House were Morrill of Vermont, Boutwell and Dawes of Massachusetts, Jenckes of Rhode Island, Randall and Kelley of Pennsylvania, Bingham and Shellabarger of Ohio, Voorhees of Indiana, Washburne and Cullom of Illinois, Allison and Wilson of Iowa. Of the new members, Henry J. Raymond, editor of the *New York Times*, Greeley's rival, friend and follower of Seward, seemed the most likely to step at once into leadership by virtue of a reputation elsewhere acquired, and thus break the tradition that influence in the House can be won only by services rendered within its walls. From the various armies came a group of men who now, however well they had proved their metal in soldiership, turned to politics as to their true vocation. Massachusetts sent back Banks, who, before he became a soldier had been congressman, Speaker, and governor of his state. Ohio alone sent three generals — Hayes, Schenck, and Garfield. All

things considered, Ohio's was the strongest delegation on the floor. The West had for some years been steadily gaining ground in national politics, and now bade fair to win an ascendancy at Washington comparable to that the South had maintained there for half a century before its representatives departed to set up a government of their own.

Hardly less noticeable was the lack of conspicuous ability in the narrow section of the chamber assigned to the minority. Weak in numbers, the Democrats were even weaker in leadership. James Brooks of New York, who at the outset put the most spirit into their forlorn opposition, had soon to yield his seat to a Republican contestant. Of the other Democrats admitted to seats, none had records that enabled them to command the country's attention, and only three, Kerr and Voorhees of Indiana and Randall of Pennsylvania, had before them, as it proved, conspicuous careers in the national service.

Notwithstanding Sumner's praise of the Representatives, the Senate enjoyed at least its ordinary superiority to the House in point of the average of ability. A mighty remnant of the old guard of anti-slavery Senators still remained in harness. Seward and Chase had passed to other services, and Hale of New Hampshire, the wit of Abolitionism, had lost his seat; but Wade, Sumner, Fessenden, Trumbull, and Wilson sat still as members of a great majority in the chamber where they had once fought in a seemingly hopeless minority against the old coalition of Southern Bourbons and Northern Conservatives. As usual, the Senate had few really young men on its rolls. Of the Senators young in point of service in the body, none was gaining influence faster than Wade's sane and hardworking colleague, Sherman. The Northwest contributed two strong men in Howe of Wisconsin and Howard of Michigan. On the other side of the Chamber, Hendricks of Indiana, Saulsbury of Delaware, Guthrie of Kentucky, and Reverdy Johnson, of Maryland, perhaps the most eminent lawyer in

a body where legal ability always commands much respect, gave to the opposition a dignity it had not in the House.

In both chambers, notwithstanding the number of new men of mark, the leadership still went to age and experience, but in both to age and experience joined with uncommon gifts and warmed by an ardor surpassing the ordinary enthusiasm of youth. Sumner, at fifty-four, had sat in the Senate longer than any of his fellows but Wade. Stevens had sat only six years continuously in the House; but in 1853, when he retired from his first service there, he was already an old man, and now, at the beginning of the climacteric period of his career, he was seventy-four.

The two men had more in common than their New England birth. Both stood steadfastly — both, let us rather say, fought aggressively — for ideals which Americans always associate with New England. There have not lived two more thorough-going champions of that principle of individual liberty which New England has taken so deep into her intellectual and religious and political life. Neither was ever content with a compromise on any question of human rights, or ever condoned a distinction based on class or creed or race. Stevens, the more practical of the two, would accept half-way measures, but always as contemptuously as Sumner rejected them.

In many respects, their lives, too, had not been dissimilar. Fully as both had given themselves to the chief moral warfare of their times, both had worked and lived, for the most part, alone. Neither met his fellows with the ready comradeship of the men of the West, or the Southerner's fondness for close personal relationships. Neither was married, or dwelt in an atmosphere of domestic affection. Neither, it is also not without pertinence to remark, had ever traveled in the Southern states, or lived in intimacy with Southern men and women, or in anywise sympathetically studied Southern life, with which they both wished to deal so intimately, so drastically.

In culture, in range of sympathies and interests, Sumner surpassed Stevens. He counted as his friends the finest spirits of the age, not in America only, but in England and France. Handsome and stately in person, and of distinguished manners, he had won, while on his travels, the regard of the men and women of those countries who were foremost in letters, in society, and in the higher walks of politics. But to men whom he encountered in the public life of his own country he invariably seemed to lack something that their human nature demanded. They found the apostle of the brotherhood of all men curiously without insight into other men's lives and characters, strangely undesirous or incapable of any touch of elbows. Many thought him overbearing and conceited. His ardors were for causes, not individuals. He had not a good sense of proportion, and he had no sense of humor, but pursued his great ideals for society with an absorption, an Hebraic intensity of fervor, which one is tempted to explain by a Jewish strain he had in his blood. For an American politician, he was extraordinarily doctrinaire, unbending, unregardful of circumstance. No one has ever depicted his character in a better phrase than his own. "The slave of principle," he once exclaimed, "I call no party master."

The character of Stevens was less exalted than Sumner's, but as the years pass the figure of the aged arch-radical — the spare, strong frame, the club foot and limping gait, the strong chin and sarcastic mouth and stern eyes and noble forehead — holds the imagination better than any other of the time. Closer to the earth than Sumner, Stevens was closer also to the ordinary human beings about him; he had a deep insight into men's passions and weaknesses, and knew how to play upon them. A battered world-fighter, turned parliamentary gladiator, sparing neither open foes nor timid party associates, sometimes exhibiting a fairly demoniacal strength and fierceness of purpose, he was nevertheless given to acts of

charity, and he was the greatest humorist that had appeared in Congress since John Randolph of Roanoke. Now with light banter, now with quick repartee, now with biting sarcasm, he shed about him an atmosphere of mirth even in the midst of the most heated contests over the gravest issues. In his private life he was no Puritan like Sumner, but addicted to cards and other pleasures, and he often relaxed into a kind of harsh joviality. The coarser revilers of his memory have not failed to seek in the man's vices and misfortunes the springs of the malignity they attribute to the statesman. It needs, indeed, but the change of a line here, the deepening of a shadow there, to turn his true likeness into the dire portrait of the old man terrible whom the South feared and hated. But to his familiars in politics he was "old Thad," hard, but not unlikable, and to thousands who shared his views he was the greatest of all the "great Commoners" in our history. To the dispassionate judgment of such as now, without favor or prejudice, review his life-work, his errors seem to have been chiefly excesses of a deep sympathy with the oppressed, that too readily turned into merciless hatred of all whom he thought guilty of oppression or of condoning it. He is but one of many men who in warring against injustice have themselves too often forgotten to be just.

The long wrestling of Congress with the chief problem before the country began with the calling of the roll of the House. Of all the circumstances that swayed the judgment of Northern congressmen at the outset, none, probably, was more damaging to the President's policy than the mere presence in Washington of men who, four years earlier, had scornfully taken leave of their Northern associates in the government, and who now reappeared, unabashed, to demand as of right high places among the rulers of the nation. Republican newspapers put to good use the comical aspect of these prodigals' swift return, ridiculing their confident expectation of the fatted calf and the con-

descending tone in which they announced the terms on which they would consent to be "conciliated." Humor apart, this particular outcome of the President's attempt to restore the Union did undeniably give it a look of extraordinary haste.

McPherson, Clerk of the House, obedient to a resolution of a Republican caucus which Stevens had controlled, had left off the roll the names of all claimants from the eleven states that had been in insurrection. Maynard of Tennessee, a Union man throughout the war, tried to get the floor for a protest, and Brooks of New York did get the floor for an attack on the arbitrary course of the majority; but Stevens declined his challenge to a debate, and ignored Maynard as a "mere outsider." The House had no sooner chosen Schuyler Colfax Speaker, and adopted rules, than the Republican leader, disregarding the long-standing custom to listen to the President's message before proceeding to any business, introduced and carried, the rules suspended, a joint resolution providing for a committee of fifteen, nine from the House and six from the Senate, to inquire into the condition of the states in insurrection. The resolution in its first form also forbade either house to seat representatives from those states until Congress should declare them entitled to representation. This, however, the Senate thought a violation of the Constitutional provision that each house should be the judge of its own elections. But the Joint Committee was promptly named, and for six months the country waited for its report.

Sumner, too, had lost no time in attacking the President's policy. Two days before the session began, he and Johnson had had a stormy interview, from which the Senator came away convinced that "by the assassination of Lincoln the Rebellion had vaulted into the Presidential Chair." On the opening day, before the Senate could send the usual first-day messages to the House and to the President, he introduced half a dozen bills and three long series of

resolutions. These last were thoroughly characteristic pronouncements. The first series set forth that although the Thirteenth Amendment had already become a part of the Constitution by the consent of three fourths of the loyal states, no state that had been in insurrection could be considered restored to the Union until its legislature should accept it. The second series laid down five other conditions with which the Southern people must comply, and one of these was that they must somehow prove that they were loyal "without mental reservation or equivocation of any kind." The third series stated the duty of Congress. It must permit only loyal men to take part in the reconstruction; establish the supremacy of national over state laws, and refuse to accept as republican any state government that proscribed loyal men and gave power to rebels.

But Congress, apart from refusing to admit the representatives of the eleven states, showed itself by no means ready to accept the views of its two most advanced leaders. It rejected their contention that the approval of the Thirteenth Amendment by three fourths of the loyal states was sufficient, and the composition of the Committee of Fifteen seemed to augur conservative rather than radical action. Stevens headed the House committee, but with several moderate associates, while the chairmanship of the Senate committee and of the Joint Committee went, not to Sumner, but to his principal rival, Fessenden.

Though less well known to the country than Sumner, Fessenden was the better debater, and his intellect and temperament accorded better with the Senate's traditions and usages. High-minded and dignified, a great lawyer, and eminently lawyer-like in all his ways, he was the last man in Congress to countenance precipitate or violent measures or to pass on any question without a thorough study of both sides. One of his first steps was to wait on the President at the head of a sub-committee and express the earnest hope

that the Executive and the legislature might work in harmony. The President replied that, although he desired expedition, he had it not in mind to do anything that would make harmony impossible.

The committee then proceeded by subcommittees to take a great mass of testimony. It did not spare labor, but fault has been found with its choice of witnesses. While it summoned some well-known and representative Southern men, such as Lee and A. H. Stephens, it had recourse chiefly to Republicans, who in far too many instances were Northern men domiciled but a few months in the South. The testimony concerning Alabama, for instance, was given by four men who had lived in the state before the war, two of them deserters from the Confederate army, and by fourteen Northern men, nearly all officers of the army or of the Freedmen's Bureau. The testimony concerning Mississippi was given by two citizens, both Republicans, three generals and one captain in the Union army, a treasury agent, a revenue agent, and a representative of some New England cotton mills. And witnesses thus chosen were in too many instances examined only by men desirous of eliciting the kind of testimony they were anxious to give; for there were but three Democrats on the entire committee.

The President's message proved a strong and right-tempered statement of his view.¹ Pointing out that he had had to make choice between continuing military rule and setting up some kind of civil order in the South, he tersely argued that to have denied the conquered states civil institutions would have been to concede some validity to their ordinances of secession; but he agreed with Sumner that

it was reasonable to require them to accept the Thirteenth Amendment. Turning then candidly to the question of the status of the freedmen, he declared that for the President to make them voters by a mere executive mandate would have been as unwise as it was unwarranted by the Constitution. A long and unbroken line of precedents left to the states the right to define their own electorates. Yet the general government was bound to protect the negroes in their freedom, and to give them an opportunity to labor as free men labor. "The change in their condition," he observed, "is the substitution of labor by contract for the status of slavery." In the long run, he held, the future of the race would depend on its own capacity for progress, and he urged its friends to be neither too quickly discouraged nor too impatient for the remoter ends of philanthropy. For the exhausted South he predicted a swift recovery, to be followed by such prosperity as it could never have had under slavery. It is hardly unjust to Congress to say that in all the oratory of the session there is not a single speech which so nearly anticipates the opinions of a later generation concerning the deeper, non-political issues involved in Reconstruction.

A fortnight later, in response to a Senate call for more information, Johnson briefly recounted the steps he had taken. Sumner had added to the Senate's resolution a request for the reports of such persons as had gone South on official tours of investigation, and the President accordingly transmitted two documents which have ever since remained conspicuous in the literature of the subject.

One was a brief report by Grant, commendatory of the behavior of the Southern people, who for the most part, he thought, were accepting their defeat in good faith. The other was a much longer report by Major-General Carl Schurz, of a quite contrary tenor, and ending with a plea for suffrage for the freedmen. Grant's name carried more weight than any other with the Northern public, for he

¹ All but the routine parts of it were written by George Bancroft, the historian. The evidence of this fact is in Johnson's papers, now in the Library of Congress, and the credit for discovering it belongs to Professor William A. Dunning, of Columbia University. It is doubtful if Johnson wrote any one of his messages to Congress without help.

had succeeded Lincoln in the first place in the gratitude and trust of the people. His opinions, however, were based on but four days' travel in but three states, while Schurz had unhurriedly traversed most of the lower South and could support his conclusions with a great mass of facts and illustrations. B. C. Truman, whom the President sent South after Schurz, brought back an equal mass of facts, tending to offset Schurz's, but he did not win from Congress or from the country any such attention as they had given to both Schurz and Grant.¹

The debate which now began, nominally over the President's message, was resumed again and again, apropos of various bills and resolutions, until it became the longest, the most involved, the widest ranging in the entire history of Congress. Senators and Representatives did not wait for the report of the joint committee, but addressed themselves at once, as opportunity offered, to the great theme. Lawyers abounded in both chambers, and few resisted the temptation to try their hands at expounding the Constitution in its bearing on the problem, — a rôle which appeals to American statesmen as the rôle of Hamlet appeals to actors. They thus amply justified Lincoln's preference for solving the problem first and searching for the correct theory afterwards. If one attends only to the literature of this side of the controversy, one is reminded of the congress of German revolutionists who split hairs over the theory of a free constitution until their revolution evaporated beneath them. But the American Congress did not resolve itself into an academic senate. Dialectical subtleties did not divert the leaders from their practical purposes. Through an atmosphere opaque with theory it rained for weeks bills and resolutions

and amendments to the Constitution. If among these Congress was slow to choose which it would enact, that hesitation was in itself a very practical deference to an equally hesitant public opinion.

The two men who knew their own minds best did not fail to follow up the blow at the President's policy which they had struck on the opening day. December 18, in committee of the whole House on the state of the Union, Stevens opened the debate on the message with a speech of extraordinary directness, candor, and force. He chose still to treat the President respectfully, but coolly interpreted the message as an invitation to the legislature to take control. For the authority of Congress to do what it would, he went straight to the clause of the Constitution which permits new states to be brought into the Union. The eleven states of the Confederacy, he declared, were outside of the Union, "to all intents and purposes for which the conqueror might choose so to consider them." With a homely illustration he ridiculed the "dreaming theorists" who held that no state had seceded, because no state has a constitutional right to secede. A supporter of that theory, he related, having paused in an argument for it long enough to describe a recent atrocious murder, a listener had interrupted him and declared he was mistaken; there had been no murder. "How so?" he asked; "I saw it with my own eyes." But the other rejoined: "You are wrong. No murder was or could be committed, for the law forbids it."

If, however, — Stevens went on, — instead of treating these eleven states as conquered provinces without the Union, members preferred to treat them as dead carcasses lying within the Union, Congress could still proceed freely under the clause requiring the United States to guarantee a republican form of government to every state; for he brushed contemptuously aside the notion that the President alone could act for "the United States" in a business so plainly demanding distinctly legislative action. On either

¹ H. M. Watterson went South in June, and seems to have acted, from that time until October, as Johnson's personal representative. He visited several of the state capitals while their conventions were in session, making confidential reports, which have never been published.

theory, Congress had full powers, and it must not stop with halfway measures. It must hold the rebel states in a firm grip as mere territories until they should do all that justice to the negro and the future safety of the Union required, and until an amendment to the Constitution, which he had already proposed, should force them either to enfranchise the freedmen or to give up their representation in Congress based on negro population. He would thus secure perpetual ascendancy to "the party of the Union." What the President had already accomplished he entirely disregarded. The Southern legislatures, then busy with their "black codes," he described as "an aggregation of whitewashed rebels." One searches the speech in vain for a single gleam of mercy or forgiveness for the conquered, a single expression of concern about the future of the white people of the South.

Three days later, Sumner in the Senate, speaking on a bill introduced by his colleague, Wilson, to secure the freedmen in their civil rights, showed as little respect for the President's handiwork and much less respect for the President himself. The speech sounded like an echo of the famous oration on "The Crime against Kansas." Sumner had already accused Johnson of sending in a "whitewashing message," like Pierce's message about Kansas, and now, to prove the charge, he read to the Senate statement after statement, mainly from his private correspondence, all to the effect that the Southern people remained contumacious and disloyal, and story after story of cruelties to negroes, — a method of inflaming the North which he continued to employ. Here, he exclaimed, was a region vaster than Kansas, given over, as Kansas had once been, to the tyranny of the slave barons; and he quoted with good effect Burke's maxim that laws made by masters to protect slaves always lack "an executory principle." But he did not in his peroration strike as successfully as in his earlier speeches the note of passionate indignation. "Pass the bill under consid-

eration," he ended, — "pass any bill, — but do not let this crying injustice rage any longer. An avenging God cannot sleep while such things find countenance. If you are not ready to be the Moses of an oppressed people, do not be its Pharaoh." The entire speech suffers by comparison with the inornate trenchancy, the harsh candor, of Stevens.

The real struggle between the President and the radicals was for the support of the moderate Republicans. The Democrats had at once taken sides with the President. They could accept all he had done without departing widely from their stand on the Crittenden Resolution of 1861, and their thin ranks hungered for the recruits that would cross the thresholds of both houses the day Congress should declare the eleven states of the Confederacy entitled to representation. Finding it extremely inconvenient, as Lowell remarked, "to be so long dead," they made their support only too vigorous. Democratic approval of the President's policy did not commend it to Republicans, who remembered his own Democratic antecedents, and called to mind what had happened when Tyler, another Democratic and Southern Vice-President, had succeeded Harrison, a Northern Whig. Raymond, who now, coming forward as the leader of the President's Republican supporters in the House, undertook to answer Stevens, showed plainly his vexation with the over-eager championship of his principal by the opposition. When he rose, an Ohio Democrat, a follower of the discredited Vallandigham, had just sat down, and Raymond began by sarcastically congratulating the opposition on its belated zeal to help restore the Union.

Turning then to Stevens, When and how — Raymond asked — had the insurgent states ever succeeded in taking themselves out of the Union? Not by their secession ordinances, surely, for the war had been fought on the theory that these were null and void; they merely announced an intention which could be carried out only by force, and in the appeal to force

the South had not won, but lost. Nor would he accept the doctrine that without really withdrawing from the Union these states had lost their statehood. He held, with Lincoln, that men, not states, had been guilty of the crime of rebellion, and on men, not states, the penalty should fall. If, as Stevens seemed to hold, we had been at war with an independent republic, then what right had members to talk of "traitors," or of "loyalty," — unless, indeed, those terms were applied as the Southerners applied them? On that theory, was not the nation bound by international law to assume the debts of the Confederacy?

It was reasonable, he conceded, that the President, as Commander-in-Chief, should exact from the conquered insurgents certain guaranties for the future. It was reasonable to require them, in reorganizing their state governments, to abjure the heresy of state sovereignty, to prohibit slavery, to confiscate state debts incurred in aid of the insurrection. The nation ought also to protect the Freedmen in their new rights, and both houses of Congress ought to hold every man who could not prove his loyalty to the Union disqualified for membership. But he would support no sweeping confiscation, no measure of mere hatred and revenge. He condemned, not the theory alone, but the vindictive spirit, the narrow-mindedness, the unwisdom, of the radical policy.

Jenckes of Rhode Island, rising immediately after Raymond, remarked truly enough that the practically important difference between him and Stevens was not so much a difference of theory as a difference of purpose and spirit. Both held that the nation could exact guaranties from the conquered; it mattered little that one would deal with them as men, while the other would deal with them as states.

The next day Congress adjourned over the Christmas holidays, and at the end of the recess the opposition to the President seemed to have gained confidence and heat. First Bingham of Ohio and

then his colleague Shellabarger set upon Raymond and his uncertain following. Shellabarger's speech has a place of its own in the discussion, for at the outset, in a single prodigious sentence, he advanced one of the four general theories under which later students have grouped the various views men took of the problem. The rebellion, he held, had not taken any state out of the Union, but it had so far overthrown the loyal governments of eleven states that they had lost their rights and powers as members of the Union; the United States, by Congress, might, therefore, exercise for the time being all local functions of the overthrown governments, and name whatever conditions of restoration it pleased. This theory, which has come to be called the theory of "forfeited rights," is hardly distinguishable from the "state-suicide" theory of Sumner, and had the same practical corollaries with the "conquered-province" theory of Stevens. Only the presidential and the Democratic or Southern theories would have set any limits to the power of the conqueror over the conquered. To Raymond's inquiry for the "specific act" by which the insurrectionary states had ceased to be states in the Union, Shellabarger made a reply which, if not entirely cogent as constitutional law, served a more practical purpose: he threw into stirring rhetoric the entire grievance of the nation against the Confederate South. The "specific act," he declared, was a great civil war, waged by the mass of the Southern people, as states, against the nation's life. Recounting the contumacious steps by which the Southerners had come to their final complete rebellion, he reached his climax with a recital of the worst enormities ever charged against them. "They framed iniquity and universal murder into law. They besieged, for years, your capital, and sent your bleeding armies, in rout, back here upon the very sanctuary of your national power. Their pirates burned your unarmed commerce upon every sea. They carved the bones of your unburied heroes into

ornaments, and drank from goblets made out of their skulls. They poisoned your fountains, put mines under your soldiers' prisons, organized bands whose leaders were concealed in your homes, and whose commissions ordered the torch and yellow fever to be carried to your cities, and to your women and children. They planned one universal bonfire of the North from Lake Ontario to the Missouri." Students may be wrong in holding that out of all the theories Congress made conscious choice of Shellabarger's, and shaped by it the policy finally adopted; but the passion expressed in such sentences as these successfully combated the moderation of Republicans like Raymond and Seward.

The very next day came a division that tested the President's strength with the Republicans of the House. Unfortunately for his supporters, the question was on some resolutions proposed by Voorhees, — a Democrat, and one whom Republicans regarded as a Copperhead, — endorsing the doctrine of the message and thanking the President for his efforts to restore civil institutions in the South. Bingham offered as a substitute a vague expression of trust in Johnson, but the majority, at a word from Stevens, pigeonholed both proposals by referring them to a standing committee. The House thus practically refused the President a vote of confidence, and Raymond, opposing the reference, found himself with but one Republican supporter. The division can hardly be held to have marked an open breach between the President and the House majority, but it did mark the failure of the attempt to commit the moderate Republicans to the support of Johnson and Seward. Raymond afterwards declared that he would have succeeded if the Democrats had only kept quiet, or had taken sides against the President.

In the Senate, three Republicans, Cowan of Pennsylvania, Dixon of Connecticut, and Doolittle of Wisconsin, had from the first fully accepted the President's programme. A little later, Norton of Minnesota joined them. Three others,

Lane of Kansas, Stewart of Nevada, and Morgan of New York, seemed also to incline that way, while the two Senators from West Virginia took an independent and uncertain attitude. As the Democrats, however, numbered but eleven, the President would have far less than a majority, even if he should win over all the doubtful men. But in the Senate debates he had abler champions than in the House. So long as the discussion concerned itself with theory, so long as Senators merely set one general scheme against another and tested them by the Constitution and the laws, Reverdy Johnson, in particular, could hold his own with Fessenden and Trumbull, he could more than hold his own with Sumner, who was never strong on Constitutional or legal questions. Moreover, the Republican leaders, Sumner and Wade excepted, were very loath to break with the President, though they held that Congress, and not he, should control Reconstruction, and though they indicated clearly enough that they disliked some of the too swift results of his policy. But all saw the imminence of a breach. The political atmosphere was charged with the fear and expectation of a crisis. While the South waited, more and more anxiously, to learn whether the North would endorse the mild terms Lincoln and Johnson had offered, and while the North waited on Congress, Congress waited on its committee; and the committee itself, it is now known, underwent much hesitation, watching the conduct of the South and studying public opinion in the North.

But Northern public opinion at this time is still a difficult study. If it had veered since the summer, when it seemed, on the whole, to favor the President, the newspapers and other organs did not clearly indicate the change. Lowell, who as early as April of 1865 had in a thoughtful essay reached the conclusion that nothing but the ballot would secure the negro in his freedom, and who a little later had remarked, "There must be a right somewhere to enforce what all see to be

essential," may have merely anticipated the movement of many slower minds. The "black codes" which one Southern legislature after another enacted during the winter caused more and more uneasiness among men inclined to moderation. Correspondents of newspapers, Bureau agents, soldiers, and other Northern men in the South, finding, naturally enough, no cordial welcome there, wrote home letters of a kind to stir up fresh indignation against the Southern people, whom they for the most part described as unsubdued in spirit, malignant as ever toward the North, and more malignant than ever toward the blacks. But no clear public sentiment urged Congress on to a breach with the President, or to a severe course with the South. Congress, on the contrary, jealous of its prerogatives, heated with its own debates, moved faster than the country. Having, however, no programme of its own, it felt its way forward, after the wont of English and American legislatures, with measures that dealt only with particular features of the situation. By the end of January, out of the countless proposals submitted to the two houses, three had taken shape in bills, gone through committees, and were following the usual course toward enactment. January 11, Lyman Trumbull, whose prestige in the Senate was less only than Sumner's and Fessenden's, reported from the Senate Committee on the Judiciary a new Freedmen's Bureau bill, and a bill to secure all American citizens in their civil rights. Eleven days later, the Joint Committee presented as a partial report a new amendment to the Constitution, which aimed to reduce the representation in Congress of any state which denied the ballot to any class of its citizens. The House, meanwhile, debated and passed a bill to enfranchise negroes in the District of Columbia, but the Senate, knowing that the President would veto it, never brought it to a vote.

The Freedmen's Bureau Bill, gaining the right of way, became the first great measure of the session. Trumbull, who

managed it, was no follower of Sumner and Stevens, but one of those Republicans who were striving to keep the President and Congress from drifting into a quarrel. Independent but not radical in his habit of thought, he had come by his anti-slavery convictions gradually, and had never lost in his zeal for that or any other cause his sense of proportion or his respect for law and precedent. Sumner's precipitancy, violence, and wildness on Constitutional questions irritated him, as they did Fessenden. He now offered his bill, not as a rebuke to the President, but to correct obvious faults of the existing law. The sting of it was in its tail, for the last enacting clause gave Bureau agents jurisdiction over all cases of denial of civil rights to negroes, and made every such discrimination a misdemeanor. This was a plain response to the black codes.

But nothing in the spirited but dignified debate in the Senate indicated that any one regarded the bill as essentially contrary to the President's policy. Hendricks attacked it vehemently, but for specific reasons, as that it would prolong military rule in time of peace, that it increased executive powers which ought rather to be curtailed, and that it entailed extravagant expenditures. The House substituted for it a similar bill of its own, and this, being accepted by the Senate with a few changes, went to the President on February 9, with the approval of every Republican who had voted on it.

Johnson had observed the usage that keeps a President politely ignorant of the progress of measures in Congress until they come to him for his signature, and many Republicans did not begin to fear that he would veto the bill until the ten days which the law allowed him to consider it had nearly passed. By approving it, he might, without incurring any serious charge of inconsistency, have placated Republicans who already antagonized him and lessened the distrust of him in the minds of others. But not even Andrew Jackson had less fondness for compromise than this other Tennessean who

now sat in the White House. It is no wonder that those who knew Johnson's pugnacious temper gave Seward credit for the restraint in his conduct and his messages since the beginning of the session.

At the end of the ten days, Johnson vetoed the bill. His veto message kept the level tone of the others, but he softened none of his decided objections. He could see, he declared, no necessity for haste, since the existing law would remain in force at least a year longer. But he opposed the new measure mainly on Constitutional grounds. He objected to it because it granted judicial powers to Bureau agents, who as a rule, moreover, were ignorant of law and strangers to the South, and permitted them to try criminal cases without juries; because it provided for the support of indigent persons out of the national treasury, and for taking land — in some cases, from minors, from insane persons, and from persons perfectly loyal to the Union — without due process of law. He also felt it to be unwise to strengthen the expectation of gratuities from the government which the first Bureau Act had planted in the minds of the negroes. He ended by pointing out that Congress was here legislating for eleven states to which it denied representation.

With this, his first veto, Johnson won a momentary triumph. The next day, Trumbull answered well his objections to the bill, but on the motion to pass it over the veto five Republicans who had originally voted for it, and three who had been absent, voted against it. The majority for overriding the veto was but thirty to eighteen, two short of the necessary two thirds, Senators Foote of Vermont and Wright of New Jersey being ill and absent. The House, having no occasion to act on the veto, could express its dissatisfaction only by passing again the resolution pledging both houses to seat no representatives from the eleven states until they should be readmitted to the Union; and this time the Senate concurred. But from the day of the veto the House, in all

its relations with the President, utterly discarded the usual observances of courtesy. Stevens never again alluded to him otherwise than in a tone of contemptuous raillery. As the majority against him in the House was much more than two thirds, nothing but the doubtful margin of two or three votes more than one third in the Senate stood between him and the loss of his negative on legislation. The situation demanded of him, above all things, caution. But his blood was up. On the evening of Washington's birthday, three days after the veto, temptation beset him in the shape of a crowd assembled in front of the White House, calling for a speech, and he delivered himself into the hands of his enemies.

Secretary McCulloch, fearing what happened, had urged his chief not to make a speech, and Johnson had declared that he would make none. He would only appear before the crowd, thank them for their visit, and bid them good-night. That would doubtless have been his wisest course; but he would have done no harm by speaking if he had only made such a speech as Seward was making that same evening in Cooper Union in New York; for Seward was a past master in the oratory that damages opponents without exasperating them to a more determined opposition. With a good-natured, stingless humor, he made fun of the President's critics in Congress. They had got the Union restored, he said, and restored without slavery, without state sovereignty, without payment for slaves, without the rebel debts. They had got, in fact, all that the war was fought for, and more. They did not really know themselves what else they wanted; at least, they could not agree among themselves as to what they wanted. Yet they were discontent. Like the nervous man in the play of *The Nervous Man and the Man of Nerve*, they would not take what they had got because they had not had their own way of getting it.

But Johnson could not be silent when the crowd pressed him to speak, nor keep

his head when he had begun. Encouraged by the sympathy of his hearers, excited by their applause, shouts, and approving interruptions, he went on from a defense of "my policy" to a reckless and savage attack on his assailants. He called the Joint Committee an "irresponsible directory," and began to compare the leading radicals in and out of Congress to the leaders of the rebellion. As he had once fought the Davises and Toombses and Slidells, he said, so now he stood ready to fight others who opposed the union of the states. The crowd called out, "Give us the names!" and he was so incredibly indiscreet as to respond, "I look upon, as being opposed to the fundamental principles of this government, and as now laboring to destroy them, Thaddeus Stevens of Pennsylvania, Charles Sumner and Wendell Phillips of Massachusetts." Stevens had said of a certain utterance of the President that "if a British king had made it to Parliament, it would have cost him his head," and Wendell Phillips had spoken of Johnson as an obstacle to be removed. He answered by accusing them of advocating his assassination, and declaring that he had no fear.

He had undone in two or three minutes all that he had accomplished in behalf of his policy by his statesmanlike messages. He had practically declared war on the majority in Congress. He had thrown away every advantage he might have drawn from the dignity of his high office. The speech remains to this day the most inept and unfortunate utterance ever made by any president, unless we except certain later speeches of Johnson himself.

Nevertheless, the leaders of Congress had now themselves to take anxious thought. To override the President's resistance, they must make sure of a two-thirds majority in the Senate, and there might be one consequence of defying him which as practical politicians they were exceedingly loath to incur. Hitherto, contrary to many fears, Johnson had made little use of the patronage to strengthen

himself either with Congress or the country. Petroleum V. Nasby, writing in the character of a Democrat with his eyes on a post office, had for months been wondering what the President was about that he took so little thought of his friends. "In what particular," he asked, "hez Andrew Johnson showed hisself to be a Dimokrat? In the name uv Dimokrisy, let me ask, 'Where are the offices?'" The Washington's Birthday Speech gave him hopes, but a week later he groaned, "Andrew Johnson may be worthy of Dimocratic support, but he hez a queer way uv showin' it." So, too, no doubt, thought many Republican office-holders and their friends in Congress. More statesmanlike misgivings prompted others to exhaust all the means of conciliation. Eminent Republicans outside of Congress, growing deeply concerned, tried to act as mediators. John Sherman defended the President, pointing out to his irate fellow members that, in all but the unfortunate speech of February 22, Johnson had followed in the footsteps of Lincoln, — a judgment to which, after many years, Sherman returned. But the leaders grew firmer and drew closer together in the face of the blast from the White House. Few threw caution to the winds as Stevens did, when, in his second set speech of the session, he met the President's coarse assault with ridicule hardly more elevated, but infinitely more effective; but they pressed the Civil Rights Bill to its passage, and they took high-handed measures to secure a two-thirds majority in the Senate.

The second of the two bills which had issued from the Senate Judiciary Committee on January 11 was the first attempt by the Federal government to establish a citizenship of the United States. It declared all persons born in the United States, and not subjects of any foreign jurisdiction, excluding Indians not taxed, to be citizens, and therefore entitled to the same civil rights, and subject only to the same penalties, with all other citizens; privileged to sue and be sued, to give

evidence in the courts, to acquire, hold, and convey property, to make and enforce contracts. To deprive any such inhabitant of such rights, even under color of state law or usage, was made a felony. For the machinery with which to enforce these provisions the committee, by a clever inspiration, had gone to the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850.

The debate in both houses turned largely on the right of Congress to confer citizenship. The opposition contended that the privilege belonged exclusively to the states, which had always exercised it. The supporters of the bill found a doubtful precedent in the case of the inhabitants of Louisiana and of the territory acquired from Mexico, and of certain Indians, whom the general government had made citizens by treaty. Shellabarger called the raising of the freedmen to citizenship "naturalization." Wilson of Iowa, House manager of the bill, justified it by a new doctrine, to which, a few years later, the Supreme Court, in adjudicating a different question, gave its adhesion. "I assert," he said, "that we possess the power to do those things that governments are organized to do." The enforcing clauses came in for a different set of objections. Hendricks, in the Senate, moved without success to strike out one which empowered the President to use the land and naval forces in executing the act. Bingham and others protested in vain against the penal clause, which would make a felon of a state judge for merely obeying the Constitution or the laws of his own state, if these should discriminate against negroes. Save for a verbal alteration to make it clear that "civil rights" did not include the suffrage, the bill passed both houses, substantially unchanged.

Trumbull afterwards declared that up to the time of its passage he had no fear of its being vetoed. Before introducing it, he had submitted it to the President, asking him to state whatever objections he might have to it, and Johnson had offered none. Nevertheless, the rumor of a sec-

ond veto was soon in the air, and the leaders of Congress hastened their preparations to override it. If they could not win over enough of the waverers, there were two other ways of gaining votes in the Senate: to admit new states into the Union, and to unseat Democrats. They tried both.

In 1864, the voters of the territory of Colorado had rejected a constitution regularly submitted to them under an enabling act; but the next summer, without any authority from Congress, they held a convention, framed a new constitution, ratified it by a narrow majority, and elected a legislature, which in turn chose two Republican Senators. A bill to admit the territory to statehood, introduced earlier in the session, was now taken up and pressed in the Senate; but Sumner, much as he desired the two additional votes, which, it was presumed, would be cast against the President, could not stomach the word "white" in the suffrage clause of the constitution. He opposed the bill fiercely. It was defeated, and the project was put aside for a time, while the Senate majority turned to the second expedient, which did not require the concurrence of the House or the approval of the President.

The Democratic Senator whose title to his seat seemed most vulnerable was Richard Stockton of New Jersey, who had succeeded Ten Eyck, a Republican, in December. In the legislature which elected him, the Democrats had a majority of five in the Senate, while the House was evenly divided; and for a time, although Stockton had received the nomination of his party caucus, nine Democrats refused to vote for him. During the deadlock, the joint assembly of the two houses, which the state constitution recognized as "the legislature in joint meeting," changed its rules, under which a majority of the votes cast had been sufficient to elect, so as to require a majority of the entire membership of both houses. At a later meeting, however, the rules were again changed, to permit a plurality to elect; and this

step many Republicans favored, thinking that their candidate would have more votes than Stockton, until they perceived that Stockton's friends were voting for it. On the ballot that followed, Stockton received a plurality, but not a majority. He was declared elected, and no question of the validity of his election was raised in the joint meeting or in either of the houses. But after his admission to the Senate a protest was presented, signed by all the Republicans in the legislature. The Senate Judiciary Committee, strongly Republican, considered the case, and Trumbull reported a resolution declaring Stockton entitled to his seat. The report was signed by every member of the Committee except Clark of New Hampshire, and he at the time made no minority report. But on March 22, while the President had the Civil Rights Bill under consideration, New Jersey having in the meantime chosen a new legislature, in which the Republicans had a majority, Clark called up the resolution and moved a substitute which would unseat Stockton.

In the debate that followed, Fessenden made an acute legal argument against Stockton's claim, on the ground that it requires a distinct "legislative act," impossible otherwise than by consent of a majority of both houses of a legislature, to elect a Senator. But Hendricks found ample law and usage to sustain the right of the majority in the joint session of the New Jersey legislature to validate beforehand an election by a plurality. It is impossible to believe that a mere change of mind about the law of the case had moved the Senate to reconsider its practical acquiescence in Stockton's claim. Sumner, who did not stickle over points of legality in a fight for principle, doubtless expressed correctly the feeling of many Republicans by quoting from Hoyle, "When in doubt, take the trick."

Wright, Stockton's colleague, and a Democrat, was ill at Trenton; Foote of Vermont, a Republican, lay at the point of death; Dixon, a Johnson-Republican,

completed the list of absentees from illness. Morrill of Maine was paired with Wright, and a count of heads showed that without his vote Clark's motion would be beaten. The Republican leaders pressed Morrill to free himself from the pair, and he warned Stockton that after allowing Wright a reasonable time to get to Washington he would feel at liberty to vote. Wright, receiving this word from Stockton, telegraphed back that he could not come to Washington for some days, and that he trusted Morrill, from whom he had received no direct communication, would respect the agreement.

The question being put on Clark's motion, Morrill did keep his word, and the motion was lost. The roll was then called on the original resolution seating Stockton, and the vote stood twenty-one to twenty, Morrill and Stockton not voting. Senators gathered about the perplexed and unhappy Morrill, and urged him to vote. Cries of "Vote! vote!" came from all parts of the chamber, Sumner's voice rising hoarsely above the others. Morrill yielded, asked that his name be called, and voted, making a tie. Instantly, amid intense excitement, Stockton was on his feet, read the telegram from Wright, demanded that his name be called, and voted aye. The President *pro tempore* declared the resolution passed.

But on Monday, the 26th, Sumner offered a resolution that Stockton had no right to vote in his own case. It appearing that this was the sense of the Senate, Stockton consented to withdraw his vote. On the 27th, the case was reconsidered.

Morrill, finding his situation unbearable, had made another pair and vanished. Stewart, one of the waverers, had also disappeared. Wright telegraphed that if the Senate would postpone the division three days he would be present. But the New Jersey legislature, having finished its ordinary business, was waiting to elect a Senator so soon as it should get word of a vacancy. The veto of the Civil Rights Bill lay on the table. "Dis-

ease," said Sumner, "has made a pair between the absent Senator from New Jersey and the absent Senator from Vermont," — forgetting that disease had neglected to secure a pair for Dixon. The Senate would not wait. By a majority of one vote, Stockton was unseated. Another telegram from Wright, promising to be present the next day, being read, and a Democrat changing his vote in order to be able to move a reconsideration, Clark himself moved to reconsider, the motion was voted down, and the case thus finally disposed of.

Stockton's successor, however, did not appear at once, as had been planned. One Scovel, president of the New Jersey Senate, in which he had the casting vote, went over to Johnson, — lured, it was charged, with the control of the Federal patronage of the state, — and would not permit the chamber to meet in joint session with the House of Representatives. Stockton's chair remained vacant to the end of the session. But the day after he was unseated Foote died, and on April 6, the second day of the debate over the veto of the Civil Rights Bill, his successor, George F. Edmunds, appeared. Meanwhile, Stewart had practically abandoned his independent stand.

In the veto message, Johnson returned to the dignity which he had so fatally abandoned in his speech to the mob. Such legislation, he once more observed, ought not to be passed while the eleven states which it particularly affected were without voice in Congress. He gravely questioned the wisdom of granting citizenship at once to four million people who but yesterday were slaves. He could see no reason why it was necessary to make them citizens in order to endow them with civil rights, when thousands of foreign-born Americans enjoyed civil rights without citizenship. Surely, there was the same need of a period of probation in the one case as in the other. Nor could he find for the measure any warrant in the Constitution. If Congress could annul state laws which discriminated between whites

and blacks in the ways mentioned in the bill, why could it not annul those which prohibited intermarriage between whites and blacks? He objected particularly to the penalizing of state officials for obeying the laws of their states, and to the unwise transfer of jurisdiction from state courts to Federal courts. He disagreed entirely with Congress as to the scope of the second clause of the Thirteenth Amendment, holding that it would apply only if an attempt to revive slavery were made. On the ground of policy, he again protested that Congress would wrong both races in the South if it persisted in thrusting between them men whose interest it would be to foment strife. Yet he stood ready, he declared, to defend the freedmen, and to coöperate with Congress in defending them, against any attempt to deprive them of their liberty.

Trumbull, meeting the President on the plane of statesmanship, answered well his Constitutional objections, and then, descending lower, made an apt *ad captandum* quotation from a speech in which Johnson, as Senator, had protested against a veto of President Buchanan. Reverdy Johnson and Cowan followed in defense of the veto. But the time when serious argument would count with the Senate was past. The President had set himself against the will of Congress. He had again refused to yield when he might have yielded without any surrender of principle. The temper of the legislature rose high against his stubbornness. Senators, instead of listening to the speeches, were studying the rolls and eagerly discussing the probable vote for and against the veto. Wright had at last returned to Washington. If he and Dixon could both attend, there would be sixteen for the veto out of a total of forty-nine, and no one knew how either Morgan of New York or Willey of West Virginia would vote. In order to facilitate the attendance of the two invalids, the Democrats asked that a particular hour the next day be fixed upon for the division. But Wade

passionately exclaimed, "If God Almighty has stricken any member so that he cannot be here to uphold the dictation of a despot, I thank Him for His interposition," — whereupon MacDougal of California, a brilliant but dissipated Senator, whom his fellows had thought hopelessly intoxicated, rose and dramatically compared the God whom Wade had invoked to Ahriman, the evil deity of Persian mythology, whose angels were suffering and disease. The next day, Lane and Wade continued the controversy, one hotly defending Johnson, the other openly accusing him of treachery.

With the putting of the question came the crisis in the longest and fiercest of all the struggles between Congress and the Executive. Wright, pale and ill, was in his seat. Only two seats were empty, — Stockton's and Dixon's. Dixon was close at hand, ready to be carried into the chamber if his vote would save the veto. The suspense lasted to the very end of the roll call. When Morgan voted aye, Senate and galleries broke into applause, quickly subdued into a breathless silence until Willey's name was reached, and he, too, voted aye. The ayes were thirty-three, — one more than a two-thirds majority, even if Dixon should appear. The House, suspending its rules, made shorter work of its share in the business.

Whatever one may think of the wisdom or the righteousness of the course of the majority, one is bound to admire its boldness. Finding the prestige of the Executive greater than it had ever been before, the new Congress had assaulted it as no other Congress ever did. From the beginning of the government only six bills had been passed over the veto, one in Tyler's time, and five in the time of Pierce, and they were all unimportant, routine measures. Never before had Congress enacted a general and deep-reaching law without the President's consent. Nor had any other President ever been humiliated before the country as Johnson was. "He resembleth Jaxon muchly," wrote Nasby, still sighing vain-

ly for the post office at Confedrit X Roads, "in thet Jaxon hed a polisy which he carried out, while our Moses hez a polisy which he can't carry out."

But the execution of the law lay with the President, and even thus early the leaders of the majority began to consider that in order to gain complete control they might have to make use of another power of Congress never used before. If the President remained stubborn, they might have to remove him from office by impeachment. For that drastic course, however, they would again need a two-thirds majority in the Senate, and their margin of one vote was too narrow. April 17, Wilson, who had voted against the bill to admit Colorado, called it up for reconsideration. Sumner still stood firm, attacking not only the suffrage clause of the Constitution, but the legality of the convention that framed it and the election at which it was ratified. "It is whispered," he said candidly, "that you need two more votes on this floor. Sir, there is something you need more than two votes." This time, however, the bill passed. But in neither Senate nor House did it have an impressive majority, and when Johnson sent it back with his third veto of the session, pointing out the injustice of allowing one Representative and two Senators to a dwindling population of perhaps thirty thousand, the Senate took no further action.

A bill to admit Nebraska was also passed, but so near to the end of the session that a pocket veto sufficed to dispose of it. The majority could gain no recruits otherwise than by winning over waverers or members of the opposition.

Nevertheless, Congress went on with the measures it had most at heart. The chief of these was the proposal of an amendment to the Constitution, which in the course of the session underwent many changes.

The original resolution, offered by Stevens on December 5, dealt only with representation in the House, and would have made the number of legal voters

in each state the basis of apportionment. Early in January, Spalding of Ohio proposed to keep population as the basis, but to exclude negroes, except in states that permitted them to vote. Blaine, offering a plan not very different from Spalding's, pointed out that, as the ratio of voters to population varied widely in different states, an apportionment based on voters alone would work much inequality among the states of the North. Conkling followed with two alternative wordings. The Joint Committee, in the draft of an amendment which constituted its first recommendation, stuck to the old basis of population, excluding Indians not taxed and all persons whom any state might disfranchise on account of race or color.

All the plans aimed to deprive the South of representation for the negroes unless it enfranchised them. In 1860, under the old, iniquitous compromise which permitted three-fifths of the slaves to be counted in the apportionment, the eleven states which seceded had elected sixty-one members of the House. Let them count all their negroes, and they would have seventy members. Forbid them to count any negroes, and they would have but forty-five. Early in the discussion, Jenckes of Rhode Island, again logical and far-sighted, pointed out that by requiring some qualification for voters not forbidden by the amendment the South might disfranchise the mass of the negroes and yet escape the penalty. But the majority was not ready, while so many Northern states still declined to let negroes vote, to solve the problem by putting into the Constitution an outright manhood-suffrage provision. Besides, the chances were that such an article would not get the approval of a majority even of the Northern states. Nevertheless, Sumner and a group of radicals were ready for the step. They denounced the committee plan as an infamous compromise, and Sumner discharged against it one great and several lesser orations, full of stately passion and of his peculiarly

violent invective. To pass it, he said, would be to drop a "political obscenity" into the text of the Constitution. Fessenden, in reply, showed a clearer understanding of the actual force and working of the very principles Sumner championed, and ridiculed keenly his labored objurgations and the cloudy indefiniteness of his counter-proposals. Stevens, also, who stood in no awe of Sumner, thought his objections "puerile and pedantic." But Sumner carried with him enough Republicans to keep the majority in the Senate far below two-thirds, and the amendment therefore failed.

This was between the first two vetoes. On April 30, three days after the final passage of the Civil Rights Bill, the Joint Committee submitted, as its scheme of Reconstruction, three measures: the constitutional amendment changed and enlarged; a bill giving to the eleven waiting Southern commonwealths the hope that, if they ratified the amendment, and the same should become a part of the Constitution, they would be restored to their places in the Union; and a bill to disqualify for Federal offices all who had held high places under the Confederacy and all who had maltreated captured Union soldiers.

The amendment now had five sections. The first took under Federal protection the privileges and immunities of citizenship. The second dealt with the basis of representation, providing that if any state disfranchised any class of its citizens its representation in the House should be reduced in the proportion the number of disfranchised males of voting age bore to all other males of voting age. The third withheld, until 1870, from all who had voluntarily adhered to the insurrection, the right to vote in Federal elections. The fourth forbade the payment by either the national or the state governments of any part of the Confederate debt. The fifth empowered Congress to enforce the other four by "appropriate legislation."

When the committee submitted its programme, its chairman was ill, and the report that should have accompanied the

three measures did not appear until the middle of June. Written by Fessenden, it was a good statement of a view and policy midway between the inclination of the more moderate Republicans opposed to the President and the desire of men like Sumner. Granting, as a "profitless abstraction," the contention that the rebellious states had never been out of the Union, the committee held that the insurgents "had destroyed their state constitutions in respect to the vital principles which connected their states with the Union and secured their federal relations," — to which difficult version of what had happened the minority replied by asking what practical difference it made whether these states had rightfully seceded or had ceased to be states by the illegal conduct of their citizens. When the majority denied the President any warrant in the Constitution for his course, it spoke more convincingly than when it tried to find there any clear sanction for its own specific recommendations. It was most convincing when it appealed to common sense. If — it contended — these eleven states had lost none of their rights by the attempt at secession, and were now allowed full representation for all the blacks, "then is the government of the United States powerless for its own protection, and flagrant rebellion, carried to the extreme of civil war, is a pastime which any state may play at, not only certain it can lose nothing in any case, but may even be the gainer by defeat."

In the House, where the enlarged amendment was first considered, no serious change was made in any section. But when it emerged from the Senate's critical scrutiny it was sweepingly altered. The first section now contained the essential provisions of the Civil Rights Bill. The second was differently and more carefully worded. The third obviated the necessity of passing the first of the Joint Committee's accompanying bills, for, instead of disfranchising all Confederates until 1870, it disqualified for office all who, having once taken an office-

holder's oath to support the Constitution, had afterwards joined in the insurrection. Congress was, however, empowered to remove by a two-thirds vote of both houses the disabilities thus incurred. The fourth section, besides forbidding the payment of any Confederate debt, forbade the questioning the validity of any part of the national debt. Only the fifth section remained as it had been. Democrats, and some Republicans as well, objected strongly to the third section as an invasion of the President's power to grant pardons, as even voiding the pardons he had already granted; while others questioned the wisdom of forbidding the Southern people to choose their natural leaders to office. Reyerdy Johnson truthfully observed that the clause disqualified "nine tenths of the gentlemen of the South." On the other hand, the radical Republicans were still discontent with the first section because it permitted the withholding of the ballot from negroes. But the more moderate Republicans, led by Fessenden and Trumbull, still had control. The amendment in its final form received the approval of three fourths of the Senate, even Sumner consenting, and on June 13 the House, concurring in all the Senate's amendments, sent it to the states for their approval.

It was the intention of the Joint Committee to offer the amendment to the eleven waiting Southern states as the sole condition of their restoration to the Union; but the bill which conveyed the promise of restoration was never passed. Instead, Congress ended the labors of its first session on Reconstruction by passing over Johnson's fourth veto a Freedmen's Bureau bill, to hold for but two years, and differing in several other provisions from the one that had failed.

It is doubtful, however, if the clearest of promises of restoration to the Union would have induced any but one of the eleven waiting commonwealths to accept the plan of Congress. In Tennessee, it is true, the party in control, composed of men who had always been out of sympa-

thy with the mass of the Southern people, welcomed it eagerly. Brownlow, the governor, had already abandoned Johnson as a traitor, and allied himself with the most radical faction of the Republicans in Congress. He at once called the legislature together. The opponents of ratification in the House of Representatives tried to prevent action by staying away and breaking a quorum, but two of the recalcitrants were seized by the Sergeant-at-Arms, dragged into a room adjoining the Representatives' Hall, and counted as present but not voting. The amendment being in this fashion approved, Brownlow telegraphed the Secretary of the Senate at Washington that Tennessee had ratified, and begged to present his respects to "the dead dog in the White House." Congress, thereupon, in a resolution with a long preamble, declared Tennessee entitled to representation. Johnson signed the resolution, but in a special message refused to endorse the language of the preamble, denying that his own state needed to be "readmitted" into the Union. As it happened, both the Representatives and the two Senators from Tennessee, who had been waiting so long in Washington, were evenly divided between the support of the President and of his opponents. The Senate hesitated over the case of one of the Senators, who was Johnson's son-in-law; but all were permitted to take their seats before Congress adjourned.

It is easy now to see that the other ten states would have been wise to follow Tennessee's lead. After admitting Tennessee, Congress would, no doubt, have hesitated to dishonor the claims of the others based on a like compliance with its will. But it is unjust to represent the others as insanely and wickedly rejecting reasonable terms, accompanied by a promise of restoration, and thus forcing Congress to make the terms much harder. Inability to read the future is not madness, nor is it a crime for the conquered to try to profit by a division among the conquerors. Following the debates in

Congress, one easily loses sight of the actual state of the people of the South; one does not see the situation with their eyes. Having complied with the terms of peace held out to them by one department of the national government, and finding themselves in bad enough case as it was, they saw neither mercy nor justice in the attempt of another department to impose on them other and harder conditions. On the contrary, they saw in it only hatred and revenge. It would have been remarkable indeed, if, as between Congress and the President, they had not taken sides with the President. When Northern men as astute as Seward, as devoted to human rights as Andrew and Beecher, could see their way to follow Johnson, Southern men, struggling desperately to gain their feet after an immeasurable disaster, humiliated by military rule, exasperated by the peering and intrusive agents of the Treasury and the Freedmen's Bureau, and catching from his words and acts the first gleam of the hope of deliverance, would have been wise and self-restrained beyond human nature if they had not trusted him rather than his assailants. Moreover, it is again necessary to remember that the radicals, so far from being driven to severity by the obstinacy either of Johnson or of the South, had favored severity from the first, and now probably welcomed an opportunity to go before the country with the claim that moderation had been tried in vain.

Nor had Johnson, by any sign of weakening, given the South an excuse for deserting him. A week after the passage of the Civil Rights Bill over his veto, he proclaimed the insurrection at an end. A fortnight later, addressing a delegation of soldiers and sailors, he hurled another defiance at the radicals. "The President," wrote Sumner, on April 3, "is angry and brutal." Vetoing the second Freedmen's Bureau Bill of the session, he announced that he would faithfully execute the Civil Rights Act while it remained the law, but he stuck firmly to all his old

contentions. Having no opportunity to oppose the Fourteenth Amendment, he nevertheless, in a special message, protested against any attempt to alter the Constitution while eleven states had no voice in Congress. He had fallen into Tyler's error, and believed that he could either build up a new party or reinvigorate and lead to victory the old party to which he had once belonged. Unshaken by his defeats at the hands of Congress, he faced without shrinking disaffection in his own political household. Four of the seven members of the Cabinet had disagreed with him about the Civil Rights Bill, but their opposition had counted as nothing. First Dennison and Harlan, and then Speed, resigned, and he filled their places with men who accepted his views. Stanton, though he sided with Congress, and was in the closest touch with men who were daily assailing his chief, kept his place in the Cabinet. The little that can be learned of his motives indicates that a peculiar sense of responsibility outweighed in his mind considerations of honor and of loyalty that would have controlled almost any other public man in his position. McCulloch, who condemned Stanton for not resigning, held Johnson guilty of a culpable want of spirit in retaining him. The relations of the two soon became difficult in the extreme, yet Johnson kept his disloyal adviser until Congress had passed a law to take away the President's power of removal, — and then removed him.

Congress adjourned on July 28, and at last the issue between the two plans of Reconstruction, and with it the issue between the legislature and the executive, went to the country. The President asked the people of the North, by their choice of representatives in the next Congress, not only to accept "my policy," but to restore him the share in legislation of which Congress had virtually deprived him. The majority in Congress asked not merely for approval of the measures it had passed, but for complete control. To win its fight, it must retain a two-thirds majority in

both houses. Should the Democrats and Johnson-Republicans united carry one third of the Congress districts, or enough state legislatures to give them one third of the Senate, the President, though still unable to get the ten Southern commonwealths restored to the Union, could hold Congress at bay with the veto, he would continue, by his merely executive authority, to control the actual course of affairs in the South, and he might, by the immense patronage at his disposal, gradually win over enough of the weaker-hearted and the venal among his opponents to bend Congress to his will. Time would be fighting on his side. The North's bitterness would gradually lessen, as would its fears, and its ardor of sympathy with the freedmen would cool. True, the Thirty-Ninth Congress might, at its short second session, go on passing bills over the veto; but a rebuke at the polls would doubtless make an end of that extraordinary method of legislation. Had Johnson known how to keep the South on its good behavior, to reassure the hesitators in the North, to inspire confidence among his supporters, to throw Congress on the defensive, and yet avoid, on his own part, all appearance of aggression, — in a word, had he possessed Lincoln's skill with public opinion, — he might still have saved the cause he had at heart, and perhaps in a measure reestablished his own sadly damaged prestige. But by a series of mishaps and blunders he quickly lost whatever advantage he had in this peculiar contest.

Two days after the adjournment of Congress, there occurred at New Orleans the most sanguinary of all those "Southern outrages" which filled Northern papers for years after the war. The trouble, it afterwards appeared, had grown out of an extraordinary move of a group of radicals in Louisiana, not improbably inspired from Washington. An attempt had been made to resurrect the convention which had met and adjourned in 1864, in order that it might now enfranchise the freedmen. A procession of negroes, on

its way to the convention hall, was set upon by a crowd of whites, who later invaded the hall itself, led by the police, and violently dispersed the convention. The reassembling of that body after two years was a preposterous proceeding, instituted by men who hoped, once they could get an ordinance permitting negroes to vote, to overthrow the existing state government and take control themselves, relying on Congress to sustain them. But Northern people were not disposed to consider explanations and excuses when they learned that the mob and the police had shot down one hundred and fifty-six negroes and twenty white men concerned in the movement, and that both the mob and the police force were made up chiefly of Confederate veterans. The whole affair looked more like a massacre than a riot, and seemed a confirmation of the stories of brutality and injustice to negroes which Sumner and others had for months been spreading before the country. True or false, the accounts of this and other riots in the South proved excellent material for the campaign against the President and his policy.

They went far, no doubt, to counteract the opening move of his friends, — a "National Union" convention, held at Philadelphia in mid-August. In this gathering, the first of four great conventions which marked the unusual character of the canvass, Democrats and Republicans, soldiers of the North and soldiers of the South, mingled in a harmony at which the partisans of Congress jeered, to celebrate a reconciliation of the sections which was likewise ridiculed as premature, precipitate, and insincere. The spectacle of the delegates from the North and the South, Massachusetts and South Carolina in the lead, marching down the aisle in pairs, signified much in which all Americans could rejoice; but to the other side it suggested a nickname for the assemblage, — "the arm-in-arm convention," — and a ludicrous comparison with the procession of animals into Noah's

Ark. The proceedings were, in fact, dignified; the resolutions and the address to the country were excellent. But the convention committed a blunder when it appointed a committee, representing all the states, to wait upon the President. He took the occasion to make a brief but utterly infelicitous speech. Every sentence in it was an indiscretion, but the worst impropriety was a plain implication that, so long as ten states were excluded from representation at the Capitol, he questioned whether the body recently in session there had any right to call itself the Congress. Some even interpreted his words as a threat that he might refuse to recognize Congress as it was constituted, and set up in its stead a body composed of the claimants from the ten excluded states and such Representatives and Senators from other states as might be willing to unite with them.

A fortnight after the National Union convention adjourned, a convention of "Southern Loyalists" assembled at Philadelphia, and was welcomed there by a convention of Northern Republicans. The first assemblage represented but a small part of the white population of the Southern States. Its most striking figure was "Parson" Brownlow, trembling with a palsy, but implacable as ever in his hatred of the Southern Bourbons, and surpassing all rivals in the fierceness of his invective against Johnson. Speed, in the principal speech of the meeting, also made a dramatic attack upon "the tyrant in the White House," of whose cabinet he had so recently been a member. The convention appealed to the North to protect the loyal men of the South against the President and the unsubdued rebels into whose hands he had delivered them. Instead of punishing traitors, as he had promised, he had, it was declared, established them in power, deserting and ostracizing the faithful adherents of the Union, of whom more than one thousand had been murdered in cold blood since the surrender of Lee. In the Northern convention sat an impressive

array of governors, Senators, and other Republican leaders, among them Senator Morgan of New York and Morton, the war governor of Indiana, who had both for a time supported Johnson. There followed two gatherings of men who had fought for the Union, a Johnson convention at Cleveland, made up chiefly of Democrats, but attended by some Republicans of national reputation, and a larger and doubtless more representative convention, opposed to the President's policy, at Pittsburgh, in which the moving spirit was General B. F. Butler, who thus began, as a violently partisan Republican, a fresh chapter in a career unparalleled for the number and completeness of its political tergiversations. Meanwhile, in every Congressional district in the Northern and the Border states, the contest was waged with a warmth and an intensity of interest surpassing that of most years when a President, as well as a Congress, is to be chosen.

Nor had Johnson, for his part, been idle. The adjournment of Congress had been the signal for a wholesale removal of office-holders known to oppose his policy. "At last, I hev it," wrote Nasby, early in August; "finally it come." And whenever thereafter he was tempted to doubt the greatness of Andrew Johnson he needed but to cast a glance at his commission as postmaster at Confedrit X Roads. During the campaign, more than twelve hundred Republican postmasters — many of them, as Republican newspapers did not fail to note, maimed veterans of the Union — lost their official heads. In this, Johnson did not exceed the license allowed him by the laws of political warfare recognized by his generation. He did, however, soon egregiously violate the well-established usage which forbids a President to engage in ordinary electioneering, and thereby contributed to the canvass its most extraordinary feature.

At the end of August, he left Washington on what was announced as a pilgrimage to attend the laying of the corner-

stone of a monument to Stephen A. Douglas at Chicago, but which he converted into a stumping tour after the fashion of his earlier wrestlings with public opinion in Tennessee. Newspapers humorists, seizing on a phrase of his own, called it a "swinging round the circle." Severer critics called it a disgraceful orgy. All accounts of the campaign agree that for the damage it did the cause it was intended to advance, it surpassed all the efforts of his adversaries.

Seward, Welles, Randall, the new postmaster-general, and General Grant and Admiral Farragut were of the President's party. Stanton, though invited, had refused to go. Besides Chicago, the itinerary included Philadelphia, New York, Albany, Buffalo, Cleveland, St. Louis, and Indianapolis, with pauses for speech-making at many smaller places. Wherever opportunity offered, Johnson spoke, and wherever he spoke he dismayed his friends and delighted his enemies. From egoistic defense of his own acts and motives to personal abuse of his opponents, from tiresomely iterated allusions to "my policy" to utterly undignified controversies with individuals in his audiences, he ran the entire gamut of bad taste, bad judgment, and bad temper in public speech. At Cleveland, where many thought him intoxicated, a crowd he was addressing from a hotel balcony baited him with cries of "How about New Orleans?" "Hang Jeff Davis!" "Traitor!" "Three cheers for Congress!" and the like, to which he responded with equal coarseness. His conduct at St. Louis was even more discreditable, and at Indianapolis the mob actually hooted him into silence. The presence of Grant, whom he had, in fact, forced to accompany him, so far from placating public sentiment, proved a cardinal blunder. "'Grant!' 'Grant!' they yelled," wrote Nasby, describing one of the meetings, "and the more the President showed hisself, the more they yelled 'Grant!'" And again: "The train was off amid loud shouts of 'Grant!' 'Grant!' to wich the President

responded by wavin' his hat." The pen of Nasby and the pencil of Nast, unsparingly as they portrayed the ludicrous and humiliating failure of the tour, hardly exaggerated the effect of it on the public mind. The disgust of the country with a President who had so little sense of the demeanor his great office required of him was immeasurable. That the North should deny its confidence to a man so incapable of self-control was not unreasonable, and may not have been unjust. But the distrust and dislike of the President extended to all who stood with him and to all that he and they stood for. Seward never recovered while he lived the popularity he lost by his part in the business. A heightening impatience with the South displayed itself in various signs of a growth of the sentiment in favor of forcing the grant of suffrage to the freedmen. The President's hope of forming a new party swiftly evaporated. He was left alone with the Democrats and a handful of Republicans who could not desert him without self-stultification, while within the Republican party the drift was unmistakably toward the radical leaders and programme.

Maine and Vermont, the two "September states," both went heavily Republican. After the second Tuesday in October, when Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and Iowa, the four "October states," all likewise gave majorities against the Democratic and Johnson-Republican candidates, no one could be in doubt of the outcome. In November, such of the former Confederate states as held any elections went Democratic, as did Maryland, Delaware, and Kentucky; but the entire North, with West Virginia and Missouri, voted an approval of Congress and a rebuke to the President. Republicans opposed to "my policy" carried one hundred and forty-three out of one hundred and ninety-two seats in the House of Representatives, and it was seen that they would have a safe two-thirds majority in the Senate.

The verdict was as decisive as the issue

had been clear. The North declined, as Congress had declined, to ratify the terms which Lincoln and Johnson had offered to the South. As the South, on the other hand, Tennessee apart, had refused to comply with the conditions imposed by Congress, — a course which Johnson, even after the election, stubbornly continued to advise, — nothing hindered Congress at its second session from undoing all the two presidents had done and beginning afresh with the entire problem. The two men to whom the election brought the fullest sense of triumph were, therefore, not Fessenden and Trumbull, the chief sponsors for the acts of the first session, but Sumner and Stevens.

Once more, in the long wrestling of the nation with the burden of the fate of the African, the spirit of Abolitionism, the spirit of "thorough," was to prevail over the spirit of moderation and compromise. The South lay at the mercy of the radical Republicans in Congress, — men who could find no remedy for the injustices of her social system short of giving the political power into the hands of an ignorant horde of newly-freed slaves. It is no wonder that at the prospect the Southern people sank into dejection even deeper than that which had followed Appomattox. They had known for a year the hope deferred that maketh the heart sick, and now came that hope's denial. The failure of the year's crops added immediate distress to the gloom of the outlook.

But in the illogical and confusing course of human affairs we may sometimes note curiously coincidental balancing of forces, pairing of tendencies, parallelisms of trains of events. During the summer and autumn of 1865, while the white South watched the overthrow of its blundering champion, and the black South saw the day swiftly approaching when the "bottom rail" should be "on top," the negroes of a certain neighborhood in Tennessee — a state in which the whites of the ruling class already endured, under

Brownlow, such contumelies as were in store for their brethren in other states — began to be troubled with apparitions. By the time the Thirty-Ninth Congress had assembled and set to work on the measures that should make an end of all inequality between the races, the area of these ghostly visitations had greatly widened. Strange stories began to be

circulated among the blacks about a new kind of ghouls or demons called "Ku Klux." Before the day came when political power was reft from the white citizens of all the states from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, the more dauntlessly masterful among them, meeting force with guile, had already found refuge in an invisible empire.

THE LODGE

BY CHARLES MOREAU HARGER

ENTER in the late evening a country town or a small city. Street lamps have become dim; store fronts are dark; the windows of the fifteen-cent restaurants are faintly outlined; here and there a weary horse whinnies in longing for its stable. It is a picture of lonesomeness, save for one inevitable bright spot. Over a stairway leading to a second story hall shines a triangular transparency sending its gleam far into the night. On its painted glass sides facing the main thoroughfares are pictured two hands clasped in token of brotherhood, and this message greets you: "Hiram Chapter No. 673, A. O. of T. K. Meets Wednesday evening. Visitors welcome."

If you possess the sign and password, and seek entrance to the haven of the followers of Trustful Knighthood, you will find gathered there above the hardware store most of the men of the village who do things. Doctors, lawyers, politicians, laborers, editors, teachers, farmers, railroad agents, are engaged in the exciting diversion of "work in the second degree," or are debating earnestly with keen argument the "good of the order," which may be almost anything from the fining of an absent-minded brother who at the last meeting wore home his official decorations, to a protest against an increase in the lodge dues.

If you wait long enough, there may come "an alarm at the door," and with much solemnity the outside watchman (a bank cashier) will inform the inside watchman (a lumberman), who will inform the Exalted Worthy Patron (a carpenter), that the members of the ladies' auxiliary of the Ancient Order of Trustful Knights are without, and the Exalted Worthy Patron will declare the lodge closed and the visitors given entrance. Headed by the Exalted Worthy Matron (the wife of the dry-goods merchant), the auxiliary will bring in baskets of sandwiches, pots of steaming coffee, and heaps of doughnuts and apples. The whole company will resolve itself into a merry social gathering; dancing will follow the feast; and when the Exalted Worthy Scribe sends a report to the lodge paper he will say that "all went home in the wee sma' hours, feeling that a good time had been had."

The lodge has become the social focus of many a town. It is so to a greater degree, perhaps, in the West than in the East. On the plains distances between population centres are greater; the ties of old family acquaintance are lacking; the fraternal order is the one thing that knows no barrier of wealth or position. The fact that many of the orders admit men and women to their membership on

the same terms adds to the strength of the social claim, — it also brings about odd situations.

"I am going down town to-night," remarked a country town banker one evening to his wife. "The lodge meets this evening."

"That will leave me alone," was the response, "for Anna" (their one servant) "is going to lodge, too."

"Yes," agreed the husband. "We belong to the same lodge."

This very equality brings about a comradeship that in the newer communities makes easier the ways of life. You have an employee in your office or store. He works with his coat off, and through the day you consider him but little. You do not ask his opinion nor defer to his judgment. But on lodge night, when you enter the portals, — a lodge door, though it may admit only to the second floor of an unpainted frame building, is always a "portal," — you make your obeisance and mystic signs before a dignified potentate in robes of red and yellow whom you recognize as your employee.

You are surprised to see that he is completely master of the situation. To be sure, most of his work is written down in the ritual, but he rises to the occasion; and if you would sit in his place you must serve a long apprenticeship through the "chairs" until you are worthy. He gains thus a training, not possible elsewhere, in dealing with men. Somehow you have a greater respect for him the next day; he holds himself a little straighter. The democracy that politics does not give, that the church scarcely accomplishes to the same degree, comes through the mutual knowledge of the secret work of a fraternal order to whose tenets both have sworn allegiance.

What the old-fashioned "literary" or lyceum did in making its attendants ready debaters, capable of thinking on their feet, the lodge does in these days. The many matters of more or less moment that come before the order, the certainty of diversity of views, insure to

all an opportunity for taking part in free-and-easy discussion under parliamentary rules. It is a school not to be despised, and for many it is the only one in which can be acquired this sort of knowledge.

Versatility is engendered by the rivalry of orders, and it is natural for the leader in one to take a commanding place in the management of others, for a broad similarity runs through the lodge ritualism, and there is a temptation to shine in many ceremonies that becomes often almost a passion. In every town are "joiners," who pride themselves on their many degrees and their multitude of grips and signs.

The candidate for a county office in a Western community who cannot wear a half-dozen different lodge pins on his waistcoat feels handicapped. The traveler who does not display on his lapel some fanciful design of dagger, scimitar, or battle-axe is a rarity. The book agent comes into your office and gives you the hailing signal before asking your subscription for a new-fangled encyclopædia in twenty-two volumes. The fellow passenger in the smoking-room of the Pullman glances meaningly at your emblem, which matches his own, and with "Where do you belong?" begins a friendly conversation.

Sometimes the recognition is merely preliminary to working a graft; sometimes the conductor is besought to pass the ticketless traveler because of a claim of brotherhood in the order, — but this is rare. The great mass of the lodge members hold their fraternal relations higher, and condemn the one who trades on knowledge thus obtained. It is a vast-knit sympathy that has grown to proportions unrealized save by those who know the people in the smaller communities and understand the comprehensiveness of the lodge membership network.

Take a typical Western town, a county-seat community of 4000 population, whose directory, issued a few months ago, lies before me. It has sixteen churches, with a membership of about 1500. But

there are twenty-eight lodges, with a membership of 2400. There is, however, this difference: a person may belong to many lodges; he can join but one church. The lodges are in no sense rivals of the sanctuary; they inculcate similar principles of manliness and good citizenship and morality, but they do not undertake the regenerative work that is the province of the church. Yet many sects consider the lodge antagonistic to their ideals, and refuse to allow their members the privilege of belonging to secret orders.

In the minds of some the accomplishments of church and lodge are confused, perhaps naturally so. I remember an instance: a farmer living on a rather lonely road became ill, and after some weeks died, leaving his family with a mortgaged bit of land, many debts, barely furniture enough for its daily needs and a life insurance benefit due from one of the fraternal orders. An evangelist holding meetings in the neighboring schoolhouse, accompanied by two of his elders, came to the widow.

"It is unfortunate that your husband did not belong to the church instead of to the lodge," said the preacher.

The widow, loyal to her husband, and remembering the bitterness of long days of suffering and poverty, resented the insinuation.

"No, it is not," she declared. "We have lived in this neighborhood two years, but not an elder of the church came to help us when he was sick or offered me help when he was gone. The members of the lodge came here two at a time and stayed with him every night; they brought to me and the children things we needed, and they have paid me two thousand dollars, every cent I have in the world, and which will give me a little start to make a home for the children. I am glad he belonged to the lodge."

While she was perhaps not clear as to the ethics of the situation, and overlooked the business basis of the fraternal order, her view is shared by tens of thousands to whom the material welfare brought by

the union of forces in secret affiliations brings a frank admiration of the outward expression of fraternity, shown in the friendliness engendered by association within lodge-room walls.

Indeed, the question often arises, might not some of the methods that make lodges successful be adapted to the needs of the church, to bring the material advantages of coöperation closer home to the members, holding them with firmer grasp? Even in orders that have no business basis, existing solely as promoters of the benefits of fraternity and for the care of those members to whom come affliction or penury, there is a loyalty that any church might envy. The privilege of fellowship is a strong incentive to every member to lead an upright life, — for not only is any other course certain to bring upon him the reprobation of his lodge brothers, but, if continued, it will end in disgraceful expulsion.

Assessment life insurance is the foundation of the larger number of fraternal orders. Be the members called knights, pilgrims, workmen, foresters, or patricians, they are engaged merely in a business venture, paying at given periods certain assessments to meet death claims as brother after brother is called away. The report of a "congress" of fraternal orders gives some startling statistics. For instance, ten years ago there were thirty-four societies in the organization; now there are over sixty. The insurance represented by the outstanding certificates is almost \$5,600,000,000; the annual distribution of benefits \$55,000,000. This is but one combination of orders. Another has as large a membership, and many orders are outside of both. Fraternal insurance includes something like one third of all that is written in this country, and at a cost not one twentieth of that necessary in the management of old-line companies, because it is so largely a free-will offering of time and effort on the part of the men and women in the union of coöperation.

Does the membership of the Trustful

Knights show sign of lethargy, there comes an immediate response to the crisis. On some meeting night two brothers, standing at opposite stations in the hall, choose sides until the entire membership is divided into rival parties. Then begins a campaign for new members, and the community is ransacked for available material. A deputy from the grand lodge may assist in the work, utilizing his well-trained arts of persuasion and argument. Each member receives credit for the application cards on which his name is found, and a prize of worth is awarded to the one having the largest number of candidates on his record.

But the real fun comes when the harvest is ended and all the innocent joiners have been ridden on the lodge goat. Then it is that the Exalted Worthy Patron decides which group has made the greatest gains for the order, and assesses as the penalty of the opposition the furnishing of an oyster supper for the whole lodge. The entire gathering is at once transformed into a social company, wives and daughters and sweethearts appear, and there is merry-making long after the lamp in the triangular sign above the hallway has flickered and gone out.

What can stand against such effort as that? While such is the sentiment of sociability and loyalty, how can there come an end to the lodge as a typical American institution? Little wonder that it exerts so strong an influence. Here and there come failures because the assessments are not sufficient to meet the obligations, but new orders are all the time arising, and the spirit of the lodge survives with increasing strength.

While the death benefit to be received from a single order seldom exceeds \$3000, hence making it the insurance of the moderately well-to-do, the multi-membership of the average citizen gives him a full complement of protection. Sagacious business men are found who carry large amounts of fraternal insurance, believing that in the end they are gainers over those who invest in old-line policies. Others

make a judicious combination of both kinds, and so are preparing for their families along more than one line, as well as acquiring the social benefits that accrue from the possession of many secret signs and passwords.

A story is told of the most conspicuous joiner in a thriving Western city noted for its many lodge members. Indeed, it is said that everybody belongs to at least one lodge and nearly everybody to two or three. Recently a new family came to town, and located just across the street from the past master of all the organizations. One day, a week later, he caught the five-year-old son of the neighbor as the lad was passing, and with a few preliminary remarks led up to:—

"Say, my boy, is your father a Mason?"

"No, sir," was the sharp reply.

"Probably, then, he is an Odd Fellow?"

"No, sir, he ain't."

"Knight of Pythias? Woodman? Workman? Pyramid? Forester? Macabee?"

The boy shook his head.

"Is n't your father a member of any lodge?" demanded the questioner in a puzzled tone.

"Not a one," replied the boy.

"Then why on earth does he make all those signs when he comes out in the front yard every morning?"

"Oh, that ain't lodge," cheerfully explained the lad. "Pa's got St. Vitus's dance."

The social influence of the lodge is by no means confined to the lodge room. It extends to the intimate life of the community in many of the recreative and serious affairs of mankind. Perhaps you would not care to have the Ancient Order of Trustful Knights storm your home some winter evening just as you had settled beside the fireplace with a good book; but that sort of "surprise" is the height of enjoyment for the small town. The laughing, happy group of members, having gathered at Sir Knight Smith's, marches in close order to the door of the

victim's home. If possible, the brother has been inveigled from the house, and is brought back to find his dwelling in the hands of his friends. It is probably a birthday or wedding anniversary, and a gaudy red plush rocker stands in the middle of the parlor, a mute testimonial of the esteem in which the members hold the host.

After the lunch brought by the callers has been served, the Exalted Worthy Patron makes a few appropriate remarks, extolling the virtues and standing of the recipient, and presents the chair, hoping for many prosperous returns of the day. And when they are gone, when the last "good-night" has died out, the honored brother rests in red plush luxury and is glad he joined the Trustful Knights.

Sometimes the venture is a larger one, and a whole lodge visits the castle of the order in a neighboring village. That is a gala occasion for both visitors and guests. Everybody turns out, and the hall is crowded. "Work" in the most hair-raising degree is "put on" by the team of the visiting lodge. Dignity and impressiveness mark the initiation, and the interested audience watches the proceedings closely, — part with pride and part with critical eyes. When the ability of the team has been exhibited in the exemplification of the "work," come speeches, recitations, and songs.

Perhaps one of the grand officers will be there. Now the Grand Exalted Worthy Patron may be when at home only a dry-goods clerk or a mender of shoes, but on his round of official visitation he takes on a prominence scarcely exceeded by the governor of the state. He is received with the honors of a potentate; salaams and genuflections mark his progress through the lodge room; and the robes he wears are dazzling in their beauty. But he brings something of the outside world to his fellows, and his address following the formal ceremonies is usually helpful both to the lodge life and to the individual.

Supper — or perhaps a banquet at the principal hotel of the town, with flurried

waiters, many courses, and toast responses — follows, and dancing ends the evening. The gathering has done more to foster intercommunity friendliness than could a whole volume of resolutions by the respective city councils.

At stated times the grand lodge meets, and to it travel several delegates and Past Exalted Worthy Patrons from the various subordinate branches. The multiplicity of titles here becomes rather confusing, and the proceedings assume something of the nature of a conference on the Field of the Cloth of Gold. However, it gives the visitors a state-wide acquaintance that they otherwise might not attain, and introduces them into a broader life than they would find in their home towns. Then there is the supreme lodge. To the average lowly lodge member who does not hold official position this august body ranks with the United States Senate and the English Parliament. The titles dwarf the imagination. To members of the order the pomp is awe-inspiring; others are likely to smile a little at it all, — but that may be because they belong to a rival organization whose supreme lodge meets a month later.

Once a year, at least, in most lodges comes a pilgrimage to some church to listen to a sermon especially prepared for the order. It is impressive to see a hundred men, all good citizens, all carrying themselves with the feeling that they must do nothing to discredit the society, march into the meeting-house and take pews for the service.

So is it inspiring to see two members chosen by the lodge tramp sturdily to a sick brother's dwelling and remain with the family in its time of need; or to see the generous response when some one tells the assembly of trouble and want in any home. These good deeds do not reach the public; they are not enforced actions by the rules of the order; they are the outflowing of charity and everyday good will on the part of the members. No credit is claimed therefor; it is a mutual helpfulness in which all are united.

When death comes to a brother there arises a new opportunity for the lodge's kind offices. Many a family has met multiplied sadness in its new frontier home. Neighbors were few and acquaintances rare. But the father wore a tiny button or pin that told of his affiliation with a leading order, and more than one evidence of its significance came to them. There were offers of assistance, flowers, carriages. At the hour of the funeral, coming down the street two by two, each man with a band of crape on his coat sleeve, appears the entire membership. Like a guard of honor the lodge lines a pathway for the family as the home is left for the lonesome drive to the cemetery. Behind the hearse the members march to God's acre, and in solemn circle surround the open grave as the dead is laid to his final rest. They walk slowly past the gash in the green sod, with tender symbolism throwing upon the coffin sprigs of evergreen, that are for remembrance. As their ritual follows that of the church, it is difficult to see where in the relation of form to humanity's earthly needs one greatly surpasses the other.

And who shall say that grief is not assuaged when the family proudly reads in the country paper the following week "resolutions of respect" inspired by the sad event? Beginning with, "Whereas, the Supreme Exalted Trustful Knight of the Universe has in His omnipotent wisdom seen fit to call Knight Jones from his earthly labors to the Great Lodge above; and, whereas, Hiram Chapter has lost a noble brother and the community a useful citizen," and so on, to "Resolved, that these resolutions be spread on the records of the lodge and a copy be given to the afflicted family," they make a public testimonial of worth not to be despised. Naturally, in the card of thanks, along with "the kind friends and neighbors who assisted us in our late bereavement," are mentioned directly and specifically the "brothers of Hiram Chapter" as worthy of recognition by the grateful widow and children.

There be those who profess to see something ridiculous in the wearing of robes and plumes. They sneer at the sight of lodge parade, each participant adorned in a conventionalized mediæval armament, or sporting semi-military gorgeousness. They say it is silly for grown men to refer to each other in grandiose terms, and to assume dignities that are neither of state nor church. And sometimes this side of it does appeal even to the most hardened joiner. The average man grows weary of too much gold lace and fancy dress, hence there is a tendency to-day toward simpler uniforms and less ostentatious display. The stronger the order, the less is it likely to seek undue adornment.

After all, it is not the ritual nor the robes that make a lodge strong; it is the teaching that is behind it. In even the avowedly beneficiary orders is taught something higher than paying monthly assessments. The underlying principles of charity, hope, and brotherhood are linked with protection in a way that cannot fail to make an impression upon the candidate for lodge honors. Here and there is a touch of fun; some of the degrees have trials that test men's good nature to the utmost, but they are usually taken "on the side," or as separate functions from the regular initiation, and have nothing to do with the real work of the lodge. The horse-play of the college fraternity finds little encouragement in the modern idea of good lodge management. It is realized that an order to be successful must appeal to men's reason and intelligence rather than to their love of amusement.

The past seven years have been a time of remarkable growth in lodge membership. Prosperity influences this as other things. To many the price of a lodge membership is a luxury; in hard times the assessments often become a burden. Not to mention the various brotherhoods of workers, which are properly labor unions rather than secret societies, the increase in strength has been notable. More frequent than ever before has been

the call to "work" in initiation of petitioners for degrees. With an abundance of funds, the citizen is a much more willing subject for the solicitor of the lodge, and he finds more time to enjoy whatever benefits may be derived. Wealth pours into the coffers of the organizations. Costly temples, owned by the orders and equipped with every appliance for the conduct of the sessions as well as for the comfort of the members, have been erected in the larger cities.

To the far Western farms, where the dwellers were a few years ago working out their material destiny through trial and tribulation, the lodge has reached, and thousands of prosperous husbandmen drive into the nearest town once a week, or every fortnight, to mingle with the village residents in a society's halls. Efforts to conduct permanently lodges exclusively for farmers have not been generally successful, though in parts of the country such orders have met with considerable prosperity.

From the president of the nation down to the humblest citizen the fascination of grip and password enthalls. It is not that the lodge is a secret organization, although that is a part; it is not that its membership is chosen with caution, although such exclusiveness undoubtedly makes it more eagerly sought; it is not that it gives direct benefits or that it offers protection to the family when the bread earner has departed, — not these things alone make the lodge popular. Greater than they is the desire for social companionship, the love of fellowship, the power of community of interest. Not a substitute for club or church, yet filling a place in men's lives that neither occupies, the lodge has developed the old-time guild idea and fitted it to modern conditions, and is an institution that exerts a tremendous power in business, in politics, and in society. So rapidly does it increase in popularity that it shows little indication of ever wielding less power over men's destinies than it does to-day.

CALEB JONES

BY RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

THERE'S a good many different kinds of foreigners in a small factory town like this, — Irish and Swedes and Poles and Cannucks that put tallow in their hair, — but the first nigger I ever seen here was Caleb Jones. Seems as if I could see him now just as I seen him the first time, one day when I'd gone up home after the six o'clock whistle. The night had come tumbling into the valley just like it was poured out of a basket, and there was a November sleet, slantin' with the wind.

Annie, my wife, was getting dinner spry and happy, for I'd been made foreman of the upper leather room the week before, and little Mike had a new suit, — his first pants they were, and each leg

would just fit over my wrist, — and we'd bought a bookcase that we used to stand and look at, my arm around Annie and our heads kind of tilted, we were that proud of it. I guess our bread was buttered on both sides, and it was warm and stretchy in the front room, and I could hear something frying on the kitchen stove, with its crinkle-crackle, and I could smell it, too. And then there comes a knock on the door, and Annie turns the knob with her apron in her hand, and she gives a little scream.

Well, sir, there he stood, — big and black, — as ugly a looking nigger as you'd like to see more 'n once a month. A gun would have felt good in my fist, but just

the minute he let out a word or two you'd know you'd kind of been mistaken. His voice sounded as warm and smooth and pleasant as it feels to a dog when you rub his ears, — did n't sound like a nigger at all, but just like regular talk, and nothing about it to laugh at.

"I'm selling a book," he says, and his teeth looked white like the top of a can of milk, but I could n't tell whether he was smiling or whether it was because he was that cold with his wet clothes. "It's called the *Chronicle of the Country*," says he; "it ought to be in every house. I'd like to show you a copy whether you'd like to buy it or not." At that he begun to cough hard and hollow, as if death had pitched two strikes to him.

"Come in," says I, for the wind was nearly rattling the pictures off the wall in the hall; and I pulls the curtains down in the front room so's nobody passing would think there was anything queer happening, and when he came into the light I sized him up again. He was about twenty-six, as near as I could tell, and his clothes looked well enough, even wet, and he wore the kind of collar that would make him look like a parson if he'd been white. And there he stood, with his teeth beating time to the chills that shook him, and the water squeaking in his big shoes.

"This is the book," says he, pulling a fat one with a blue and gilt cover out of his little bag. "It's two dollars. Plenty of illustrations, — excites the interest of children." And he goes on pinning medals onto the book, polite and smiling, and shifting his feet and handing it over to me. You know how it is when somebody passes you something that don't interest you any, — maybe it's an agent or maybe it's some mother handing you a lump of a bald-headed kid; you've got to take it and look it over, to be perlitte, and yet somehow or other you feel as if you've been stealing sheep.

So I was pretendin' to be interested when I heard the nigger give a kind of

choke, and then I seen him settling on the floor, collapsed, and twitching like a man in the ring taking the ten count. I can remember now how one big black hand spread out over a rose in the pattern of the carpet.

I'd have known what to do for a white man in a second, but I stood there looking down at him like a feller that's dropped a basket of eggs, and not knowing how to move him any more than if he'd been a bar of red-hot merchant iron, until Annie stood in the door there and says, "What's happened, Jim?" and I says, "Don't be frightened, I guess he's sick;" and she says, sharp, "Lift him up and get him in the kitchen here where it's warm." So I put hands to him to get him on his feet, and he gave a sigh the way a machine does when it starts up, and opened his eyes till the white part showed like a couple of butter plates sitting on a stove, and got up grabbing at the chairs, and blinks at the light, and says, "Where's my hat?" which set him coughing again enough to shake the buttons off his clothes.

When we got him on a soap box by the stove, he sat there with his head on his chest, just as limp as boiled beet tops; and, homely and big as he was, it would make a pirate sorry for him, and my Annie moved all the pans and things onto the other side of the stove from where he sat, and poured him out some coffee.

"Poor feller," says she, looking at me; "I wish we had some whiskey. Poor feller, — sick in the body."

"What's the matter with you, man?" says I; and with that he made a shove into the air like he was pushing something away that we could n't see. "I'm sick in the mind," says he. And I caught Annie crossing herself out of the corner of my eye, for I guess she thought, like me, the nigger was crazy. It was a kind of relief to hear him go on talking sense.

"There's no use to keep this up," he says, as if he was speaking to himself. "I've made ten sales from the city up to here, — a hundred and forty miles on

foot; and I'd never got the agency if the firm had known. I have n't made money, — I've lost it."

"How's that?" says I, hoping he'd go on. I'd most rather hear that nigger's voice than a band of twenty pieces playing a cakewalk, and when he talked you'd pay more attention to the sound of it than the words he was speaking. He did n't answer, but he just sat there with his fingers drumming on the front of the soap box, until Annie, who had n't got over her timid feeling, asked him where he came from.

He had a story, all right, and I've always believed it was on the level, because he did n't seem falling all over himself to tell it, like a feller does who's got a hand-me-down song and dance. And what's more, it was so natural you could see the place in Alabama where he was born, with the river down at the bottom of the meadow, and whip-poor-wills singing at night, and sandy roads where he'd go along to the school that was started up by some man in New York; and everything ran along from one thing to another, the way it would do if it was happening to yourself.

Then when he got going, he told us how he'd got the notion to get a regular education so's to be somebody, and make a place somewhere, and how he'd finally got into some college up North here, and had a year in a room that did n't have any window; blacking boots and taking care of furnaces to pay his way, until I began to believe he had n't had any hard luck at all. But the trouble was he'd got sick that summer and spent all he had, and it had come along time for his college to open up and no money, and he tried the book-selling game to get a little, but it was no go. Any fool could see what was the matter, — people living out, kind of lonesome, in the country mistrusted him, — he looked so well-dressed for a coon, and the books were n't much good anyhow, as he said himself. And he'd caught cold, and he'd got up against it good and plenty.

That's about what he told us, and then he sort of screws his face around as if he was trying to grin, and he folds his hands over his knees, and says, kind of jerky: "It's funny how I told it to you, — I don't know why myself. You don't understand anything about it, — do you? But I'm Jones, — Caleb Jones."

"Well," says I, — not knowing whether to call him Caleb or Mr. Jones, but sorry for the feller, even though he was most too big to be sorry for, — "I guess you'll get back to your school all right, — they treat a man well, don't they?"

"Why should n't they?" he says, so loud, and sitting up so quick, it made Annie jump back; and then he wilted all down in his chair again, and says, "Yes, yes, they're more than kind; they overdo it, — that's all."

It was one of those funny breaks I often heard him get off later, but right then I had n't even a guess of what he was driving at, although I learned it little by little afterwards.

We'd spied along till dinner was cold, because the nigger talked so good he most had you in a trance, and when I come to think about it, I did n't have no idea of what to do with him; but Annie was standing there thinking, with her arms on her hips, and finally she says, "What about Mrs. Ladeau's?" And I says, "They'll take him in there." Jones looked up kind of quick. "Where is it? I'm going," he says, snapping his thick lips together.

"What if he has no money?" says Annie, nodding to me; but he give a wave of his arm, and said he guessed he had enough, even if it was the last, and stood up, coughing and shaking out his wet coat, and looking mean.

"You'd better stop in to the doctor's," says I, and hardly got the words out of my system when a funny thing happened. The door opened, and in come my little Michael, spry as a June bug. It was a sight to see that nigger's face all bust out in smiles, and he put both his hands out toward the kid just as if he'd come across somebody he'd been wanting to see; but

the boy gives a scream just like a rabbit gives when he feels a dog's breath on his tail, and went out the door sprawling. Well, the nigger just stumbles back into a chair and buries his face in his hands, and there was something about it that would take away a coal-heaver's appetite.

None of us said anything more, there being nothing to say, and no cause for saying it, and Jones pulls himself up slow as if it hurt him, and goes out into the front room picking up his book and his hat, and then he opens the door, letting in a slice of weather, and the minute he stepped out into the dark you could n't see nothing of him but his white collar. I stood there looking at the door after it shut, trying to make out just what was askew with the nigger, besides being a nigger, and feeling just as if something was crooked with me, too. And Annie, —she knew what I was thinking about, for she says to me, nibbling the corner of her mouth, "Well, Jim, what else could we do?" — and there it was.

Well, the nigger stayed in town. Two days later he turned up at the factory, and the first I seen of him was the boss coming into my room looking like a feller who'd been caught with the goods. And Jones stepping along behind him, and all the men staring and staring till you'd think their eyes hung out on their cheeks. He was the first colored feller that had ever come looking for a job, and when he and the boss came up to me the men kind of stood back as if they were waiting for a blast to go off.

"Jim," says the boss, twirling his watch chain, "here's a new man. Put him on the skiving job Henderson left last week."

The men were a pretty square lot as men go, but I knew — just by instinct, I guess — there'd be trouble about Caleb Jones; but I nods, and the boss goes out, stopping to finger some new leather as he went, and I was left facing the big nigger.

"Staying in town?" says I; and he looks at me sort of queer and scared and rattled.

"Yes," he says; "I just saw the doctor and there's trouble here, in the lungs. I've got to stay up here in the hills, or go back to Alabama. And I have n't got the money to go back there, and it don't seem as if I could go back, anyhow. I don't see how I could go back."

Well, that meant a hot box for us, all right. Why, it was n't over two hours before I was down in the office, and I says to the boss, "Mr. Bent, Dave Pierson is kicking against working at the next bench."

The boss did n't have to ask any questions. "He is, is he?" says he. "Well, you tell Dave that we're up here in the North, where we know democracy on all six sides, and that Jones may be colored, but he's got twice the brains of anybody in the room, and four times the education, and that he's got more culture than I've got;" and on he went, shaking his head and smacking one fist into the palm of the other. "And," says he, "if it comes to a question of who moves, — Dave or the nigger, — it's Dave!"

Of course, I felt just as if I was tickling the edge of a buzz saw, but it was up to me to stop trouble. So I says, "You'll excuse me, but if I understand it, people in the North are dead to rights in love with the colored race, but they'd rather rub elbows with the cholera than with any one particular nigger. Dave ain't no exception. And you would n't go into business with one or go on a hunting trip with one on any share-and-share-alike game. As I say, I don't believe you're any exception, any more than Dave."

The boss scratched his head a bit, and wiggles around in his chair, and rolls a pencil around in his fingers. "Jim," he says, "that's hot shot! It ain't nice, and I wish it were n't true. It's a problem, but I guess you'd better put Jones in the corner cutting bindings. I have n't got the heart to refuse him some sort of job."

"Heart!" says I. "Why, there ain't a man in the room that wants harm to him. It's long-distance sympathy, that's all.

A man working with a nigger gets rattled, like he would if you put him on a job with the President — or with a ghost."

"This business makes a man feel like six cents' worth of Heaven-help-us," says the boss, or words to that effect; and I went upstairs and told Jones to change his job. He did n't say nothing, but I seen the look he give Dave Pierson out of the corner of his eyes. The nigger were n't no fool.

There were n't any change as time slid by, but it turned out that Caleb were n't any whale for work. He meant all right, but he'd get to dreaming, and looking out the window, and reciting poetry to himself; for I take it, a man who gets too much into his mind, with fancy notions and so on, loses a heap of energy out of his hands. And that feller used to eat up knowledge. He was the only man in town that had ever took Darwin's books out of the library, or at least that's what Miss Burns, the schoolteacher, said, and the only dime novel I ever seen him reading was a thing called *Confessions of an Opium Fiend*, or something like that.

I useter wonder if he were n't lonesome, never having no one to sit down and smoke a pipe with and get some of the conversation out of his system. Sundays he'd wander off onto the hills all by himself, and perhaps Monday I'd say to him, "Hello, Caleb, whatcher do yester-day?" And he'd say, kind of queer, the way he often spoke, "I thought."

As I think of it now, I guess none of us understood him much, but every man in the factory was as sure as straight-flushes of one thing, — we'd been more comfortable — the whole town would been more comfortable — without the nigger. It was this way. You'd feel sorry for Jones, but what ailed him was the want of being somebody among other folks, and none of us wanted to be the other folks; but you would n't know why you felt that way any more than a dog knows what's the matter with him when he's got the distemper. And perhaps you'd meet him, when you was out driving

Sunday, walking along the road, and kicking up the dust with his big feet, and you'd brace up and say, "Good-morning, Jones;" and the very words that came out of your own mouth seemed like a bunch of dirty lies. Then at some other time you'd get next to the fact that the nigger knew about twice what you did, and had you beaten to a custard for being good-hearted and decent; and it would make you feel — just shows what a fool a man is — that he had no darn business being better or knowing more than you did. So you were down and out every time you even thought about the nigger; and it did n't make a sliver of difference how kind you wanted to be to him, it seemed as if a hand you could n't see was always turning you back.

I never used to feel that way more than some evening when I'd be walking up from the factory over the hill and I'd hear Jones going along the road by that stretch of woods you see there, and singing, big and full. You'd never miss it, for there were n't a voice like that this side of the Junction. It was like a thrush's voice, — eagle size! There was a funny thing about it, too, — it did n't make no difference how cheerful and catchy and fling-your-feet-around the tune was, it always had something stirred up in 'it sort of sad, — something that would have given you a lonesome feeling, even if you had been standing in the middle of a thousand people.

It was his voice that got him into a queer mix-up at the Protestant church. Somebody got the nigger to sing there one Sunday. I were n't there, of course, but Davis the barber told me what happened, and it was this way. Nobody knew Jones was going to sing, and things went along till it came time for a solo, and, as I understand it, the singers stand up in a little balcony at the back of the church and the people are facing the other way. The barber says the piece the nigger sang was a bird for music, running along kind of small and soft, and rising up hearty and kind of muscular, and then lifting

out with a big bust, and the organ rolling like a thunderstorm. I guess you know the kind.

Well, the nigger's voice, it did n't do a thing to those who were there, — it set 'em up off the cushions and made 'em grab their own hands; and even the hook-nosed old skinflints that lived here before the place was a factory town stood there with their chests caved in and the tears hurdling the wrinkles in their faces, — anyhow, that's how the barber says, and he got so excited telling it I don't believe he was lying as much as usual.

Then in about a second they all began to look around to see who was doing that kind of triple-ply singing, and they seen it was a nigger. And, as the barber says, it seemed to change the whole business. Just as soon as anybody'd look around it was just as if they'd seen a phonograph, and they'd begin whispering to each other; but Caleb Jones kept right on looking down at 'em, and singing, until everybody had looked up sort of surprised and pop-eyed, and then, the barber says, the nigger's voice just wilted away like the sound of a parade when it turns the corner, till in a second there was n't any left; and then Jones put his fingers down between his white collar and his black neck and stood there a moment, — just so, — and then he slid away down the stairs, and out of the church.

Just as I told you, I were n't the only one. Every man in town that got into it was left wondering whether something was the matter with Jones or with himself, and I guess there were n't four people in the factory would say which. But ask any man of 'em, — they'll tell about it, — they remember him.

Something happened besides his being a coon to make us remember Caleb Jones. I've worked around and traveled around a good deal, and I've seen rough, tough, and ratty, but I want to state right here, and be cross-examined on it, that I never see the beat of what that nigger did.

If I don't make a mistake, it was January, and we were having one of those

cussed days of thawing, when the snow runs to water, and down into the valley, and the top of the river melts into slush, and the mist is so thick you can't see the bowl of your own pipe. My Annie had come down to the factory to get the key to the back door I'd taken away with me by mistake, and she was standing side of me. The little girls who go to school mornings and work afternoons in the stitching rooms were in after the noon hour, and one of 'em — a mite of a thing for thirteen years old — Kitty Norton was her name — come a-runnin' into my room to get a pile of vamps from the cutting bench.

There's a big pattern machine right side of the bench, as you remember, and Jones was running it. Well, little Kitty dodged around him, and, just like a kid, reached through the loop of the big belt that was running up to the shafting. The two ends of the belt are joined together with steel clamp hooks, and they caught into the sleeves of her woolen dress as quick as a fish-bite.

The first thing I knew was the youngster's yell, and the cry my wife gave, and I jumped toward the bench. I seen the girl all scrambling with legs and arms, trying to pull herself loose, and the strain on the tough woolen of her dress that would n't give way. Then, — it was all done in a shave of a second, — when the belt that was flying up toward the shafting had drawn her arm — which looked thin and white, like a chalk mark, against the leather — almost to the top, I held my lungs to see it go over under the belt. But instead of that, I seen a black thing shoot out — quick as a frog's tongue — between her little wrist and the iron pulley, and it went up into the pinch, taking the punishment of the belt that burned and smoked and squeaked as if it was whining about being stopped before it slowed down. The hooks pulled out of the girl's dress, and dropped her back to the floor, and the men all started forward, crying out, so's it sounded like a kind of chant.

"It's the nigger! It's the nigger's arm! Jones did it!"

"He's hurt!" says my Annie, close behind me, and her voice sounded as if all the color had gone out of her face.

"Go away," I yells, not looking around. "Get the women out of here; we'll take him to Mrs. Ladeau's!"

"No," says she behind me, loud and clear. "Who'll care for him there? Bring him home, Jim."

I thinks quick of just what that means, and then I says, "We'll not." But when I seen my wife's face, — them tight lips and big gray eyes, — the same old look that cured me of the drink a good many years ago, — I kind of guessed she'd have her way, and I says, "Somebody go for the doctor! We'll take Jones up to my house."

That's how he went through my door the second time. And he was there six weeks, lying out on the bed in the room over the parlor, blacker 'n ever against the sheets.

But it did n't seem to make any difference that he was there so long, or that he had turned the neatest trick I ever seen a man do, — somehow or other he was still Jones, and I seemed to be the same old Jim Hands; and I guess he was just as lonesome as ever, and I guess we felt just as mean. Annie never hedged, but I knew without talking about it that he nerved her all up, and perhaps she could have gone on nursing the nigger for fifty years without feeling any different. Then there was the rest of the people in town and those at the factory, — they'd all say the nigger was a wonder-bird, and things like that, and he deserved a heap of kindness, and I'd done just the right thing to have him at my place. But then most everybody'd seem sorry for me for some reason or other, and that useter make me nearly fighting mad without knowing why.

Just one person in town had a snap because Jones was laid up, and that was my boy Michael, who'd begun by being so scared of the nigger. He got kind of nosey

and familiar after a while, like a puppy is scared to death of a hop-toad till he finds it don't do no harm; and at last you could n't get the little rascal away from Jones without using a derrick. The nigger useter sit up against the pillows, and tell my youngster things that would 'a' been worth hearing by most anybody, about a certain King Arthur and his gang, and about how some feller in France was trying to invent a glaze for crockery, and stuck to it though he had to burn up the furniture; and he'd tell it so true you'd forget you was n't carrying a sword or inventing something, instead of being a foreman in a factory. Besides that, he'd cut soldiers and things out of a piece of wrapping paper with his black hand that looked so big and clumsy, — the one that was all right. It was a cinch for the boy.

Then finally Jones got to coughing more and more and telling more and more things about his home and his sisters, and how the air would be soft and pleasant down in Alabama, and it set a feller thinking he had the fever to be back with his own kind again. It comes on a man sudden, even a white man. So one day after I'd eaten my lunch I steps upstairs, and finds him lying with his face to the wall.

"Jones," says I, and he flops over, "were you happy in the South, — in your home?"

He looks at me kind of curious, and he says, "Yes — happy like a dog. Did n't know enough not to be happy."

That's the way he'd speak sometimes, — kind of puzzling and snappy; but I thought I could see underneath it all that he wanted to go back so bad it ached like the rheumatism. So I passed the hat, as you say, at the factory, and in two hours there was ninety-six dollars in it, — from workingmen, too, barring the twenty-five the boss put in. Everybody felt fine toward the nigger, but you could see they were n't sorry he was going. But they could n't tell you why. I knew. It was because he'd been up before 'em every

day like a big, soggy chunk of lonesomeness, and none of 'em had the kind of yeast to make it rise.

Anyway, I took the money to Jones, and I says, "The boys are all for you, Caleb, and they've chipped in so's you can go back. It'll be better for your cough;" and then I waits, because I could n't never tell just what the feller would think next. He lay there, thinking and thinking, and then he says another funny thing.

"It'll be sunny down there now," he says, looking up at the ceiling; and then, "I'll go," he says, nodding to me.

A couple of weeks later he went, and somehow when he stood there in the door and put out his hand kind of quick, — the good one — his left hand — the first time I'd ever shaken hands with a nigger, — I did n't feel the curious feeling I'd had all along. He seemed like anybody. I remember it was the noon hour, and I stood on the steps and watched him go over the hill. "This nigger business beats me," thinks I; "it seems as if there ain't no answer." And I thinks and wonders, as I've wondered this many a time. "Was the trouble with us or with him? Ain't he civilized enough, or ain't we?"

And there was one thing more. It happened about a month or two ago, and sometimes I think it shows something or other.

Dave Pierson ain't the sort of feller that ever'll shine at anything. He ain't dishonest, and he'll never serve any time in jail, but he's been in my room these four years, and I know him pretty well. He's small, — that's what ails him; he's the kind of man that will tease a cat, and never treated or did anything for anybody. Somebody threw alum on his soul, I useter think.

Well, about a month ago the train from the Junction was pulling into the station, and a little kid stepped off onto the tracks. Yells and screams was cheap and plenty, but one feller gives a jump and just skins out in front of the engine with the kid in his arms. It was Dave Pierson.

There were n't much to it, but Dave stood on the platform, shivering in his legs a bit and dazed in the eyes, and the people crowded round, and somebody says, "How'd you make up your mind to do it so quick?" And Dave looks kind of stupid and solemn, and what do you think he says? He says, "I guess it was Jones, — Jones, the nigger."

CRIMINAL LAW REFORM

BY GEORGE W. ALGER

Down in the Cherokee nation they tell a story. The Cherokee nation is in the division of territory which is known to the Federal authorities as the Western District of Arkansas and which includes the Indian Territory. It is a fairly lawless country with a good many bad Indians and outlaws in it. It takes a man to be a law officer there, a brave man, a strong man, and one "quick on the trigger," for it is a dangerous job. Back in the early nineties, a deputy marshal and an Indian were sent in the name of the law after an escaped convict, and they went out into the bad lands after him. About nightfall they came to a house, where they stopped and went to bed. At midnight two men galloped up to the house. One was a convicted murderer and fugitive from justice, but not the man whom the marshal was after, and the other was a "bad man" named Brown. They shouted until this marshal and his comrade came out, shot them both deliberately in cold blood, killed them, and rode away. The convict was killed later, resisting arrest. Brown, the other man, was caught and brought to trial for murder. My story relates a conversation about this murder trial which is said to have taken place in a law office in the Territory, between another deputy Marshal—a friend of the murdered man—and a Cherokee Strip lawyer. The talk took place shortly after the Supreme Court of the United States had for the third time reversed Brown's conviction for murder.

"Jake," said the marshal, "why does n't the court down in Washington let us hang Brown?" "There was an error in the judge's charge," said the lawyer. "Did n't we prove Brown murdered Tommy Whitehead?" demanded the marshal. "Yes," said the lawyer, "they

said on the first appeal years ago that the evidence was strong." "Did they say it was n't cold-blooded murder, premeditation, and all that?" "No," said the lawyer, "they did n't make any point about that." "Then why have they robbed the gallows of that man three times running?" "Well," said the lawyer, "as I told you before, they found there was error in the judge's charge. You would n't understand it. It was reversed on the law, not on the facts. The judge made an error in trying the case." The marshal was silent for a few minutes. "Jake," he said finally, "that error you say I would n't understand was n't the first error in Brown's case. I reckon I understand it now. The first error in Brown's case was partly mine. When Brown was gathered in six years ago, there was some talk about lynching him. I let on that they could n't do it; that we would stand by the law; and that if they tried lynching, we would shoot to kill. That was the first error in Brown's case. I don't know what kind of law they need in Washington. Down here in the Indian Territory they need the kind that has blood and bones to it,—and the next time I won't stand in its way."

This is not a paper on lynch law. But as the existence and increase of the lynching evil affords one of the clearest, if not the greatest, arguments for the reform of our criminal law, this story is repeated here. It is given because it illustrates clearly the two essential conditions by virtue of which lynch law has become the great peculiar American disgrace.

A lynching in its ordinary aspect is not an individual but a community crime. It has two factors. The brutal animal passion for quick revenge, the lust for blood, found among many men in whom im-

pulse is stronger than reason, is the sensational, the obvious, but not the more essential factor. The men controlled by these lawless passions and instincts are comparatively few in number, negligible in influence. The bottom factor in the community spirit by which lynch-law is made possible is not the brutal passion of this riotous minority, — it is the attitude of the majority of the community, toward the law. They will not hold the rope or fire the faggot, but like this old marshal of the bad lands, they have lost faith in the criminal law, — they will not stand by it and protect it, — they will not fight for it.

Social wrongs are corrected, not by exposing their results, but by searching for and removing their causes. We have preached against lynch law for a decade, but it increases. The wisest of American statesmen and public men are to-day recognizing the fact that this preaching law and order will not make it, that there is no stopping this fever in our blood until respect and love for law has taken the place of apathy. Law, to be respected, must be made respectable. To get for it the active support of moral men and women, to make them willing to fight to protect its dignity from outrage, it must have vitality, — must, as the old deputy marshal said, have “blood and bones.”

It is because the importance of vitalizing our criminal law is being recognized as one of the pressing reforms which the country needs, that men like President Roosevelt and Secretary Taft are preaching it and urging it on.

We are none of us desirous of destroying the humane and ancient safeguards which in our country are the just protections of the innocent. But, as a Southern jurist has aptly said, “We have long since passed the period when it is possible to punish an innocent man. We are now struggling with the problem whether it is any longer possible to punish the guilty.” Law which lacks grip and vitality, which is slow and uncertain, full of technical avenues of escape for the guilty, cannot

be respected, for it is not respectable. The support of law-abiding citizens cannot be had for the law of courts which reverse convictions of criminals found guilty on clear and indisputable evidence, for reasons which revolt the rudimentary sense of justice, — which grant new trials to convicted murderers, solely because the trial judge was absent for three minutes from the bench during the trial; because the words “on his oath” were omitted from a paper which accused a murderer of crime; because the man who summoned the jury panel to try the murderer had not been sworn in; because on the trial of a murderer the trial judge had failed to put his instructions in writing; because on the trial in which was convicted a murderer, guilty beyond peradventure, among the seventeen propositions of law with which the trial judge had charged the jury, one too abstruse for their comprehension had been incorrect; because, among the thousand questions asked in a long, hard-fought trial, “error” had crept into two; — which reverse on a quibble the conviction of a murderer who had almost been lynched at the time of his arrest, although “the evidence as a whole warranted conviction;” which reverse the conviction for grand larceny of a notorious thief caught with his booty in his possession, because the proof failed to show whether the money stolen was in cash or bills. All these decisions are taken from the highest courts of states notoriously disgraced by the lynching evil. Further multiplication of illustrations of the same kind might readily be made, but would add nothing but cumulative evidence of conditions crying for change.

In many of these states a criminal trial means two things. It means not only the sifting of the evidence of guilt or innocence of an accused person, — it means also a rigid schoolboy’s examination of the trial judge on the law. If the accused be found guilty on sufficient evidence, but the judge has not passed a perfect examination, there must be a new trial.

The counsel for the accused prepares, after long deliberation before the trial, propositions of law, voluminous, intricate, carefully studied, which have some theoretic or, possibly, some practical application to the case to be tried. When the trial comes, and after the evidence of the witnesses has all been taken and the judge has given his charge to the jury, the lawyer brings out these "propositions" and unfolds them. He says, "I request the court further to instruct the jury as follows." He reads his first proposition. The judge must then decide at once, with little opportunity for deliberation, on the correctness and applicability of this law proposition. He must either add it to his charge to the jury, or refuse to do so. If he refuses, the prisoner's lawyer says, "I except," and proceeds to his next proposition, and then on through the list. In case his client is found guilty, these propositions which were refused are argued as "errors" on appeal. On the appeal in the higher court, the testimony taken and the proceedings of the trial are printed, and those alleged "errors" argued before judges having the same abundant leisure and opportunity for reflection upon these propositions which the lawyer enjoyed who prepared them, but which the judge who passed on them at the trial did not have. The Appellate Court, examining solemnly each of these propositions (and there are sometimes fifteen or twenty of them in a single case), finds one which should have been charged. It may have been one which, as a matter of fact, the jury would never have understood. But that makes no difference. The guilt of the convicted man may be clear, but he gets a new trial. He keeps on getting a new trial until the lower court judge can pass a perfect examination on every material proposition of law put before him on the trial, and has correctly decided every squabble between the opposing lawyers over any matter of imaginable substance. Then, the law being satisfied, justice can be done. As the mass of technical rulings and decisions

of the higher courts increases, the more difficult it becomes for the lower court judge, who must follow them as precedents, to know them all, to pass his perfect examination, and avoid these legal pitfalls which mean the delay of public justice by interminable new trials.

There is little comfort to be found, moreover, in the fact that the vast majority of criminal cases are disposed of without such appeals. For every technical decision which sacrifices or disregards the substantial rights of a law-abiding community, and permits the escape or reprieve of some convicted rascal, makes a precedent which affords like comfort to every other rascal who can bring his case within its protection.

In many of these states in which the criminal is more important than the community, the position which the law compels the trial judge to occupy is almost pitiful. He seems shorn of all positive authority, of all power to direct and control the machinery of justice. He is more like an umpire or referee in the game, — a passive figure whose sole function is to enforce or apply rules; only there are more rules in the law-game, and the legal umpire's decision, if wrong, is not final, but means that a new game must be played.

Just why, in a country in which the vast majority of judges are elected by popular vote, there should be expressed in law such a superstitious terror lest a judge should give any expression of his own personality, is puzzling in the extreme. In many states, and particularly in those in which a firm and vigorous administration of justice is of urgent importance, the judge who presides at a criminal trial is not permitted by law to be a judge in any real or vital sense. He must not comment on the evidence, he must not review the facts and set them in coherent order before the jury, he must not sift the testimony and separate the material from the immaterial, he must, above all things, refrain from expressing in any wise a personal opinion on any-

thing, from the start of the trial to its close. He must deal out abstract rules of law, and leave the jury to their own devices, with such blind guidance in endeavoring to apply that law to the facts. If he sees them swayed by misleading eloquence, he must not set them in the path of reason for justice's sake. He is a pilot who must not touch the wheel. The vigorous, commanding figure of the English judge is by law excluded from the great majority of our criminal courts. For example, the summary of facts in the charge which Justice Bigham gave a few years ago to an English jury in the sensational case of Whittaker Wright, the swindling promoter, would have meant an inevitable reversal and new trial for "error" in any lynch law state in this country.

The critics whom conditions of this kind have aroused are not solely among the laity. The demand for reform comes from an increasing number of law experts, who see in the criminal law itself the great wrong reason for the growth of American lawlessness. "Respect for the constitution is one thing, and respect for substantial fairness of procedure is commendable; but the exaltation of technicalities merely because they are raised on behalf of an accused person is a different and very reprehensible thing. There seems to be a constant neglect of the pitiful cause of the injured victim and the solid claims of law and order. All the sentiment is thrown to weight the scales for the criminal,—that is, not for the mere accused who may be assumed innocent, but for the man who upon the record plainly appears to be the villain the jury have pronounced him to be."

This balancing the scales for the criminal, which Professor Wigmore deplors in the caustic sentences just quoted, is also appreciated by the criminal classes. A negro arrested for a murder in the Indian Territory told his captor very coolly that "there was a man shot in Oswego, and nothing was done about it." This quotation is from the record of the United States Supreme Court, to which this ne-

gro's case had to be appealed three times before his conviction was affirmed, showing that the murderer's confidence in the law was at least partially justified.

The jurist who dissented from each of the reversals of this negro's conviction for murder, who protested vainly against the reversals of the conviction of the Cherokee Strip murderer, by which that murderer finally escaped the gallows, believes in the abolition of the right of appeal in criminal cases. This is the English system. But when Judge Brewer announced this as his remedy for the intolerable condition of our criminal law some years ago, it found little favor. It did not impress our people as the American remedy for what is an American disease. The right of appeal is an integral part of the American ideal of justice. We look askance at the English system, under which the innocent Becker was twice convicted and punished for two separate crimes, neither of which he committed. We hesitate to adopt in America a system under which such injustice is possible. The right of appeal has legitimate uses. Without that right, Caleb Powers in Kentucky would have been hanged four years ago.

Our criminal law is essentially American, and not English. We must not tear the fabric in removing the spots. We must not in despair seize a desperate remedy.

With all its defects American criminal law represents in its spirit, as does perhaps no other branch of our law, the great, original American ideal of individual liberty,—the rights of the individual as against the state,—on which our government is founded. When our forefathers first began American government, they adopted the English common law covering civil cases, but they did not adopt to the same extent English criminal law. When we declared our independence and began the work of founding a government of our own, England was living under a criminal law in which the state was everything and the individual nothing, and under which the

liberty of the press was a theory and a name. It was a system under which one hundred and sixty crimes were punishable by death; under which a man on trial for his life on any charge except treason could not have counsel to address the jury in his behalf, could not testify for himself, or have his witnesses sworn, could not subpoena witnesses for his defense; under which the jury could be punished if they brought in a false verdict against the crown, but not if that verdict was against the miserable prisoner in the dock. We refused to adopt the barbarous and bloody legal shambles of that criminal law. We reacted against it. We established a system by which the individual was surrounded by mighty bulwarks of legal protection against any possibility of wrong or oppression from the state. We created a criminal law the most humane in the world; but it had and has the defect, of its virtues. Instead of a system which over-protected the state, we erected one which overprotects the individual.

While we did not adopt the barbarous penal statutes of the old country, we did adopt a mass of technical rules of law which were invented by humane English judges to avoid the necessity of imposing barbarous punishments. We had not adopted the barbarous punishments, and we should not have adopted the humane technicalities which those punishments alone excused or justified. The present trouble in our criminal law lies not only in what we have created, but largely in what we have thus adopted. The humanity which, by those technicalities, made justice in spite of law a century ago in England, makes law in spite of justice in America to-day. The vermiform appendix of old English law must be cut away.

There are two reasons why criminal law reform is a pressing problem to-day. One is the repression by that reform of lynch law. The other is not less important. We need that reform because the social condition of our day imperatively demands a substantial increase in the

scope and power of the criminal law, a system strong enough to meet the new and increasing requirements of our civilization for corrective and repressive criminal law.

A system too complicated to deal out certain justice to common offenders, ignorant and brutal, poor in purse and influence, can never adequately deal with our new class of big business criminals, with the men who get rich by fraud, the corporation inflaters and wreckers, the faithless trustees and grafting directors, the exploiters of municipalities, the magnates who give bribes and the bosses who take them, the trust operators who sin against honesty in business, who break the law against monopolies, who give and take forbidden rebates. How can predatory wealth, powerful, influential, often intrenched in office, be punished by a system which creaks, groans, and often breaks down, in bringing a border ruffian to justice?

President Roosevelt is not alone in his disgust at his inability to get at what he aptly described on his recent Southern trip as his "own particular scoundrels," the thieves in federal officialdom. His experience is not an unusual one. It represents the rule rather than the exception. The frightful disclosures of the corruption of the Police Department in New York made by the Lexow investigation are not yet forgotten, nor the almost complete absence of convictions obtained from the criminal courts of those whose blackmail operations filled hundreds of the sickening pages of that committee's testimony. The more recent experience of Mr. Folk is worth noting. He convicted the St. Louis boodlers, Faulkner, Lehman, Schneller, and big "Ed" Butler, the boss of St. Louis, for bribery, and one of them for perjury. These cases made a sensation all over the country. A great city was being cleaned. The big boodlers were being brought to justice, — civic righteousness was triumphing, the newspapers told us from one end of the land to the other.

Does the country know that all these convictions were subsequently reversed? Does it know that the decision that reversed the conviction of Butler himself ordered his discharge from the custody of the law on so narrow a construction of the statute against bribery on which he was convicted that, if it is followed, bribery is as safe in St. Louis as directing an insurance company in New York?

Space will not permit a discussion of those cases separately. One brief citation must suffice to indicate the spirit in which the highest court of Missouri met its responsibility when men guilty of the highest crimes against the very existence of the state were brought to its bar.

This is from Faulkner's case:—

"This record contains so much uncontradicted evidence of venality that it is little wonder that decent people of all classes are appalled at its extent. The sole consideration of this court has been to determine whether the defendant was convicted *in compliance with the laws of the state*. If guilty the defendant should be punished, but it is the high and solemn duty of this court, from which it shall not shrink, to require and exact that, *however guilty he may be*, he shall be punished only after having been accorded every right and guarantee which the organic law of the state secures to him."

The court then reverses the conviction for bribery of a man clearly found guilty on a record "reeking with venality," for two minor errors in the rules of evidence, and a quibble about a "variance" between the indictment and an instruction!

As I write, the afternoon paper at my elbow contains a notice of the third indictment of Senator Burton of Kansas. The public will remember the charges made against him two years ago as a part of the post-office scandal. He was tried and convicted in 1903 for taking a so-called retainer of \$500 a month while senator, for using his influence with the Post-Office Department in favor of a concern called the "Rialto Grain and Securities Company," which feared that

the Post-Office Department would issue a fraud order against it. Burton's conviction was reversed on appeal because of a "variance" between the indictment and the proof as to where he got this money. The indictment said he got it in Washington, and the proof showed that he got it in St. Louis. After this reversal, a new indictment was found against him in St. Louis in March, 1905. Thereupon Burton's lawyer successfully raised technical objections against it, and it was "quashed." The Grand Jury has now been hastily called together, and a new indictment found, and the newspaper says that if this latest indictment is found defective, Burton will escape trial altogether, as, through the lapse of time, the statute of limitations will prevent a new indictment being found against him.

It is this spirit in the courts which makes for lawlessness among the people, gives confidence to the criminal, encouraging him to continue in his career.

In most American states, the person accused of crime has thrown around him by law not only extraordinary protections against injustice, but also opportunities of escape more numerous than exist in any other jurisprudence in the world. Consider a few of them. When the accused person is arrested, he is brought before a magistrate, who examines his accusers and hears their evidence to see whether there are reasonable grounds for believing that a crime has been committed, and by him. If the magistrate thinks that this evidence is insufficient to warrant such a belief, the prisoner goes free. If he thinks it sufficient, the case goes to a grand jury. There again the witnesses are heard, their testimony scrutinized and weighed. If the grand jury finds the evidence insufficient, it refuses to indict, and the prisoner goes free. If it indicts him, the district attorney or prosecuting official next scrutinizes and studies this evidence of the crime charged. If he thinks it is not sufficient to secure a conviction, he recommends that the indictment be dismissed,

and the prisoner goes free. If he thinks it sufficient, and the indictment is brought to trial, the lawyer for the accused may induce the court, after hearing the evidence, to dismiss the charge, and the prisoner goes free. If the judge does not dismiss the indictment, or direct the jury to acquit the prisoner, the jury deliberates on the evidence, and if it finds for the accused, he goes free. If it finds against him, the prisoner has one and sometimes two or three successive appeals which he may take to a higher court.

At what a disadvantage does organized society struggle for justice to obtain the punishment of the guilty! In every criminal law suit, on one side is a living, visible, concrete personality, — the man or woman accused of crime. On the other is nothing but an invisible abstraction, — the ideal of justice. It has no voice; if wronged or outraged, it has no appeal, for under the American system the state, the people, cannot appeal from the verdict of acquittal, and with that verdict the prisoner must go free. When a jury, led away by the eloquence of a gifted lawyer, or by mawkish sentiment, brings in a verdict which acquits a criminal of a clearly proven crime, the ideal of justice, wronged by that verdict, suffers. But how few are those who see and feel that wrong, in comparison with those who daily plead for unmerited freedom for wrong-doers who have sinned against the law! Against what odds — what great difficulties overcome — does organized society in our country to-day win its triumphs in our criminal courts! As we study its struggles for vindication by law, the ideal of justice which punishes wrong, which protects by that punishment the rights of the innocent, seems at times not only an abstraction, but a friendless abstraction. When the laws of trade prove themselves weak or inefficient, the commercial world, directly touched and interested, demands and obtains their correction. Its associations plead for statutory amendments to correct and strengthen the commercial

code. But among the hundreds of associations organized wholly or in part for the enactment of more efficient laws, where is the association whose special purpose is to make society stronger to punish the guilty, to vindicate the majesty of justice by criminal law?

It is because such associations do not exist, because this great question of criminal law reform has no active organization behind it and depends for its success on the occasional efforts of associations of lawyers, that a public discussion of the necessity of that reform is needed. It may be said that this subject is a dull one, and that the problems which this reform presents are expert questions for the jurist, the bar associations, and through them the legislatures. To a certain point this is, of course, true, but there is need that these bodies of experts and the legislatures should feel upon them the pressure of an enlightened popular demand, or this reform so much needed will be slow. It is not a matter for experts alone to observe that of all the great civilized countries of the world, America is the one in which crime increases, while it diminishes in the others. It is not for the law experts alone to note that four times as many murders were committed in our country last year as were committed here twenty years ago, and that other felonies tend to increase in like proportion.

The subject which this essay has considered is in this sense a great public question, on which an enlightened, earnest, widespread public sentiment cannot too soon be aroused. When that public opinion has been so aroused, and its just demand has been felt, then, and not till then, will be done the work of restoring strength to our criminal law, — of giving it certainty and speed to equal its justice, — then, and not till then, will we be cleansed of the shame of lynch law, and become once more a law-abiding people, under a law which protects the innocent and punishes the guilty.

PAN IS NOT DEAD

BY TORQUIL MACDONALD

PAN is not dead. When Phœbus takes his way
Towards Capricorn, by darkening vale and hill,
And by the streams he loves, his flute is still;
Lone are the glades where nymphs danced yesterday;
And but to grace child's tale or lover's lay
Is Arcady. Yet even as you fill
The air with lamentation, breaks the rill
Its icy fetters; lambs begin to play;
And beautiful things, piercing the tender green,
Arise from death and darkness. Then among
The wakening woods ethereal shapes are seen;
Faint footfalls heard, earth's ruder sounds between;
And once again Pan's pipe hath found a tongue,
Joyous and sweet as when the world was young.

A PLEA FOR THE ENCLOSED GARDEN

BY SUSAN S. WAINWRIGHT

THERE are two ways of getting outdoor privacy at home. If your house is placed on a hillside, you may build a retaining wall, and so provide yourself with a terrace which lifts you above the surrounding country, and which, if well planted, affords charming vistas, breezes, sunlight, and shade, and a privacy that only the skies can give; but such roofless outdoor rooms will be few, compared with those obtained by building a wall or planting a hedge on the level ground.

I suppose there are quite as many persons occupying houses to-day who want to add gardens, as there are of those about to build who can place their houses with a view to the garden; and such places, often very dear to the occupants, may be so treated as to include something very delightful for an outdoor room.

The mere mention of a wall disturbs

the equilibrium of many Americans; one or two actual walls have stimulated the pen to action, and fears of the "revival of feudalism" have appeared to warn us that such treatment of our grounds would place us in a most precarious condition; but there is the hedge, and if the difference between mineral and vegetable matter will produce such a calamity as "feudalism," let us by all means keep to the vegetable, and have the hedge. If your hedge is properly planted, with the trees not more than one foot apart, your boundary will, in time, be almost as protecting as a wall. The evergreen is preferable, for then you may have a winter garden. Nothing can exceed in beauty the deep, green hemlock in spring; there appears, almost before you are aware what beauty nature holds in store for you, a dainty pale green spring gown for your hemlock;

during many weeks that tender green waves in the spring breezes, and you are amazed that your hedge alone, your mere fence, as it were, can have such wondrous beauty. When the first soft snows fall, and often throughout the winter, you rejoice in another beauty, — the snow-laden boughs. Before we enter an enclosed garden, there is a word to be said about landscape gardening.

Many a person, when speaking to you of the new home-garden work, asks: "What shall we call it? Landscape gardening?" It is not landscape gardening. The development of the enclosed garden at the rear of the house, or the terraced garden at the doorsteps, is quite different from landscape gardening. Since the word "formal" is so often accepted as meaning stiff, it seems to me that neither "formal" nor "landscape" need be used.

An English architect tells us: "The word garden itself means an enclosed space, a garth or yard, surrounded by walls, as opposed to unenclosed fields and woods. The formal garden, with its insistence on strong bounding lines, is, strictly speaking, the only garden possible; and it was not until the decay of architecture, which began in the middle of the eighteenth century, that any other method of dealing with a garden was entertained." Therefore, as soon as you enclose your garden, lay out your paths, and arrange your grounds systematically, you have the beginnings of a formal garden, small and simple though it may be. The word "formal" simply implies method, or the harmony that is attained by having the house and grounds attuned.

I suppose that some of the rapidly increasing popularity of the formal garden is due to the fact that it lends itself kindly to the development of small places, whereas greater space is required for landscape treatment. There was a time in England when the formal garden became absurdly artificial, which state was as abhorrent to true garden-lovers as it would be to-day, and which brought forth Bacon's criticism: "As for Knots or Fig-

ures, with Divers Coloured earths, that may lie under the window of the House, on that side which the Garden stands, they be but toys, you may see as good sights many times in Tarts." Then landscape gardening became popular, heralded by the pen of certain writers who saw it in fancy rather than in reality. Many of the best old gardens of England fell under the iconoclastic axe of the landscape gardener. Long, straight avenues were destroyed, for they claimed that nature abhorred a straight line. Splendid old walls were overthrown, and boundaries torn down. England woke sad and sore from the abuse of the landscape men of those days. Until then art had guided nature to create a beauty consistent with the object that she should adorn. John Sedding, an English architect, writes: "Certain it is that along with the girdle of high hedge or wall has gone that air of inviting mystery and homely reserve that our forefathers loved, and which is to me one of the pleasantest traits of an old English Garden."

When, in this country, we found time to plant anything besides corn and potatoes, we usually followed the type of gardening then prevailing in England, although we have a few enclosed gardens in different parts of our country, and long, delightful avenues of ancient trees, due to the influence of the traditions of old England. So, for many decades, we have lived either under the sway of landscape gardeners, who have given us beautiful parks and have skillfully treated the rolling landscape of many of our American homes, or we have been dominated by the horticulturist; yet in all these years neither of them has satisfied the great yearning for a garden, which has at last burst forth in various parts of the country. The desire for a garden is too old, even though comparatively new in our country, to be called a "fad." The sincerity of those struggling with our garden problems, and building their outdoor nests, is too apparent for this delicious need to become a transient hobby.

In the country it is possible to have a garden without wall or hedge, but in the town, where there are neighbors and passers-by, the wall is a necessity, if you would enjoy your garden. On your unenclosed land you would be as much surprised to see the public plucking your flowers, lying on your grass, swinging in your hammocks, and enjoying what is strictly yours, as you would be if it had leaped the wall; therefore, the share you give the public is an imaginary one, for it is simply expected to look at your possession from a proper distance. You can leave a part of your grounds open to the public gaze, and there indulge in a lawn, and such flowers as will give education and pleasure. Some of the loveliest homes in England are quite as open at the front as ours.

An outdoor room "filled with flowers, with rich colors, dulcet perfumes, and songs of birds," where you may feel the safety of the enclosing wall or hedge, within which at night you may delight in the skies, as in the day you have rejoiced in your bit of earth, grass, and flowers, seems to me a happy possession.

At every hand we hear: "I have a very small piece of ground, hardly large enough to make a garden, but I should like to improve it, for now it serves only as a clothes-yard." That piece of ground often contains more feet of precious earth than the house covers, the floor of which is divided into several rooms. Possibly the loss of the clothes-yard, if it has to be sacrificed to the small garden, may provoke the ingenuity of the Yankee to provide something to take the place of "wash-day;" however, it is quite possible, often, to provide a small enclosure for the clothes apart from the garden. In the beautiful Penshurst Garden, the most important modern garden in England, there is a small square, bounded by a hedge, for the clothes, and, unless you look through the doorway of the hedge, you never see that part of the family privacy. I recall a certain country town, — and of such there are thousands, — where the washer-

woman's home is on the very roadway; when we drive abroad we see ourselves hanging from her lines, sometimes unhappily inverted, and gusts of playful wind steal round the house corners, leap into the lingerie, and present enlarged and distorted proportions that we resent.

If you want a garden to live in and enjoy, and not to show to the world as a rare exotic, the first thing to do is to enclose your space. Set the boundaries as you would the outer walls of your house; then the divisions, if such are possible, and all the rest that is to make you happy in an outdoor retreat will come, increasing in beauty, and becoming, from year to year, more personal and intimate, as your house does. No one can tell you just what chair you want here, what desk there, what shade of tapestry, what kind of a rug; that is usually for the homebuilder to decide, always governing himself by the amount he has to spend, and the establishment he is able to maintain. The garden should be quite as personal an affair as the house. As there are most interesting shops, where all kinds of house furnishings are found, so there are seed and plant catalogues, giving everything that will grow in America, with color, time of blooming, height, and a list of plants as well as seeds that have been tested before they are put on the market. There is little need of importing, except for personal pleasure. If you leave your town house for the summer, there are all the early flowers and shrubs, and again a delightful list of fall flowers, and that little town garden gives a bit of beauty and color that, once we have owned, we find it hard to live without. It is the personal attention to the development of the garden that gives it a place in the heart of the owner. It is a pity that a garden ever has to be perfectly new. A new garden seems to me like a young baby; only the most extraordinarily generous can attribute beauty to another's new baby; but there is a wonderful fascination in its promise, and it requires little imagination to see the delightful possession, either baby or

garden, in its full-fledged beauty, 'captivating us by its charms.

The Italian, French, Japanese gardens, and the old Pleasure Gardens of England, have been copied in our land; but for a practical garden there is something better than all these,—although to our country, with its varying scenery, any type of garden can be adapted,—and that is the small home garden, which with its abundance of flowers is a part of every English home to-day; for, after all, what better can a small garden do, when placed in happy conformity to its house, than produce an abundance of flowers? These gardens we may study, adopt, and live in; the English type is sufficiently elastic to fit all needs.

By all means, let us have the most beautiful gardens that our pocket-books can build and maintain. There is a restraint and refinement of taste in the old Italian garden that seldom appears in the gardens of our country that bear the name; but then, the old masters died a good many hundred years ago. Whether that is sufficient reason for the heavy hand that is too often evident with such legacies as the old masters have left us is a question; which recalls Bacon again, for, you remember, he said, "Men come to build stately sooner than to garden finely, as if gardening were the greater perfection." Such a type, even were it well copied, could never be our national type; it is too expensive, and at any price has not the quality of home. It is England's small garden that makes her nationally beautiful.

Although we have an abundance of health, wealth, and happiness, and a great increase of art treasures housed by beautiful architecture, splendid great parks, and a country abounding in the most glorious natural beauty, yet throughout immense areas where man has made his home we are abominably ugly. In our present state of civilization there is nothing uglier than the unsightly and unadorned houses in the crowded regions of our factory towns,—even the savage

cliff-dwellers' home was not an excrescence on the face of the earth,—yet there is no town but could and should be rich in its quiet beauty. Who has not closed his eyes to shut out the frightful squalor along the railroads? I know a little town, and it is not in Utopia, where all the houses are so arranged that not one stands back to the railroad. I am aware that an American must perform a mental somersault to adjust his point of view to such conditions. In England even the factory town has its garden. Whatever improvements may exist in such a town, the garden is the crowning glory; for the architect may build well, the engineer may work under the influence of the gods, the plumber may lay aside precedent and work for a possible halo,—yet if the garden is not in the town there are heights yet to be attained. In such a garden, as in many a one of greater pretention, utility and beauty go hand in hand, for not only are there fruits and vegetables, but again and again the story of the year is written in the flower borders that bound the garden walks. The tall hollyhocks and delphiniums stand back to make room for the many beautiful flowers that adorn these delectable old-fashioned borders where the sweet perennials delight the passers-by. Here you find the snowdrop, the crocuses, the daffodils, the blue monkshood, the foxglove, the evening primrose, the best of all the roses. In looking over the catalogues, with a view to our spring and fall planting, we may be sure that the most expensive is by no means the most beautiful or the most desirable plant. The enormous masses of rhododendrons, that are provided at great cost, are often most unsatisfactory, and frequently the colors are not harmonious. Of course we need not banish them, but there are a few other things! The parks, city and town public squares and gardens, are off the road I have chosen, unless by way of them we reach the home gardens, which seems quite possible. Our home gardens would increase much more rapidly if the public planting consisted oftener of the

delightful perennials, and even annuals, that make the private garden a long summer delight, so making the breathing-spaces not only a pleasure to the eye, but an education.

There is a joyous time ahead of us. We have passed through our Dark Ages, and now throughout the country there is a wondrous awakening to the value and necessity of outdoor art; and as the Italians copied their gardens from the ancients, so, while we are developing our national type, we must turn to those who have gardened before we were born, and use results they have attained for our models, always bearing in mind that it is the smaller garden that gives the most intimate pleasure, just as the small house, filled with the warmth of home, gives us a thrill of comfort that the great, roomy palace never can.

We have an abundant indigenous flora, a long list of hardy exotics; we have taste, cultivation, leisure, and we love the beautiful; why should we not have as charming a garden as ever graced any country? Either a terraced garden on the hillside, or an enclosed garden on the level ground; for the garden, that it may give us its best, and that it may serve as it has in other lands during a long and honorable past, must be private, so providing us with a delicious outdoor room

at home, teeming with the delights of outdoor life.

Think for a moment what the garden means, — the delight, the refreshment of it. The leaven of true garden love is such that we rejoice with the poet who says: —

“I wish the sun should shine,
On all men's fruits and flowers as well as
mine.”

Even before the Sun lifts his smiling face to greet our drowsy mother Earth, we yield to the charm of the garden, and in fancy follow the happy proprietor as he takes his brisk morning walk among the flowers and vegetables of his little garden; we exult with him as he catches his first morning glimpse of the rose unfolding her dewy petals, of the pale green of the tender-leaved lettuce or the greener parsley; with him we toss a smile to the radiant hollyhock, or bend in gratitude over the ripening strawberry; we share with him the pungent red radish, fresh from the cool earth; we carry off to the factory a charming handful of sweet peas and sturdy carnations to gladden the long summer day within the factory walls. When the day's work is done, every man and maid, every mother and child, may smile in the face of the sweet evening primrose as she vies in color with the long yellow twilight.

THE TESTIMONY OF BIOLOGY TO RELIGION

BY C. W. SALEEBY

THE doctrine called materialism, current thirty years ago, was the product of imperfect science, and it has been the duty of a science less imperfect to crack the clay feet of that unpleasing image. Similarly, it was held by many, not long ago, that science had finally disposed of the validity of religion, which must henceforth be styled superstition; but the advance of science has entailed grave criticism of this view, and is gradually substituting for it another view still in need of exact formulation. In making the attempt to contribute to this desirable end, it is obviously necessary for a professed student of science to begin by recognizing the rational demand that he define his terms.

Now it may easily be demonstrated, as by reference to the breasts of any sub-human mammal, that morality is older than what we commonly understand by religion; and as easily, by reference to not a few brutal and immoral religions, that morality is not a necessary ingredient of all religions. A perfect definition of religion is very difficult to obtain, and, at a recent meeting of the Sociological Society of Great Britain, the collected opinions of many distinguished British and Continental thinkers showed much agreement in the view that such a definition cannot be framed. Nevertheless, it is unquestioned that morality does enter into all the higher religions, without exception, — a fact upon which we must later ponder, — whilst it is agreed by nearly all scientific students of religion that this great fact in the history of man is not essentially an assertion of any dogmas whatever, but is rather a psychic tone or quality, — in other words, a state of emotion.

Now the occurrence in this connection of these two words, morality and emo-

tion, suggests one of the most famous of all the many definitions of religion. In his remarkable book, *Literature and Dogma*, Matthew Arnold coined two memorable phrases. He spoke of the "power, not ourselves, that makes for righteousness," and he defined religion as "morality touched by emotion." Certainly all the higher religions, all those that have helped to make human history, answer in some measure to this latter definition. At least, they issue in a system of "morality touched by emotion." In considering the manner in which the cardinal truths of biological science, as revealed by Darwin and Spencer, bear upon the function and destiny of religion, I propose to accept this definition of Matthew Arnold. Bearing it in mind, let us endeavor to consider the outstanding facts of the history of life upon our planet.

The writer of the first chapter of Genesis perceived a cardinal truth when he put into the mouth of his God the command, "Be fruitful and multiply." The more we contemplate life as a whole, seeking to discover its main tendency, the more certain does it appear that the chief concern of life is to multiply and magnify itself. I would insist upon the distinction between these two verbs. Many writers have noted the fact that life tends ever toward multiplication. In gratifying its consistent tendency to increase and endure, life has tried innumerable experiments, — the biologist calls them variations, — has ruthlessly cast aside its failures or fed them upon its successes, careless of everything but their *survival-value*. But the mere multiplication of life, were that the completest means of achieving the greatest amount of life, would have led toward the production of bacteria and lice, and the like, alone. Every effort — so

to speak — would have been concentrated upon the production of species of bacteria and lice yet more fertile than their predecessors. But this kind of experiment, as we may say, on the part of life, did not actually satisfy its end. As Spencer put it, life must increase not merely in length, but also in breadth. It must be magnified, as I have said, as well as multiplied. The command in Genesis does not express the whole fact. To it must be added the words of Tennyson, "'Tis life whereof our nerves are scant, *more life and fuller* that we want." Life must be not only multiplied, but also magnified, if Nature is to attain her supreme want, which is indeed ever "more life and fuller." "To prepare us for complete living" (not *long* living), says Spencer, "is the function which education has to discharge." Hence, Nature has ever been seeking for living forms in which not only would life last longer, but into which more life could be crowded, even though its mere multiplication might be less rapid.

In fact, as has been said by my friend, Mr. Curtis Brown, to whom I owe the utmost help in the preparation of this essay, Nature seems, at some point of evolution, to have come to a parting of the ways over this question of quality or quantity. She could make progress toward her end by two routes, — the development of species whose individuals would display a full but relatively less prolific life, or of species which would multiply with extreme rapidity, though their individuals, *in consequence*, would each display a smaller amount of life. This thought of my friend is abundantly verified by Herbert Spencer's great discovery of the "law of multiplication," which asserts that there is an "antagonism between individuation and genesis," so that, as life ascends in quality or fullness, the rate of reproduction falls. This is a truth of the first importance, and serves to show how Nature has tended ever toward the sacrifice of mere numerical quantity, if thereby she might gain fullness and higher quality of life.

We have been speaking largely in metaphor, regarding Nature as a person with conscious designs. Let us now translate our statements into rigidly scientific language, such as the biologist would approve. The chief tendency of living matter is a tendency to live. That sounds like a truism, but it is a leading truth. Every race and every individual seeks to *live* or to survive; every new organism, microbe or man, inherits the necessity to "struggle for life," as Darwin said, or "struggle for existence," as Wallace said; "there is no discharge in that war." The individual survives and reproduces itself *if it can*; there are no other terms. It must be master of its environment, lifeless and living. The wind and the dust and the lightning care nothing for it. Its fellows are fighting, each for its own hand: there is only a finite quantity of food; and the little fishes are a most nutritious diet for the big. Each must fight for himself, and the devil or death will assuredly take the hindmost. Up to a certain point in the history of living matter these statements are true and adequate. Hence we observe that, of any physical, mental, or moral character possessed by any organism, — of any limb or eye or emotion or creed or claw, — there is but one final criterion from which is no appeal: *has it survival-value?* If it has not survival-value, it and its possessor must go. If it has survival-value, it and its possessor will survive thereby, and will survive in exact proportion to the measure of that value. Life has one consistent purpose, which is to have life and have it more abundantly. Never does it swerve from this purpose. In the last resort every character of every living organism, past, present, or to come, is judged and dealt with according as it does or does not serve this supreme and exclusive end, — according as it does or does not possess survival-value.

Nature has no prejudices, so to say. Her purpose being abundance of life, she will accept whatever means serve that purpose. If there be evolved a new muscle

which makes for speed, and thereby for skill in escaping enemies, or in gaining food, — Nature welcomes that muscle. It has survival-value, and so it may endure. The creature in which this variation has arisen is more likely than its neighbors to live and to reproduce itself, transmitting the new muscle to its progeny. Or if there be evolved some measure of intelligence, some power of discrimination or memory, Nature will sanction this variation as she sanctions anything that makes for survival and for abundance of life. Unquestionably the human intellect has been evolved "by and for converse with phenomena," and has survived because it enables its possessor to appreciate and control and predict the course of phenomena, — in other words, because it has *survival-value*. Obviously its value will be greater in proportion as its beliefs approximate more and more nearly to the truth. "Magna est Veritas, et prevalebit," said the Roman; and where is the servant of truth who does not hold this noble creed? But why will truth always prevail at the last? Why but because *it is the true belief that has the greatest survival-value*? Truth must ever prevail at last, because it is the true belief that aids and extends and magnifies the life of the believer. Whatever has survival-value "will prevail" in proportion to its value, and thus the ultimate victory of Truth is a necessary inference from the first law of living Nature. If nowadays she shows signs of preferring truth or intellectual development to muscle or physical development, this is simply and solely because she finds intellect to be more precious than muscle in relation to her supreme end.

If these things be admitted, we are now prepared to return to our subject, which some readers may perhaps accuse me of having forgotten. We have accepted, for our present purpose, at any rate, Matthew Arnold's definition of religion as "morality touched by emotion." Let us now consider morality and emotion in the light of our doctrine that abundance of life is

the first object of living Nature, and that survival-value, or *value for life*, is the sole and final criterion of every character and appanage of life.

It is but a few decades since dogmatic theology found itself confronted by the theory of organic evolution. There became necessary what Nietzsche would call a "transvaluation." Everything had to be reconsidered and rejudged. Dogmatic theology claimed morality as a creation of its own, having no sanction save in divine revelation. Hence it was inevitable that, during the reconstruction or reinterpretation of dogma, some should hold that morality was merely a superstition. Nietzsche, indeed, declared that the law of natural selection ran counter to morality and the law of love, and that, if man was to advance, he must leave this childish weakness behind him. Others said that morality — as its name historically implies — is merely a matter of custom, and that it has, and has had, and can have, no sanction but convention, — the poorest and least sanctified of all sanctions that I, for one, can conceive. The evolutionary psychology rapidly transformed the science of mind, and showed that what was called the "intuitionist theory of ethics" is utterly untenable. The whole character of man is the product of ages of evolution, and he has an intuition of duty no more than he has an intuition of the existence of Deity. There thus remained only one theory of morality, which we call the "utilitarian ethics." It asserts that the sanction and origin and object of morality are to be found in its utility, — that very utility which Nietzsche, seeing but one half of the truth, sought to deny. Now what is meant by utility? *What, indeed, but survival-value, value for life?* Every system of morality, except the pessimistic system of Buddhism, which declares that life is a curse, has accepted, implicitly, at least, the principle that life is worth living, or may be made worth living. We must accept this view, else, as I have said elsewhere, murder is a virtue, and Napoleon, the incomparable

murderer of eight millions of lives, is the supreme saint of history. Morality, then, has its sanction in the services which it renders to life, — to the multiplication, preservation, and amplification of life. In the study of this dictum let us observe the main facts of the origin, history, and progress of morality, as these have been revealed by the author of the theory of universal evolution.

If we consider morality from the lowest standpoint of mere physical utility, without any reference to its spiritual value, to the nobility it evokes, to the supreme achievements of love or heroism, we may see that the evolution and persistence of morality is explicable by some such theory as the survival of the fittest. All the conditions of the environment, despite the more obvious and plausible advantages of pure selfishness, have favored the survival of this most fit and noble thing. To put it on the lowest ground, morality *pays*, — “honesty is the best policy,” — because union is strength, and without morality there can be no union. This principle may be illustrated even in a somewhat paradoxical way; for the burglar is more likely to succeed, and will prefer to work, with a fellow whom he can trust, showing the value of a moral element even in the conduct of an immoral enterprise. When rogues *fall out*, honest men come by their own.

As we trace upwards the history of life, at every succeeding stage we find the scope and the “mere utilitarian” importance of self-sacrifice increasing, — in the worker bee, in the vertebrate kingdom, with ever-increasing emphasis, until we arrive at man, not one solitary example of whom has ever lived for seven days without the indispensable aid of morality. Thus I not merely deny that morality is a product of man, but assert that *man is the highest product of morality*. In consideration of the facts of infancy, who will dispute this proposition, *No morals, no man?* In the breasts of the mammalian mother, which serve no purpose of her own, and, indeed, are the common site

of cancer which kills her in tens of thousands, we see the development of organs which are outward and visible signs of Nature’s demand for morality. Natural selection, as Nietzsche chose not to see, *actually selects morality*.

In other words, Nature is still consistent in her demand for fullness of life. What has survival-value, that she selects. If muscles were of higher survival-value than morality, Nature would select them. But morality, implying the strength which is in union, has supreme survival-value, and so Nature is ever more and more giving it her favor. There is a “power, not ourselves,” said Matthew Arnold, “that makes for righteousness,” — that is to say, for morality. But this power is, indeed, none other than an expression of the life-force of Nature. Fullness of life is her demand, and since righteousness makes for fullness of life, Nature’s demand for life is the explanation of the power, not ourselves, that makes for righteousness. The struggle for life is sanctioned by Nature, but so also is what Drummond called the “struggle for the life of others,” since thereby her supreme purpose is served. Morality has taken origin, and has increased, because it has survival-value.

Morality *touched by emotion* is the definition of religion that we have accepted for our present purpose; and we must consider this emotion which is thus related to morality. The living unit which has merely the inherent desire to struggle for itself will not lend help to others unless there be established the possibility of some immediate reward. In the last analysis, every action has its egoistic side, — even the most heroic and suicidal act of self-sacrifice is determined by a motive which suffices for the noble soul. In order that we may not fail to eat, there has been evolved the sensation of pleasure which accompanies that act; and it is so with morality. The reward of morality is the emotion that arises from self-denial for the sake of others. If self-denial engendered a painful emotion, there

would be no self-sacrifice. Nature, indeed, went further, — to continue the use of a convenient metaphor, she evolved penalties for the failure to alter the inherited tendency to struggle for self alone, and to gratify every selfish instinct without thought of others.

The combination of morality and emotion is thus sanctioned by Nature: it has survival-value, value for life and its amplification; and since it serves Nature's supreme end supremely well, she has set upon it the mark of her supreme approval. What, then, of religion and religions? They have intellectual, emotional, and moral elements. Each and all of these will endure exactly in so far as it possesses survival-value. The intellectual elements, the dogmas of the various religions, will survive or disappear according to the principles laid down when we were discussing the evolution of the intellect and the inherent necessity that Truth — having the greater survival-value — must prevail. The emotional and moral elements must follow the same law. I have said that there are and have been brutal and immoral religions. Once possessed, as might easily be shown, of some poor survival-value as means of discipline and social integration and stability, they have yielded, and will continue to yield, to those higher religions whose survival-value is greater because they inculcate a truer morality. Indeed, we are now possessed, it seems to me, of a criterion of all religions. They are all products, or characters, or appanages, of living creatures, living men. Like every other character of every living thing, Nature judges them according to their worth for her supreme purpose, — fullness of life. Many she has already judged, — those entailing human sacrifice, whether upon a bloody altar, or in the form of a meaningless asceticism, are already decadent. They run directly counter to her supreme purpose, and she will have none of them. In consonance with our view is the recent study of religion by a young English anthropologist, — Mr. Ernest

Crawley, a distinguished pupil of Dr. J. G. Frazer of Cambridge, author of the *Golden Bough*. He argues that the common element, both in primitive religions and in the higher religions, is the working of the primary instinct of human nature, the vital feeling, or what has sometimes been called the *will to life*. He thinks that the distinctive psychic state called religious is a product of this instinct, and that it induces, perhaps as its most essential character, an attitude of seriousness toward the great facts of existence. He believes that religion is a permanent growth from human nature, consecrating life and the living of life, and helping us to live. In the light of what we have been saying concerning survival-value, it is plain, then, that religion is sanctioned by Nature.

Finally, we should now be able, I think, to forecast the future of religion. In time to come, as to-day and in the past, Nature will continue to demand of every product of life, such as religion, that it possess survival-value. The religion of the future will be that religion the dogmatic assertions of which are true (being therefore dogmas of science as well as of religion), and the morality inculcated by which is such as best serves Nature's unswerving desire, — fullness of life. It is evident, for instance, that Buddhism cannot be the religion of the future, since it preaches the worthlessness of life, and thus is possessed of very low survival-value. It is evident, also, that the religion of the future, following the general tendency of religion to-day, will concern itself more and more with this present, sublunary, indisputable life of ours, and ever less with what lies beyond the human ken. It is evident that selfish asceticism, seeking the eternal salvation of its own petty soul, will not enter into the religion of the future. It has scarcely any survival-value, and Nature will have none of it. But I need not multiply examples. If the principle I have advanced be sound, we are now free to study all the religions of the past and present, and to predict the

characters of the religion of the future, by the help of the two unfailing guides, — Nature's consistent desire for fullness and ever greater fullness of life; and her

consequent demand of every character of living things, and every product of their minds, that it possess survival-value, which is none other than value for life.

WHEN THE RACE WAS TO THE SWIFT

BY BETH BRADFORD GILCHRIST

THE war scare was first heard of in the summer of 1913. Then everybody talked about it and nobody seriously believed in it. Even the market, after one acute attack of the ague, regained its normal steadiness. People had talked before and Washington had safely tided the matter over. All through the hot months the corridors of the State, War, and Navy Building hummed with unusual business; in September the perspiring clerks shared the general optimism. The State would hold in leash war dogs and sea lions. Diplomacy would win. Nevertheless, all due precautions were taken. While the Secretary of State smiled urbanely and wrote notes, he of the War Department quietly strengthened the coast defenses, and he of the Navy ordered rush work on the new battleships. In the event of war, the navy would bear the brunt, declared newspaper oracles. Those editors who had formerly preached from the text, Economy and a Small Navy, now congratulated the country on its possession of a magnificent body of up-to-date fighters. They even went so far as to point out the advisability of sounding the Italian government in regard to a possible sale of its four new submarines.

Early in December the battleship Virginia was launched; the old Virginia had met with a disabling accident three years before. By that time the entire East was confident of peace. Only California, persuading itself that it might wake any morning to find a hostile fleet dropping anchor off the Golden Gate, still cla-

mored for more adequate protection. The Navy Department tacitly acknowledged that in case of war the first blow would in all likelihood be struck from the Far East; it ordered the strengthening of the Pacific fleet. Four of the newest battleships in the Atlantic Squadron coaled for the long trip around Cape Horn. The Virginia received orders to follow as soon as she could be made ready to put to sea. Later, Admiral Dowling himself left Washington by rail for San Francisco to take command of the enlarged fleet. Before starting he announced that the Virginia would be his flagship.

All the while work was being rushed on the Panama Canal. Already that gigantic enterprise had cost more than the entire appropriation and it was not yet half done. Already the "creeping Johnny" had tucked Americans and half-breeds alike into thousands of narrow beds, and medical science had not yet found its conqueror. Hitherto it had been thought advisable to slacken work from May to December, but this year the rainy season saw no rest for engineer or workman. "War," chorused the editors at home, "may become inevitable in the course of a few years, but if it can be staved off until the Isthmian Canal is completed, that, in its turn, will have wide influence in still further removing the event of conflict. A nation will hesitate long to make war on the United States when her eastern and her western coastlines are more closely connected than by Cape Horn."

So the work at the front went on, and the deadly miasma, that in the wet season rises like a white ghost from turned earth on the Isthmus, found no gaps in the ranks of the toilers. Americans, engineers, clerks, draughtsmen, common diggers, crowded to fill vacant places. The mail of the Canal Commission grew heavy with applications for positions. Into the feeling of men generally there had entered an element of patriotism. It had come to be esteemed as honorable to hold an appointment for work on the Isthmian Canal as to have one's name on the roll of a regiment in war time. It was an enterprise as hazardous. And the young man leaving his home for Panama was sent off with much the same adulation and honor that is wont to attend the soldier going to the front. As in the case of the soldier, the odds were against his coming back; but, like the soldier, he would have done his country service.

In the midst of this apotheosis of labor, in the thick of these ante-bellum preparations, Professor Ithuriel Pennypacker, Ph. D., S. D., made ready his kit, and himself engaged passage for Panama. Not that he was urged on by the motives that swelled out the chests of younger men.

"If we had spent half the energy that has already been sunk in this canal project," said the professor, inadvertently grasping his own instead of the hand held out to him, "in studying how to harness the forces of Nature, to the end that she should do our work for us, all this waste might have been prevented."

"But, sir," cried the embryo geologist earnestly, "we are not equal to that yet. And think, when it is done, this, the greatest engineering feat of the world, greater than" —

"Too small, too small," interrupted the professor. "In ten years it will be found to be too small. And then what will it amount to?"

"It will have prevented war, or at least greatly diminished its chances," glibly recited the neophyte.

A gleam lightened the density of Professor Pennypacker's usual abstraction.

"War, young man," he said solemnly, "war will be at our doors before ever that canal is dug through."

"Then why go now, professor?"

"I see no reason," returned Professor Pennypacker calmly, "why wars or rumors of wars should interfere with my researches into the tertiary fossils of the Isthmus of Panama. The scientist who allows ephemeral considerations to hinder his pursuit of eternal truth, whether that truth open her books to him in limestone rock or in colorless vapor, is unworthy of his calling."

But before he reached the scene of his intended labors, Professor Pennypacker found himself called upon to begin researches in a more lively field than tertiary fossils offer. Miss Helen Bowles, for reasons neither patriotic nor scientific, announced her intention of taking the trip to Panama.

"I have made up my mind," said that young woman, forestalling an expostulatory chorus of relatives. "Of course, you may say all you like and I'll be polite about it. I'll listen. But I'll advise you not to waste your breath. If you argued till Doomsday, it would n't make any difference with my plans. Jim is not well, I'm sure. I'll confess I'm worried about him. And when one's only brother is in Panama, and does n't write very frankly about his health, and one is worried, why, the only thing to do is to go down there and see for one's self. Besides, the rainy season is over now, so there's no danger."

After much vain remonstrance, the relatives subsided. They always did. Miss Bowles declared they reminded her of the ancient Hebrews; so devoted were they to a regularly recurring formula of action.

"It runs like this," said the girl wickedly: "surprise; expostulation; weakening; acquiescence; lamentation."

Discovering the date of Professor Pennypacker's sailing, the relatives, singly and in couples, took him aside and tear-

fully or cheerfully, according to their temperaments, commended their niece to his patriarchal protection.

"Just keep an eye on her, Pennypacker, will you?" said Uncle Ezra. "If anything goes wrong, cable me."

"Oh, dear Professor Pennypacker," murmured Aunts Ellen and Ella, in duet, "it is such a consolation to know that poor, dear, brave child will have some one to depend on in case anything should happen; and so much might very easily happen, you know."

"I was saying to Ellen just now," went on Miss Ella, "how much it will relieve all our minds to know you are with her" —

"Indeed, indeed," supplied Miss Ellen, "to know she is not absolutely alone, — getting into that horrible mosquito-fever country, among the boa-constrictors, — I'm sure they have boa-constrictors there, Ella, — and all the other horrid beasts."

And the ladies' volubility ran on and on, until Professor Pennypacker, whose acquaintance with the gender feminine was limited to observations of a certain species of monkey upon which he had written a monograph years before when he came home from Central Africa, and to the dissertations of Virgil and Horace, dumbly wondered whether his selection of this particular winter for his long-planned visit to the Isthmian region were not ill-timed.

But when he found himself on board the *Aspinwall*, steaming southward with a cargo of machinery in the hold and the single exception to the masculinity of the passenger list under his protection, he gave to the subject all the careful scientific scrutiny which he expected in the near future to bestow upon fossils of the tertiary period. Miss Helen Bowles was certainly no fossil of the tertiary or any other period. She was a very wide-awake and much-alive young woman. The professor had always been a little afraid of young things; but this girl was young in a whole-souled way that did not frighten even an absent-minded old scientist. And she was pretty, in a

bewitching fashion that claimed more of that old gentleman's attention in a day than he was wont to devote to the whole human race in a month. It did not take the professor long to reach a general conclusion in regard to her character, — a conclusion which he never afterward saw reason to modify. One could not predict in regard to an action of Miss Bowles with the least degree of that certainty with which one could speak of the qualities of fossils. Any hypothesis built upon previous observations was likely to prove erroneous. To the professor's surprise, he found himself enjoying this element of unexpectedness. The kindly timidity with which he had at first approached this new subject melted to a less wary consideration. Professor Pennypacker was sometimes observed to smile at the adroit way in which Miss Bowles disposed of superfluous young men about her steamer chair.

On her part, Miss Helen Bowles did not share the professor's view of his attitude toward her. Instead, she looked upon herself as a human manifestation of his guardian angel. When he was about to salt his tea, she deftly substituted the sugar bowl. When he made as though to turn into the first door he came to, she gently enticed him to his own stateroom. When he looked vaguely dissatisfied in regard to his toilette, she delicately hinted that generally one wore a tie. It was entirely due to her efforts that, when the *Aspinwall*, on the fifth day out of New York, steamed up to the wharves at Colon, Professor Pennypacker stood on deck, his hat on, his tie straight, his umbrella grasped in one hand, and a full instead of an empty suit case at his feet.

Jim was the first man on board, *Jim*, big-boned and pale, with a look of fever about him that made his sister heartily glad she had come. There was another abreast of Jim, a man who gave place to the brother at the last, and the warmth of whose greeting from Miss Bowles earned for him the concentrated glares of the men on the steamer. Only Professor

Pennypacker regarded with mild benevolence this curly-haired youth with the cheerful cast of countenance.

"Why, Dick Dole," cried Miss Bowles, "I did n't expect to see you so soon!"

"Did n't you?" returned the young man. "I'm surprised. I'd credited you with more penetration."

The professor, too, was surprised. He knew himself to have the reputation of being, except in the case of fossils, no very observant man; yet even he, now that the subject was presented to him, considered it eminently natural that this civil engineer should have appeared on the deck of the Aspinwall. Given Miss Bowles and the engineer, what else could be expected? And Miss Bowles was a bright girl, an exceptionally bright girl. The professor shook his puzzled head. It would appear that women have no reasoning power, he thought. Or were the subtleties of Miss Bowles's character indeed unsearchable? When the engineer suggested that he might find board with their party on the heights of Culebra, he accepted the invitation with alacrity. The region was rich in limestone. Undoubtedly it was filled with fossils dating from tertiary times.

So the two engineers, Miss Bowles, and Professor Pennypacker, as a reward of much patience with the eccentricities of the Panama Railroad, climbed upward toward Culebra, putting behind them swamps and cone-shaped hills, still lagoons and running streams, little settlements and scattered native huts, always up, up to the top of the divide. Once there, and settled in the American-built and American-run Culebra Inn, Miss Bowles set to work to cure her brother. Incidentally she did mischief among the forces in the employ of the Canal Commission. And the professor lost no time in making the acquaintance of his beloved fossils.

It was not many weeks later that a finely dignified young officer registered at the Culebra Inn, and, turning away from the office, ran directly into the

engineer named Dick and Miss Helen Bowles.

"Why, Ned Lee!" cried the girl; "where did you come from?" She held out a cordial hand.

"Straight from the Virginia, Miss Helen," with a side glance at the engineer. "She's on her way around the Horn, you know; put in here at our new coaling-station. When I got your letter saying you reckoned you'd be down, I laid my plans right quick for a furlough. And the fates were kind."

"They generally are, to you, are n't they?" asked Miss Bowles. "I think you have never met Mr. Dole." The young men greeted each other with painful politeness. "Mr. Lee, Dick, is a junior lieutenant on the Virginia." The engineer glowed pleasantly at the sound of his name. The officer looked black. He wished he had not tried to impress the other man by saying "Miss Helen." Miss Bowles had ways of revenging herself — and others. "So the Virginia is coaling here. How fine for us! I suppose you are just spoiling for a fight. Sit down and tell me all about yourself. You will be back to dinner, of course, Mr. Dole."

The engineer perforce took himself off.

"Don't bite, Ned," said Miss Bowles gravely. "There, now you two are even. Let's go back to the status quo."

"I supposed you see a lot of that fellow down here."

"Of Dick Dole? Oh, yes, he's Jim's chum, you know. Older than Jim, but that's all the better for Jim. Now tell me about the Virginia."

When the professor and Jim came to dinner, they found the atmosphere in a state of ignored tension. Miss Bowles, fresh and cool, sat between the officer and the engineer, and attempted to carry off the situation by means of impartial smiles and a distracting dimple. The two men leaned toward her, each manœuvring to get the bigger share of her ammunition directed toward himself. The perfect courtesy of their manners did not extend

to the expression of their eyes. After dinner Jim, with brotherly forethought, went off "to work," as he said; the professor hid himself among the shadows on the veranda, and Miss Bowles suggested a walk. It was a little futile ramble, distinguished only by the lieutenant's vain attempts to lose the engineer.

"I feel as though I were walking on the crater of a volcano," thought the girl. "When will it go off, I wonder?"

Coming back to the seemingly deserted veranda, the engineer suddenly grasped the horns of the situation. And for a moment Miss Bowles, who had always advocated frankness with a warm championship, felt that there were things to be said in favor of more devious ways.

"Mr. Lee," said Dick Dole, "this looks to me like a good time for a little straight talk."

"So?" drawled the officer.

"We've never happened to run into each other before," the engineer went on, "but I fancy we both know pretty well that the other has seen a good deal of Miss Bowles, and — excuse me, Miss Bowles, but we might as well come out fair and square — that we both think a lot of her. We've glared at each other all the evening, until we've succeeded in putting a stop to most of her pleasure, I presume, as well as our own. I suggest that we come to some sort of an understanding on the matter."

"That's fair."

"Now I've proposed to Miss Bowles several times already."

"So have I!"

"Did she tell you she liked you very much, but was n't ready to marry you?"

"Oh, hush!" cried Miss Bowles.

"Yes. Did she say that to you, too?"

"Then we're pretty near even."

"I reckon we are."

The girl flushed very pink.

"Miss Bowles," said the engineer, "here we are. We've proposed to you singly, and now we do it together. Would you mind telling us which one you like the better?"

"To be very frank, Mr. Dole," said Miss Bowles, in her turn grasping the horns of the dilemma, "that is what I don't know."

"You can't make up your mind?"

"No, I can't. I like you both very much, but when it comes to trying to decide on which of you I'd prefer to marry, I just can't do it. First it's one of you, and then it's the other. I have tried honestly and very hard, and I'm ashamed of myself to think I don't know my own mind."

"Don't feel cut up about it," said the lieutenant gallantly. "It is n't your fault."

"We ought not to be so equally charming," murmured Dick Dole.

Miss Bowles began to pull to pieces a spray of jasmine blossoms. Mr. Lee looked at Miss Bowles. Mr. Dole stared at his boots. "The point is how to settle this thing," he muttered.

"We will have to leave that to Miss Bowles."

"Well, I'd like to help her. If we could think of some kind of a scheme — I have it! How'd you like to count out? Children do it, you know. 'Eny, meny, miny, mo.'"

"I don't think that would quite do," objected Miss Bowles.

"It would settle it, and we'll all feel better when it's settled. There's a toss-up," he hazarded. "Heads," — he nodded at the officer, — "tails, your humble servant."

The girl shook her head.

"I suppose you would n't care for regularly drawing lots? Then I don't see" —

Miss Bowles rose decidedly.

"Let's sleep on it," she said.

When she came downstairs in the morning, she found the two men eagerly awaiting her. She smiled, and nodded an assured answer to the one question asked by the four eyes.

"Did you dream it out?"

"No, it popped into my head when I waked." The girl looked from one to the other of the clear-cut faces with pride and

satisfaction in her glance. "It seems the very fairest way I can think of. When the canal is done, and the war is over, — if there is a war, — I will marry" — she blushed — "whichever gets to me quickest."

Mr. Dole and Mr. Lee looked at each other.

"But," said Mr. Lee, "when a fellow is under orders, Miss Bowles" —

"Yes, I know. But, in a way, so is Mr. Dole. And after the war you can get a furlough, you know. Anyhow, it is the best I can do. And I rather think," she meditated, "there's some deep psychology in it. I have n't studied it out very carefully yet, but I'm going to. He wins, you see, who can overcome obstacles, bend fate to his will, if you please, — yes, there's a good deal in it. Pretty soon I shall wonder how I ever came to have such a bright idea."

"But, the deuce!" exploded the engineer. "Beg pardon, Miss Bowles, but I'm feeling strongly, — it's such a long time to wait! Why, it will be *years* before this canal is done."

The girl raised her eyes to the young man's face.

"Why, Mr. Dole, that is one beauty of the plan. I'm in no hurry to get married."

"I am," objected Mr. Dole.

Miss Bowles paid no attention. "Now," she announced, "you two must shake hands on this."

The officer held out a hand. "Looks like we'll qualify for a school in patience," he drawled.

The engineer directed a keenly critical glance at the navy's long legs. "What's your pace?" he asked. "A hundred yards in two and a quarter seconds? I'm going to aim at a mile a minute. It looks to me as though legs would count for most in this game."

So Professor Pennypacker found them, and to him, as to one of his own fossils, Miss Bowles confided the terms of agreement. Solemnly the professor shook hands with both the young men.

"You have," he said, "my best wishes equally. The ways of a woman appear to be, like the ways of science, long. But the end, sirs, in this case, at least, is worth waiting for. If I could help to shorten this — er — period, I would gladly do it, but that hardly seems possible. Now if we knew how to harness Nature" —

As the professor's voice trailed off into his favorite dissertation, Mr. Richard Dole slipped away.

"Do you know," said Miss Bowles meditatively to the engineer some hours later, "Ned Lee was awfully nice to the professor this morning. Why, they really got almost chummy, and the professor had a beautiful time telling him all about those volcanic theories of his. I never liked Ned Lee as much as when I saw how good he was to that dear, enthusiastic, absent-minded old dreamer."

After that, Mr. Richard Dole paid marked attention to Professor Pennypacker. His reward was not confined to the smiles of Miss Bowles. Many were the evening hours spent, when that young woman was not available, in listening to the old man's scientific discourses. One hobby the professor had, aside from his rightful field of geology. This was what he frequently referred to under the phrase, "harnessing Nature to do our work for us."

"It is, indeed, outside of my province," Professor Pennypacker would say, "and I have no right to speak authoritatively on the subject, but it is allowable to have theories. You will agree to that, Mr. Dole?"

"Certainly, certainly. By all means," Dick Dole would aver.

"I have discovered many things lately," the professor would continue, "in regard to the feminine persuasion. It may be cajoled, but never commanded, and even when started in a desired direction, it is likely to keep on too far for comfort. Eh, my boy?" Professor Pennypacker rubbed his hands together over his little joke. "Now I have always said in regard to this canal project that, if men only knew how

to manage her properly, Nature would do the work. All this Isthmian region" — the professor spread out his hands generously — "is volcanic in character, seemingly dead volcanoes everywhere. But perhaps they are not dead after all, only asleep. You know what that means. A power of hot vapor that is immeasurable. You fellows build your little boilers on the crust of the earth. I tell you, we are living on top of a gigantic boiler. If we knew how to connect it with the work we want done, it would mark a revolution in engineering. How to do it, that is the question. There was Krakatoa. The sea water, entering, cooled the surface of hot lava superimposed over this steam. Result, an unparalleled upheaval. Immense energy, incalculable power gone to waste. The same with Mont Pelée. Vesuvius is a great dynamo of wasted energy. My boy, if we humans knew enough to bend forces like those to our schemes, where would be a paltry Niagara or two? We would harness the volcanic earth-core till it lit our streets, ran our cars, throbbed in our mines, rattled in our factories. There is no limit to the enterprises we could carry on with a power like that. We would not be wasting years and men and millions on this canal, for instance. We would have run it through in sixty days." The professor had been gesticulating with one of his numerous pairs of eyeglasses. Now he threw out his hands with a free sweep.

"More likely to have run us through," muttered Dick Dole, as he bent to pick up the pieces.

"What's that? Yes, ah, yes. Nature is always unruly. *Semper femina*. But when we know enough to use such forces, we shall likewise know enough to control them. You understand it is outside my particular field of research, quite outside. I would not claim any authoritative voice on the subject. But you are a young man and an engineer. It is worth your while to look into the matter. Here is a great field for some young man, for undoubted volcanic energy is the coming power."

"He is crazy, stark crazy," Mr. Dole confided to Miss Bowles. "Only mildly so, of course. He goes around chipping off rocks with his hammer and poking into fissures in the earth, — oh, I'm not such a foggy as to call those necessarily signs of insanity. But all the boys think he's a little touched. He may be sound enough when it comes to tertiary fossils, but he's got a mania now for finding water. Wanders around with one of those divining rods. Told me yesterday he thought he'd discovered an underground river; fancied its taking to the underworld might explain the disappearance of the connection that for centuries everybody supposed existed here between the oceans. And he talks the veriest tommy-rot about 'the power of the future,' everything run by the 'volcanic earth-core,' as he calls it. As if in fifty years, — or in five hundred, for that matter, — anybody'd be able to have volcanoes on tap, and turn out an isthmian canal, or any little thing like that, 'while you wait!'"

"The professor may be a little queer," said Miss Bowles, "but, queer or not, he is a dear old soul."

It was not long after expressing this opinion that Miss Bowles made ready for departure from Panama. This move was not entirely of her own volition. The war scare was increasing. Her ministrations and the dry season had together secured again to Jim his birthright of sound health, and there was really no cogent reason to urge against the ever-multiplying demands that she go home. For a month her mail had been weighted with commanding and beseeching epistles from uncles, aunts, and cousins pointing out the advantages of the United States in war time. An extravagant letter-telegram came from an officer in the Pacific Squadron, begging Miss Bowles to take to the United States while she could. Even Mr. Richard Dole heroically assured her that he agreed with the aunts, that there was no place like home, and Jim took matters into his own hands and engaged one

first-class passage from Colon to New York on the steamer Atrato, sailing in three days.

Professor Pennypacker accompanied her no farther than Colon. After all, his heart was back in tertiary times. "Tell them, my dear child," — he beamed a benevolent good-by, — "that I took excellent care of you. It *was* excellent, was it not?" he asked anxiously.

And the girl carried away a picture of the old professor standing on the wharf between the two engineers, and, as the narrow ribbon of water widened out, vigorously shaking a fragment of limestone he had taken from his pocket under the mistaken notion that it was his handkerchief.

So it came about that Miss Bowles found herself on a New York pier when word of the enemy's great *coup d'état* startled her ears, and it was in the midst of a group of nervous metropolitans that her eyes first fell on the eight-inch headlines, "*War Declared. Atlantic Coast Threatened. New York May Be First Point of Attack.*"

Everybody was talking at once, and everybody was undeniably frightened.

"Oh, my dear, my dear," gasped one of the aunts, "to think that I should live to be shelled out of my home by a pack of foreign invaders!"

"Their fleet is really on the way, you know," chattered a voluble cousin, with a frightened glance over her shoulder out to sea. "And across the Atlantic, when everybody thought of *course* the first blow would be struck on the Pacific. They've massed their best fighters in a *perfectly invincible* fleet, sneaked off their newest ships from their Eastern Squadron, and got them nearly through the Suez Canal before anybody found out about it. And now they're coming to prey on our coast, and of course they'll have everything their own way. There's nothing strong enough to oppose them over here. And to think of that splendid fleet just wasted on the Pacific!"

"Admiral Dowling and five of his

strongest battleships are ordered to make a race for this side," put in an uncle.

"Just like the Oregon, you know, fifteen years ago. But they'll be too late. Think of the distance they have to come!"

"They will get here just in time to find us all murdered and pillaged," wailed an aunt. "But I shall never live to be killed; I shall die of fright first. Think of New York in smoke, my dear! Oh, it is by the veriest miracle you reached here safely, Helen. I'm expecting any minute to see their ships in the harbor."

"The forts will have something to say about that, auntie; and there is the fleet."

"Oh, but, Helen, there are so many unprotected places, and nobody knows just where they will strike. To be sure, the government thinks they will aim for Cuba and the southern coast, and the Atlantic Squadron is strung out around Key West; but what does the government know about it? I am sure that New York will be the first place to be attacked. I always come straight to New York myself; why should n't those foreigners? The Atlantic Squadron ought to be up here this minute, protecting us."

That, Miss Bowles soon discovered from the papers, was the opinion of every port, big and little, on the Atlantic coast. And because the fleet, even if strung out, could not possibly stretch from Maine to Mexico, panic was in the air. All along the seaboard, houses were being deserted. The cities were busy sending portable valuables inland; banks hastily transferred bonds and money to vaults hundreds of miles from the coastline; private families gathered plate, papers, jewels, and deposited them with concerns in Worcester, Cincinnati, Chicago. Railroad lines, freight and passenger traffic, were threatened with congestion. And morning, noon, and night, and far into the night, the hot newspaper presses poured extras into the hands of an already fear-stricken nation of readers. All eyes turned hopelessly to the race of Admiral Dowling and his captains. The battleships detached from the Pacific Squadron and

summoned around Cape Horn were the five finest ships of the new navy. Each had a speed of twenty-three knots an hour. The papers, harking back to the Spanish War, printed half-page views of the old Oregon, and recalled the details of her famous dash for the eastern coast.

"If only the Panama Canal were done!" men groaned.

It was the 10th of March, and the enemy's fleet was passing Port Said, when the Secretary of the Navy telegraphed Admiral Dowling to proceed at once with the Virginia, the Dakota, the Washington, the New Mexico, and the Arizona, to join the Atlantic Squadron. On the 12th word came from the admiral that he was leaving San Francisco. Two days later the enemy steamed past Gibraltar, and war was declared. Immediately traffic began to die out on the Atlantic seaboard; shipping fled the coast; steamship lines announced their temporary discontinuance. West Indian waters were cut only by long, gray-painted hulls.

One day, two days, three; the Virginia touched at Acapulco, and the Isthmian Steamship Company docked its vessels. Another day; all communication with Panama, even wireless, suddenly ceased. Two days, three, four, five days; still no news from the Isthmus. People who were wont to look for signs spoke of an unusual brilliance in the glory of sunrise and of sunset. A fine dust fell in various parts of the country. Six days; strange smokestacks swam into view of a lookout scouting off Porto Rico, and disappeared. Seven days; Admiral Dowling was due at Valparaiso. Eight; the country was in a ferment, the strange smokestacks developed low-lying gray hulls, and the Virginia and her sister ships were yet unheard from. Nine; maledictions fell on Admiral Dowling's head, reduction in grade and reprimand threatened him from high places. The fleet was two days late out of Valparaiso.

That afternoon the despatch boat Columbia put into Havana with a message for Washington. When she left the

Atlantic Squadron it was steaming out to engage the enemy. In the early morning of the next day the Great American Reading Public tumbled out of its bed to devour, with staring eyes and uncomprehending brain, a cable that in heavily leaded type blackened the whole front of the city extras.

HAVANA, CUBA, *March 25.*

SECRETARY OF THE NAVY, Washington.

Joined the Atlantic Squadron at 12 M. Engaged the enemy at 2.30. By 6.00 enemy's entire fleet captured or destroyed. Losses on our side, destroyer Wasp missing, battleships Arizona and Iowa damaged. No heavy casualties.

DOWLING.

The Atlantic seaboard drew a long breath. In a second censure changed to praise, abuse to glorification. The country was saved. The names of the admiral, of his captains, of his ships, were on all tongues, together with a question: "*How did he get there?*" As hours passed, and no further message came from the victorious admiral, the wonder grew. The whole country was nonplussed. Surmise rang the changes on absurdity. Where the fact itself seemed incredible, no explanation could be too foolish to be sane.

In the midst of this riot of groundless speculation there fell another thunderbolt in the shape of a wireless message to the head of the Isthmian Canal Commission. It came from Chiriqui Bay, and was sent by one Richard Dole. So strange was its import that the distinguished commissioner at once put himself into communication with Mr. Dole. A lengthy wireless conversation ensued.

The engineer informed the commissioner that something in the nature of a mighty earthquake-eruption had taken place on the Isthmus nine days before, March 17. The configuration of the canal zone had apparently been radically changed, and, so far as could be judged, the work of the commission had been obliterated. The fact of the eruption's

occurring at night, when the major part of the men were not at work, Mr. Dole said, might account for the safety of some of them, though the uprush of hot steam from the centre of the earth, which was the salient feature of the eruption, would warrant little hope of finding many survivors. He and his companions owed their escape to the fact that they had gone on a hunting expedition back into the hills; yet even there the effects of the eruption had been felt with great force.

Turning in about eleven, the men were awakened several hours afterward by rumbling noises followed by several distinct earthquake shocks. About twenty minutes later, without warning, came a mighty explosion. Rushing out of the shack, Mr. Dole and his friends saw what looked like a great wall of steam and dust shoot into the air from the direction of the canal zone. It rose, as they watched it, straight up for perhaps four thousand feet, and then began gradually to spread out in a pine-tree shape, obscuring the stars. The men turned and made for the side of the hill against which their shack was built, thinking to climb to the top and get a wider view. Hardly had they gained a sheltering stony spur, before, prefaced by several sharp detonations, another mighty explosion occurred. The shock flung the young men against the rock.

When Mr. Dole came to his senses, it was still dark, and a warm rain was falling. As he sat up, and his eyes grew more accustomed to the lack of actual light, — a dim twilight, rather than pitch blackness, — he saw that over everything, — the bodies of his friends, himself, hands, face, clothes, — lay a soft mud. He drew out his watch, and found it still ticking. The hands registered half an hour after twelve. This was a twilight, not of morning, nor of evening, but of middle day.

After the whole party had regained its feet, preparations were made to set out at once for the coast. First Mr. Dole made an ascent of the hill, but in the semi-darkness he could see little. To the east new elevations seemed to waver mistily,

and stretched before his eyes was a strange phenomenon. The slopes of the hill in all directions but the one from which he had come were completely stripped of their green forests, and stretched bare and brown, covered with a thin mud coating denuded stems of trees that lay in serried rows with their heads pointing away from the canal zone. Mr. Dole reported this peculiar condition as extending to the coast. Where tangled forests had waved tropical barriers to travel, the way now lay over hill and through valley floored with prostrate tree trunks, arranged neatly, head to head, trunk to trunk, with only a few naked stems left standing, "bare as telegraph poles beside a country road," said the engineer. It was as though a mighty tornado had swept out from the canal zone, stripping and flattening the forests, leaving only here and there in some sheltered place an oasis of green.

The difficulties of the way and the scarcity of food had greatly retarded the party's passage to the coast. Only after days of hazard had they succeeded in reaching Chiriqui Bay. Mr. Dole volunteered to secure supplies, and at once to return to the scene of the disaster and discover the extent and nature of the eruption.

The newspaper account ended with the names of the men in the escaped party. The third on the list was that of James Redding Bowles.

The records of the navy office covering those few days make interesting reading. But if one must pick and choose, after Admiral Dowling's first despatch there are just two that the student of things new and strange cannot afford to miss.

The one reads: —

WASHINGTON, March 26.

DOWLING, Atlantic Squadron.

My heartiest congratulations to you and to the officers and men of your fleet. The country applauds your action. How did you get there?

Secretary of the Navy.

And the other:—

HAVANA, CUBA, March 26.

SECRETARY OF THE NAVY, Washington.

Accept thanks for your message. Found strait through Isthmus from ocean to ocean: apparently opened by eruption. Explored by second-lieutenant Edmund F. Lee in cutter and found navigable for battleships. Passage accomplished safely.

DOWLING.

On the publication of these despatches the country gasped and rubbed bewildered eyes. It was not accustomed to such opportune miracles; it did not know how to receive an Americanized twentieth-century version of the *Arabian Nights*. Immediately it demanded particulars, and eventually it got them. The *Times*, in securing the first authentic interview with the admiral and with Mr. Lee, recorded the biggest "beat" of a decade. Reduced to simple facts the story even now reads like a fairy tale.

Steaming southward at full speed from Acapulco, bent on making Valparaiso a day early if possible, the Virginia and her companion ships entered, while still off the Mexican coast, under a great cloudlike canopy of dust drifting at a height of some thousand feet above the ocean. The usual brightness of midday dimmed to a dull ecliptic light. At the same time peculiar atmospheric disturbances were observed. As the ships passed further south, heavy storms retarded their speed. Keeping strictly to the course, as the officers supposed, what was their amazement to find themselves one morning steaming along a bare and desolated coast. Knowing that something was radically wrong, the admiral at once ordered the engines reversed and an exploring party sent ashore. Returning, the party reported the country to be barren of vegetation, naked forests lying cut like swaths of grain, everything covered with a coating of volcanic dust, and the whole land bearing every mark of a recent and peculiar eruption. If the ships had been veering to the east

instead of keeping to their course, they should now be in the vicinity of the Isthmus, but this country bore no resemblance to Panama. The officer further reported no sign of life, but a broad inlet apparently penetrating the interior, — whether an estuary of the sea or the mouth of a river he was not prepared to state without further investigation.

Here Mr. Lee, who, according to the admiral's account, had, at the first mention of this curious inlet, listened with even closer attention, requested a word with his chief.

"Supposing this to be indeed Panama," said the young officer, "the body of water noted may be some sort of continuation of the partially completed Panama Canal, or, at least, it may lead to some connection with the further ocean. I volunteer, sir, to conduct an exploration into it."

So imbued was the young man with a belief in the navigability of this waterway, and of its coextension with the Isthmus, and with such semblance of probability did he quote the theories of a certain famous scientist, to the effect that just such a result might follow just such an eruption as this appeared to have been, that the admiral against his saner judgment gave Mr. Lee permission to take a cutter with a picked crew and investigate as he desired. The officer was absent twenty hours. On his return he reported the inlet to be a natural canal, thirty miles long and at points half a mile wide, navigable throughout for the largest battleships, having a depth greater than he was able to ascertain by soundings. As far as Mr. Lee could judge, this canal partly followed the direction planned by the commission for its water route, but it cut across the Isthmus in a straighter line and entered the ocean at a point outside the zone controlled by the United States. All traces of the artificial canal had vanished, together with all traces of the cities and settlements that had marked its course. At its further end, which observations located as west of

its Pacific entrance, the canal merged in a great sea. This had been indubitably defined as the Caribbean. The peculiarity of the strait's orientation, concluded the lieutenant, was in perfect agreement with the plans of the canal commission, since at this point the curve of the Isthmus throws the Pacific Ocean to the east of the Atlantic. The admiral then called a council of his captains, to whom Mr. Lee repeated his observations. After serious consideration it was agreed to attempt the passage of this natural canal. The success of the essay had enabled the flag-ship and her attendant battleships to reach Cuban waters in time to change the odds of battle and to secure to the American fleet an overwhelming victory.

As for the ship's peculiar position off the Isthmus, Mr. Lee's explanation has come to be generally accepted. He argued that the peculiar electric currents in the atmosphere, which induced the storms encountered far out at sea, also affected the compass, deflecting the needle from the pole in such a manner as to throw the ships out of their course to the eastward; an error impossible to discover while the dust clouds obscured the sun.

The ink was scarcely dry in the accounts of *how* all this had happened before the public was clamoring to know *why* it had happened. "What was the cause of this strange eruption?" demanded the newspapers, and each called to its aid in answering the question learned men and casual travelers, publicists and story-writers, engineers and correspondents. Scientists journeyed to Panama to study the conditions and try to read the barren face of the canal zone. Men and women with active imaginations went there, too. And the scientists came home and propounded scientific theories, and the people with imaginations came home and let loose their fancies. And none of them ever came near the root of the matter.

Professor Pennypacker's name was never mentioned in these connections.

It was never set up in huge type in newspaper headlines. Richard Dole's was, and so was Lieutenant Lee's. Certain deeply scientific journals printed paragraphs commenting on the work of Ithuriel Pennypacker, Ph.D., S. D., and on his loss to the cause of tertiary fossils.

But Richard Dole wrote to Miss Helen Bowles, "I fancy if we could get a word with the old professor now we'd find out a thing or two. Of course, you know I don't run on in public about him or his theories, though there seems to have been something in them, does n't there? But the poor old chap was right when he said you can't bet on what Nature 'll do when you get her started. And, mind you, I don't say he started her off, — I know he did n't set out to, anyhow. But he went off one morning two days before the grand blow-out, and one of our fellows went with him to fix a drill. The professor wanted to get into the inside of a big chunk of limestone. Well, he did. Everything worked all right. When the professor came home, he said he guessed the explosion had queered that underground river of his, it seemed to be moving on further. (Of course he did n't put it just like that, but I'm giving you the sense.) I was starting off on that little hunting trip, and I confess I did n't pay much attention. Now I get to wondering sometimes. There were fissures in that region; one of 'em looked deep enough to lead to the 'earth core,' if it stopped anywhere this side of China. I wonder whether the professor's underground river took that road. You know his theories about cold water 'superimposed' on his big natural 'boiler.'

"But anyhow, if he had anything to do with it, I for one bless his old soul. The canal is done, and you bet I'm letting no grass grow under my feet in settling up affairs down here."

Miss Bowles gave a little gasp as she read the last lines. She was sitting in a sunny breakfast room of that inland city whither a worried aunt had hurried her at the first outbreak of war. That jour-

ney, weeks ago, the girl remembered well. She had sat at her car window, and with unseeing eyes had watched the familiar landscape race past to the pace of unfamiliar thoughts. All through that ride the window sashes had framed for her two pictures; one of a young man pacing the deck of his speeding ship, the other of a young man at work on a great canal. And in both she had been equally interested. Now the war was waged; the morning paper she had just laid down spoke of the first overtures toward peace. It had assumed proportions hardly greater than those of an international episode. The canal, too, was done, and —

Miss Bowles blushed. Such suddenness bewildered her. She felt hurried; the play had not been quite fair. Then she turned to the paper again. Three columns devoted to New York's gigantic preparations for the reception of the Virginia stared up at her. Admiral Dowling and his officers were to be given the freedom of the city. The account ran on in glowing terms. Miss Bowles stirred her coffee thoughtfully. She was glad she had not tried to decide herself. They were both so nice that it really did not matter which.

The maid laid two telegrams by her plate. Miss Bowles picked up the top one, and tore it open. It was dated at Norfolk, Virginia.

Furlough at New York expect me Wednesday 4.15.

E. F. LEE.

Mechanically she tore open the second. It was sent from Miami, Florida, and had been delayed.

Coming hurrah see you Wednesday at 4.30.

R. DOLE.

Miss Bowles sat back in her chair with a little cry. Then she looked again at the telegrams.

"Mary," she said, "will you get me the N. Y. C. timetable on uncle's desk? Thank you." She ran over the pages hurriedly. "I knew it," she declared aloud; "he had the old schedule. Both those trains are due now at 4.30!"

Thirty-three hours later Miss Bowles was pacing the walks of her aunt's garden, in the company of a happy-faced young man.

"I wonder my hair did n't turn gray in a night," she said plaintively. "I expected nothing less. You see, until the telegrams came I did n't know, and then — I was so afraid it would n't be *you*."

As for the Panama Canal, the question of its ownership is still a mooted point in the hands of the Hague Tribunal.

RAILWAY SECURITIES AS AN INVESTMENT

BY ALEXANDER D. NOYES

THE railway was invented by George Stephenson in 1814, but it was not until 1825 that investment in the shares of such enterprises came to public notice. The opening in 1825 of the Stockton and Darlington Railway, the first completed enterprise of the kind in history, first drew to that investment field the attention of the British public. The "boom," as we should call it nowadays, in stocks of that and other projected enterprises, was short-lived, partly because the railway was an experiment, but chiefly because English capital had not yet recovered sufficiently from the long and exhausting strain of the Napoleonic wars to provide a sufficient surplus for new ventures on an extensive scale. During the subsequent decade, however, railway extension continued at a modest rate of progress, but with much pertinacity, the requisite capital being raised, as is usual in periods of reaction, from among a few wealthy men who had made a thorough study of the undertakings, and were content to devote to them their private fortunes or the accruing surplus of their own trade enterprises, and await results with patience. As a consequence, the authorizing and surveying of new railway routes progressed, while the large profits of lines already in operation, and the steady advance in quoted values of projected enterprises, more and more drew the attention of investors and speculators to the possibilities of the field.

Between 1835 and 1837, three familiar elements in a "railway boom" came simultaneously upon the scene. The thrifty public, after a decade of apprehension, economy, and accumulation, found its savings once more overflowing the field of local investment. The railway projects, meantime, found their way into

Parliament, where the advantages of rival schemes, discussed by the advocates of each, obtained wide audience. Simultaneously there came into public view the first of the long line of "railway promoters,"—George Hudson, a York linen-draper, whose daring, imagination, and persuasiveness gave to the schemes the fillip which is always essential in removing the outside public's instinct of mistrust. For other reasons, chiefly, than the railway mania, the "boom" of the thirties broke down in the panic of 1837; but by this time the industrial opportunities of the railway were so manifest that capital was obtained to pursue construction, even under the heavy handicap of financial depression.

The ensuing years witnessed the linking of London with the provinces; half a dozen years later, the time was ripe for investment on an extensive scale in railways, completed or uncompleted. Mr. Grinling, in his *History of the Great Northern Railway*, has thus described the resultant rush of outside capital into English railway securities:—

"During this autumn of 1843, the money market in London was in a remarkably easy state. The amount of bullion in the Bank, which two years before had been as low as four and a half millions, had trebled itself in amount. The rate of discount was $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, and Consols were above par. Money was very abundant, and the investments in foreign securities, in which it had until recently found full employment, had suddenly become extremely unpopular owing to 'repudiations' on the part of several South American States. Hitherto the London brokers had left railway shares severely alone, and the lines so far constructed in England had been promoted, not by finan-

ciers, but by solid commercial men, — bankers, manufacturers, and merchants, — who were interested in them, not as investments primarily, but as likely to improve trade in general, and their own business in particular. But, now that other fields of investment were proving unfruitful, the attention of 'the City' began to turn to railway promotion; it was discovered to be a branch of speculative finance from which 10 per cent dividends might be hopefully expected, — for were not the London and Birmingham, Grand Junction and York, and North Midland paying this, and the Stockton and Darlington 15 per cent? — and so, all at once, as it seemed, a condition of most intense apathy in regard to railway projection gave way to one of keen interest, rapidly passing through enthusiasm to a new and overpowering mania."

This description gives an idea of the economic reason for the rise of railway securities as investments. In brief, the accumulation of private capital had been so great, in the period of unusually prolonged peace and unprecedented industrial activity following the Napoleonic period, that it overflowed the ordinary channels of investment, and did so at the time when the very industrial expansion, from which arose the surplus investment fund, urgently called for the new transportation facilities which now could not be provided save through extensive use of private capital. From that time up to the period of wild promotion and speculation in the early seventies, the movement progressed continuously; hastened or impeded by the vicissitudes of financial prosperity or adversity, but on the whole continuous, as appears from the table in the next column, drawn up in 1883 by a French statistician, and reprinted, with expression of confidence in its exactness, in *Poor's Manual of Railways* for the ensuing year. Since the year 1880, railway mileage has doubled in the United States, and a similar increase has occurred elsewhere in the world. The increase in volume of securities of

this sort may be judged from the fact that, in this country alone, railway stocks and bonds outstanding, which in 1880 slightly exceeded \$5,000,000,000, have risen subsequently to the remarkable total of \$14,000,000,000.

RAILWAY MILEAGE OF THE WORLD

	Europe.	Asia.	Africa.	America.	Australia.	World.
1840	2,117	none	none	2,840	none	4,957
1850	14,458	none	none	9,015	none	23,473
1860	32,147	840	296	33,332	347	66,962
1870	64,253	5,085	950	58,470	1,035	129,793
1880	104,733	9,856	2,878	107,162	4,858	229,487

What is to be said of the relative advantage or disadvantage of these securities for the investment of private funds, compared with other investment fields? Judged solely by the criterion of safety, the best investment of capital is in an enterprise with which the investor is familiar, and of whose prospects he can keep himself constantly and accurately informed. Real property or real estate mortgages will fall within this category when the capitalist is personally conversant with the field; so of investment in merchants' paper by a merchant, or in his own business by the head of any commercial undertaking. Such investments do not touch the present discussion; because the investor who considers railway securities is probably looking for something which can be instantly turned into cash, as the above-named investments usually cannot; and he is, moreover, either desirous of putting some of his eggs in another than the familiar basket, or else is no better acquainted with the merits of real property and merchants' paper than with any other field of investment. Railway securities, in so far as they have been introduced on stock exchanges, have the advantage of a ready market; this they enjoy, however, in common with government securities, and the mass of industrial stocks and bonds.

As to government securities, it is to be observed that if they are issued by a gov-

ernment in unquestionable credit, their price is apt to be so high as to reduce the net income yield to a very low figure; whereas, if they are placed by an unstable government, or by a state confronted with war, revolution, or financial disaster, the buyer may secure a seeming bargain, but with a risk of total loss. This risk is not so slight as may be supposed; repudiation of all or part of a public debt has not, even in very recent history, been confined to states subjected, like the Central and South American republics, to alternating military dictatorships and anarchy. Within a dozen years, governments as respectable as those of Portugal and Greece have defaulted on their coupons; somewhat farther back, numerous American states and municipalities, with more or less excuse, have done the same; and the recommendation to do so for the national debt was actually incorporated, only forty years ago, in the message of a president of the United States. Public securities of Japan and Russia have lately, it is true, sold in the market on a 5 or 6 per cent basis; but they did so only because, in the one case, the Continental bankers publicly expressed the belief that Japan would break down financially under the strain of war, and in the other, because the impaired credit of Russia, in the throes of revolution, prevented her ministers from making terms with the bankers which should enable her even to meet her recurrent revenue deficit.

Industrial securities, on the other hand, incur the objection that at the present stage of their development they are, and probably will for a good many years remain, an experiment. Rules and methods employed by a manufacturer with a single mill, catering to a particular line of trade, and borrowing largely on the credit of his personal record and experience, from banks of his own neighborhood, are necessarily and very radically altered when a dozen or a hundred of such establishments are combined into one great corporation under a central management. Expedients well established in the case of

the independent manufacturer are no longer adequate; the new corporations learned in 1903 that they could not even borrow working capital on the plan pursued by their constituent companies before the amalgamation. Furthermore, these companies have not yet reached the stage of tried experience which will make their financial machinery as simple and as easily understood as that of a well-managed railway.

Yet it is not wholly this consideration which places these securities at a disadvantage, compared with railway investments. Even to-day, the problems confronting the railway business are as complex and bewildering as in most other industries. The influence of good or bad times on profits of railways is no more obvious and direct than their influence on steel or sugar or copper manufacture. The question of transportation rates governs the outcome in net railway profits, and rates are regulated, not only by competition, but by restrictions of public law. Railways, furthermore, are compelled, more generally than any other industry, to embark in new undertakings which are experimental, which must, for a time, at least, be not only unproductive, but a positive drain on the company's general finances, and which may never turn out remunerative. New branches and extensions, planned with the idea of "opening up" districts whose resultant new population will provide future profits, are an inevitable incident of railway development. No doubt somewhat similar experiments play their part in the career of a manufacturing company; but with this difference, that if the venture turns out badly, the manufacturer is at liberty instantly to abandon the disappointing field. The railway, on the contrary, must continue the experiment and make the best of it.

But, from the investor's point of view, the very important offset to all this was the early adoption, by the railways, of the practice of making full and frequent reports of earnings to their shareholders.

Of the great industrial companies whose shares are most active on stock exchanges and most largely dealt in by investors, only a portion submit even annual reports. A company whose shares are as widely distributed as the \$155,000,000 Amalgamated Copper never states its earnings, and has never submitted a report, save one whose inadequacy made it a mark of contempt for every accountant. Of industrial corporations which publish annual reports, only a handful have anything to say more frequently to their investors. A very few publish meagre quarterly statements; one gives out, every three months, its report of monthly net earnings for the period.

It follows that shareholders in such companies must, during all such intervals, and permanently in the case of such corporations as the Amalgamated Copper, be left in the dark as to their companies' finances, save for the utterly unreliable "market rumors," the interested personal assurances of officers, and the conjectures based on their own untrained observation. Railways, on the other hand, began very early in their career to publish frequent income reports and balance-sheets. The annual report, usually very thorough, is a matter of course. The state authorities require as a rule complete quarterly reports of earnings, expenses, and net income, and of assets and liabilities. This information the companies themselves, with very few exceptions, supplement with a monthly statement of gross and net income, fixed charges, and surplus. The greater number go still farther, and publish weekly reports of gross receipts. Such information is of the highest practical value, and has played a very large part in the winning of the investor's favor for such enterprises. There are several reasons for this completeness of information from the railways. I have already mentioned that the state railway commissions have exacted some of it. The greater part, however, is a result of intelligent judgment of the investment problem by the railway managers them-

selves. They learned very early that the company which withheld such information, when its competitors were providing it, fell instantly and rightly under suspicion of investors. A practice first adopted by virtue of necessity became at length a habit. In times when the interest of outside capitalists was hard to attract, railways vied with one another in the completeness of information published as evidence of good faith. Once thus established, the practice could not be abandoned. Such is one simple chapter in the rise of railway investments.

The reader will not fail to notice that the argument thus vindicated for frequent publicity of railway accounts applies absolutely to industrial companies which withhold such statements. The familiar plea that manufacturing companies cannot afford to disclose "trade secrets" to competitors, and that frequent income statements would involve such disclosure, is either hollow in itself, or else ought equally to militate against publicity by the railways. The simple truth is that an earnings report does necessarily, in any and every case, give some clue to an aggressive competitor as to what is going on. But while this may properly be invoked as an argument for secrecy in the case of a small enterprise, owned by the men who manage it, the company which has offered its shares to the larger general public owes to that public a duty which supersedes all such considerations. No industry can be conceived in which a competitor could obtain, through such statements, a more positive hint of his rival's plans and policies than in the railway; yet no one suggests abandonment of "railway publicity." A vast amount of humbug has been inflicted on the public in the discussions of this matter, and the numerous absurd anomalies of the Federal government's Bureau of Corporations are the logical result.

Because the railways make full and frequent reports of their earnings and financial condition, it does not follow that the investor has only to glance at

these statements and be assured as to the safety of his investment. To get these figures is something, but it is necessary also to know how to interpret them. Reliance on balance-sheets is a notorious pitfall to the inexperienced reader; even income statements may be utterly misleading. There was a time, for instance, — in the later eighties, when a craze for rapid expansion of branch lines had seized the railways, — that numerous important companies, in their weekly and monthly reports, used to include without comment receipts from “company freight;” that is to say, money paid out of proceeds of bond sales by the company itself to itself, for carrying building material over its older lines to points where new construction was in progress. The result, naturally, was a fine show of increased earnings, which vanished in air when assets and liabilities came to be balanced up at the end of the fiscal year. This objectionable practice has been abandoned. Another, that of burying in separate and obscure accounts all inconvenient liabilities, has been harder to destroy. One very important railway company, fifteen years ago, bought or leased a series of small connecting lines, which thereupon failed to meet running expenses. The parent company had to make good the resultant deficits, for which it took the notes of the smaller lines. The losses it tucked away quietly into what it called a “suspense account;” the notes it reported as current assets. By this ingenious jugglery, the statements were made to show that the company was growing richer with each successive loss through an unprofitable investment. There is little cause for wonder that when this railway, supposed to be sound and solvent, went in an hour of financial crisis to a banking house to raise an emergency loan, it was promptly shown the door and left to plunge into public bankruptcy.

In studying a railway report, the income account and the balance-sheet are the principal and, to the average reader, the only guides. The income account —

whether monthly, quarterly, semi-annual, or annual — gives gross earnings, operating expenses, net earnings, other income, fixed charges, dividends (if any), and surplus. Sometimes a report of this nature, taken by itself, will tell the real story of the company's condition; more often it will not, because railways have their fat seasons and their lean seasons. A railway whose business is largely made up of carrying grain will show up best in October, November, and December, when the harvesting is over and the wheat or corn or oats move freely to market. Such a road may show, in its report for the quarter ending September 30, that its dividend was not earned; yet may earn so great a surplus over dividends in the ensuing quarter that the preceding deficit will be far more than made good. So, also, many roads incur so large expenses from heavy snowfall, in the dead of winter, as to eat up the great bulk of gross earnings; yet other seasons will compensate. As a rule, the best way to make such allowances is to compare the statement with the same period's results in the two preceding years. In the absence of abnormal incidents, such as a great blizzard, this comparison shows the tendency of the business. It does not necessarily show permanent tendencies; a short crop of wheat or corn, in a given year, leaves less grain for every road in the district to carry, and, furthermore, leaves less money in the hands of farm communities to use in buying manufactured goods which the railway expects to carry to them. Yet the next year may bring a “bumper” harvest.

Careful attention should be paid, not only to increase or decrease in operating expenses, but to the change, if any, in the ratio of such expenses to gross earnings. If such ratio grows larger, year by year, in corresponding months, and if that increase is not explainable either by abnormal weather conditions, steady advance in cost of labor or materials, or appropriation of increased sums from earnings for improvements, then the en-

terprise is losing ground. Fixed charges, which are mostly interest on the funded or floating debt, must be compared with special care. Money borrowed through sale of bonds is presumably used for productive purposes. It may, however, be employed for uses which will not immediately add to earnings, as with a new terminal station substituted for an old one; it may be used for buying control of other railway properties, or, finally, it may be devoted to settling old losses or paying unearned dividends. The first question to ask, therefore, is whether net earnings are increasing along with interest charges, or not. If the borrowed money was profitably invested, net earnings ought to increase more rapidly than charges, — always excepting cases where investment was made for the longer future, as in new terminals or connecting lines which the main company hopes to make profitable later on. The facts in either of the two last-mentioned cases should be matters of public knowledge. Knowing the facts, the questions left are: first, whether the investment was judicious in itself; second, whether the company could afford to make it and await results. A poor company cannot safely buy branch lines and build expensive terminals, and the margin of surplus (if any) left after the resultant fixed charges goes far toward settling the question whether it was able to do so or not. If the company is using proceeds of loans to pay unearned dividends, it is an investment to avoid.

The income statement will tell part of the truth in these regards; the balance-sheet will tell more. Balance-sheets are a source of perpetual bewilderment to the average investor, largely because of the difficulty of discovering what makes up such large items on the assets side as "cost of road" and "cost of equipment." If the liabilities items of "funded debt" or "floating debt" show large increase from year to year, the analysis of "cost of road and equipment," in the annual report, should be carefully examined.

What is learned from that analysis should be tested by reference to the income account. It is at least a matter for suspicious inquiry if funded and floating debt increases steadily, without any increase in net earnings. The fact that "cost of road and equipment" had reached larger figures, along with the increased debt, would mean little, unless earning power (after due allowance for general conditions) had increased along with it. If, on the other hand, the balance-sheets show "cost of road and equipment" to have increased without any addition, or without an equivalent addition, to funded or floating debt, the presumption is that earnings have been put back into the property before shareholders' dividends were considered; and the property ought thereby to have been made more valuable.

These are tests which investors, not experienced or trained in examination of accounts, may apply with some expectation of enlightening themselves as to the status of a railway property. They are not final tests. Inquiry into the real condition of such properties, especially where legitimate misgiving as to the nature of that condition exists, necessitates the professional knowledge and experience of expert accountants. Stock Exchange commission houses, recognizing this fact, are adopting much more generally the practice of keeping in their own employ a qualified expert of the sort. Where any question of real doubt arises, the banker himself prefers not to trust his own unaided judgment. What I have endeavored to give here is simply a notion of the manner in which reports of these companies should be read, and of the general conclusions which may be drawn from them.

Glancing over the list of securities which may be purchased for investment, on the Stock Exchange or elsewhere, the investor is apt to be first impressed by the apparently numerous classes into which such securities divide themselves. In reality, however, the variety is not so

great, especially among railway securities, as might be supposed, the divergent classification of bonds in particular being due rather to special provisions as to the mortgage lien behind them than to a radical difference in kind. Common stock of a railway needs no explanation; it simply represents a share in ownership of the property. Preferred stock is so named because it must receive a certain stipulated dividend before the common stock gets anything. This privilege is commonly offset by a further proviso, either that the preferred stock, having received its own dividend at the stipulated rate, shall get no more, even if a higher rate is paid to the common stock, or else that, after the common stock has received as large a dividend as the preferred, further dividend distributions shall be made in equal ratio to the two classes of stocks. In general, the advantage of a preferred stock is that it may be paying dividends while the common stock is getting nothing; its disadvantage, that the common stock usually has unlimited possibilities of increased dividends, while the preferred stock's right to share in subsequent larger profits is strictly limited. The dividends on a preferred stock were for many years made contingent simply on yearly earnings, — that is to say, while in a given year the preferred stock was entitled to its 6 or 7 per cent before the common stock got anything, it had to take its own risk on the question whether enough would be earned to pay the dividend on the preferred. So many investors in preferred stocks, two or three decades ago, found their expectations disappointed, that the fashion grew, among stock-issuing corporations, of making dividends on the preferred stock "cumulative." If, for instance, a preferred stock has the prior right to a 7 per cent dividend, and if the company has earned only enough to pay 5 per cent, for the year in question, then the omitted 2 per cent will remain a contingent claim for the benefit of the preferred shareholders. The next year, the same company may have earned

enough to pay 7 per cent on the preferred stock and something on the common, but nothing can be paid on the common stock until the 2 per cent back dividend had been made good. This plan of cumulative dividends was obviously adopted for the sake of giving a market to the preferred stock of new companies. It is not, however, approved by the best authorities, and has not worked well in practice. Generally it has been found that when a company ran behind in the dividends stipulated for its preferred shareholders, the deficiency was due to original overcapitalization or to miscalculation of the future. Under such circumstances, failure to earn the full preferred dividend was likely to be permanent; the result, in a number of cases, was that back dividends on preferred shares accumulated at so portentous a rate as to drive the company's managers in the end to radical reorganization of the company's entire finances. The United States Leather Company's 8 per cent "cumulative" preferred stock, for example, paid something regularly in dividends; but it could not pay 8 per cent, and after ten years, more than 40 per cent in "overdue dividends" had accumulated. The company's finances had to be readjusted, under a new name, with new stock issued to pay for these back dividends. Voting power has much to do with fixing the value of an active stock. Sometimes the right to vote for directors is restricted to the common stock; rarely, as with the Rock Island Railway Company, the preferred stock alone enjoys the privilege. More often both kinds of stock enjoy equal voting rights.

A first mortgage bond is what its name indicates, — a lien prior to all others, with foreclosure rights. Such a mortgage is not, however, necessarily secured on an entire railway system; the Union Pacific's first mortgage 4 per cent bonds, for instance, cover only 2091 miles of the company's lines, whereas the whole system comprises 5602 miles. Since the value of such a bond depends on the property it

can claim in the event of foreclosure, this question of security behind a bond should be carefully examined. Second, third, and fourth mortgage bonds are terms which explain themselves; they take this order of precedence in claim on assets, in the event of foreclosure. Divisional bonds are secured only on the property of a given division of a railway. Consolidated mortgage bonds are usually a security grouping a number of subordinate liens, and coming after a first mortgage. Income bonds receive interest only when earned; they hardly differ in value from a preferred stock, and are pretty nearly obsolete. Debenture bonds are practically the same. Terminal bonds are secured on the railway station property of a company; land grant bonds on the land given to the company by the states which incorporated it. Collateral trust bonds are secured only by other stocks or bonds, bought with the proceeds of the collateral bond, and deposited in the hands of trustees. A "short-term note" is an obligation usually entered on because bonds either cannot be sold at the moment to advantage, or cannot be sold at all. They are secured, as a rule, by pledge of stocks or bonds owned by the railway, and are seldom offered on the open market. In the past, issue of such notes was a plain sign of danger; it was the forerunner of the panic of 1873, and it marked the approaching downfall of more than one company in 1893. Yet in 1903, when the wellsprings of domestic credit seemed suddenly to dry up, some of the soundest railways in the country borrowed on such notes rather than sell long-term bonds at a sacrifice. They placed the notes mostly in Europe; when the financial storm, which was local to Wall Street, passed away, the companies redeemed their notes in bonds. In buying any bond, the date of maturity is a matter of importance. A good bond with fifty years to run is usually more valuable than a similar bond with only ten. This is particularly the case when the price is above par, because at maturity the railway can redeem the

bond at par or the fixed redemption price, and the premium paid is lost.

In general, securities of railways in old and long-settled sections of the country are the best investments, because they are less subject to the vicissitudes of bad times. In the panic of 1893, for instance, nearly all of the great transcontinental railways — the Union Pacific, Northern Pacific, and Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé, which traversed new and largely unsettled districts — went into bankruptcy. Yet the Erie Railway, one of the oldest Eastern companies, and the Philadelphia and Reading, a pioneer in the Pennsylvania coal-fields, met the same fate. The question, East as well as West, is largely one of conservative or excessive capitalization, especially in bonds, on which interest must be paid if the company's solvency is to be preserved. The intrinsically most valuable railway property in the country may be so loaded with debt, and may so far have dissipated its resources in excessive dividends, that its credit is at the mercy of a disastrous year in trade; whereas a railway in a purely experimental section of the country may be absolutely sound, because of prudent financial management. It is Wall Street bankers and speculators, who have at times insisted on excessive dividends to keep up prices, or have "unloaded" connecting railways on a larger company at extravagant prices, taking pay in bonds, who are responsible for the worst bankruptcies of our railway history. Railways like the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western, the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul, the Illinois Central, the Chicago and Northwestern, the Pennsylvania, the Delaware and Hudson, and the New York, New Haven, and Hartford, which have handled their finances carefully, occupy the highest grade of credit. To-day the Union Pacific and Northern Pacific railways stand among the strongest, — partly because excessive capitalization was cut down in reorganizing after their bankruptcy in 1893; partly because the country traversed by them has developed

new and vast resources; partly because of the more skillful management under which they now have fallen. Other companies, like the Erie, and in a less degree the New York Central, are to-day handicapped by inadequate provision of capital to keep step with the demands of present-day traffic, and there is a long list of roads which are still experiments. With these, the Stock Exchange price goes far toward telling the story. When a stock pays 4 per cent or more in dividends, and sells nowadays below par, something is the matter; investors show by their lack of bids that they are suspicious. Yet it may easily be that, while dividends are precarious, interest on the higher-grade bonds is abundantly secured.

Supposing this part of the inquiry into investment possibilities to have been satisfactory, there remains one further consideration. The security tentatively selected for investment sells to-day at a given price on the Stock Exchange. Is that price such as to invite immediate purchase, or will the buyer be wiser in awaiting more favorable terms? There are investors, not always of the inexperienced class, who base their inquiry wholly on the question what a given security is worth to them, at ruling prices, and ignore further consideration of the condition of the markets. Such an investor may have convinced himself that a given railway stock is safe, that it will continue, and probably increase, its existing dividend, and that if he can receive, say 4 per cent per annum from his investment in the meantime, he will be doing as well as he can do elsewhere. The stock, let us say, pays 6 per cent per annum, and sells on the Stock Exchange at \$150 per \$100 share. If the investor holds exclusively to his adopted principle, he will pay that price, regardless of the question whether the stock market outlook seems to promise a lower price on some subsequent occasion.

It would possibly be better, both for the investor's peace of mind, and for the general wisdom of his investment, if he

were to follow more frequently such a plan. It is not, however, the policy of the average investor. In nine cases out of ten, an element of speculation enters into his deliberations. Stock brokers will bear witness that even the small capitalist, ostensibly seeking for a safe and permanent investment, is likely first of all to inquire for stocks which are likely to "go up." There is surely no harm in this, so long as it simply means that the inquirer is looking for a stock which sells at inviting prices. But there are other means of determining this question, and unfortunately the state of mind which induces purchase of a stock because it is "going to rise" is also likely to encourage sales because it is "going to fall," and thus to keep the investor constantly shifting from one security to another, regardless of real values. This game of speculation is one in which the Stock Exchange rarely fails to beat the outsider. A very great part of the machinery of Wall Street is constructed with the purpose of persuading the "outside public," when experienced operators are trying to sell their own speculative holdings, that stocks are about to advance, and *vice versa*. The ingenuity with which these "rumors" are contrived and circulated, their frequent plausibility, and the enthusiastic excitement with which they are repeated in brokers' offices, and in the financial columns of most newspapers, create heavy odds against cool and accurate judgment by the outside investor. If he surrenders himself to the charm of "following the market," the chances are that the market will have its own way with him. The public that always buys at the top and always sells at the bottom is the objective point of half the professional speculation on the Stock Exchange.

There is, nevertheless, a class of investors who do take close and intelligent account of the condition of a market, and whose fixed plan is to watch for advantageous moments in which to buy or sell. It is impossible to lay down rules for a policy in which success depends so large-

ly on possession of a sort of financial instinct. Neither would it be useful or wise to suggest what times should be chosen for such purposes by people engaged in speculating on a "margin" with borrowed money. With such adventurers, the accident of an hour may offset the soundest reasoning adopted with a view to basic conditions. The bona-fide investor, however, will do well to keep his eye always on the rate for money in the Wall Street market; because, while the rise or fall in rates makes no difference to his own capacity to invest, it may make all the difference in the world to the mass of speculators on borrowed money. If, for instance, stocks are advancing rapidly, and the rate for money is simultaneously rising to high figures, it is a disadvantageous market in which to buy. The action of the money rate bears witness to the fact that reserves of loanable capital have been strained to bring stocks to the high prevailing figures, — which usually means that before long some of the speculators must let go their hold through inability to command further resources, — which brings about readjustment of prices. This conclusion is so obvious that it would hardly need to be repeated, but for the fact that those are the very occasions when conviction that prices are going to a far higher level usually seizes on Wall Street. It is much to the interest of professional speculators to create such an impression. If they al-

lowed the contrary view to prevail, whom would they find to pay high prices for the stocks which they themselves are forced to sell?

On the other hand, when stocks have declined heavily, and when money rates, after the decline, stand at forbidding figures, it may usually be assumed that the market is advantageous for the purchaser. On the face of things, it is clear that the high rate bid for money means that speculators who are "carrying" stocks with borrowed money are in distress and apprehension, and that other speculators cannot afford to borrow for new purchases. The result is an abnormally low range of prices, which gives to the man with money of his own an opportunity.

One notable incident of the recent insurance investigation was the unearthing of a letter from the Equitable Life's president, written in the worst days of the "rich men's panic" of 1903. This letter set forth that the market, where stocks had broken disastrously, and where money ruled at prohibitive rates, was full of inviting opportunities for a great investment company. His company, the president went on, would be buying "a good many of such things," but for the unlucky fact that "we are so strapped for money by engagements already made." This left it plain enough how the matter stood with investors whose bank account was clear.

TO A LATE-COMER

(W. P. S.)

BY JULIA C. R. DORR

WHY didst thou come into my life so late?
If it were morning I could welcome thee
With glad all-hails, and bid each hour to be
The willing servitor of thine estate,
Lading thy brave ships with Time's richest freight,
If it were noonday I might hope to see
On some far height thy banners floating free,
And hear the acclaiming voices call thee great!
But it is nightfall and the stars are out;
Far in the west the crescent moon hangs low,
And near at hand the lurking shadows wait;
Darkness and silence gather roundabout,
Lethe's black stream is near its overflow, —
Ah, friend, dear friend, why didst thou come so late?

QUESTIONS OF THE FAR EAST¹

BY JOHN W. FOSTER

THE very partial list of recent publications on Asiatic subjects grouped in the note below is an indication of the great interest which exists throughout the world respecting Eastern questions. Probably in no previous period of the history of the human race has there been awakened such concentrated attention to one portion of the earth and its inhabitants. And never before has a single quarter of the

¹ *The Re-shaping of the Far East.* By B. L. PUTNAM-WEALE. Two volumes. New York and London: The Macmillan Company. 1905.

Tibet and Turkestan: a Journey through Old Lands, and a Study of New Conditions. By OSCAR TERRY CROSBY. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1905.

Modern India. By WILLIAM ELEROY CURTIS. Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company. 1905.

globe given rise to such multifarious and perplexing problems.

Most prominent of these is the commercial question. Akin to this is the industrial question. The political status of the Far East vitally concerns all the

Egypt, Burmah, and British Malaysia. By WILLIAM ELEROY CURTIS. Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company. 1905.

China and her People: being Observations, Reminiscences, and Conclusions of an American Diplomat. By Hon. CHARLES DENBY. Two volumes. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. 1906.

John Chinaman at Home: Sketches of Men, Manners, and Things in China. By Rev. E. J. HARDY, Chaplain to H. B. M. Forces. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1905.

With the Empress Dowager. By Katherine A. Carl. New York: The Century Company. 1905.

so-styled Great Powers, and, to a lesser degree, the other nations. The frequent reference to the "Yellow Peril" indicates that problems of the races are yet to be solved. The missionary spirit of Christendom is more heartily enlisted in this than in any other field.

The recent surprising military triumphs of the Japanese have given that people the present hegemony of eastern Asia; but the destiny of that great region may be more bound up in the future transformation of China, with its multitudinous, homogeneous, and indestructible race. Coupled with the development of these two great empires, there are other questions more or less intimately related to their future. Most prominent of these is the rivalry of Great Britain and Russia, involving the Afghanistan frontier and the suzerainty of Tibet. Outlying questions are the predominating influence in Persia, Germany's recent masterful interest in the helpless but incorrigible Turk, and the control of the Persian Gulf.

All of these matters are noticed or discussed in the volumes under review. *The Re-shaping of the Far East* is one of the most readable and valuable books which have appeared in recent years. Under the *nom de plume* of "Putnam-Weale," an official of the Chinese foreign customs service gives the result of his manifestly careful study of Chinese history, and his observation during a residence in and extensive travels through Central and Northern China. His travels also cover Japan and Korea. The greater part of the work is in the narrative style, with the charm and piquancy which made his *Manchu and Muscovite* so popular.

The chapters on Kiaochow show the German occupation of China in a most unenviable and disreputable light. The review of the Russo-Japanese war, the Japanese administration in Korea, and his prognostications as to the political conditions in Asia are necessarily imperfect, because he finished his work before the great naval victory in the Japan Sea,

the Treaty of Portsmouth, and the new Anglo-Japanese treaty of alliance.

Mr. Crosby, in his *Tibet and Turkestan*, carries us through a portion of Central Asia little known, but very interesting, as his journey is told by the author. The narrative is particularly attractive and valuable wherein he brings out the rival relations of the Russians and British in that out-of-the-way region of the world, with the Chinese of Turkestan and the Tibetans. As he approached Tibet through Russian territory, he would naturally have the Czar's side of the controversy favorably presented to him, and his condemnation of the British domination of Tibet and the Younghusband expedition is most sweeping.

No more interesting and useful narratives of travel have appeared in recent years than the series produced by William Eleroy Curtis. He has had exceptional training for his chosen field of labor, both as a successful journalist and as a prominent official of the government of the United States. With his experience as an author in almost every other country of the earth, he could not fail in India, so marvelously fruitful in interesting and instructive topics. While his *Modern India* is all-embracing in its scope, it presents, in conjunction with its companion volume cited in the note, an excellent picture of British influence and power in the East. The two chapters on the Afghanistan Frontier and on the Invasion of Tibet may be profitably read, in connection with Mr. Crosby's book, as giving the British side of those questions.

No person in the last decade could speak with more authority or with more general acceptance on Chinese matters than Hon. Charles Denby. An able lawyer and an accomplished diplomat, he filled the post of United States Minister at Peking with distinguished honor and usefulness for thirteen years, and retired in 1898 with the high respect and confidence of the Chinese authorities and of all foreign residents. At the time of his death in 1904 he was engaged in the pre-

paration for publication of his *Observations, Reminiscences, and Conclusions*, which have just appeared, although in a somewhat incomplete state, in *China and her People*. It must be accepted as the most authoritative of late contributions to the literature on Chinese affairs, and is especially valuable in its observations on political topics.

The excuse which the author of *John Chinaman at Home* gives for adding another to the large library of books on China already extant, quite correctly stated, is that "things Chinese are so many and so complicated that there is room for every independent inquirer and observer." He furnishes a readable book, without notable characteristics, cumulative of the great volume of useful material now available for a study of what General Lord Wolseley regards as "the most remarkable race on earth . . . the great coming rulers of the world."

Miss Carl's book, *With the Empress Dowager*, reveals one of the most important steps in the transformation now going on in that giant empire. For ages past the Chinese people have regarded their ruler, "the Son of Heaven," as so sacred that no ordinary subject could look upon his countenance, that even the highest state officials could not appear in his presence without prostrations, and could hold converse with him only on their knees and with downcast eyes. But the events of the last ten years have swept away almost the last vestige of the exclusive sacredness of the imperial ruler.

The Empress Dowager Tsi-An has been for more than a quarter of a century the real ruler of China. Minister Denby styles her "one of the greatest characters in history, ranking with Semiramis and Catherine." Mr. "Weale" speaks of her as "the baneful strong woman . . . of masterful character." Personal daily intercourse with this remarkable woman and sovereign is the subject of Miss Carl's book. Through the influence and interposition of Mrs. Conger, wife of the late American Minister to China, Miss Carl

was engaged to paint the portrait of the Dowager Empress, and in execution of this task she was admitted to the imperial palace within the precincts of the Forbidden City, and was her frequent companion, aside from the artistic intercourse. The author had some misgivings as to the manner in which the Empress Dowager would receive the publication of her book, but late information from Peking reports her Majesty as greatly delighted with it. Another artist has since painted her portrait, and her photograph is now exposed for sale in the news-stands of the Chinese cities.

Various influences have combined to bring about this significant change in the imperial palace, but the greatest of these has been the personal intercourse of the tactful and warm-hearted wife of the American Minister. What two generations of diplomats and the armies and navies of the Western powers have failed to accomplish has in large measure been achieved by one gentle Christian woman. Chatting over a cup of tea, and familiar intercourse with one of her sex who knew how to use her opportunities, have opened a new world to this once "baneful strong woman." She has already traversed the allotted Scriptural span of life, and her reign may not long continue, but in the future it will hardly be marked by the severities and summary cruelties of the past.

This review naturally suggests some reflections upon the events and countries of which it treats. Japan is now the predominant figure in any general consideration of the Far East. Its recent military and naval achievements have given it a place among the Great Powers of the world, as is evidenced by the acceptance of its ambassadors by these Powers. It will doubtless address itself to the new situation created by those achievements. It will seek to improve the fresh fields opened to its people in Korea, Manchuria, and Sakhalien, as well as the enlarged opportunities in China. We may look for a quickening of its manu-

facturing interests, the extension of its foreign trade, and the growth of its already large commercial marine.

The effects of the war must be apparent in the future position of Russia in that quarter of the globe. The loss of its prestige as the great military power will give a check to Russian aggression in Asia. A day of reckoning may come to Japan, but it must be a long way off. China will have courage to face its northern neighbor as never before. The nightmare of a Cossack advance through Afghanistan or along the Persian Gulf, which has disturbed the British rulers of India, has vanished.

Next to the peace of Portsmouth, the most momentous event for Asia of the past year was the renewal and enlargement of the Anglo-Japanese treaty of alliance, which now assumes the character of both an offensive and a defensive compact. So long as it exists it should assure the peace of the Eastern world. It should be particularly gratifying to us, because its terms are in line with the attitude of the United States as to the "open door" and the preservation of the autonomy of China.

The latter country is the one in the East destined to attract most insistently the attention of the world for the next few years. It is manifestly entering upon a period of transformation, which, let us hope, will prove to be regeneration. The Imperial Commissions recently sent to our country, and to the leading nations of Europe, to study their institutions, with a view to introducing reforms in the ancient system of China, are an indication that the central government participates with its people in the spirit of reform. How far it will be able to control and direct the unrest which is manifesting itself remains to be seen. The reform movement may work itself out in peaceful methods, as in Japan, or it may progress through violence and disorder, as in Russia.

The first and most urgent need of the empire is the power to maintain its existence and enforce its authority in all

its domain. This can be met only by a well-organized and disciplined army. A long step has already been taken in that direction. Mr. "Weale" estimates that the Viceroy of the metropolitan province, Yuan Shi Kai, has already equipped, drilled, and placed on a modern military basis an army of seventy-five thousand men, of all arms of the service. The viceroys of the Yang-Tse Valley and Central China have approximately as many more. Arsenals of large capacity are established in different parts of the empire. He states that one hundred and fifty Chinese graduates of foreign military schools are giving instruction in the army or in Chinese military schools, and that four thousand young Chinese are at present attending these schools.

There occurred in northern China a few weeks ago the manœuvres of a portion of Yuan Shi Kai's forces. An army of twenty thousand men placed themselves in position to defend Peking against another army about equal in numbers advancing from the south. The military attachés of the legations at Peking, who had been accustomed in the past to treat Chinese military manœuvres as a joke, were invited to witness these movements. The London *Times* representative, who had been its military correspondent with the Japanese army in Manchuria, closed a lengthy report of the manœuvres, of which he spoke in the highest terms, as follows:—

"Foreigners went to Ho-chien-fu to a picnic, and, incidentally, to witness a military parade, half-comic, half-pathetic. They returned to Peking declaring they had seen a modern army, and averring that they had assisted at a display momentous and epoch-making in the history of the Far East."

The public press has recently announced that our Secretary of War is mobilizing a part of the American army at Manila, in order to have near at hand a force ready again to enter China to repress disorder and protect our citizens. If such a contingency should occur in

Central or North China, it may be that Secretary Taft will be met by intelligence from Peking that the task of repressing disorders will be attended to by the imperial government, and that the invasion of Chinese soil will no longer be permitted.

While I write, the local press reports the call at the White House of a returned American missionary, who gives the President the following advice:—

“Any display of generosity will be construed by the Chinese as fear. For instance, the report circulated about a year ago that the United States was going to return to China a large part of the indemnity was interpreted as fear on the part of this country. The firmer we act with China, the more friendly she will become.”

Such a belligerent tone from a follower of the Prince of Peace seems quite out of harmony with the announced policy of the late lamented Secretary of State, of the observance of the “Golden Rule” in our diplomacy. The Christian powers exacted from prostrate China in 1901 a crushing indemnity of 450,000,000 taels, the share of the United States being about \$25,000,000. When the losses of Americans from the Boxer outbreak came to be adjudicated, the total amount fell short of \$2,000,000. Secretary Hay’s sense of justice revolted at the idea of extorting from China \$23,000,000 to which we had no equitable right, and it is understood that he advised the President to release China from further payment on this account.

Such a course would be in harmony with the policy pursued in the past by our government in its relations with that country; but, not to our credit, it must be confessed, it has not met with the approval of most American residents there, who too largely share in the prevailing sentiment of Europeans, calling for a harsh and exacting treatment of China. Mr. Weale severely criticises this conduct of the United States as sentimental and unwise, and he would have us adopt the more

rigorous policy of the European governments.

Support for such a change of policy on our part is sought in the spirit of unrest which has been created by the transformation through which China is now passing, and the fear that Americans may again be put in peril by mob violence. Such fear seems well founded, as it is very possible that in isolated cases the anti-foreign spirit may get the better of the local authorities; but I do not anticipate another uprising similar to the Boxer outbreak.

On the other hand, we should remember that China is not the only country where mob violence occasionally paralyzes authority. The Chinese Minister, in an address delivered in Chicago in January last, made the following statement: “More Chinese subjects have been murdered by mobs in the United States during the last twenty-five years than all the Americans who have been murdered in China by similar riots. . . . In every instance where Americans have suffered from mobs the authorities have made reparation for the losses, and rarely has the punishment of death failed to be inflicted upon the guilty offenders. On the other hand, I am sorry to say that I cannot recall a single instance where the penalty of death has been visited on any member of the mobs in the United States guilty of the death of Chinese, and in only two instances of mob violence out of many has indemnity been paid by the authorities for the losses sustained by the Chinese.”

Confronted as we are by such a record, our government and people should be somewhat considerate, and exercise a measurable degree of forbearance respecting mob violence from which Americans may suffer in China, while that country is in the throes of a new birth, when its people are oppressed and irritated by the new taxation occasioned by the Boxer indemnity, and when they are smarting under the outrages on their territory and their persons.

THE CLEVER NECROMANCER

BY MARGARET SHERWOOD

ONCE, a long, long, long, long, *long* time ago, there was a city by the sea, and it was called Marmorante. Little gray mists floated down the gray streets, past the tall gray houses with carven windows and doors; pale, silvery fogs wrapped tower and spire, and oftentimes low, dark clouds hung sullenly for days together over gabled roofs and dull red chimneys; nor could the bravest winds that blew nor the swiftest golden sunbeams drive mist and cloud and fog away.

In Marmorante lived all manner of folk: a duke, a count, two marquises, and several squires; there were merchants many, with white-sailed ships that cut the waves; there were wool-combers and flax-beaters and haberdashers and marketmen; but most of all there were women: countesses, duchesses, and state-ly marchionesses; wives of merchants, wool-combers, haberdashers, flax-beaters, — women, women, women, maidens innumerable, and hosts of little girls. There were little girls with flaxen ringlets, little girls with long braids of yellow hair; dark-haired, slender maidens, maidens with white arms, maidens with blue eyes, brown eyes, or gray, — every kind of maiden that ever lived, in life or in story.

Life went on quietly in the city by the sea. In the gray mornings count and countess talked amicably together in their great hall, and wool-carder and his wife gossiped cheerily as they rolled and carded the white fleece; in the gray afternoons Sir Knight walked in the castle garden among the flowers with my lady, and the butcher's 'prentice met his maid by the postern door: by embroidery frame and spinning wheel, by tiring room and kitchen spit, all was gray peace.

Then one day, when the clouds hung

low, a raven croaked above the castle wall; black rooks cawed dismally with hints of coming disaster; and bats, mistaking clouded noon for night, flew out with squeaks and gibberings at noonday, — yet nothing happened. Peasants' carts came creaking, as was their wont, to the city gate, with blue-smocked Jean or yellow-trousered Pierrot driving roan mare or piebald steed, and bringing bags of grain and great rolls of tanned skins to market. Old women with their flower baskets on their arms came nodding and courtesying, giving hollyhock or rose for toll to the porter, who would not say them nay because of their skinny arms and hungry faces. At last came one who was not of the line of sun-browned farmers, withered dames, or ruddy boys who drove in flocks of sheep.

It was a man tall and long, and thin of face, clad in doublet and hose of sober drab, and he had naught with him save three small, transparent bags or bladders, one rose-colored, one purple, and one yellow, which seemed to be filled with but empty air.

"What bringest hither?" asked the porter in a surly voice.

"Naught save my rattle," answered the tall man in drab; and with that he struck the bags together, so that there came out a tinkling sound wondrous cunning and small.

"Is danger therein?" said the man at the gate, holding back. "Mayhap they go off, like powder, and do harm."

Then the tall man smiled a strange, three-cornered smile, for his chin was long and protruding, and strained his lips that way.

"Ay," he confessed, "they go off, but they do no hurt;" then he paid his penny toll and went unmolested in. The

porter stood long, with arms akimbo, and looked after him.

"T is some fool," said the porter, and went back to his mug of ale.

The sad-hued man went on through the narrow streets that let in only a strip of the sky's blue, and anon he came to the open market-place, where little was doing that day, for the flowers were wilted, and the vegetables for the most part gone, only the lambs that were left bleated piteously now and then. The stranger sprang upon a counter where wheat had been sold, and he struck his little bags together, so that they rattled merrily as he called aloud,—

"Come, hear, hear, hear! Come, hear the words of wisdom I shall say, the greatest words that shall ever meet your ears. Come, hear, hear, hear! To-day I speak, and to-morrow I may not: 't is the chance of a lifetime, and not to be overlooked. Come, hear, hear, hear!"

Now with the rattling of the bags, and the rattling of the man's voice, many people came running thither: squire and 'prentice and count; marchioness and merchant's lady, and the cook from the castle, all hurrying toward the empty sound. Soon a great crowd was gathered, of men and of maidens, of women with white wimples and folded kerchiefs, and of little girls with yellow braids of hair.

"Come, hear, hear, hear!" repeated the man, in slow singsong, watching the people with his narrow blue eyes which were rimmed with red; then, so swiftly that none could see, he bent his head and touched his lips to the transparent bags. He spoke, and lo! a miracle, for out of his mouth came a beautiful, iridescent mist of words that floated and floated and broke against the gray fog, and rested across the eyes of an elderly woman who stood buxom and comely, and fell like a halo upon the fair hair of a young girl standing bareheaded in the sun, and flashed like an opal, flickered like a flame, so that at last the whole market-place was full of floating color; yet

all that the man had said was, "Be good and you will be happy," with variations.

"A Necromancer!" said the red-faced butcher under his breath.

"A prophet!" cried the countess, as a floating bit of the colored mist lighted on her lips.

"I never heard such truth," said the fair-haired maiden, with a bar of iridescent cloud across her eyes.

Watching and silent the Necromancer stood, the three-cornered smile upon his lips. They prayed him to do his trick again, but he shook his head and would not.

"To-morrow," he said, "at two P. M.;" and he smiled at the shower of golden coin that rained into his bell-crowned hat.

When they were sure that nothing more was forthcoming, they went marveling away; but all about the silvery fog that clung to the steeples, and the gray mists that lay along the streets, and the clouds that hung sullenly above, still hovered little rosy flecks of flame and hints of rainbow color.

Day after day the Necromancer stood in the market-place, and put his lips secretly to his colored bags, and spoke. He had searched all the copy-books of the kingdom, and had taken familiar truths, such as: "The good die young;" "To be selfish is to be miserable;" "Haste makes waste;" "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush;" and he clothed them in rainbow colors and breathed his mist about them, so that they stalked in beauty wonderful and strange, and the folk who listened did not know their own ideas when they met them face to face, because of the garment of many-colored words in which they came. Then the women went mad throughout the city, mad for the loud-sounding voice and the rattle of the bags, rose-colored, purple, and yellow. By her broidery frame the Countess Angélique forgot to draw green thread of silk through the dim web, and in her lap her white hands lay idle. Walking to and fro by her spinning wheel, little

Jeanne wove into the blue yarn the glittering phrases of yesterday, so that the strands tangled and knotted at the spindle. Margot the cook forgot her chickens roasting on the spit, but turned and turned them by the glowing coals till they were burned and black; and Joan the butcher's wife could no longer tell haunch of venison from flitch of bacon, but greeted customers with a vacant stare, for her mind was quite gone, gone the way of the wind, after the wonderful bits of colored fog.

Now the fair-haired maid who had stood awed in the market-place on the day when the enchanter came was a rich merchant's daughter, and her given name was Blanche. She was betrothed to one Hugh of a neighboring city, and he came often to Marmorante, lodging always at the Sign of the Red Dragon. Thus had been his wooing, as he stood one day with the maid and her father by the lattice that looked forth on the street.

"Wilt have me?" he asked, and the words cost him much, for he was a man of plain speech, and oft of no speech at all.

The maid stood in the sunshine and looked upon him, and he thought her a goodly sight. Green was her gown, and cut squarely at the throat, and with it the color of her eyes seemed green, and he knew not if her hand or her neck were whiter.

"I could give thee white velvet to thy train," he stammered, and the old man, her father, stood and watched.

"Dost love me?" asked the maid, for she was one that had heard old ballads sung; and the man opened wide his honest eyes.

"Ay, surely, else had I not asked thee to wife."

"Then will I wed thee," said the maid, and the wooer stood gazing at her, not daring the kiss that was in his mind.

"T is a good chaffer," said young Hugh. "We shall get on rarely together;" and thereafter, as heretofore, he had no eyes for aught save the maiden's face.

All this was a month ago, and to-day, when he came again, the maid would have it that he must needs go forth with her to the market-place to listen to this wonder; and he followed, willing enough, for he would have gone into the very dragon's teeth after the hem of her gown. Howsoever, the thought of going to listen to mere speech seemed to him but folly.

When they came to the open place, and he saw what was there, his eyes opened wide, and he whistled softly for sheer amazement, for never yet had he seen so great a concourse gathered together. There were women in velvet and in satin, women in homespun and in blue jean, even women in rags; and there were maidens as many and as lovely as the leaves upon the maple tree when it turns to rosy color in the fall, maidens dull or bright of hair as the case might be, but always bright of eye and of cheek. Far and near they gathered, crowding close together; many stood on bench or on counter, straining white necks forward; and all the windows that looked upon the market were crowded with fair faces. Presently, with long and pensive stride, came the lean man in drab; and as he came, honest Hugh heard the sudden, sharp breathing of the maid at his side, and felt her lean forward as if she were one quivering ear.

What followed puzzled the young man sorely. It was one of the great days of the Necromancer: forth from his mouth came a violet speech in the form of a bubble, and it floated over the heads of the people in lovely changing shades that ranged all the way from deep purple to the palest tint that is not yet white. Midway across the gray cloud it burst, and its gleaming bits drifted hither and yon, and the speaker smiled as he saw the eager fingers raised to catch the tiny vapors which melted as soon as touched. Forth came another and another: it was a day of loveliest froth. Anon came a speech of the color of gold that shimmered and shone in the sunlight, and burst into sparkles a thousand ways, and

so golden bubble followed golden bubble. All the little girls with floating hair or yellow braids ran after them, with hands lifted high to catch them before they burst, and the least maids wept because the taller ones caught more than they.

Young merchant Hugh stood watching, with his hand upon his chin.

"'T is a strange sight," he murmured to himself. "Jugglers enow have I seen in the East, and many of their devices have I learned, but I have seen naught like this."

Then he turned to his betrothed.

"Dost know the trick, Blanche?" he asked, but when he saw her face he knew that there was somewhat amiss with his words. All awed was she, and in her eyes was the look of one who had seen a vision; and, glancing about, he saw that the other women and maids wore the same expression. He came home pondering, having noted the shower of coin that had fallen into the Necromancer's hat; nor could he understand, for he gave ever good measure for the gold that was given him. Also he was sore troubled, for his betrothed had no words for him, only looks of high disdain.

"Well, daughter," said the old merchant as the two came in, "what saith the prophet to-day?"

"Oh!" cried the maiden, "all was wonderful and full of beauty. Each day is his discourse more marvelous than yesterday's."

"But what was it all about?" he asked, laying his hand upon her hair, for he was tender of her.

"How could I presume to tell?" she asked, with a grieved red lip. "'T was too wonderful to put into words;" and she swept from the room, with no glance for her lover.

Young merchant Hugh, to whom the very rushes on which the maiden stepped were dear because of his great speechless love, gazed after her, jealous of the look upon her face, and cruelly wounded by her scorn.

"I will find out the trick," said the

young man to himself, between set teeth; and he was one who ever made good his words.

Now the maiden Blanche was glad when her lover begged to go forth with her the next day and the next, at two P. M.

"Mayhap he may learn something of this wondrous speech," she said wistfully, thinking to herself that it would be sweet to be wooed in violet words and words of the color of gold. When he bent shyly to kiss her before they went, with lips that trembled for the great love they might not say, she drew stiffly back, nor would she thereafter permit touch or caress, and much she spoke of the joy of a maiden's life that would leave time free for thought; yet she took him gladly with her for a week of days. Ever he listened, as one spellbound, nor once removed his glance from the Necromancer's face; and he was keen of eye, and wont in traffic to detect word or look of fraud, and he saw what no one else had seen.

"I have it!" he cried, and he slapped his fist upon the palm of his left hand. "Those be bags of many-colored words that he hath with him, and he but sucks them up and breathes them forth."

That day he sent his sweetheart home with Dame Cartelet, that lived hard by, and was as besotted as she on the man with the magic words; then he went and lay in wait in the street through which the Necromancer passed each day in going home; and as he waited, he turned back his velvet cuffs, and felt lovingly of the muscle of shoulder and arm. So it was not long before a tall man in drab went running through the narrow streets on the outskirts of the town, crying and wringing his hands, and the rattling bags of rose color, and purple, and gold were gone from his neck.

"Oh, my vocabulary!" he wailed. "Oh, my bags, my bags, my bags! What am I but a man undone without my bag of adjectives!"

The dogs and the children that ran at his heels did not understand, nor did

smith and weaver as they stood in their doorways.

"Oh, my other bag, my bag of epithets, of polysyllabic epithets!" cried the fugitive as he ran.

A squealing pig joined the chase, and the men children and maid children who ran after laughed aloud. The women who watched from lattice or stone doorstep were of those who, by means of ten skillfully selected adjectives from the rose-colored bag, and a dozen golden epithets from the bag of yellow, had been made to gape and quiver with the sense of the birth of new truth, yet they failed to recognize the juggler, for iridescent mist and ruddy vapor had vanished from his head and shoulders, and they saw naught save a lean and ugly man fleeing under a gray sky; and, hearing, they yet did not understand, his cry of deep dismay.

"Oh, my exclamation points, my lost exclamation points! Oh, my pet hiatus that laid all low when nothing else would avail!" — and so he passed out of their sight, and out of the city of Marmorante.

At the Sign of the Red Dragon that afternoon young merchant Hugh was closely locked in his room. Behind great iron bolts he sat upon a three-legged stool, and worked with the colored, rattling bags.

"T is well that men have devised this thing," he said, holding a mirror before his face, as he sucked air from the bag of rose; "else could I not see if all goes well." And his heart was well-nigh bursting with joy when he saw that the breath of his mouth was even as the breath of the Necromancer upon the air. Then he slipped downstairs and begged for a cup of ale, and as the maid served him in the kitchen he blew out a whiff from the bag of gold, and of a sudden her face became as the faces of the women who stood in the market-place under the spell of the juggler, and Hugh was glad.

The next day he hid the bags in a neckerchief of fine silk, and went to the house of his sweetheart, asking to see her; but

when she came it was with a face set and cold, and she paused with the great oaken table between them.

"Hugh," she said, unsmiling, "I have been thinking."

"T is foolish work for a woman," he answered stoutly.

"That which thou dost say but confirms my thought," she answered, still more coldly. "We cannot be wed; waking and sleeping have I considered this matter, and thus have I resolved."

"Now, why?" cried honest Hugh bluntly.

"We have so little in common," said Blanche.

"Thou shalt have all," he stammered, forgetting, in his hurt, the magic bags. "Why, 't is for thee I send forth all my ships. I will be but thy pensioner."

A shadow of pain passed over the maiden's face.

"I mean not goods nor possessions, nor any manner of vulgar things; 't is of mind and soul I speak, and ours be far apart."

"My goods be not vulgar!" cried young merchant Hugh. "Rare silks and cloths from the East have I, and purest pearls, for thy white throat. No common thing is there in all my store."

Then the little foot of Blanche tapped impatiently on the stone floor.

"T is of no avail that I try to make thee understand! I say there be depths in my nature that thou mayst not satisfy; also am I full busy this morning and must beg to be excused," — and with that she drew open the heavy oaken door, leaving him in the long room as one dazed.

Then he bethought him of his bags, and drew them out too late, taking a whiff from each as a sob rose in his throat. Suddenly the fair hair of Blanche appeared again in the doorway, and she smiled as a stranger upon him.

"I forgot to say that I wish thee all manner of good, and great prosperity," she said amiably.

Then out of Hugh's mouth came a purple speech, and a speech of the color

of gold; and little iridescent mists floated through the air, while a rose-colored bubble rested for a moment on the white eyelids of the maiden. The dull-paneled room was as the breaking of a rainbow; yet all he had said was, "Wilt not wed me, Blanche?" But he said it in rose color and purple and gold.

"What have I done?" cried the maiden sorrowfully; and he rejoiced to see that the look upon her face was as it had been when she had listened to the Necromancer's philosophies and faiths.

Then he turned and smiled, saying: "I love thee, Blanche," and he spoke in the juggler's speech, which made a glory on the maiden's hair, and about her gown of green. With outstretched hands she came toward him, and she laid her head upon his breast, smiling up at him.

"I was mad but now, Hugh," she breathed. "Our two souls be but one."

"Wilt come with me to the market-place this afternoon?" he asked.

"Nay," sighed the maiden. "I care not for the market-place, for I am happy here, where I have found my home."

"I speak there," he said bluffly, "at two P. M."

"Thou!" and the maiden's laughter rang out like the touch of silver bells, "and of what?"

"Of phases of occult thought," he answered gravely.

"Ay," cried Blanche, and she raised her face to kiss him. "Ay, Hugh, be sure that I shall be there when thou dost talk philosophies."

The young merchant was good as his word, and that afternoon he stood in the market-place upon a counter, rattling the juggler's bags as he waited. As before, men, women, and maidens came, by tens, by twenties, by hundreds, till there was no spot where he could look without meeting a pair of wistful eyes.

"It looks to be but plain Hugh, the merchant," whispered one to another.

"Hath he undertaken to sell his wares here?" asked one.

"He hath choice pearls," whispered a

maiden who was not yet wholly given over to occult thought.

But Hugh had begun to speak, and faces of wonder were lifted to him, for he was strong of lung, and the breath from the magic bags went farther than ever before.

"Our friend the Necromancer is indisposed, and I must take his place," he began. "Like him, I have chosen a theme from the depths of human thought; and now, hear! hear! hear!"

Then eloquence poured forth from the man's lips so fast, so full a stream, that the very welkin was rose-tinted, and a great rainbow seemed to overspread the sky. Gray clouds above the tallest spires broke into tints of opal, and all the air shaded into the violet and purple of exclamation points, and of the pet hiatus, which was hard to work, but came well off. Golden glory haunted carved door and window and words of flame crept around the tracery of arch and gable. Women sobbed for very joy; others wrote madly on their tablets; maidens gasped with red lips slightly opened; never, during the whole lecture season, had come so big a wind from out the bags, and honest Hugh blushed with mingled shame and triumph when he saw the face of his betrothed, for it wore the look of one who had seen the white vision of naked truth.

Following the fashion of the Necromancer, he had taken a maxim, and had dressed it up so that men knew it not, and so that it came forth as revelation. All that he had said from the first to the last was the truth that he knew best: "Honesty is the best policy;" but this was the way in which he had said it, with constantly shifting color:—

"Glory awaits the equable! All-hails are the portion of him, who, unswerving, with eyes upon the path ahead, with lofty head erect, perambulates his chosen path through this world's tangled wilderness, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left, though golden cohorts beckon. The goal is for the upright feet. The crown waits. . . . What matter if the

victor be sobbing and breathless, so that he be conqueror?" (Observe the hiatus.) "So saith golden-tongued Plato; so saith heavy-browed Aristotle of persuasive speech; so saith Aulus Gellius, withdrawn in his inner truth, and his brother, Curran Gellius, whose essence clings; so say the holy fathers, subtle Basil, myriad-minded Chrysostom; so saith the copy-book."

When the speech was over, and the bags hidden away, Hugh bore as best he might the tears and the congratulations of the women, their murmured plaudits, and inspired looks.

"T is the first time I have ever failed to give honest measure," he said shamefacedly to himself, as they flocked about him.

That night, as he sat with the maiden and her father, he spoke of departing on the morrow with a ship that would sail for Morocco to be gone many months, and his sweetheart came to him, creeping into his arms.

"Do not leave me, Hugh," she pleaded. "It is so far away."

"I must go, little one," he answered, smoothing her fair hair. "Men sit not ever by the fire to hear tabby purr."

"Say them again," she pleaded, "say again the words thou didst speak this morning, that I may have them with me when thou art far away."

"Far in illimitable recesses of time and of space," he began shamefacedly, "before phenomena existed, thy bodiless soul and mine met and mingled as one"—

"Where hast learned that jargon, Hugh?" asked the old merchant, with a loud guffaw.

"Hush!" said Hugh, with loving hands upon the maiden's ears so that she might not hear. "All is fair in love, father!"

But Hugh was still an honest merchant, and never in his long and happy life did he use the stolen vocabulary in bargaining, or to gain dishonest advantage in trade. Only, when the face of Blanche, his wife, grew sad, he would take out the colored bags, which he kept secretly locked in an iron chest, and then the old smiles would come back to her beautiful face, and with them the look of awe wherewith she regarded her husband, as the mist of purple, and the flecks of rose color, and the bubbles of gold, fell on hair and eye and ear.

RECENT BOOKS ON ITALY ¹

I CANNOT say that I have ever wholly admired that famous apostrophe of Robert Browning's to Italy which begins with the alliterative line, —

"O woman-country, wooed not wed!"

There is a flaw in taste somewhere, a touch of commonness about it, from which the far more impassioned sonnet of Filicaja,

"Italia Italia, O tu, cui feo la sorte
Dono infelice di bellezza!" etc.

is entirely free.

But poets will be poets, and critics captious, and whatever be the nature of Italy's perennial appeal to the affections of the more highly developed human creature, whether sensual, spiritual, intellectual, or a fiery mixture of the three, there can be no question about the reality of the spell. It is as old as recorded time, and shows no sign of decay. The shadow of that great name embraces the globe; the lure of the fleeting land (*Italiam fugientem*) pursued by the Trojan exiles is as potent as ever; and the making of many books about Italy will probably go on while the world endures.

¹ *A Short History of Italy.* By HENRY DWIGHT SEDGWICK. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1905.

A Short History of Venice. By WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER. London and New York: The Macmillan Co. 1905.

Salve Venezia: Gleanings from Venetian History. By FRANCIS MARION CRAWFORD. London and New York: The Macmillan Co. 1905.

With Shelley in Italy. By ANNA BENESON MACMAHAN. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1905.

The Florence of Landor. By LILIAN WHITING. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1905.

Dante the Wayfarer. By CHRISTOPHER HARE. New York: Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. 1905.

The Spirit of Rome: Leaves from a Diary. By VERNON LEE. London: John Lane. New York: John Lane Company. 1906.

It happens that the year just past was unusually prolific in what may be described without disparagement as popular books, upon the inexhaustible theme. Those we have now to consider may conveniently be divided into two classes: condensed compendia, or manuals of general history, and essays in description, often admirably illustrated, of which two or three, like *Shelley in Italy* and *The Florence of Landor*, aim at novelty by the endeavor to see the unrivaled *spectacle* of Italy, through the eyes of some one or other of its more illustrious lovers in the past.

It is a pleasure promptly to assign the first place in our first class to *A Short History of Italy*, by Henry Dwight Sedgwick. Mr. Sedgwick has done an exceedingly difficult thing better than it was ever done — in English, at least — before, and about as well, one may venture to affirm, as it ever can be done. His essays in miscellaneous literary criticism, collected and published in a book some two years ago, were so keen, clever, fair-minded, and sweet-tempered, as to inspire good hope that a genuine light of humane letters had once more been kindled among us. But the essays were of curiously unequal merit, and the best of them, though so good, were certainly no better than those astonishingly brilliant and original studies in a few of the greatest writers by another of the younger Harvard men, John J. Chapman, of which the exhilarating promise has not yet been redeemed.

Mr. Sedgwick, on the contrary, has gone straight on to take his higher degree, and has won it *summa cum laude*. It is a fine thing, and not given to all, to "know the greatest when we see it;" to salute with appropriate homage, devout and yet intelligent, some transcendent individual reputation. It is another and much rarer

thing to be able to embrace, in one unwavering view, a vast and momentous historic period, chaotic with strife, teeming with revolutions, pregnant with all manner of imperfectly analyzed influences on the life of to-day, and to draw, in strong outline, a comprehensive picture, the perspective of whose long vista shall be quite correct, and the lightly suggested hues and values even approximately right. It is this which Mr. Sedgwick has done for the story of the Italian peninsula from 476 to 1900 A. D.; and the student who is already familiar with his Gibbon and Gregorovius, with the seven monumental volumes of Mr. Hodgkin on *Italy and her Invaders*, and the authoritative summary of Mr. Bryce, will be all the better prepared to appreciate the main accuracy and indefectible honesty of this concise but never dull account, of the passing of the classic Roman Empire, the rise of the mediæval Roman Church, and the secular struggle between popes and emperors for that second Roman imperium which is commonly described as Holy. One may note, as a single specimen out of many that might be cited of Mr. Sedgwick's almost precocious capacity for an impartial charge to the jury, the way in which, after an admirable discussion of the curious relations between Charles the Great and the first Nicholas, he sums up the case for the Pope in the obscure but hardly dubious matter of the Isidorian Decretals and the other so-called Donations in early Christian times of temporal sovereignty to the Church.

Very clear, too, considering the difficulty of the subject, is our author's account of the rise of the Italian Despots, and his analysis of the widely varying motives which led those fierce competitors for power and territory to unite in fostering the great revival of letters and art in the Quattrocento, whereby it fell to the Italians, as a people, once more to lead the world.

In *A Short History of Venice*, by William Roscoe Thayer, we have, again,

an excellent abstract of one of the most inviting separate chapters in the long tale of Italian civilization. There have been several attempts, in recent years, by more or less able writers, including the late Mrs. Oliphant, to epitomize the political development, and exhibit, on a small scale, the vividly picturesque drama of the unique Venetian state; but this of Mr. Thayer's will easily supersede them all. The narrower scope of his theme permits him to treat it in a more personal manner than was possible for Mr. Sedgwick, and so, perhaps, to invest it with a keener human interest for the average reader. Mr. Thayer has, moreover, though duly subordinated to his obligations as an impartial historian, his point to prove, — his own distinct theory of what made Venice great, — and he indicates it openly in his preface. After premising that no other people has been the victim of more misconception than the Venetians, he goes on to say: "Venice pursued her own way, independent of all those nations . . . like the German, the French, the English, . . . which have dominated the modern epoch; and although she was, in a large sense, the product of the Middle Ages, she was the least mediæval of her contemporaries. . . . The trend of political evolution sets toward popular government; the Venetians formed a powerful state after a different plan. They developed a national organism perfectly adapted to their unique conditions, but so opposed to modern political ideals that few students have investigated it, and fewer still have treated it sympathetically."

There is no lack of sympathy, and certainly none of ability, in Mr. Thayer's analysis of the evolution from humblest and most distressed beginnings of the great aristocratic and imperialistic commonwealth. The ugly word oligarchy does not frighten him in the least. It was because Venice had the clear foresight, and the rare good sense, early to place her fortunes unreservedly in the hands of her élite few, that she made of the shifting lagoon a firm foundation, whence to

depart for the taming of seas and the conquest of continents. Her civil, commercial, and military achievements did, indeed, keep perfect step; and it has the oddest effect when Mr. Thayer interrupts, from time to time, the fine flow of his epic narrative, to recite monotonously, and, as it were, under his breath, the cold and cautious political creed of the distinguished minority in his own Congressional District. No symbol was ever more perfunctorily professed. For nothing is made clearer, by his own showing, than this: that while commerce might have made Venice as rich, and her private life as luxurious, as never was, it was arms that made her great. It was the eternal call to warfare, offensive as well as defensive, which punctually provided the man for the hour, and the captain for the host, in the persons of those great doges and admirals who were, I suppose, take them for all in all, the most stately and symmetrical antetypes of the desired *Uebermensch* which the world has yet seen. Mr. Thayer himself seems to think that the main debt of the modern world to Venice is for two things, which are, after all, but parts, or aspects, of one: a novel type of heroic human character, and its matchless representation on the unfading canvases of her great portrait-painters. The tenth and eleventh chapters of the *Short History*, on Venetian art and civilization, are among the most instructive and stimulating in the book; none the less because here, too, the author has his decided preferences, if not his *parti pris*. An ardent admirer of Venetian architecture, that is to say, of the richer and more highly decorated varieties both of the Byzantine and Gothic, Mr. Thayer has little enthusiasm, and affects none, for the early Venetian painters by whom Ruskin taught us to swear, — for the grave and simple dignity of the Bellini, and the sweet austerities of Carpaccio. It is the great colorists, whom we feel to have been, at the same time, great psychologists, Giorgione, Titian, Tintoretto, who command his unstinted homage.

The book is provided with a few simple but admirable maps and plans, which illustrate, in the clearest manner, the growth of Venice among her islands, and her inevitable expansion along the mainlands of Italy and Dalmatia.

We fancy that we know exactly what to expect from the polite title, *Salve Venezia*, and the scrupulous external elegance of Mr. Crawford's new volumes; nor does that accomplished and always agreeable author disappoint us. As in the companion books about Rome and the two Sicilies, we have the raw material of history, slowly amassed or laboriously epitomized by others, treated mainly from the artist's point of view, and dexterously, though never dishonestly, manipulated, so as to produce the best scenic effect. The prominent figures are coaxed into graceful grouping; the bewildering chaos of events arranged in a brilliant series of classical tableaux. No phenomena of racial and political development could possibly lend themselves more kindly to such a mode of treatment than those of Venice, where the stage of the great play remains almost intact, — though, it may be, not for long! — and the most magnificent of its properties are still available for the amateur. Mr. Crawford's intimate acquaintance with modern Italian life and sympathy with Italian characteristics make him a showman among a thousand for the pageant of Italy's past: while his running commentary is always valuable, precisely because it is based upon a mass of long-assimilated knowledge, which the urbane writer would think it pedantic and in bad taste insistently to obtrude. Inconspicuous marginal notes refer the reader possessed by a rage for verification to such unimpeachable authorities as Daru's lengthy chronicle, the *Storia Documentata* of Romanin, the encyclopædic work of Professor Pompeo Molmenti, and that of the two Browns, Rawdon and Horatio, by far the best of recent English writers upon Venice.

It is but just to observe, moreover, that Mr. Crawford never claims for his at-

tractive book the honors of a formal history. Its modest sub-title is *Historic Gleanings*; and, while the first volume embraces a fairly consecutive narrative of the fortunes of the Adriatic state down to the close of the fifteenth century, the second, and perhaps the fresher and more fascinating of the two, consists mainly of separate essays on the shifting aspects, both political and social, of Venice during the long centuries of her decline, — “The Last Magistrates,” “The Last Doges,” “The Last Homes;” best of all, perhaps, “The Last Great Lady.” The latter is a charming sketch of Giustina Michiel, *nata* Renier; a great beauty, though of diminutive stature, and a greater wit, to whom it fell, in the hour of her country’s deepest humiliation, to lead a forlorn hope against the overbearing young Napoleon, on the slippery field of the drawing-room. Her victory over the all-conquering Cad was as signal as that of another gran’ Signora, at the same period, in Milan (I think she was a Pallavicini), who met the rude affront of “*Tutti gli Italiani sono birboni*” by an affable smile, and the kind of soft answer which does not always turn away wrath, — “*Non tutti, sire — ma buona parte.*”

The pages of *Salve Venezia* are lavishly adorned, and the worth of the book much enhanced, by a hundred or more illustrations from the original drawings of that admirable artist in black and white, Mr. Joseph Pennell. They are pretty evenly dispersed through the two volumes, and, while they bear little or no relation to the place where they are inserted, between the leaves, or in the text, they serve to fill the reader’s imagination with a sort of continuous vision of Venice. The pictures are of two kinds: pen-and-ink sketches of extreme delicacy, which often represent in a wonderful manner the more or less distant effect upon the eye of the rich details of Venetian Gothic; and wash-drawings of less uniform merit, but which are much less wronged, as a rule, than the others by the brute pro-

cesses of reduction and multiplication. Whoever is happily familiar with the refinement of Mr. Pennell’s own touch, and his rare faculty of infinite poetic suggestion by the simplest means, will understand at a glance that it was never *he* who made Venice from the Lido (vol. i, p. 35) look like a New England village of three meeting-houses viewed from the further shore of a narrow stream; while, on the other hand, some of the wash-drawings, like *A White Morning* from San Giorgio and *The Last Rays* on St. Mark’s, appear to do about all that can be done without color toward fixing upon paper some of those ineffable atmospheric effects which invest with a mysterious and undying glamour the dream-city by the Adriatic.

The chief attraction for the general public of the modest little volume, *With Shelley in Italy*, will also be found in the profusion and beauty of its illustrations. They are not, indeed, signed by a distinguished hand, like those of *Salve Venezia*, but are mostly reproduced from photographs: either Alinari’s (of Florence), which are almost always what we call artistic, or those of the discriminating compiler herself. Such as they are, they must have been sought with infinite industry, and selected with the nicest care; for there is hardly a spot associated with the unique tragedy of Shelley’s ultimate years, from the beauteous pass by which he first crossed the Apennines to the soft waves whose “last monotony” closed over his dying brain in the Bay of Lerici, only four years later, which is not represented here; while every marvel of Italian scenery or art ever illuminated by the swiftly passing searchlight of his transcendent imagination has acquired an appropriate motto from his prose or verse. For the rest, the book furnishes a kind of breviary for the devout Shelley-worshiper; including, as it does, nearly all the poet’s letters from Italy, the greatest of his odes, lyrics, and elegies, — the *Skylark*, the *West Wind*, the *Adonais*, and others, — which were all written

there, beside copious extracts from those longer and more studied compositions, such as the *Prometheus Unbound* and the *Cenci*, for which he found his inspiration at Rome, in Tuscany, or on the eastern Riviera. The sympathetic editor of this lovely collection, Miss Anna Beneson MacMahan, effaces herself almost entirely, furnishing, in her own person, only a brief and reserved, but refined and discerning preface, and the slightest possible thread of narrative to connect, in their proper chronological order, the letters and other quotations.

Self-effacement is not the foible of Miss Lilian Whiting, who has arranged a very handsome volume which it pleases her to call *The Florence of Landor*. She tells us, by the way, how cold it was, without a fire, in the shabby salons of that old Rucellai palace on the Piazza Trinita, once owned by the Dukes of Northumberland, when the Theosophic Society of Florence held its meetings there in the winter of 1900; and she appeals to the sympathies of the many American readers who are said to have found moral support in the mild optimism of her ethical essays — *The World Beautiful*, *The World Radiant*, and others — by copious extracts from Emerson, Longfellow, Walt Whitman, Kate Field, Margaret Fuller Ossoli, and Harriet Beecher Stowe. The truth is that Walter Savage Landor had no Florence to speak of, though he lived there many years; and there is less need, even than of most modern authorship, for making a book about him there. He was one of those who by their very idiosyncrasies are foredoomed to live apart. Fine scholar and finished literary artist always, he was too self-centred and self-absorbed a thinker either to have impressed his own personality on the classic environment, as Byron, Shelley, and the Brownings did, or largely to have nourished his peculiar genius by it; while his exclusive and overbearing temper would never permit him to shine in the circle of those distinguished refugees from England and else-

where, who made Florentine society delightful during the first two thirds of the nineteenth century. Miss Whiting even assigns a long and emphatic chapter to the shadowy Rose Aylmer episode, that most delicate and evanescent dream of Landor's early youth, which he himself enshrined fitly — and it might have been thought finally — in two exquisite stanzas of four short lines each. But the book is beautifully printed, in large type upon flawless paper, and easy to hold, though so bulky, and it contains some new and interesting anecdotes and a few good illustrations.

Dante the Wayfarer, by Christopher Hare, is a work as much more important than either of the two last named as the mighty figure of Dante Alighieri towers higher in the landscape of the past than Landor's, or even Shelley's. Shelley shone upon Italy, and Landor loitered there; but Dante *is* Italy: the lord of her living language, the link between dynasties and dispensations, the exponent of her most heroic faiths; the seer and prophet, with Petrarch and Cola, but earlier even than they, of her predestined unity.

"It is a good thing," said J. J. Ampère, "to see what Dante saw, to live where he once lived, to set one's foot in the print left by his;" and following the ever-charming *Voyage Dantesque* of the sympathetic Frenchman, — who was, in some sort, a pioneer in this kind of commentary, — there have been a good many separate monographs by countrymen of the poet's own, on the traces of his passage through this or that ancient Italian town, — *Dante in Siena*, *Dante in Verona*, and the like, — or on the association of his name with more distant regions, such as the Istrian and Ligurian coasts, the Alps, and the secular Aliscamp at Arles.

The result of all these reverent researches will be found summed up, sifted, and checked by personal observation in Mr. Christopher Hare's book. He has collected from the whole range of Dante's works, but chiefly from the *Divine Com-*

edy, nearly all the landscape bits, and one is astonished, when one sees them thus assembled, to find how many and how vivid they are, and how completely they enable one to follow the sad itinerary of the poet's exile. To each extract Mr. Hare appends, after the manner of Mr. W. W. Vernon, in his priceless *Readings in the Inferno and Purgatorio*, a close translation in more or less rhythmic English prose. These renderings are often very beautiful, though not always quite as miraculously exact as Mr. Vernon's. The chapter on "Medieval Paris," where it is now almost universally conceded that Dante lived for a time, as a student in the great university, is full of curious information; while a soothing glimmer of pale but peaceful light is shed over the fading days of the banished poet, in Mr. Hare's concluding chapters on "The Last Refuge,"—in Ravenna,—and "The Pilgrim's Goal." *Alla fin' fine*, when every fond ambition had been relinquished and every personal and patriotic hope resigned, the feet so weary with climbing the "stairs of others" found rest; the "dry wind of poverty" ceased, for one brief hour before a comparatively early sunset, to pinch the shrinking nerves of one of the proudest and most sensitive to pain, disgrace, and dependence, of all created souls. He was a guest still, who might have been the most royal of hosts; but eagerly invited by Guido Novello da Polenta, Francesca's nephew, gratefully received, and tenderly and reverentially served. His children, long unseen, came to him there,—Beatrice's namesake among them,—friends gathered about, and cherished, and even mildly jested with him. There came to Dante in Ravenna, as we may hope, some faint reflected ray of that ineffable joy—

"O perpetui fiori

Dell' eterna letizia"—

which had flamed against the black background of his private woes with a steadfast splendor fairly dazzling to our weaker eyesight; and he began to understand, better, perhaps, than even in the Circle of

the Sun, the supreme Consolation into which the radiant soul of the once tortured Boethius had entered nearly a millennium before his own day.

"Lo corpo, ond' ella fu cacciata giace

Giuso in Cieldauro, ed essa da martiro

E da esilio venne a questa pace."

Mr. Hare's fine compilation is fitted to be of such incalculable use to the earnest student of Dante that it seems needful, if a little ungracious, to point out the fact that the text of the present edition teems with minute typographical errors,—as, for example, *ritorno* for *ritorna* (p. 16; from *Inferno*, xiii), *altro* for *altre* (p. 45; *Purgatorio*, iii), *rimango* for *rimanga* (p. 112; *Purgatorio*, xiv), *liada* for *biada* (p. 148; *Purgatorio*, ii). These misprints occur chiefly in the Italian text of the quotations; but we have also (p. 161), "All for love and the word well lost;" and the Mangia tower of Siena is, of course, *not* the Campanile of the Cathedral, so labeled on the illustration facing page 52, but that airy shaft and belfry springing heavenward like a long-stemmed flower from the roof of the Palazzo Pubblico.

In that school of recent writers, French and English, who may be described, collectively, as the literary Impressionists, Vernon Lee holds a distinguished place; and the "leaves from a diary" which she has lately published, under the rather loosely-fitting title of *The Spirit of Rome*, contain some of her subtlest and most suggestive word-painting. They are the merest shorthand notes of things *felt* rather than seen in Rome and its *dintorni*, during the transient spring visits of many successive years, by an Englishwoman of keen and rarely cultivated perceptions, who has passed almost her whole life in some part of Italy; yet that semi-pagan sensitiveness of hers to the *religio loci*, so remarkably shown in *Belcaro Euphorion* and the *Haunted Woodlands*, enables her to render often, in a few learned lines, the complete effect of an Italian view. "I have found it impossible," says Vernon Lee naively, in her half-apolo-

getic preface to the present collection, "to *use up*, in what I have written of places and their genius, these notes about Rome. I cannot focus Rome into any definite perspective, or see it in the color of one mood."

Who ever could, or will? But she care-

lessly hands us her unset gems; and the least practiced eye will readily discern that some of them, at all events, — like the vignette of Cicero's Tusculum, and the first glimpse of Subiaco and its great convents, among the Sabine Hills, — are of the purest water.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH PUBLIC DOCUMENTS?

BY WILLIAM S. ROSSITER

THE government of the United States issues annually more than eleven hundred separate books and pamphlets for the information and instruction of the public. The number of official publications has become so great — it has doubled in the last decade — that the Federal government is now probably the largest publishing house in the world.

From time to time Congress has created new bureaus, or amplified old ones, to engage in scientific or statistical investigation, the results of which, for the most part, can find no other outlet than the printed page. The more industrious and efficient these investigators become, the more numerous are the books and treatises which the government is annually called upon to print and distribute. From such documents as these, the papers and pamphlets required by Congress in the conduct of its own affairs are entirely distinct. No criticism is here offered concerning the great amount and variety of strictly legislative printing, for the Senate and House may justly claim that they are the best judges of their own requirements. Publications, however, which are intended, directly or indirectly, for the benefit of the public, are quite another matter. Concerning these any one is privileged to inquire how they came into existence, and whether they serve their purpose most effectively.

Increase of Government Publications

At the beginning of the last century the printing ordered by Congress in the conduct of legislative business was practically all that was required by the government. Congressional printing, moreover, was limited to bills, reports, claims, and journals. No exact comparison, therefore, is possible between that period and our own, since modern conditions bear no resemblance to those of a century ago. A computation, however, for different years through the century, of aggregate pages issued, at least roughly illustrates the rapid expansion of official requirement. The total number of printed pages of all classes published by the Federal government in 1800 was 4582; in 1820, 6518; in 1840, 19,331; in 1860, 42,007; in 1880, 72,171. After 1880 the use of printed matter of all classes increased at a prodigious rate, and, according to the report of the Public Printer, the total number of pages of all classes of printing in 1900 amounted to 312,634.

The great increase which has taken place since 1880 is due in large part to the noteworthy change which has occurred in the policy of the government toward official, scientific, and statistical inquiry. So numerous, indeed, are the scientific specialists now employed in the Federal civil service that they exert a distinct and agreeable influence upon the

social and club life of the capital. The first and most obvious cause of this enlightened policy is the striking advance of the nation itself in wealth and culture, and along all lines of scientific investigation, during the period mentioned. It is natural that such progress should be reflected in the attitude of the national government. Moreover, the Federal census of 1880, the most elaborate series of statistical volumes ever attempted up to that time, in the United States or elsewhere,

may also have contributed to accustom the nation and Congress to official scientific and statistical research. However that may be, most of the bureaus which are now the principal producers of official scientific publications were organized during the twenty-five years since 1880, and many of them between 1880 and 1890.

The following table presents the number of books and pamphlets issued by the executive departments in 1895 and 1905, with their aggregate number of pages.

GOVERNMENT PUBLICATIONS, BY DEPARTMENTS, WITH THE NUMBER OF PAGES: 1905 AND 1895.

Department.	1905.			1895.			Per cent. of increase in pages.
	Number of publications.	Number of pages.	Average number of pages per publication.	Number of publications.	Number of pages.	Average number of pages per publication.	
Agriculture.....	476	20,502	43	148	9,086	61	125.6
Commerce and Labor.....	188	34,989	186				
Interior.....	153	45,400	297	104	28,443	273	59.6
Justice.....	2	665	333	5	478	95	39.1
Navy.....	24	6,734	281	41	6,757	164	0.3 ¹
Post Office.....	9	1,672	186	8	2,593	324	35.5 ¹
State.....	34	7,077	208	63	11,700	186	65.3 ¹
Treasury.....	35	9,189	263	124	13,283	107	44.6 ¹
War.....	129	29,497	229	49	7,027	143	319.8
Fish Commission.....				4	1,635	408	
Interstate Commerce Commission.....	8	3,366	421	4	1,129	282	198.1
Bureau of Labor.....				3	942	314	
Smithsonian Institution.....	62	10,353	167	12	2,505	209	313.3
All other offices and commissions.....	11	1,595	145	4	686	172	
Total.....	1,131	171,039	151	569	86,264	152	98.3

¹ Decrease.

This table shows that the average size of a government publication is approximately 150 pages, and that the total number of these publications and total number of pages doubled during the decade. Four executive departments — War, Agriculture, Interior, and Commerce and Labor — greatly exceed the others in publishing activity. In 1905 these four departments contributed more than four-fifths of all the publications, and three-quarters of the total number of pages shown in the table. This propor-

tion has increased materially since 1895.

The concentration of publishing activity is better illustrated, however, by the fact that 13 bureaus and offices, out of the 62 represented in the table, supplied 97,000 pages of the total number shown for 1905. Eleven of these were in the four departments mentioned.

Present Method of Distribution

There are two main channels by which the publications of the Federal govern-

ment now reach the public,—the time-honored and much abused congressional quota (an equal division among senators and representatives of the total number of documents authorized by law to be printed for the Senate and House), and the department mailing lists.

The assignment of a quota cannot be called a device of the modern legislator. It is probably as old as the public document itself. In 1791, Thomas Jefferson, Secretary of State under President Washington, submitted to the House of Representatives a report on the fisheries of the United States. This little book of 51 pages, published October 1, 1791, seems to have been the first document of a purely scientific or statistical nature issued by the government. An edition of 200 copies was ordered printed "for the use of the Members of Congress," and as there were 66 members of the House in the First Congress, this number was sufficient to allow 3 copies to each representative.

By the middle of the last century it became customary for Congress to order the publication, from time to time, of the results of notable expeditions, explorations, and surveys, whether in this country or abroad, made by persons in the Federal civil, or military service. In the preparation of such publications no expense seems to have been spared to perfect letter press and illustrations, and the editions were generally large, but the executive departments appear not to have participated in the distribution. The report of Commodore Perry's expedition to Japan was a noteworthy example of the more elaborate publications of that period. It was authorized by Congress February 14, 1855, required two years for completion, filled three quarto volumes, and cost \$240,486.72. Of this work 6400 sets were printed for the Senate, and 12,020 for the House, a quota of about 90 and 50, respectively. Thus the money value of each senator's share was nearly \$300, and that of each representative's \$150. The elaborate report upon

the explorations and surveys for a railroad from the Mississippi to the Pacific, also authorized in 1855, filled eight quarto volumes, and cost \$600,663. The illustrations and maps alone in this work cost \$282,479.13. This extraordinary publication included not only the surveys, but descriptions of Indian tribes, and animals, the botany, minerals, and reptiles of the Western wilderness. Each senator appears to have secured 175 sets and each representative 45, the total edition being 23,920.

The printing law of 1895 (still in force) specified the edition and disposition of the principal annual publications of the government. The total "number"—whether single volumes or sets of "parts"—authorized by this law was 982,600, afterwards increased to 1,115,600. Of this aggregate Congress reserved for itself, as quota, 88 per cent.

The quota arose, and has flourished, principally for two reasons. Naturally enough, the voter rather likes to obtain something for nothing, and the receipt of expensive publications from the Member of Congress for the district involves an element of flattery, just as does the receipt of a package of Agricultural Department garden seeds from the same source. The books may not be of any practical value to the recipient, and the seeds may never grow, but the object of their dispatch has been secured. Thus there has grown up in connection with the distribution of official volumes an element totally apart from the usefulness of the publication or the appropriateness of its destination.

The second and more important reason for the quota is the self-interest of the senators and representatives. It will always happen that documents are dispatched principally to persons who need to be placated. This makes the distribution one of politics and policy rather than genuine need. Moreover, the possessor of a quota feels compelled to dispose somehow of his allowance of books, instead of merely filling requests for publications

for reference or research. Hence, the quota may be regarded as a sort of forced-draught method of distribution. It is not businesslike, economical, or wise, from the modern standpoint, for it does not insure the placing of government publications in the hands of those persons who have the greatest interest in them or will make the best use of them.

The other method of distribution is the department or bureau mailing list. This method of distribution reflects the increasing liberality of Congress in permitting the departments to handle part or all of their publications. Each bureau which controls a considerable number of copies of publications issued at stated intervals employs a mailing list which varies from 2000 to 5000 addresses. These lists are made up with varying degrees of care, and generally consist of the addresses of public officials, institutions, and persons supposed to be especially interested in the subjects discussed. When an edition of a book or pamphlet is published for which no quota is provided by law, the department finds itself with the edition upon its hands to distribute. Naturally the mailing list, under such conditions, is the only recourse, but a free mailing list is always more or less unsatisfactory, because the publishing department or bureau is never sure when the necessity or requirement of the recipient may have ceased, and every person on the list is sure to receive some publications of no especial interest to him.

Naturally enough, there are many scattering demands for all classes of documents. A gratifyingly large number are the result of a genuine need for information in business or research, but the insertion of many illustrations or maps often creates an artificial demand, which is sometimes cited as an indication of the public utility of the report, though in reality the desire to possess the volume may arise not from any scientific or intelligent interest in the subject of which it treats, but from the fact that it contains many colored pictures, and appears costly. It

is impossible to distinguish between genuine and simulated requirement for such publications.

In commercial publications the channel of disposition is, of course, the natural one of sales. No standards now exist in the government by which to determine the proper number of copies to issue of any publication, since, all being free, it is possible to dispose of as many as the department or bureau is able to print. Even the decision to print an edition on the basis of a mailing list is not satisfactory, for the mailing list can be as large or as small as the chief of the bureau or department sees fit to establish.

Obviously the volume of official publications has reached such enormous proportions under present conditions that it is a burden upon the resources of the government. If the quota is an unwise and wasteful method of distribution, and the free mailing list is far from satisfactory, is there not some other feasible method which would prove more advantageous to the government and to the public ?

Distribution by Sale

Although all civilized countries issue many official publications, the United States is the only one which has a system of practically free distribution.

France and Germany, though liberal publishers upon statistical, economic, and scientific subjects, especially in connection with agriculture, distribute free only to specified officials of the general government, and to those local officials whose line of work or locality obviously entitles them to particular publications. The remaining copies are placed on sale through established agencies.

The English system, though altered from time to time, dates from 1782. The number of the official publications of all classes issued annually by the British government is very large. Practically all official publications are termed *Parliamentary Papers*, and consist of reports, estimates, accounts, and of Command

Papers, under which are a wide variety of topics, such as monographs upon Dangerous Trades, Alcoholic Beverages, Churches, Juvenile Employment, Diseases of Animals, Mines, Fisheries, Prisons, Servants, Vivisection, etc. When a book or pamphlet is completed, it is charged up by the schedule of bare cost to the contractor, and the Controller of Stationery then adds fifty per cent for the profit of publisher and bookseller. A few copies are retained for official use, and the remainder of the edition is placed on sale with authorized Parliamentary booksellers in London, Edinburgh, and Dublin, who thus have the same personal interest in sales of official publications that they have in those of commercial publications. The amount actually paid into the Exchequer for each book sold represents, as nearly as may be, the cost of printing, binding, and paper. The selling price of British official documents varies from a few Pence, to twenty pounds for such a work as the reproduction of the *Doomsday Book*. Copies of Command Papers are not sent to members of Parliament unless requested, but each member is kept in touch with current publications by "schedules" issued at frequent intervals.

In 1895, Congress attempted to establish in the United States the policy of selling public documents. A division was created in the Government Printing Office, charged with the distribution of publications to specified libraries, the preservation of enough documents of all kinds for sale at a schedule of reasonable prices, and the preparation of suitable catalogues and records. In this work there are now employed about forty persons, and the maintenance of the division requires the annual disbursement of nearly \$50,000. The receipt from the sale of documents during the last fiscal year of record was \$13,700. An experiment of this kind cannot succeed, so long as it is understood by the average shrewd citizen that he can obtain a publication free by asking his congressman for it, or that he is liable to receive it free without asking for it at all.

An Economical and Businesslike Method

The experience of a hundred years leads the maturer judgment of the present day to ask in all seriousness the question: what should constitute a government publication? The documents of the Federal government should embrace at least two general classes. The first, according to our American ideas of liberality in the conduct of national affairs, should include those which might be termed close to the people, such as manuals, handbooks relating to agriculture, domestic animals, mechanics, and labor problems, as well as some inexpensive statistical reference books. These publications should be issued in large numbers, for free distribution by congressional quota and otherwise, as a concession to the established idea in American politics that senators and representatives are entitled to some perquisites in official publications, and these obviously are the ones which will be of service, whether distributed with or without judgment. The second class includes scientific and statistical publications, which are expensive to produce and interest a limited number of persons.

A publication which can command sufficient pecuniary return to cover the cost of production with a profit should be published by a private concern. Therefore government publications upon scientific and other special topics should be those contributions to permanent knowledge which should be made, but which cost so much for preliminary research and editorial preparation that their publication as commercial ventures would not be possible. Such publications are likely to interest a small number of persons at most. The edition should always be small. A proportion should be sent to prominent libraries, and to certain specified publications which have agreed to review them. Concerning the remainder of the edition, a lesson should be learned from the policy of the British government. The bulk of each issue should be distributed among

authorized "Congressional booksellers" in specified cities, on simple and businesslike terms. This policy would at least reveal what Federal publications interest the public. No one can tell by the present system, or lack of it, whether real interest exists or not.

Unquestionably we are tending in this country toward the sale of Federal literature. Free distribution arose under totally different conditions of production from those which prevail at the present time. It is clear that we must regard the old or-

der of things as now completely changed, and confront the new problems which accompany the great volume of publications and corresponding expenditure of the present period. Congress has educated the voter to expect free books, but if free books have become a burden on the taxpayers, we should forthwith learn a new lesson, in harmony with the businesslike and practical age in which we live: if public documents, expensive to produce, are worth anything at all to us, they are worth paying for.

TIDE-RIVERS

BY LUCY SCARBOROUGH CONANT

ALL over the world, innumerable rivers drop from their hills to the sea. The slightest of watersheds may ordain a long journey for the rill that might otherwise follow a neighborhood cousin to a nearer gulf. How many cooling drops are lost voyaging! How many flung from moss-bearded lip of mill wheel, or drawn again to the lustrous and bountiful sky, itself feeder and nourisher of lands, bosom, and open heart!

Up country, the stream is a definite comrade. You may count upon its overflow when the violet is waking; upon the August dwindling of volume and voice, and the autumnal crescence as line storm and October gale bring down the overcharged springs fresh-foot upon the valley. Therefore, an' you love willows knee-deep in watery mirrors, go not to the meadows in July, for thousand wings and stings will attack from rank, rustling reeds, bereft of coolness, far from the shrunken channel.

The mountain waterfall, too early visited on a season of drought, will tempt only to curving lip and lifted shoulder. But mark it after the first chill has framed it in a frosty gold, and the storms have

cast their wild maidens over its height. Nearer the rushing turmoil you draw, and sink by the green pool where the russet leaf spins on.

There is an hour when Montmorenci, wasted to a miserable thread, signs only impotence there as it straggles from fossil hieroglyphs to the St. Lawrence. At another, it spreads its broad buckler of white over the scarred cliff, and descends in unstained nobility, — like the curtain that falls, far fairer than the play.

On the amphitheatred Ligurian coast, when ripe chestnut woods illuminate the valley in autumn, and the rigid cypress punctuates your exclamations of delight as you climb from farm to ruined campanile, the Boato, under its double Roman bridge, may flood high in a half day from the showers that, in tropical intensity, drench the ruddy mountains, the clustered villages. On the morrow, chatting over now unsubmerged pebbles, like the brown women wringing out pink jackets at its verge, it will have fallen to the type of the wanderer that hunts for the ocean. But yesterday, it was so assured! The tideless sea pushes here no adventurous foot to meet the mountaineer.

It waits in pulsating azure, thrilling under Scirocco's Sicilian hand, until one drop more from the uplands shall be added to its hoard. The river gains no vigor from the sea. It is more generous, and flings its little bounty to an uncaring heart, beating unresponsive.

Yet, far in the north, where winter storms gather for days, and fall on a coast of fangs and famine, there, in the dark land of low-bending skies and black bread, the tide astounds the inland waters, and drives them back before its eygre. They are baffled and resistant. But the steady roll of wave that has plunged about St. Michel's Mountain, and has marched miles between the river banks like a white-coat army, drives foam and current before it, and, at St. Samson's Locks, dashes high toward the dyke path, as if fain to climb the cliff into Brittany. I know not how the tides gather from Fundy under Blomidon, but I have seen the race on the flat floor bordering the Channel when the waters are coming, and *l'arrivée* heads their speed with high-flung head, making for the canal, and the long, golden river beaches. And the pinnacled abbey, with its empty refectory and resounding cloisters, where only the curious now clatter, rears its old magic above the deluge. As the tide quivers to its height and stays to draw breath, line by line, buttress and spire, rose window and slim arch, are traced for a moment on this delicate flood, soon fleeting in a simulant shyness over the sands, and withdrawing its relaxed invasion from the river as a snake slips from its skin.

Below Caudebec, also, the waters run high, sweeping the Seine like old Danish pirates, as if they would storm the towers of Rouen, and break into shreds the lace that man and time have needled out of stone.

And tide-rivers I know where the squat black fishing-boats come lunging home with tide and wind, — as the mud hollows are filled, and waves from blunt bows dash on the flats below giant teasles and coarse grasses. Women are on the

sand-blown shore by the great crucifix, kneeling no more, for the boats have come to port, and their heavy sails of brown and red blot the low, rusty gleam that tears a ragged edge along dissolving storm. At ebbtide here the sands are barred and beautiful with pigmy channels and runnels wherein unwary fish are darting, by which the fisher children play. The sea is far withdrawn, and, at this midsummer, only a counterfeit river descends from parched inland meadows where ranks of wistful poplars crowd for freshness to the sluggish verge, and the red mills are slackened beneath the great walls and beaconing elms of high-perched Montreuil.

Most Dutch waterways are blind. They may not seek that dominant ocean, submissive, knocking at wintry times, however, none too daintily at the dune door, guarded by the lights of Westcapelle or the Helder.

But the Yssel flows along between its cow-dotted meads, here a brickyard reflected, there a clump of dark thatch, a plump maid with yoked green and vermillion pails by the ferry, a stunted mill in the marsh like a cross-legged heron. Kampen Tower, blue beside the Zuyder Zee, lures the water on, and the peat boats fly with its own speed, and slide over the slack ferry line at Kamperveer.

And the Maas is a river of power and glory. Whether it rush in June haze by the rose-roofed villages and their delicately etched dark avenues by the dykes, slipping past walled Woudrichem and its carved brick tower, or glide in autumn by the back waters of fated Merwede Meer where submerged lie mediæval burghs, and the golden reeds are sibilant above their stilled marketplaces, or dash in revel of west winds by Dort Kerk and corbied gables, it is always noble. There is Rhine water in it. A sort of spiced wine of those terraced vineyards below century-shaken turrets. It is all history, faery, legend, suggestion. Even the Drak — fabled ravager — is not far distant. By the black mills of s'Gravendeel swim

the long, low barges with freight from upper Rhine, swinging broad on the curves as their spitting head scours the mud and silt while it swashes along. The stork is leveled above it, cleaving the wind. Red shine the fisher-boats for miles, dancing down by the glancing mills on a reel they will run all the way to stately Rotterdam.

There is a rise and fall, even here at Dort of the Kerk and corbies, and when a bleak wind blows up the tide for hours and days, Mynheer may return by boat from the club to his besieged front door. Guard the dykes, patrol them well. For now is the North Sea knocking, and his growl is dread and terrible where the scared pinkies drop their lee-boards in the gale.

In lower Zeeland the Scheldt enfolds fertile Walcheren in its arms, and shoulders Flanders with a partial air. There must be little river water there. But the burly tides pull over green shallows where the red buoys ride, and seabirds dive above the veer of current.

At the little harbor where the Arne-muiden boats warp slowly in on a land breeze by lone tower and antique bulwark, not far from home, the Stadhuis belfry seems to ring up the tides. It sends out hourly messengers like flocks of birds. They scurry over the sandy reaches, the flats of Schouwen. "Piet Hein" calls the waters, and they flood between quay and mimic dry dock. The latticed windows are all eyes when the boats come home, as well. Rooks and doves are abroad in clan-nish convolutions. The tide rushes on, up into the Spui, and the old moat holds it below the dyke where the white-headed miller leans at sunset until sluice is opened and warning flag tells boats to hold away until the miniature torrent has rocked the peaceful harborage and dashed out to freedom beyond that clamor of "Piet Hein."

Our own seaboard is richly diversified. From the fastnesses of our Blue, White, and Green hills come leaping the cascades and streams that, swelling, carry

life to the plain, and silt from a dozen counties to the sea. The ocean ravages a dune-bordered frontier; it eats the clay, disturbs a coast line. But the river, passing resistless by field and foothill, grasps relentlessly at shelving bank or yielding loam, and fights the sea with its own arms. Delta is an octopus; sand bar, a submarine danger; channel, shifting and vagarious, little to be counted on by comfortable captain. The invulnerable coast, capitulating perforce at one point, reinforces, rebuilds, and fortifies without rest at another.

The Master River is one that drew its first faint breath in a clime alien and unallied to that of its engulfment. It draws all inland freshnesses to its flood; predacious, ravenous, it sucks even subcutaneous life from the land. Blind springs run over the hidden strata, shelving toward the monster of ancient voracity. It has coursed the prairie for centuries. When man was but a being blind and soulless, when beasts of unfamiliar silhouette loomed by its tide, when saurians dared it, and all that is now fossil thrived therein, then, even, the River was a river, and ground its way to the Sea.

Forced from those pictured heights where now the traveler gazes with a heart of wonder, impulsion was instinct. It accrued but to lavish. It sawed deep into the cañon bed, left forgotten the barren tableland, sank into the land itself, learned by rote the easiest path. Were there a curve too broad? it was cloven away. A rock too stubborn? the steam power of a single waterfall reduced pride, burrowed into the combative heart.

The peak of snow godmothered its rude cradle. Harsh were the gifts bestowed, the vows required. It was to vanquish and to acquire, to deflower and to endow. It might appear enemy. Saviour was the name wherewith the black pine crossed its white, small brow, there at the first insignificant leap. Lonely was the mountain child, volition barely awakening. Could it have beheld the precipitate path, the burning prairie, the choking

bayou, or the gulf, brandishing its white banners as the River, child at heart no longer, drew to its end after the freehold of a continent, sinking, by many channels, to a single death! But a sister, as fragile, peeping by the next boulder, linked fortune with fate, and, merged in a commonalty of strength, they essayed the unknown together. Yet the children of such stern mountain birth are grown vigorous and powerful! Sliding under congealing surface, they shoulder it away. They fresco the declivity with flowers. They draw great cities to rest beside their waters. The path of their eternal wanderings is pranked for the traveling bird with oases and underwoods of lavish green, with blossoming and fruiting, with grain and harvesting. The River responds to the sky above its long route. It must become Fury or Beneficence, as the semaphore of the heavens shall bid. But, by some communicable thrill, the force of the crag is transmitted, permanent and unailing. The height, still nourisher of the prairie, wreathes its carven head in clouds of magnificent vapor. In the recesses of a continent are housed the sources. The land, like man himself, owns a stream of the soul. Its bestowal is imperative. The gift is unasked, at times unsuspected. Its use is of moment. As the earth feels for its waterways, entreats them, implores them, to knead her rigidity, render her plastic and pliable with their filaments of dew, leave her waving and beautiful in the air, guard, enfold, and succor her, so does that man who hears at first the subterranean knocking of his inmost current. And the glad soul has its way with him, and builds her singing groves about his heart.

We have followed the rivers to headwaters! But, along our coast, you may not always choose the veritable river among all our marsh inlets and busy fingers where the rough *masseur* of the sea rebuilds the land, life and strength leaping under his virile handling. Yet, this side the bar, by the island where rosy grasses are blowing in the wind, your

canoe may divine its home waters, nosing up the marshland for miles until it come to shelter under the village hill, where vociferous clammers have already moored their bright dories. Thence, at night, you see the scattered torches of the herring-boats, creeping out on flood tide, teasing will-o'-the-wisps around that slow moon and her dimpling double.

And, as the dark ultramarine of the splendid autumn night dyes the willows and island farms to the special purple which, every ripening season, October dusk claims anew, the tide lifts foam and weed around the bridge, stemming the fresh water at its piers as the two clench and wrestle and toss their little cold arms in the night. But languorously the moon beckons from over the broad, and the grip slackens. No more an invader, the salt tide dives for the open, and the river now pursues, all evening freshness from coves above the milldam where cool reeds glimmer.

Only a few miles farther are the old shipyards, and here another stream slips by church and village gables and salt stacks to the bay. Sea-going schooners are still built on the shelving beach,—schooners of cleaner, finer line than the old Marbleheaders,—and sometimes a blunt tug is under way on the shores.

The air is sweet with the odor of newly shaven wood; pine and forest scents, tarry whiffs, smoke, the pungency of oakum, suggestive oils and essences,—all are here. The beaks of these seabirds in making crane landward over little pools and puddles left by late rains, eager already for a taste of the tide-water astern. They swell within their bars of ochre scaffolding. All this geometrical bracing and buttressing disturbs them. They need only the breasting wave to steady and elate them. Yet, to the eye that seeks untiringly for beauty, their curves are the fairer for these rigidities that once blocked out their beautiful proportions as a sculptor graves upon his block the fundamental guiding lines denoting all that spirit and leaping contour lying unborn within.

Pleasant sounds are on the air. Mallet and hammer are beating, now coupled, now broken in measure, as a horse's hoofs click and lose the rhythm when you hearken in the night. The adze tears and splinters. Chisel cleaves the forest-heart. On the scaffolding, forms, against the clouds, abstract in silhouette as on a Puvis frieze, drive home the tree-nails, refine the curve, true the line, fit the ship for her journeying. Now and then an old voyager is hauled piteously to a vacant berth by a fussy tug, altogether careless of injured feelings. She takes her place among the beach débris of rusty iron, scraps, tackle, chips and shavings, oak and applewood, weathered beams, logs new and planed, or bent by heat, waiting masts, abandoned tools, and seasoned loafers, and is patched for another voyage to the Bay or one more winter on the Banks. Heartening, as her timbers clutch her firmly again, she details St. Elmo flashes of sea-lore to the unlaunched hulls at her side, and feeds their ignorance with gossip that sets them gasping through their anchor holes.

Even after the last laborer has swung down from his perch, leaving tools aloft in secure confidence of the friendly neighborhood, the newcomer is excellent company. The boats, in their various degrees of completion, loom against marsh and river channels. The quawk flies over, his one raucous note a signal from the rude seas beyond the inlet. Hawk from remote eyry may plane and forage in the meadows, heron rise from the sedge, doves flutter whitely to the cote by antique gambrel. As the chill twilight gathers, this clustered colony takes on a furtive air of expectation. So the Viking's Long Serpent or Dragon, building on old sheltered reaches by indistinguishable groves, might have dreamed of seas to cross, strange shores to discover, lands of gold where the boats might beach with the long surf roar behind and a line of sullen foemen facing them! They are on fire with the first thrill of imagination that comes before the risen baptismal waters have

drenched their parched sheathings in brine from the bay. Buoyed and eased, they are then free at last of the ocean roads, here, in this quaint backwater by the farms.

Follow north, — as the crow flies, — and you find a river of veritable breadth and power, a boundary, a channel. It is impelled from the hills; tributaries trend toward it from sparkling lakes. Speeding over falls and dams to the harbor, neither choked there by dune nor hindered by marsh, it meets the sea with a direct pride, and by lighthouse and fortress blows the splendid breath of its power and strength. The tides play upon it, and ruffle that prismatic surface with their aquatic games. Up and down the roads, where squadrons may lie at ease, about the heavy lumbermen (whose colors ape their Istrian kin, tied up by that far-off Zattere), under the sharp bows of the modern colliers awaiting their berths in the town, leap the dolphin-like currents, that have never a doubt of the river's readiness for sport.

Here is neither delta nor dallying. In this capacious shelter the northeaster may not trouble the huddled coasters. They have not far to run from open to the lee. On summer afternoons, when old grasses by the slopes are growing golden in the sun, and landlocked towns lie burnt in August heats, seabreeze and breath of swift river fall upon the harbor points and rocky eminences like little showers of icy air. One whiff is scented of sweet fern or tannin, the next of saline. The light feathers of southeast blow across the river-mouth, and bring an elastic caracole of bugle, as guard changes, and the dark squads march away.

At night, when riding lights are studying the bay, and all is well in the roads of heaven, where Vega and the Cross dominate the fleet that crowds the Milky Way, the bugle calls and calls beneath the stars. And when you stir again from dreams, it is the debonair réveille from over the morning tide that leads you to

half-somnolent memories of a French garrison town and its gay buglers.

This river has lost no whit of curiosity at the end of its run. It pries about the shore, peering up narrow inlets, lapping the reeds below ancestral doorways where red lilies gleam against the dusty clapboards, and a tide of chicory spreads a thin film of azure over headstrong grass. It pushes up creeks that indent moor and farmland, sea at heel. Like an old Battersea, timbered bridges link the promontories, one starting by an old toll-house ruin, once in use like its flourishing brethren farther upstream. You come familiarly on spruce and fir, juniper and berry pasture, between the native houses, built to catch the harbor wind, and blossoming with gay roadside gardens. Many an inquisitive lane runs off the main road (itself no result of surveyor's toil), hunting for, and bordering, the water, shaded by enormous elms and chestnuts.

Here are the stately houses of a past generation. Here, beneath these *bosquets* that might grace a French park, lounged the gallants of old as their ladies plied tambour frame, clad in the delicate muslins those great Indiamen in the roads were wont to bring. Fine balustrade and *grisaille* wall, clustered windows, pedimented door, — still may you find. Passes a tottering survivor; still are tales told of early and late occupants.

Here is a noble tomb, there a communal burying-ground, blown full of sea savors, red with roses. And the scattered farms hold their dead close at hand in narrow yards whence the children of God cannot stray far away.

Well downstream, by the gurry-strewn shore of decaying dory and burdock-

buried capstan, may lie a black wreck, gnawed by the tides. In the cove, an ancient lumber schooner is tied up for good and all. Spiders man her bleached decks, and the tide sluices through her hold, making delightful gurgles as you look down the open green hatchway. An old stay of the port light creaks in the gust, and the rotten cordage aloft strays in loops and raveled tassels.

Poor old Luella! linked to a fir tree, of no kin to her masts that have known the strain of tempest, neighbor to lobster-pot and punt of fisher children! There lies her shell in a lonely corner, where yet she may face offing, watching the five-masters wing out to sea, feeling the disintegrating tides and grinding ice when the winter sea jams the creek floe against her, done with voyaging.

Darting tugs scream in the harbor; some stranger calls for a pilot; a visitor requires a proper salute. When the white fogs flood in from the Banks, bringing uncertainty and mystery, there is a "skerry of shrieks" all up and down the channel, and a banging of pans and beating of bells from anchorage, like nothing so much as a Breton peasant enticing her vagrant swam of bees.

But the Luella is dumb beside her dark trees. She is now secure from the casualties of the deep. The tide-river knocks against her old heart in its rougher flow, and brutally hints of lost horizon and looming seaboard.

She only groans a little as her scarred hulk lifts from the pebbles, and leans back on shore cables, quite content to harbor in the tide-river, and all its bustling life, for her last anchorage, questing over, dreams begun.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

ON WRITING FOR THE BEST MAGAZINES

You hear it said now and then about some happy person: "He writes for the best magazines." So do I: I always write for the best magazines. I don't, very extensively, publish in them; but that's because I mostly don't publish at all. And *that*, not to linger over a disagreeable subject, is my misfortune, and nobody's fault.

I am a person of five acceptances: at present I have just five stars in my crown. Four of them are from a Best Magazine, — one of the very, very best, — and the other is from a periodical (nameless here, forevermore) that pays four dollars for a poem of five stanzas. Yet, "let no man dare, when I am dead, to charge me with dishonor;" for I have means of vindicating my right to exist, as a Literary Person, which the world knows not of. I have a packet of Flattering Rejections.

There are twenty-one of them. It's easy to be definite; I can count them in a few seconds, and then subtract five, — the number of those letters that begin, "It gives us great pleasure." There is something adorably naïve, by the way, about that beginning; it is like gilding refined gold, painting the lily, and adding a perfume to the violet. On the rare occasions when I have the happiness to see it, I cry out irrepressibly in spirit, "O great, distant, and benign Power! What do *you* know about pleasure? And if you're glad, what do you suppose *I* am?" It is exactly the opposite, in its delicate, supererogatory courtesy, of that other dismal preliminary, "We regret." Even yet, I invariably turn upon that most unwelcome commiseration with, "Who are you to 'regret?' What do you know about it? In the presence of such

a dignity of black despair as mine, the least you can do, in decency, is to avert your face, and hand it back in silence. I don't want your sympathy."

Of course, that is only the Printed Slip. It is different with the Flattering Rejection. A Flattering Rejection is lovely; if it comes from a Best Magazine, it's quite as good as an acceptance from a poor one. For a long time, I did not know there was such a thing. That was about four years ago, when I first began in earnest. I can't tell you how long ago it was that I really began, because that would mean an unsolicited confidence as to my age, and that would n't be in very good taste. (I *would* like, though, as long as I've been so frank about those five uncrowded little stars in my crown, to slip in, unobtrusively, somehow, the statement that it's less than thirty. I wish I could.) But, as I was saying, I used to think there was nothing 'twixt failure and success; but there is. There's many a slip, — and they're not all just rejection-slips. Some of them are Flattering Rejections.

Toward the Flattering Rejection, I am the meekest, most docile, most extravagantly grateful soul alive. So far from resenting their sympathy, as I so venomously do in the case of the printed slip, I ardently love, in spite of all subsequent snubbings, every editor who has ever sent me one. It really is n't unmaidenly to confess it, for I picture them as vague, colossal abstractions, with benevolent eyes, draped in flowing garments, — in style a compromise between a toga and a dress suit, and in hue partaking of the prevailing color on the covers of their respective magazines. And, like the camel crossing the desert, I can sustain life on a Flattering Rejection for weeks.

And yet they present puzzling problems. Since nothing can shake my al-

legiance to their authors, I am forced to conclude that apparent contradictions are due to the fact that the edited mind cannot expect to comprehend the editing; it must just have faith, and wait for things to be cleared up in a higher life. Emerson says that with consistency great minds have simply nothing to do; so of course that explains why one can't expect it of an editor. Take just one example. I have one story that has never yet been hustled back with the disgraceful promptitude which is characteristic of the return of some of his brothers and sisters. He always makes long journeys, and stays until I have concluded in my secret soul that he will never come back, stoutly insisting the while, to my waiting family, that I expect him in the next mail. But when he does come, he always brings his own welcome in the shape of a Flattering Rejection. It is delightful to reflect how much pleasure that story has given. So many editors, indeed, have expressed gratitude for the pleasure they have had in reading him, that my brother, who is of a practical turn, has suggested that I make out a bill, "To pleasure in reading So-and-So," at such and such an amount. But I am no such mercenary creature; I am willing to do what I can; it is no small thing to win the gratitude of an editor. But to return to those inscrutable utterances. The editor of the *Best Magazine* — the dear, *Best Magazine* that has been glad with me four times — wrote me that he should have accepted that story, "but for our disinclination to publish stories associated with college life, just as we are averse to those which treat of writers and artists as such." Yet, in the very next issue, and in many succeeding ones, have appeared stories most emphatically and unmistakably, to the edited mind, dealing with "writers as such." It is a difference, I suppose, between the intelligence of the editor and the editée that puzzles me. I accept it, blindly, though I can't help being a little curious and interested. But it really does n't matter; that editor might tell me that

white is black without disturbing my allegiance.

The other editors who have sent Flattering Rejections home with the same story were not so explicit as to their reasons for returning it. On that point they took refuge behind that impregnable editorial Gibraltar, and said that the tale was "not suited to their needs of the moment." As to that, of course, no mere contributing mind — for I hope I know my place — could presume to judge. But most of them left me with the impression that they, too, were averse to college stories; and yet it has seemed, to my disordered fancy, that some of them have been fairly reeking with college stories ever since. And why should n't they? Why discriminate against college stories, any more than against department-store stories, or kindergarten stories, or stories of firemen and portrait-painters?

I had so much more to tell! I have shown you only one of my twenty-one; and there is something interesting about each one of the rest. But the Muse, at my elbow, makes a valuable suggestion. She says, "Don't make it any longer; if you do, it won't bring back even a — Flattering Rejection!"

THE OTHER FELLOW

FICTION concerns itself with the pursuit of the Feminine. Nowhere is adequate justice done to the equally absorbing pursuit of the Masculine. The Girl is the guiding star of the Romancer, the Man a necessary but commonplace accessory. The Girl presents a problem of exceptional elusiveness, and adds to the piquancy of the situation; but why this unjust discrimination? If, after long trial and tribulation, the Girl is found, are the results so much more gratifying than when, after years of waiting, the Other Fellow is at last discovered? I think not. But perhaps it is not quite clear what I mean by the Other Fellow.

The Other Fellow is generally supposed to be the undesirable remainder

after the blissful union of two other units. He is considered an essential element in all romance, and as such fills a humble but useful place. His only profit is a slender halo of pathos as he wishes his successful rival all happiness. For a brief hour he is heroic, and then he vanishes. This is the popular conception of the Other Fellow. To what base uses has he fallen!

The Romancer must sell his wares, and so he would have the world think that life consists of happy mating and unhappy remaining, that the only drama is the little comedy of three. But after all, he writes merely of the bright bubbling at the sources of the stream, and, after manning his fragile barque and letting the Other Fellow gallantly walk the plank, he quite loses sight of the long journey ahead downstream. Will not the crew of two desire to touch at pleasant points, and lie in inviting harbors by the way? Will they not take excursions ashore, and visit strange lands? And if so, will not the Captain (or perhaps he is only First Mate now) like to smoke a pipe and loaf away a summer afternoon with another masculine voyager?

It is in this part of the journey that the Other Fellow is found. The Romancer is still at work upstream, delighting the same audience with the same simple story as before, but we are wiser now, and are content to leave him. We are in the full swing of the current, and must needs see that no opportunities for pleasure are overlooked.

And what a noble business the seeking of pleasure is! Much is said against it by many who would appear wise in their day and generation, but their words are as chaff. We seek pleasure to share it, and in the finding of it we benefit our fellow. In the great catalogue of pleasures the Other Fellow stands at the head of the list. If he is real, he has long ago forgotten any little episode he may have figured in upstream, though, indeed, he may never have been the Other Fellow in the old mistaken sense, but, on the contrary,

simply another commonplace man with a charming wife, and no faint aureole of past heroisms upon him. It is a strange fact that he is so little prized. He is not mentioned in the most elaborate catalogue of sports, nor enumerated among the camper's or traveler's necessities. He is recommended in no Baedeker, nor is he advertised by enterprising landlords. But what is sport or travel without him, or, for that matter, home or the club?

Fortunate is the man who has found him. If he is found, he is easily recognized. He is the man who fits. Fits is the only word, — fits your masculine needs with masculine gifts, as the woman gives the feminine. So, first, a man. Brown, Robinson, or Vere-de-Vere, it matters not by what name he is known, or what station he ornaments. Years are of no moment, be it only that his heart is a contemporary of your own. He may have lived a longer or shorter time, but he must be rich in experience. He must be a better man than you, that the best may come from your communion. You had best be a bit shy to brag before him, for he will be merciless to your pretensions. He will drive a better ball, cast a better fly, and write a better poem than you can, and you will spend your life trying in vain to excel him. He will absent himself at the right time, and at long intervals, but will return at the moment when he is most needed. He will not pry into your personal affairs, but will listen and smoke and sagely comment if the spirit moves you to intimate talk.

He will know the value of silence, — the supreme test, — and will be an adept at that best sort of conversation, the monosyllabic.

Such, then, is the Other Fellow. The world was made for him, and what would life be without him? We may refine away as much of the primitive man as possible, and still there remains the instinct of the fighter. We wish to match our skill, courage, or endurance against another's. But we must have as our opponent a man we can trust, a man with the same clear

ideas of sport and the same horror of unfairness. When we have found him, he is the Other Fellow, and we add to all else the serene pleasures of comradeship, and we are content.

Yet the Other Fellow has other uses. He is more than a skillful and resourceful antagonist. He is the well by the roadside from which you draw strength and refreshment. His friendly confidence in you begets confidence in yourself. He pricks the countless iridescent bubbles of your self-conceit, thereby clearing your mental vision to a wonderful degree. He is your *alter ego*, and with him at your elbow you can face a frowning world.

To the young Benedict, then, I say: Do not let the open fire and cheerful lamp-light tempt you to too many hours of slippered ease. You may have succeeded in one noble and important quest, and achieved the Girl; but there is another quest, and you should be up and doing, — the Other Fellow is to be found.

If he has already been found, do not, in your present excess of self-satisfaction, neglect him. He is patient and slow to anger, but he may weary of your indifference, and be lost to you forever.

If he is within hailing distance, go to him, that the future may hold for you perfect happiness. Then will all wise men unite in the toast I give you: "To the noblest, most useful, and least appreciated of mankind, the Other Fellow, — a health to you!"

THE MELANCHOLY OF WOMAN'S PAGES

CONTEMPORANEOUS with hoopskirts and coalscuttle bonnets was a form of literature obviously, though not explicitly, for ladies, whose very keynote was woe. As a child, I hailed as a treasure every "Gem" and "Annual" and "Book of Beauty" which, with tarnished gilding and delicate pictures grown somewhat discolored by time, lingered in the delightfully heterogeneous library of which I had the freedom. With a swelling

lump in my small throat, and a gathering mist before my innocent young eyes, many and many a time I have followed the fortunes of hapless Zuleikas and fond, ill-fated Mustaphas, sad Brazilian brides, and luckless Indian lovers, forsaken village maids and swains done to death by false, false loves; of the Widowed, the Orphaned, the Homeless, the Heart-Broken; have arrived by ways innumerable at the simple tombstone inscribed with the single word, Helena (or Jane, or Isabel, or Maria, as the case might be), which was so favorite a goal of the Early Victorian romance. It was all very sad, but, in provincial reporter parlance, very enjoyable.

Needless to say, this elegant melancholy is as obsolete as the coalscuttle bonnet and the hoopskirt; and with distinctly less chance, I think, of recall to favor.

The very keynote, indeed, of the Woman's Page is optimism. Its unvarying motto is, Everything is lovely — or may be. Are you unhappily married? Simply make yourself entrancing through the careful following of certain easy, infallible rules, and lo, a new honeymoon, and happiness ever after! Are you a maid forlorn, plain of face and awkward of manner? Grow beautiful and engaging by means of the formula obligingly furnished, and Prince Charming will come. Are the pitiless years leaving their marks upon you? Erase the wrinkles as they come by dexterous rubbings and smoothings, and unfading youth is yours. Are you beyond the pale of Society? Acquire ease, grace, distinction, *savoir faire*, by home study, and all doors will open wide to welcome you.

There are recipes for everything, from domestic bliss to cleansing compounds, from success in life to salad dressings. My good is sought in a thousand ways; in gentle exhortations to be up and doing in every possible direction; in succinct columns of Don'ts; in pithy paragraphs of Useful Information; in exploitations of the fashions; in Health Talks and

Beauty Hints. My good, I say; for there is in it all something so pointedly personal, it is so obviously addressed to my wants and my interests as a woman, that it is not to be evaded or put by. A pseudo-conscience calls me to its perusal from masterly leader or thrilling news-story; from high politics or current history. And I yield, — not without sulkiness.

I yield because it deals with my concerns, — and because it deals with my concerns, I yield sulkily. Not, I protest, that there is any especial sting of personal application in the Don'ts, or otherwise, — not that I am bred so dull I cannot learn the manifold lessons in manners, morals, domestic science, fashion, beautification, and the art of happiness. But the personal is a dogging shadow which has no right to enter with me into the world of print, and many a nugget of genuinely useful information it would take to bury the memory of that impertinence.

I would not go so far, be it said with emphasis, as wholly to deny the benefit of type to such matter as makes up the content of *Woman's Pages*. I would by no means object to the harmless necessary Recipe Book and Fashion Paper, which have their definite times and uses; nor to the *Woman's Magazine*, — for you may love it or leave it alone. I once knew an old woman who would demur against too strenuous objection to snakes. "If you don't say nothing to the snake," she would say, "the snake ain't going to say nothing to you," — an aphorism which, taken in a "soft and flexible sense," has more than once in my experience made for tolerance.

But the *Woman's Page*, I repeat, pursues me, weighs me, and finds me wanting, without my invitation, — with a concurrence upon my part merely forced and reluctant. Quite against my will, I am spurred to the performance of imperative duties galore unmentioned in the Decalogue, duties of physical culture and hygiene, of charmcraft and economy. It is without my real privity and consent

that I am prodded with precept and stirred to teasing ambition, that I am moved to the painful storing of bits of alleged useful information, and am made uneasily aware of the latest collar and the newest style of hairdressing, — destined to change ere I can make them mine.

There is an element of resentment in the oppression of spirits which I have called the Melancholy of *Woman's Pages*, and with it all a haunting, inarticulate sense of the pathos of womanhood.

UNCUT

I RECALL a time of leisurely youth in which this word had for me a charm which, I dare say, it preserves to this day for some people, even among my contemporaries. I was then beginning to get together a library in a small way, and had a dream, which I thank Heaven was never realized, of becoming a bibliophile. How I used to pore over the catalogues of dealers in old books, and what a delicious flavor I discerned in such items as "London, 1726, square 8vo, tree-calf, rough edges, *uncut*;" or "London, Pickering, 1848, 2 vols., 12mo, cloth, *uncut*." The words tickle my nostrils even now, with a delightful musty, dusty, leathery aroma, — all but the last of them, and that — I sneeze at. I never got to buying one of those virgin volumes, but I used to imagine the delights of possession. To sit upon velvet, dressed in one's best, and with a mellow ivory blade delicately part those hitherto untroubled leaves, — would n't that be a bully thing to do, though? I fancy I should hardly, when the time came, have had the heart for it; why destroy what one values? and what other people value? Our ancient virgin would, after all, have been chiefly cherished as a commodity, destined presently to be passed on, in all her wintry bloom, to the next bidder.

Such reflections may seem to betray a jaded sensibility; and I must own to having been thrown into such everyday re-

lations with books as to rob them of a little of the glamour which, to a fresher contact, invests even their superficialities. To see an old book that is uncut, nowadays, simply means to me that it has lived in vain, and ought to be rather ashamed of itself. Instead of being a person, it has been all these years no better than a dumb object; and its chances of becoming articulate grow every day beautifully less.

Why, indeed, should it have been put upon the world under such disadvantage? Who has reaped the benefit? What is this luxurious process of cutting leaves that people babble of? I greatly doubt if people who read *much* find it anything but a nuisance: certainly I do not. Yes, I am for the idle mode of reading, too; that is precisely why I have no use for cutting leaves. Why should I do work that the publisher ought to have had done for me? I confess that a new novel uncut fills me with rage. Mary, where under the canopy is that paper-cutter? What,—saw it upstairs? Hm! I should think those children might be taught. . . . Give me a hairpin, or the poker, or something! Then follows the momentary familiar struggle of mind as to whether it is less of an anguish to spend fifteen or twenty minutes rending the book open from cover to cover,—opening, as it were, your barrel of oysters to spare the oyster-man,—or to make a series of annoying interruptions of the business, cutting as you read. There have been moments when I have used the bare forefinger, with a kind of savage joy in the havoc I was making. Why should a man go out for a quiet spin, and find himself a party in an obstacle race?

As for uncut periodicals, I do not know that (my grandfather having died of apoplexy at my age) I ought to trust my-

self to speak of them. In contemplating this wanton imposition, one perceives that there is something to be said, after all, for an uncut book. To put printed matter between covers is to make a sort of bid for permanent notice; and not to cut the leaves is to profess an insolent but not altogether preposterous faith in the volume's ability to bide its time. But what of these brisk, news-dealing weeklies, these monthlies, though graver, with their inevitable bustling about the timely and the ephemeral? *Qua* periodicals, they are deciduous. They are, or should be, built for those who run to read. How should persons to whom reading is, in some sense, one of the chief businesses of life, sit fumbling over them with a foolish instrument, getting at their contents by dint of a dull form of manual labor? A magazine ought to be, first of all, accessible. People ought to be able to steal something from it in reading-rooms and on bookstalls, pausing on one leg in mid-career, gripping a phrase from an essay, snatching the flavor of a leading article, seeing how the new serial opens. For such readers, you say, the author does not write, nor the publisher put forth. They labor for the man who buys the book or magazine, goes home with it, and contentedly places it on the library table or shelf—uncut. They labor for that man's wife, who loves now and then, by means of armchair, open fire, footstool, cushions, magazine, and paper-cutter, to live up to her conception of a person reading. Well, I don't know that much of anything can be said for the other type of reader; he would be a more graceful spectacle, even to himself, if he were less eager, less impatient, less inclined to work on one leg. But of such is the kingdom of letters.

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MAN AND THE ACTOR

BY RICHARD MANSFIELD

I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano,
A stage where every man must play a part.

SHAKESPEARE does not say "may" play a part, or "can" play a part, but he says *must* play a part; and he has expressed the conviction of every intelligent student of humanity then and thereafter, now and hereafter. The stage cannot be held in contempt by mankind; because all mankind is acting, and every human being is playing a part. The better a man plays his part, the better he succeeds. The more a man knows of the art of acting, the greater the man; for, from the king on his throne to the beggar in the street, every man is acting. There is no greater comedian or tragedian in the world than a great king. The knowledge of the art of acting is indispensable to a knowledge of mankind, and when you are able to pierce the disguise in which every man arrays himself, or to read the character which every man assumes, you achieve an intimate knowledge of your fellow men, and you are able to cope with the man, either as he is, or as he pretends to be. It was necessary for Shakespeare to be an actor in order to know men. Without his knowledge of the stage, Shakespeare could never have been the reader of men that he was. And yet we are asked, "Is the stage worth while?"

Napoleon and Alexander were both great actors, — Napoleon perhaps the greatest actor the world has ever seen. Whether on the bridge of Lodi, or in his camp at Tilsit; whether addressing his soldiers in the plains of Egypt; whether throwing open his old gray coat and saying, "Children, will you fire on your
VOL. 97 — NO. 5

general?" whether bidding farewell to them at Fontainebleau; whether standing on the deck of the Bellerophon, or on the rocks of St. Helena, — he was always an actor. Napoleon had studied the art of acting, and he knew its value. If the power of the eye, the power of the voice, the power of that all-commanding gesture of the hand, failed him when he faced the regiment of veterans on his return from Elba, he was lost. But he had proved and compelled his audience too often for his art to fail him then. The leveled guns fell. The audience was his. Another crown had fallen! By what? a trick of the stage! Was he willing to die then? to be shot by his old guard? Not he! Did he doubt for one moment his ability as an actor? Not he! If he had, he would have been lost. And that power to control, that power to command, once it is possessed by a man, means that that man can play his part anywhere, and under all circumstances and conditions. Unconsciously or consciously, every great man, every man who has played a great part, has been an actor. Each man, every man, who has made his mark has chosen his character, the character best adapted to himself, and has played it, and clung to it, and made his impress with it. I have but to conjure up the figure of Daniel Webster, who never lost an opportunity to act; or General Grant, who chose for his model William of Orange, surnamed the Silent. You will find every one of your most admired heroes choosing early in life some admired hero of his own to copy. Who can doubt that Napoleon had selected Julius Cæsar? For, once he had

founded an empire, everything about him was modeled after the Cæsarean régime. Look at his coronation robes, the women's gowns — the very furniture! Actors, painters, musicians, politicians, society men and women, and kings and queens, all play their parts, and all build themselves after some favorite model. In this woman of society, you trace the influence of the Princess Metternich. In another, we see her admiration (and a very proper one) for Her Britannic Majesty. In another we behold George Eliot, or Queen Louise of Prussia, or the influence of some modern society leader. But no matter who it is, from the lowest to the highest, the actor is dominant in the human being, and this trait exhibits itself early in the youngest child. Everywhere you see stagecraft in one form or another. If men loved not costumes and scenery, would the king be escorted by the life-guards, arrayed in shining helmets and breastplates, which we know are perfectly useless in these days when a bullet will go through fifty of them with ease? The first thing a man thinks of when he has to face any ordeal, be it a coronation or an execution, is, how am I going to look? how am I to behave? what manner shall I assume? shall I appear calm and dignified, or happy and pleased? shall I wear a portentous frown or a beaming smile? how shall I walk? shall I take short steps or long ones? shall I stoop as if bowed with care, or walk erect with courage and pride? shall I gaze fearlessly on all about me, or shall I drop my eyes modestly to the ground? If man were not always acting, he would not think of these things at all, he would not bother his head about them, but would walk to his coronation or his execution according to his nature. In the last event this would have to be, in some cases, on all fours.

We are apt to say, "Be natural;" as a matter of fact, is a man ever natural? Take, for instance, the brave soldier. Is he natural? No. The bravest man is the man who, knowing danger, is afraid, and

yet faces the danger. He acts the part, in short, of a brave man. If he were entirely natural, he would run away. Diogenes pretended to be absolutely natural. Yet he elected to dwell in a barrel where everybody came to look at him. It would have been more natural to live in an ordinary comfortable house. But Diogenes in an ordinary house would not have been Diogenes. It is on the same principle that certain authors and actors and painters wear their hair long, and others elect to attend society functions in blue flannel shirts. To wear short hair or to be dressed like everyday human beings would not arrest attention.

The more you study mankind, the more you discover that every man is playing a part. Take, for instance, two men at a club. The one has the reputation of being a good fellow, the other of being a Misanthrope. Both are playing parts for which they pay a price. The jolly good fellow must keep up his jollity at any cost. He shakes hands with every one; he drinks with every one; he slaps people on the back; he has a large fund of anecdotes; he flatters men; he knows when to be silent and when to talk; he never lends money for fear of losing a friend, — he does not hesitate to place himself under obligations, however, to other men, and he has the subtle art of acknowledging his obligations and making men serve his purpose. He repays his debts promptly in order to maintain his credit, and despises no artifice that will cause him to be well spoken of. Concerning his private life, we cannot be so sure. Sometimes the man who spends large sums at the club in entertaining his friends will deny his wife a fresh gown, or grumble over the household expenses which the woman is cudgeling her brains night and day to reduce to a minimum. Otherwise is it with the Misanthrope, — the sour-faced man who sits by himself in a corner of the club reading his magazine. Nobody slaps him on the back, and he slaps nobody. He looks with contempt upon the incessant efforts of the jolly man about town. He

judges the man for what he is worth. He is short of speech, abrupt in manners; experience has taught him to be suspicious, and he does not thaw readily; but, strange to say, the grip of his hand, once given, is strong; and a tear sparkles in his eye and rolls unseen upon the page of the magazine at the recital of some sorrow — which our good-natured man has just, to the admiration of the club, turned off with a jest and a laugh. See the Misanthrope creep like a criminal to the assistance of the unfortunate, when, like our man about town, he might have put his name down for a few dollars and dismissed the matter righteously from his mind! And so the jolly man about town is really the Misanthrope, who acts the good fellow because he knows his world, and the Misanthrope is the child who has been forbidden to show his heart.

In many different ways different wise men have said, "Speech is given us to disguise our thoughts;" and every great diplomat and every great statesman has acted — mind you, *acted* — upon this truth that teaches us to lie. Mark the careers of Richelieu and Mazarin, or of Benjamin Disraeli, Lord Beaconsfield. Were there ever greater actors?

If you act well, you will live well. Study your part, and know how to play it. The man who does not study the art of *acting* is at a disadvantage, and thus the greatest philosophers and statesmen have devoted themselves to an art concerning which an eminent writer in New York has inquired whether it was worth while. So universal is the habit of acting that when a man ceases to act we cease to believe in him, and the only creature who can be said to be absolutely natural is a maniac. The philosopher Ibsen, whose letters have recently been published, says, "Garb yourself in dignity." Here we are again. "Garb yourself in dignity." Assume dignity. Act the part of Dignity. I think Mr. Ibsen is wrong. I would rather he had said, "Be a child; remain a child!" But, no, we are to appear dignified. We must impress our fellow men. But we are

not likely to impress the Divine Being by our assumption of dignity, and therefore it is to all intents and purposes futile. I think I would rather play the part of a little child! — what I am in my soul and in spirit, and what I shall have to be hereafter in the face of that Terrific Power before which we are all very small children. I think perhaps the professional actor enjoys this advantage, that when he has acted fifty parts or more, and acted and acted and acted out all that is in him, and given it every form of expression, the desire to act in his private life is not strong in him, and he is happy to be permitted to be himself, and to indulge in being himself without the mask and the buskin and the toga. But so fond are the people of this world of seeing a man act, that I have noted, and it would be impossible not to note, the grave disappointment if any personage behaves as an ordinary everyday child at any public function where he is not called upon for the exercise of his profession. This fact is well known, probably, to all men in public life, and that is why they dare not indulge in the unveiling of themselves. You are none of you really obliged to act, but you do; and as you do act, and will act, I should advise you to study acting, so as to act well. When you have to go out and make calls, and find all the people you have to leave cards on at home, it is well to act the part of looking pleased so as to deceive your hostess. Have you ever watched it in your own family, — the difference between Mary or Rosamund's society manner and her manner toward her younger brother? If she spoke to her brother as she speaks to Mr. Du Puyster when he calls, I fear me much her brother would say something rude. Yes, when Mr. Du Puyster calls, — when Mary goes to a party, — when she is receiving visitors, — I am afraid she acts. And Mr. Du Puyster likes it. He must. For after he has married Mary or Rosamund, he complains that her manner is no longer as charming as it used to be when he was wooing her. I think that

it would perhaps be better not to act in the first instance.

Is acting worth while? Look at Monsieur Witte and the Japanese envoys. The best acting won the day. Just as the best acting, I am told, very often takes the stakes at a game of poker.

I stretch my eyes over the wide world, and the people on it, and I can see no one who is not playing a part; therefore respect the art of which you are all devotees, and, if you must act, learn to play your parts well. Study the acting of others, so that you may discover what part is being played by others.

It is, therefore, not amazing that everybody is interested in the art of acting, and it is not amazing that every one *thinks* he can act. You have only to suggest private theatricals, when a house party is assembled at some country house, to verify the truth of the statement. Immediately commences a lively rivalry as to who shall play this part or that. Each one considers herself or himself best suited, and I have known private theatricals to lead to lifelong enmities.

It is surprising to discover how very differently people who have played parts all their lives deport themselves before the footlights. I was acquainted with a lady in London who had been the wife of a peer of the realm, who had been ambassadress at foreign courts, who at one time had been a reigning beauty, and who came to me, longing for a new experience, and implored me to give her an opportunity to appear upon the stage. In a weak moment I consented, and, as I was producing a play, I cast her for a part which I thought she would admirably suit,—that of a society woman. What that woman did and did not do on the stage passes all belief. She became entangled in her train, she could neither sit down nor stand up, she shouted, she could not be persuaded to remain at a respectful distance, but insisted upon shrieking into the actor's ears, and she committed all the gaucheries you would expect from

an untrained country wench. But because everybody is acting in private life, every one thinks he can act upon the stage, and there is no profession that has so many critics. Every individual in the audience is a critic, and knows all about the art of acting. But acting is a gift. It cannot be taught. You can teach people how to act acting, — but you can't teach them to act. Acting is as much an inspiration as the making of great poetry and great pictures. What is commonly called acting is acting acting. This is what is generally accepted as acting. A man speaks lines, moves his arms, wags his head, and does various other things; he may even shout and rant; some pull down their cuffs and inspect their finger nails; they work hard and perspire, and *their skin acts*. This is all easily comprehended by the masses, and passes for acting, and is applauded, but the man who is actually the embodiment of the character he is creating will often be misunderstood, be disliked, and fail to attract. Mediocrity rouses no opposition, but strong individualities and forcible opinions make enemies. It is here that danger lies. Many an actor has set out with an ideal, but, failing to gain general favor, has abandoned it for the easier method of winning popular acclaim. Inspiration only comes to those who permit themselves to be inspired. It is a form of hypnotism. Allow yourself to be convinced by the character you are portraying that you *are* the character. If you are to play Napoleon, and you are sincere and determined to be Napoleon, Napoleon will not permit you to be any one but Napoleon, or Richard III, Richard III, or Nero Nero, and so on. He would be a poor, miserable pretense of an actor who in the representation of any historical personage were otherwise than firmly convinced, after getting into the man's skin (which means the exhaustive study of all that was ever known about him), that he is living that very man for a few brief hours. And so it is, in another form, with the creation or realization of the author's,

the poet's, fancy. In this latter case the actor, the poet actor, sees and creates in the air before him the being he delineates; he makes him, he builds him during the day, in the long hours of the night; the character gradually takes being; he is the actor's genius; the slave of the ring, who comes when he calls him, stands beside him, and envelops him in his ghostly arms; the actor's personality disappears; he is the character. You, you, and you, and all of you, have the right to object to the actor's creation; you may say this is not your conception of Hamlet or Macbeth or Iago or Richard or Nero or Shylock, — but respect his. And who can tell whether he is right or you are right? He has created them with much loving care; therefore don't sneer at them, — don't jeer at them, — it hurts! If you have reared a rosebush in your garden, and seen it bud and bloom, are you pleased to have some ruthless vandal tear the flowers from their stem and trample them in the mud? And it is not always our most beautiful children we love the best. The parent's heart will surely warm toward its feeblest child.

It is very evident that any man, be he an actor or no actor, can, with money and with good taste, make what is technically termed a production. There is, as an absolute matter of fact, no particular credit to be attached to the making of a production. The real work of the stage, of the actor, does not lie there. It is easy for us to busy ourselves, to pass pleasantly our time, designing lovely scenes, charming costumes, and all the paraphernalia and pomp of mimic grandeur, whether of landscape or of architecture, the panoply of war, or the luxury of royal courts. That is fun, — pleasure and amusement. No; the real work of the stage lies in the creation of a character. A great character will live forever, when paint and canvas and silks and satins and gold foil and tinsel shall have gone the way of all rags.

But the long, lone hours with our heads

in our hands, the toil, the patient study, the rough carving of the outlines, the dainty, delicate finishing touches, the growing into the soul of the being we delineate, the picture of his outward semblance, his voice, his gait, his speech, all amount to a labor of such stress and strain, of such loving anxiety and care, that they can be compared in my mind only to a mother's pains. And when the child is born it must grow in a few hours to completion, and be exhibited and coldly criticised. How often, how often, have those long months of infinite toil been in vain! How often has the actor led the child of his imagination to the footlights, only to realize that he has brought into the world a weakling or a deformity which may not live! And how often he has sat through the long night brooding over the corpse of this dear figment of his fancy! It has lately become customary with many actor-managers to avoid these pangs of childbirth. They have determinedly declined the responsibility they owe to the poet and the public, and have instead dazzled the eye with a succession of such splendid pictures that the beholder forgets in a surfeit of the sight the feast that should feed the soul. This is what I am pleased to term talk *versus* acting. The representative actors in London are much inclined in this direction.

The student may well ask, "What are we to copy, and whom are we to copy?" Don't copy any one; don't copy *any* individual actor, or his methods. The methods of one actor — the means by which he arrives — cannot always be successfully employed by another. The methods and personality of one actor are no more becoming or suitable or adapted to another, than certain gowns worn by women of fashion simply because these gowns *are* the fashion. In the art of acting, like the art of painting, we must study life — copy life! You will have before you the work of great masters, and you will learn very much from them, — quite as much what to avoid as what to

follow. No painting is perfect, and no acting is perfect. No actor ever played a part to absolute perfection. It is just as impossible for an actor to simulate nature completely upon the stage as it is impossible for the painter to portray on canvas the waves of the ocean, the raging storm clouds, or the horrors of conflagration.

The nearer the artist gets to nature, the greater he is. We may admire Rubens and Rembrandt and Vandyke and Gainsborough and Turner, but who will dare to say that any one of their pictures is faultless? We shall learn much from them all, but quite as much what to avoid as what to emulate. But when you discover their faults, do not forget their virtues. Look, and realize what it means to be able to do so much. And the actor's art is even more difficult! For its execution must be immediate and spontaneous. The word is delivered, the action is done, and the picture is painted! Can I pause and say, "Ladies and gentlemen, that is not the way I wanted to do this, or to say that; if you will allow me to try again, I think I can improve upon it"?

The most severe critic can never tell me more, or scold me more than I scold myself. I have never left the stage satisfied with myself. And I am convinced that every artist feels as I do about his work. It is the undoubted duty of the critic to criticise, and that means to blame as well as to praise; and it must be confessed that, taking all things into consideration, the critics of this country are actuated by honesty of purpose and kindness of spirit, and very often their work is, in addition, of marked literary value. Occasionally we will still meet the man who is anxious to impress his fellow citizens with the fact that he has been abroad, and tinctures all his views of plays and actors with references to Herr Dinkelspiegel or Frau Mitterwoorzer; or who, having spent a few hours in Paris, is forced to drag in by the hair Monsieur Popin or Mademoiselle Fifine. But as a matter of fact, is not the interpretation of tragedy

and comedy by the American stage superior to the German and French? — for the whole endeavor in this country has been toward a closer adherence to nature. In France and in Germany the ancient method of declamation still prevails, and the great speeches of Goethe and Schiller and Racine and Corneille are to all intents and purposes intoned. No doubt this sounds very fine in German and French, but how would you like it now in English?

The old-time actor had peculiar and primitive views as to elocution and its uses. I remember a certain old friend of mine, who, when he recited the opening speech in *Richard III*, and arrived at the line "In the deep bosom of the ocean buried," suggested the deep bosom of the ocean by sending his voice down into his boots. Yet these were fine actors, to whom certain young gentlemen, who never saw them, constantly refer. The methods of the stage have completely changed, and with them the tastes of the people. The probability is that some of the old actors of only a few years ago would excite much merriment in their delineation of tragedy. A very great tragedian of a past generation was wont, in the tent scene in *Richard III*, to hold a piece of soap in his mouth, so that, after the appearance of the ghosts, the lather and froth might dribble down his chin! and he employed, moreover, a trick sword, which rattled hideously; and, what with his foam-flecked face, his rolling eyes, his inarticulate groans, and his rattling blade, the small boy in the gallery was scared into a frenzy of vociferous delight!

Yet, whilst we have discarded these somewhat crude methods, we have perhaps allowed ourselves to wander too far in the other direction, and the critics are quite justified in demanding in many cases greater virility and force. The simulation of suppressed power is very useful and very advisable, but *when the fire-bell rings* the horses have got to come out, and rattle and race down the street, and rouse the town!

Whilst we are on the subject of these creations of the poets and the actors, do you understand how important is discipline on the stage? How can an actor be away from this earth, moving before you in the spirit he has conjured up, only to be dragged back to himself and his actual surroundings of canvas and paint and tinsel and limelights by some disturbing influence in the audience or on the stage? If you want the best, if you love the art, foster it. It is worthy of your gentlest care and your kindest, tenderest thought. Your silence is often more indicative of appreciation than your applause. The actor does not need your applause in order to know when you are in sympathy with him. He feels very quickly whether you are antagonistic or friendly. He cares very little for the money, but a great deal for your affection and esteem. Discipline on the stage has almost entirely disappeared, and year after year the exercise of our art becomes more difficult. I am sorry to say some newspapers are, unwittingly perhaps, largely responsible for this. When an editor discharges a member of his force for any good and sufficient reason,—and surely a man must be permitted to manage and control his own business,—no paper will publish a two-column article, with appropriate cuts, detailing the wrongs of the discharged journalist, and the hideous crime of the editor! Even an editor — and an editor is supposed to be able to stand almost anything — would become weary after a while; discipline would cease, and your newspapers would be ill-served. Booth, Jefferson, and other actors soon made up their minds that the easiest road was the best for them. Mr. Booth left the stage management entirely to Mr. Lawrence Barrett and others, and Mr. Jefferson praised everybody and everything. But this is not good for the stage. My career on the stage is nearly over, and until, shortly, I bid it farewell, I shall continue to do my best; but we are all doing it under ever-growing difficulties. Actors on the stage are scarce, actors off the stage, as

I have demonstrated, I hope, are plentiful. Life insurance presidents — worthy presidents, directors, and trustees — have been so busy acting their several parts in the past, and are in the present so busy trying to unact them, men are so occupied from their childhood with the mighty dollar, the race for wealth is so strenuous and all-entrancing, that imagination is dying out; and imagination is necessary to make a poet or an actor; the art of acting is the crystallization of all arts. It is a diamond in the facets of which is mirrored every art. It is, therefore, the most difficult of all arts. The education of a king is barely sufficient for the education of the comprehending and comprehensive actor. If he is to satisfy every one, he should possess the commanding power of a Cæsar, the wisdom of Solomon, the eloquence of Demosthenes, the patience of Job, the face and form of Antinous, and the strength and endurance of Hercules.

The stage is not likely to die of neglect anywhere. But at this moment it cannot be denied that the ship of the stage is drifting somewhat hither and thither. Every breath of air and every current of public opinion impels it first in one direction and then in another. At one moment we may be said to be in the doldrums of the English society drama, or we are sluggishly rolling along in a heavy ground swell, propelled by a passing cat's paw of revivals of old melodramas. Again we catch a very faint northerly breeze from Ibsen, or a southeaster from Maeterlinck and Hauptmann. Sometimes we set our sails to woo that ever-clearing breeze of Shakespeare, only to be forced out of our course by a sputter of rain, an Irish mist, and half a squall from George Bernard Shaw; but the greater part of the time the ship of the stage is careering wildly under bare poles, with a man lashed to the helm (and let us hope that, like Ulysses, he has cotton wool in his ears), before a hurricane of comic opera. We need a recognized stage and a recognized school. America has become too great, and its influence

abroad too large, for us to afford to have recourse to that ancient and easy method of criticism which decries the American and extols the foreign. That is one of those last remnants of colonialism and provincialism which must depart forever.

What could not be done for the people of this land, were we to have a great and recognized theatre! Consider our speech, and our manner of speech! Consider our voices, and the production of our voices! Consider the pronunciation of words, and the curious use of vowels! Let us say we have an established theatre, to which you come not only for your pleasure, but for your education. Of what immense advantage this would be if behind its presiding officer there stood a board of literary directors, composed of such men as William Winter, Howells, Edward Everett Hale, and Aldrich, and others equally fine, and the presidents of the great universities. These men might well decide how the American language should be spoken in the great American theatre, and we should then have an authority in this country at last for the pronunciation of certain words. It would finally be decided whether to say *fancy* or *fahnny* — *dance* or *dahnce* — advertisement or *advertysement*, and so with many other words; whether to call the object of our admiration “*real elegant*” — whether we should say “*I admire*” to do this or that, and whether we should say “*I guess*” instead of “*I think*.” And the voice! The education of the American speaking voice is, I am sure all will agree, of immense importance. It is difficult to love, or to continue to endure, a woman who shrieks at you; a high-pitched, nasal, stringy voice is not calculated to charm. This established theatre of which we dream should teach men and women how to talk; and how splendid it would be for future generations if it should become characteristic of American men and women to speak in soft and beautifully modulated tones!

These men of whom I have spoken could meet once a year in the great green-

room of this theatre of my imagination, and decide upon the works to be produced, — the great classics, the tragedies and comedies; and living authors should be invited and encouraged. Here, again, we should have at last what we so badly need, an encouragement for men and women to write poetry for the stage. Nothing by way of the beautiful seems to be written for us to-day, but perhaps the acknowledgment and the hall-mark of a great theatre might prove an incentive.

The training of the actor! To-day there is practically none. Actors and actresses are not to be taught by patting them on the shoulders and saying, “*Fine! Splendid!*” It is a hard, hard school, on the contrary, of unmerciful criticism. And he is a poor master who seeks cheap popularity amongst his associates by glossing over and praising what he knows to be condemnable. No good result is to be obtained by this method, but it is this method which has caused a great many actors to be beloved, and the public to be very much distressed.

As for the practical side of an established theatre, I am absolutely convinced that the national theatre could be established in this country on a practical and paying basis; and not only on a paying basis, but upon a profitable basis. It would, however, necessitate the investment of a large amount of capital. In short, the prime cost would be large, but if the public generally is interested, there is no reason why an able financier could not float a company for this purpose. But under no circumstances must or can a national theatre, in the proper use of the term, be made an object of personal or commercial profit. Nor can it be a scheme devised by a few individuals for the exploitation of a social or literary fad. The national theatre must be given by the people to the people, and be governed by the people. The members of the national theatre should be elected by the Board of Directors, and should be chosen from the American and British stage alike, or from any country where English is the lan-

guage of the people. Every inducement should be offered to secure the services of the best actors; by actors, I mean actors of both sexes; and those who have served for a certain number of years should be entitled to a pension upon retirement.

It is not necessary to bother with fur-

ther details; I only mention this to impress the reader with the fact that the national theatre is a practical possibility. From my personal experience I am convinced that serious effort upon the American stage meets with a hearty endorsement.

CAMPING WITH PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

At the time I made the trip to Yellowstone Park with President Roosevelt in the spring of 1903, I promised some friends to write up my impressions of the President and of the Park, but I have been slow in getting around to it. The President himself, having the absolute leisure and peace of the White House, wrote his account of the trip nearly two years ago! But with the stress and strain of my life at "Slabsides," — administering the affairs of so many of the wild creatures of the woods about me, — I have not till this blessed season found the time to put on record an account of the most interesting thing I saw in that wonderful land, which, of course, was the President himself.

When I accepted his invitation I was well aware that during the journey I should be in a storm centre most of the time, which is not always a pleasant prospect to a man of my habits and disposition. The President himself is a good deal of a storm, — a man of such abounding energy and ceaseless activity that he sets everything in motion around him wherever he goes. But I knew he would be pretty well occupied on his way to the Park in speaking to eager throngs and in receiving personal and political homage in the towns and cities we were to pass through. But when all this was over, and I found myself with him in the wilderness of the Park, with only the superintendent

and a few attendants to help take up his tremendous personal impact, how was it likely to fare with a non-strenuous person like myself, I asked? I had visions of snow six and seven feet deep where traveling could be done only upon snowshoes, and I had never had the things on my feet in my life. If the infernal fires beneath, that keep the pot boiling so out there, should melt the snows, I could see the party tearing along on horseback at a wolf-hunt pace over a rough country; and as I had not been on a horse's back since the President was born, how would it be likely to fare with me there?

I had known the President several years before he became famous, and we had had some correspondence on subjects of natural history. His interest in such themes is always very fresh and keen, and the main motive of his visit to the Park at this time was to see and study in its semi-domesticated condition the great game which he had so often hunted during his ranch days; and he was kind enough to think it would be an additional pleasure to see it with a nature-lover like myself. For my own part, I knew nothing about big game, but I knew there was no man in the country with whom I should so like to see it as Roosevelt.

Some of our newspapers reported that the President intended to hunt in the Park. A woman in Vermont wrote me, to protest against the hunting, and

hoped I would teach the President to love the animals as much as I did, — as if he did not love them much more, because his love is founded upon knowledge, and because they had been a part of his life. She did not know that I was then cherishing the secret hope that I might be allowed to shoot a cougar or bobcat; but this fun did not come to me. The President said, "I will not fire a gun in the Park; then I shall have no explanations to make." Yet once I did hear him say in the wilderness, "I feel as if I ought to keep the camp in meat. I always have." I regretted that he could not do so on this occasion.

I have never been disturbed by the President's hunting trips. It is to such men as he that the big game legitimately belongs, — men who regard it from the point of view of the naturalist as well as from that of the sportsman, who are interested in its preservation, and who share with the world the delight they experience in the chase. Such a hunter as Roosevelt is as far removed from the game-butcher as day is from night; and as for his killing of the "varmints," — bears, cougars, and bobcats, — the fewer of these there are, the better for the useful and beautiful game.

The cougars, or mountain lions, in the Park certainly needed killing. The superintendent reported that he had seen where they had slain nineteen elk, and we saw where they had killed a deer, and dragged its body across the trail. Of course, the President would not now on his hunting trips shoot an elk or a deer except to "keep the camp in meat," and for this purpose it is as legitimate as to slay a sheep or a steer for the table at home.

We left Washington on April 1, and strung several of the larger Western cities on our thread of travel, — Chicago, Milwaukee, Madison, St. Paul, Minneapolis, — as well as many lesser towns, in each of which the President made an address, sometimes brief, on a few occasions of an hour or more.

He gave himself very freely and heartily to the people wherever he went. He could easily match their Western cordiality and good-fellowship. Wherever his train stopped, crowds soon gathered, or had already gathered, to welcome him. His advent made a holiday in each town he visited. At all the principal stops the usual programme was: first, his reception by the committee of citizens appointed to receive him; they usually boarded his private car, and were one by one introduced to him; then a drive through the town with a concourse of carriages; then to the hall or open air platform, where he spoke to the assembled throng; then to lunch or dinner; and then back to the train, and off for the next stop, — a round of hand-shaking, carriage-driving, speech-making each day. He usually spoke from eight to ten times every twenty-four hours, sometimes for only a few minutes from the rear platform of his private car, at others for an hour or more in some large hall. In Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul, elaborate banquets were given him and his party, and on each occasion he delivered a carefully prepared speech upon questions that involved the policy of his administration. The throng that greeted him in the vast Auditorium in Chicago — that rose and waved and waved again — was one of the grandest human spectacles I ever witnessed.

In Milwaukee the dense cloud of tobacco smoke that presently filled the large hall after the feasting was over was enough to choke any speaker, but it did not seem to choke the President, though he does not use tobacco in any form himself; nor was there anything foggy about his utterances on that occasion upon legislative control of the trusts.

In St. Paul the city was inundated with humanity, — a vast human tide that left the middle of the streets bare as our line of carriages moved slowly along, but that rose up in solid walls of town and prairie humanity on the sidewalks and city door-yards. How hearty and happy the myriad faces looked! At one point I spied in the

throng on the curbstone a large silk banner that bore my own name as the title of some society. I presently saw that it was borne by half a dozen anxious and expectant-looking schoolgirls with braids down their backs. As my carriage drew near them, they pressed their way through the throng, and threw a large bouquet of flowers into my lap. I think it would be hard to say who blushed the deeper, the girls or myself. It was the first time I had ever had flowers showered upon me in public; and then, maybe, I felt that on such an occasion I was only a minor side issue, and public recognition was not called for. But the incident pleased the President. "I saw that banner and those flowers," he said afterwards; "and I was delighted to see you honored that way." But I fear I have not to this day thanked the Monroe School of St. Paul for that pretty attention.

The time of the passing of the presidential train seemed well known, even on the Dakota prairies. At one point I remember a little brown schoolhouse stood not far off, and near the track the school-ma'am, with her flock, drawn up in line. We were at luncheon, but the President caught a glimpse ahead through the window, and quickly took in the situation. With napkin in hand, he rushed out on the platform and waved to them. "Those children," he said, as he came back, "wanted to see the President of the United States, and I could not disappoint them. They may never have another chance. What a deep impression such things make when we are young!"

At some point in the Dakotas we picked up the former foreman of his ranch, and another cowboy friend of the old days, and they rode with the President in his private car for several hours. He was as happy with them as a schoolboy ever was in meeting old chums. He beamed with delight all over. The life which those men represented, and of which he had himself once formed a part, meant so much to him; it had entered into the very marrow of his being, and I could see

the joy of it all shining in his face as he sat and lived parts of it over again with those men that day. He bubbled with laughter continually. The men, I thought, seemed a little embarrassed by his open-handed cordiality and good-fellowship. He himself evidently wanted to forget the present, and to live only in the memory of those wonderful ranch days, — that free, hardy, adventurous life upon the plains. It all came back to him with a rush when he found himself alone with these heroes of the rope and the stirrup. How much more keen his appreciation was, and how much quicker his memory, than theirs! He was constantly recalling to their minds incidents which they had forgotten, and the names of horses and dogs which had escaped them. His subsequent life, instead of making dim the memory of his ranch days, seemed to have made it more vivid by contrast.

When they had gone, I said to him, "I think your affection for those men very beautiful."

"How could I help it?" he said.

"Still, few men in your station could or would go back and renew such friendships."

"Then I pity them," he replied.

He said afterwards that his ranch life had been the making of him. It had built him up and hardened him physically, and it had opened his eyes to the wealth of manly character among the plainsmen and cattlemen.

Had he not gone West, he said, he never would have raised the Rough Riders Regiment; and had he not raised that regiment and gone to the Cuban War, he would not have been made governor of New York; and had not this happened, the politicians would not unwittingly have made his rise to the Presidency so inevitable. There is no doubt, I think, that he would have got there some day; but without the chain of events above outlined, his rise could not have been so rapid.

Our train entered the Bad Lands of North Dakota in the early evening

twilight, and the President stood on the rear platform of his car, gazing wistfully upon the scene. "I know all this country like a book," he said. "I have ridden over it, and hunted over it, and tramped over it, in all seasons and weather, and it looks like home to me. My old ranch is not far off. We shall soon reach Medora, which was my station." It was plain to see that that strange, forbidding-looking landscape, hills and valleys to Eastern eyes utterly demoralized and gone to the bad, — flayed, fantastic, treeless, a riot of naked clay slopes, chimney-like buttes, and dry coulees, — was in his eyes a land of almost pathetic interest. There were streaks of good pasturage here and there where his cattle used to graze, and where the deer and the prong-horn used to linger.

When we reached Medora, where the train was scheduled to stop an hour, it was nearly dark, but the whole town and country round had turned out to welcome their old townsman. After much handshaking, the committee conducted us down to a little hall, where the President stood on a low platform, and made a short address to the standing crowd that filled the place. Then some flashlight pictures were taken by the local photographer, after which the President stepped down, and, while the people filed past him, shook hands with every man, woman, and child of them, calling many of them by name, and greeting them all most cordially. I recall one grizzled old frontiersman whose hand he grasped, calling him by name, and saying, "How well I remember you! You once mended my gun lock for me, — put on a new hammer." "Yes," said the delighted old fellow; "I'm the man, Mr. President." He was among his old neighbors once more, and the pleasure of the meeting was very obvious on both sides. I heard one of the women tell him they were going to have a dance presently, and ask him if he would not stay and open it! The President laughingly excused himself, and said his train had to leave on schedule time, and his time was near-

ly up. I thought of the incident in his *Ranch Life*, in which he says he once opened a cowboy ball with the wife of a Minnesota man, who had recently shot a bullying Scotchman who danced opposite. He says the scene reminded him of the ball where Bret Harte's heroine "went down the middle with the man that shot Sandy Magee."

Before reaching Medora he had told me many anecdotes of "Hell Roaring Bill Jones," and had said I should see him. But it turned out that Hell Roaring Bill had begun to celebrate the coming of the President too early in the day, and when we reached Medora he was not in a presentable condition. I forget now how he had earned his name, but no doubt he had come honestly by it; it was a part of his history, as was that of "The Pike," "Cold Turkey Bill," "Hash Knife Joe," and other classic heroes of the frontier.

It is curious how certain things go to the bad in the Far West, or a certain proportion of them, — bad lands, bad horses, and bad men. And it is a degree of badness that the East has no conception of: — land that looks as raw and unnatural as if time had never laid its shaping and softening hand upon it; horses that, when mounted, put their heads to the ground and their heels in the air, and, squealing defiantly, resort to the most diabolically ingenious tricks to shake off or to kill their riders; and men who amuse themselves in barrooms by shooting about the feet of a "tenderfoot" to make him dance, or who ride along the street and shoot at every one in sight. Just as the old plutonic fires come to the surface out there in the Rockies, and hint very strongly of the infernal regions, so a kind of satanic element in men and animals — an underlying devilishness — crops out, and we have the border ruffian and the bucking broncho.

The President told of an Englishman on a hunting trip in the West, who, being an expert horseman at home, scorned the idea that he could not ride any of their

"grass-fed ponies." So they gave him a bucking broncho. He was soon lying on the ground, much stunned. When he could speak, he said, "I should not have minded him, you know, *but 'e 'ides 'is 'ead.*"

At one place in Dakota the train stopped to take water while we were at lunch. A crowd soon gathered, and the President went out to greet them. We could hear his voice, and the cheers and laughter of the crowd. And then we heard him say, "Well, good-by, I must go now." Still he did not come. Then we heard more talking and laughing, and another "good-by," and yet he did not come. Then I went out to see what had happened. I found the President down on the ground shaking hands with the whole lot of them. Some one had reached up to shake his hand as he was about withdrawing, and this had been followed by such eagerness on the part of the rest of the people to do likewise, that the President had instantly got down to gratify them. Had the secret service men known it, they would have been in a pickle. We probably have never had a President who responded more freely and heartily to the popular liking for him than Roosevelt. The crowd always seem to be in love with him the moment they see him and hear his voice. And it is not by reason of any arts of eloquence, or charm of address, but by reason of his inborn heartiness and sincerity, and his genuine manliness. The people feel his quality at once. In Bermuda last winter I met a Catholic priest who had sat on the platform at some place in New England very near the President while he was speaking, and who said, "The man had not spoken three minutes before I loved him, and had any one tried to molest him, I could have torn him to pieces." It is the quality in the man that instantly inspires such a liking as this in strangers that will, I am sure, safeguard him in all public places.

I once heard him say that he did not like to be addressed as "His Excellency;" he added laughingly, "They might just

as well call me His Transparency, for all I care." It is this transparency, this direct, out-and-out, unequivocal character of him that is one source of his popularity. The people do love transparency, — all of them but the politicians.

A friend of his one day took him to task for some mistake he had made in one of his appointments. "My dear sir," replied the President, "where you know of one mistake I have made, I know of ten." How such candor must make the politicians shiver!

I have said that I stood in dread of the necessity of snowshoeing in the Park, and, in lieu of that, of horseback riding. Yet when we reached Gardiner, the entrance to the Park, on that bright, crisp April morning, with no snow in sight save that on the mountain tops, and found Major Pitcher and Captain Chittenden at the head of a squad of soldiers, with a fine saddle horse for the President, and an ambulance drawn by two span of mules for me, I confess that I experienced just a slight shade of mortification. I thought they might have given me the option of the saddle or the ambulance. Yet I entered the vehicle as if it was just what I had been expecting.

The President and his escort, with a cloud of cowboys hovering in the rear, were soon off at a lively pace, and my ambulance followed close, and at a lively pace, too; so lively that I soon found myself gripping the seat with my hands. "Well," I said to myself, "they are giving me a regular Western send-off;" and I thought, as the ambulance swayed from side to side, that it would suit me just as well if my driver did not try to keep up with the presidential procession. The driver and his mules were shut off from me by a curtain, but, looking ahead out of the sides of the vehicle, I saw two good-sized logs lying across our course. Surely, I thought (and barely had time to think), he will avoid these. But he did not, and as we passed over them I was nearly thrown through the top of the ambulance. "This *is* a lively send-off," I

said, rubbing my bruises with one hand, while I clung to the seat with the other. Presently I saw the cowboys scrambling up the bank as if to get out of our way; then the President on his fine gray stallion scrambling up the bank with his escort, and looking ominously in my direction, as we thundered by. "Well," I said, "this is indeed a novel ride; for once in my life I have sidetracked the President of the United States! I am given the right of way over all." On we tore, along the smooth, hard road, and did not slacken our pace till, at the end of a mile or two, we began to mount the hill toward Fort Yellowstone. And not till we reached the fort did I learn that our mules had run away. They had been excited beyond control by the presidential cavalcade, and the driver, finding he could not hold them, had aimed only to keep them in the road, and we very soon had the road all to ourselves.

Fort Yellowstone is at Mammoth Hot Springs, where one gets his first view of the characteristic scenery of the Park, — huge, boiling springs with their columns of vapor, and the first characteristic odors which suggest the traditional infernal regions quite as much as the boiling and steaming water does. One also gets a taste of a much more rarefied air than he has been used to, and finds himself panting for breath on a very slight exertion. The Mammoth Hot Springs have built themselves up an enormous mound that stands there above the village on the side of the mountain, terraced and scalloped and fluted, and suggesting some vitreous formation, or rare carving of enormous, many-colored precious stones. It looks quite unearthly, and, though the devil's frying pan, and ink pot, and the Stygian caves are not far off, the suggestion is of something celestial rather than of the nether regions, — a vision of jasper walls, and of amethyst battlements.

With Captain Chittenden I climbed to the top, stepping over the rills and creeks of steaming hot water, and looked at the marvelously clear, cerulean, but

boiling, pools on the summit. The water seemed as unearthly in its beauty and purity as the gigantic sculpturing that held it. The Stygian caves are still farther up the mountain, — little pockets in the rocks, or well-holes in the ground at your feet, filled with deadly carbon dioxide. We saw birds' feathers and quills in all of them. The birds hop into them, probably in quest of food or seeking shelter, and they never come out. We saw the body of a martin on the bank of one hole. Into one we sank a lighted torch, and it was extinguished as quickly as if we had dropped it into water. Each cave or niche is a death valley on a small scale. Near by we came upon a steaming pool, or lakelet, of an acre or more in extent. A pair of mallard ducks were swimming about in one end of it, — the cool end. When we approached, they swam slowly over into the warmer water. As they progressed, the water got hotter and hotter, and the ducks' discomfort was evident. Presently they stopped, and turned toward us, half appealingly, as I thought. They could go no farther; would we please come no nearer? As I took another step or two, up they rose and disappeared over the hill. Had they gone to the extreme end of the pool, we could have had boiled mallard for dinner.

Another novel spectacle was at night, or near sundown, when the deer came down from the hills into the streets, and ate hay a few yards from the officers' quarters, as unconcernedly as so many domestic sheep. This they had been doing all winter, and they kept it up till May, at times a score or more of them profiting thus on the government's bounty. When the sundown gun was fired a couple of hundred yards away, they gave a nervous start, but kept on with their feeding. The antelope and elk and mountain sheep had not yet grown bold enough to accept Uncle Sam's charity in that way.

The President wanted all the freedom and solitude possible while in the Park, so all newspaper men and other strangers were excluded. Even the secret service

men and his physician and private secretaries were left at Gardiner. He craved once more to be alone with nature; he was evidently hungry for the wild and the aboriginal, — a hunger that seems to come upon him regularly at least once a year, and drives him forth on his hunting trips for big game in the West.

We spent two weeks in the Park, and had fair weather, bright, crisp days, and clear, freezing nights. The first week we occupied three camps that had been prepared, or partly prepared, for us in the northeast corner of the Park, in the region drained by the Gardiner River, where there was but little snow, and which we reached on horseback.

The second week we visited the geyser region, which lies a thousand feet or more higher, and where the snow was still five or six feet deep. This part of the journey was made in big sleighs, each drawn by two spans of horses.

On the horseback excursion, which involved only about fifty miles of riding, we had a mule pack train, and Sibley tents and stoves, with quite a retinue of camp laborers, a lieutenant and an orderly or two, and a guide, Billy Hofer.

The first camp was in a wild, rocky, and picturesque gorge on the Yellowstone, about ten miles from the fort. A slight indisposition, the result of luxurious living, with no wood to chop or to saw, and no hills to climb, as at home, prevented me from joining the party till the third day. Then Captain Chittenden drove me eight miles in a buggy. About two miles from camp we came to a picket of two or three soldiers, where my big bay was in waiting for me. I mounted him confidently, and, guided by an orderly, took the narrow, winding trail toward camp. Except for an hour's riding the day before with Captain Chittenden, I had not been on a horse's back for nearly fifty years, and I had not spent as much as a day in the saddle during my youth. That first sense of a live, spirited, powerful animal beneath you, at whose mercy you are, — you, a pedestrian all your

days, — with gullies and rocks and logs to cross, and deep chasms opening close beside you, is not a little disturbing. But my big bay did his part well, and I did not lose my head or my nerve, as we cautiously made our way along the narrow path on the side of the steep gorge, with a foaming torrent rushing along at its foot, nor yet when we forded the rocky and rapid Yellowstone. A misstep or a stumble on the part of my steed, and probably the first bubble of my confidence would have been shattered at once; but this did not happen, and in due time we reached the group of tents that formed the President's camp. The situation was delightful, — no snow, scattered pine trees, a secluded valley, rocky heights, and the clear, ample, trouty waters of the Yellowstone. The President was not in camp. In the morning he had stated his wish to go alone into the wilderness. Major Pitcher very naturally did not quite like the idea, and wished to send an orderly with him.

"No," said the President. "Put me up a lunch, and let me go alone. I will surely come back."

And back he surely came. It was about five o'clock when he came briskly down the path from the east to the camp. It came out that he had tramped about eighteen miles through a very rough country. The day before, he and the major had located a band of several hundred elk on a broad, treeless hillside, and his purpose was to find those elk, and creep up on them, and eat his lunch under their very noses. And this he did, spending an hour or more within fifty yards of them. He came back looking as fresh as when he started, and at night, sitting before the big camp fire, related his adventure, and talked with his usual emphasis and copiousness of many things. He told me of the birds he had seen or heard; among them he had heard one that was new to him. From his description I told him I thought it was Townsend's solitaire, a bird I much wanted to see and hear. I had heard the West India solitaire, — one

of the most impressive songsters I ever heard, — and I wished to compare our Western form with it.

The next morning we set out for our second camp, ten or a dozen miles away, and in reaching it passed over much of the ground the President had traversed the day before. As we came to a wild, rocky place above a deep chasm of the river, with a few scattered pine trees, the President said, "It was right here that I heard that strange bird song." We paused a moment. "And there it is now," he exclaimed.

Sure enough, there was the solitaire singing from the top of a small cedar, — a bright, animated, eloquent song, but without the richness and magic of the song of the tropical species. We hitched our horses, and followed the bird up as it flew from tree to tree. The President was as eager to see and hear it as I was. It seemed very shy, and we only caught glimpses of it. In form and color it much resembles its West India cousin, and suggests our catbird. It ceased to sing when we pursued it. It is a bird found only in the wilder and higher parts of the Rockies. My impression was that its song did not quite merit the encomiums that have been pronounced upon it.

At this point, I saw amid the rocks my first and only Rocky Mountain woodchucks, and, soon after we had resumed our journey, our first blue grouse, — a number of them like larger partridges. Occasionally we would come upon black-tailed deer, standing or lying down in the bushes, their large ears at attention being the first thing to catch the eye. They would often allow us to pass within a few rods of them without showing alarm. Elk horns were scattered all over this part of the Park, and we passed several old carcasses of dead elk that had probably died a natural death.

In a grassy bottom at the foot of a steep hill, while the President and I were dismounted, and noting the pleasing picture which our pack train of fifteen or twenty mules made filing along the side

of a steep grassy slope, — a picture which he has preserved in his late volume, *Out-Door Pastimes of an American Hunter*, — our attention was attracted by plaintive, musical, bird-like chirps that rose from the grass about us. I was almost certain it was made by a bird; the President was of like opinion; and I kicked about in the tufts of grass, hoping to flush the bird. Now here, now there, arose this sharp, but bird-like note. Finally we found that it was made by a species of gopher, whose holes we soon discovered. What its specific name is I do not know, but it should be called the singing gopher.

Our destination this day was a camp on Cottonwood Creek, near "Hell Roaring Creek." As we made our way in the afternoon along a broad, open, grassy valley, I saw a horseman come galloping over the hill to our right, starting up a band of elk as he came; riding across the plain, he wheeled his horse, and, with the military salute, joined our party. He proved to be a government scout, called the "Duke of Hell Roaring," — an educated officer from the Austrian army, who, for some unknown reason, had exiled himself here in this out-of-the-way part of the world. He was a man in his prime, of fine, military look and bearing. After conversing a few moments with the President and Major Pitcher, he rode rapidly away.

Our second camp, which we reached in midafternoon, was in the edge of the woods on the banks of a fine, large trout stream, where ice and snow still lingered in patches. I tried for trout in the head of a large, partly open pool, but did not get a rise; too much ice in the stream, I concluded. Very soon my attention was attracted by a strange note, or call, in the spruce woods. The President had also noticed it, and, with me, wondered what made it. Was it bird or beast? Billy Hofer said he thought it was an owl, but it in no way suggested an owl, and the sun was shining brightly. It was a sound such as a boy might make by blowing in the neck of an empty bottle. Presently

we heard it beyond us on the other side of the creek, which was pretty good proof that the creature had wings.

"Let's go run that bird down," said the President to me.

So off we started across a small, open, snow-streaked plain, toward the woods beyond it. We soon decided that the bird was on the top of one of a group of tall spruces. After much skipping about over logs and rocks, and much craning of our necks, we made him out on the peak of a spruce. I imitated his call, when he turned his head down toward us, but we could not make out what he was.

"Why did we not think to bring the glasses?" said the President.

"I will run and get them," I replied.

"No," said he, "you stay here and keep that bird treed, and I will fetch them."

So off he went like a boy, and was very soon back with the glasses. We quickly made out that it was indeed an owl — the pigmy owl, as it turned out — not much larger than a bluebird. I think the President was as pleased as if we had bagged some big game. He had never seen the bird before.

Throughout the trip I found his interest in bird life very keen, and his eye and ear remarkably quick. He usually saw the bird or heard its note as quickly as I did, — and I had nothing else to think about, and had been teaching my eye and ear the trick of it for over fifty years. Of course, his training as a big-game hunter stood him in good stead, but back of that was his naturalist's instincts, and his genuine love of all forms of wild life.

I have been told that his ambition up to the time he went to Harvard had been to be a naturalist, but that there they seem to have convinced him that all the out-of-door worlds of natural history had been conquered, and that the only worlds remaining were in the laboratory, and to be won with the microscope and the scalpel. But Roosevelt was a man made for action in a wide field, and laboratory

conquests could not satisfy him. His instincts as a naturalist, however, lie back of all his hunting expeditions, and, in a large measure, I think, prompt them. Certain it is that his hunting records contain more live natural history than any similar records known to me, unless it be those of Charles St. John, the Scotch naturalist-sportsman.

The Canada jays, or camp-robbers, as they are often called, soon found out our camp that afternoon, and no sooner had the cook begun to throw out peelings and scraps and crusts than the jays began to carry them off, not to eat, as I observed, but to hide them in the thicker branches of the spruce trees. How tame they were, coming within three or four yards of one! Why this species of jay should everywhere be so familiar, and all other kinds so wild, is a puzzle.

In the morning, as we rode down the valley toward our next camping-place, at Tower Falls, a band of elk containing a hundred or more started along the side of the hill a few hundred yards away. I was some distance behind the rest of the party, as usual, when I saw the President wheel his horse off to the left, and, beckoning to me to follow, start at a tearing pace on the trail of the fleeing elk. He afterwards told me that he wanted me to get a good view of those elk at close range, and he was afraid that if he sent the major or Hofer to lead me, I would not get it. I hurried along as fast as I could, which was not fast; the way was rough, — logs, rocks, spring runs, and a tender-foot rider.

Now and then the President, looking back and seeing what slow progress I was making, would beckon to me impatiently, and I could fancy him saying, "If I had a rope around him, he would come faster than that!" Once or twice I lost sight of both him and the elk; the altitude was great, and the horse was laboring like a steam engine on an up-grade. Still I urged him on. Presently, as I broke over a hill, I saw the President pressing the elk up the opposite slope. At the brow

of the hill he stopped, and I soon joined him. There on the top, not fifty yards away, stood the elk in a mass, their heads toward us and their tongues hanging out. They could run no farther. The President laughed like a boy. The spectacle meant much more to him than it did to me. I had never seen a wild elk till on this trip, but they had been among the notable game that he had hunted. He had traveled hundreds of miles, and undergone great hardships, to get within rifle range of these creatures. Now here stood scores of them, with lolling tongues, begging for mercy.

After gazing at them to our hearts' content, we turned away to look up our companions, who were nowhere within sight. We finally spied them a mile or more away, and, joining them, all made our way to an elevated plateau that commanded an open landscape three or four miles across. It was high noon, and the sun shone clear and warm. From this lookout we saw herds upon herds of elk scattered over the slopes and gentle valleys in front of us. Some were grazing, some were standing or lying upon the ground, or upon the patches of snow. Through our glasses we counted the separate bands, and then the numbers of some of the bands or groups, and estimated that three thousand elk were in full view in the landscape around us. It was a notable spectacle. Afterward, in Montana, I attended a council of Indian chiefs at one of the Indian agencies, and told them, through their interpreter, that I had been with the Great Chief in the Park, and of the game we had seen. When I told them of these three thousand elk all in view at once, they grunted loudly, whether with satisfaction or with incredulity I could not tell.

In the midst of this great game amphitheatre we dismounted and enjoyed the prospect. And the President did an unusual thing, he loafed for nearly an hour, — stretched himself out in the sunshine upon a flat rock, as did the rest of us, and, I hope, got a few winks of sleep.

I am sure I did. Little, slender, striped chipmunks, about half the size of ours, were scurrying about; but I recall no other wild thing save the elk.

From here we rode down the valley to our third camp at Tower Falls, stopping on the way to eat our luncheon on a washed boulder beside a creek. On this ride I saw my first and only badger; he stuck his striped head out of his hole in the ground only a few yards away from us as we passed.

Our camp at Tower Falls was amid the spruces above a cañon of the Yellowstone, five or six hundred feet deep. It was a beautiful and impressive situation, — shelter, snugness, even cosiness, — looking over the brink of the awful and the terrifying. With a run and a jump I think one might have landed in the river at the bottom of the great abyss, and in doing so might have scaled one of those natural obelisks or needles of rock that stand up out of the depths two or three hundred feet high. Nature shows you what an enormous furrow her plough can open through the strata when mowing horizontally, at the same time that she shows you what delicate and graceful columns her slower and gentler aerial forces can carve out of the piled strata. At the Falls there were two or three of these columns, like the picket-pins of the elder gods.

Across the cañon in front of our camp, upon a grassy plateau which was faced by a wall of trap rock, apparently thirty or forty feet high, a band of mountain sheep soon attracted our attention. They were within long rifle range, but were not at all disturbed by our presence, nor had they been disturbed by the road-builders who, under Captain Chittenden, were constructing a government road along the brink of the cañon. We speculated as to whether or not the sheep could get down the almost perpendicular face of the chasm to the river to drink. It seemed to me impossible. Would they try it while we were there to see? We all hoped so; and sure enough, late in the afternoon

the word came to our tents that the sheep were coming down. The President, with coat off and a towel around his neck, was shaving. One side of his face was half shaved, and the other side lathered. Hofer and I started for a point on the brink of the cañon where we could have a better view.

"By Jove," said the President, "I must see that. The shaving can wait, and the sheep won't."

So on he came, accoutred as he was, — coatless, hatless, but not latherless, nor towelless. Like the rest of us, his only thought was to see those sheep do their "stunt." With glasses in hand, we watched them descend those perilous heights, leaping from point to point, finding a foothold where none appeared to our eyes, loosening fragments of the crumbling rocks as they came, now poised upon some narrow shelf and preparing for the next leap, zigzagging or plunging straight down till the bottom was reached, and not one accident or misstep amid all that insecure footing. I think the President was the most pleased of us all; he laughed with the delight of it, and quite forgot his need of a hat and coat till I sent for them.

In the night we heard the sheep going back; we could tell by the noise of the falling stones. In the morning I confidently expected to see some of them lying dead at the foot of the cliffs, but there they all were at the top once more, apparently safe and sound. They do, however, occasionally meet with accidents in their perilous climbing, and their dead bodies have been found at the foot of the rocks. Doubtless some point of rock to which they had trusted gave way, and crushed them in the descent; or fell upon those in the lead.

The next day, while the rest of us went fishing for trout in the Yellowstone, three or four miles above camp, over the roughest trail that we had yet traversed on horseback, the President, who never fishes unless put to it for meat, went off alone again with his lunch in his pocket,

to stalk those sheep as he had stalked the elk, and to feel the old sportsman's thrill without the use of firearms. To do this involved a tramp of eight or ten miles down the river to a bridge and up the opposite bank. This he did, and ate his lunch near the sheep, and was back in camp before we were.

We took some large cut-throat trout, as they are called, from the yellow mark across their throats, and I saw at short range a black-tailed deer bounding along in that curious, stiff-legged, mechanical, yet springy manner, apparently all four legs in the air at once, and all four feet reaching the ground at once, affording a very singular spectacle.

We spent two nights in our Tower Falls camp, and on the morning of the third day set out on our return to Fort Yellowstone, pausing at Yancey's on our way, and exchanging greetings with the old frontiersman, who died a few weeks later.

While in camp we always had a big fire at night in the open near the tents, and around this we sat upon logs or camp stools, and listened to the President's talk. What a stream of it he poured forth! and what a varied and picturesque stream — anecdote, history, science, politics, adventure, literature; bits of his experience as a ranchman, hunter, Rough Rider, legislator, Civil Service commissioner, police commissioner, governor, president, — the frankest confessions, the most telling criticisms, happy characterizations of prominent political leaders, or foreign rulers, or members of his own Cabinet; always surprising by his candor, astonishing by his memory, and diverting by his humor. His reading has been very wide, and he has that rare type of memory which retains details as well as mass and generalities. One night something started him off on ancient history, and one would have thought he was just fresh from his college course in history, the dates and names and events came so readily. Another time he discussed palæontology, and rapidly gave the outlines

of the science, and the main facts, as if he had been reading up on the subject that very day. He sees things as wholes, and hence the relation of the parts comes easy to him.

At dinner, at the White House, the night before we started on the expedition, I heard him talking with a guest, — an officer of the British army, who was just back from India. And the extent and variety of his information about India and Indian history and the relations of the British government to it were extraordinary. It put the British major on his mettle to keep pace with him.

One night in camp he told us the story of one of his Rough Riders who had just written him from some place in Arizona. The Rough Riders, wherever they are now, look to him in time of trouble. This one had come to grief in Arizona. He was in jail. So he wrote the President, and his letter ran something like this: —

"DEAR COLONEL, — I am in trouble. I shot a lady in the eye, but I did not intend to hit the lady; I was shooting at my wife."

And the presidential laughter rang out over the treetops. To another Rough Rider, who was in jail, accused of horse stealing, he had loaned two hundred dollars to pay counsel on his trial, and, to his surprise, in due time the money came back. The Ex-Rough wrote that his trial never came off. "*We elected our district attorney;*" and the laughter again sounded, and drowned the noise of the brook near by.

On another occasion we asked the President if he was ever molested by any of the "bad men" of the frontier, with whom he had often come in contact. "Only once," he said. The cowboys had always treated him with the utmost courtesy, both on the round-up and in camp; "and the few real desperadoes I have seen were also perfectly polite." Once only was he maliciously shot at, and then not by a cowboy nor a *bona fide* "bad man," but by a "broad-hatted ruffian of a cheap and commonplace type." He had been

compelled to pass the night at a little frontier hotel where the barroom occupied the whole lower floor, and was, in consequence, the only place where the guests of the hotel, whether drunk or sober, could sit. As he entered the room, he saw that every man there was being terrorized by a half-drunken ruffian who stood in the middle of the floor with a revolver in each hand, compelling different ones to treat.

"I went and sat down behind the stove," said the President, "as far from him as I could get; and hoped to escape his notice. The fact that I wore glasses, together with my evident desire to avoid a fight, apparently gave him the impression that I could be imposed upon with impunity. He very soon approached me, flourishing his two guns, and ordered me to treat. I made no reply for some moments, when the fellow became so threatening that I saw something had to be done. The crowd, mostly sheep-herders and small grangers, sat or stood back against the wall, afraid to move. I was unarmed, and thought rapidly. Saying, 'Well, if I must, I must,' I got up as if to walk around him to the bar, then, as I got opposite him, I wheeled and fetched him as heavy a blow on the chin-point as I could strike. He went down like a steer before the axe, firing both guns into the ceiling as he went. I jumped on him, and, with my knees on his chest, disarmed him in a hurry. The crowd was then ready enough to help me, and we hog-tied him and put him in an outhouse." The President alludes to this incident in his *Ranch Life*, but does not give the details. It brings out his mettle very distinctly.

He told us in an amused way of the attempts of his political opponents at Albany, during his early career as a member of the Assembly, to besmirch his character. His outspoken criticisms and denunciations had become intolerable to them, so they laid a trap for him, but he was not caught. His innate rectitude and instinct for the right course saved him

as it has saved him many times since. I do not think that in any emergency he has to debate with himself long as to the right course to be pursued; he divines it by a kind of infallible instinct. His motives are so simple and direct that he finds a straight and easy course where another man, whose eye is less single, would flounder and hesitate.

The President unites in himself powers and qualities that rarely go together. Thus, he has both physical and moral courage in a degree rare in history. He can stand calm and unflinching in the path of a charging grizzly, and he can confront with equal coolness and determination the predaceous corporations and money powers of the country.

He unites the qualities of the man of action with those of the scholar and writer, — another very rare combination. He unites the instincts and accomplishments of the best breeding and culture with the broadest democratic sympathies and affiliations. He is as happy with a frontiersman like Seth Bullock as with a fellow Harvard man, and Seth Bullock is happy, too.

He unites great austerity with great good-nature. He unites great sensibility with great force and will power. He loves solitude, and he loves to be in the thick of the fight. His love of nature is only equaled by his love of the ways and marts of men.

He is doubtless the most vital man on the continent, if not on the planet, to-day. He is many-sided, and every side throbs with his tremendous life and energy; the pressure is equal all around. His interest is as keen in natural history as in economics, in literature as in statecraft, in the young poet as in the old soldier, in preserving peace as in preparing for war. And he can turn all his great power into the new channel on the instant. His interest in the whole of life, and in the whole life of the nation, never flags for a moment. His activity is tireless. All the relaxation he needs or craves is a change of work. He is like the farmer's fields, that

only need a rotation of crops. I once heard him say that all he cared about being President was just "the big work."

During this tour through the West, lasting over two months, he made nearly three hundred speeches; and yet on his return Mrs. Roosevelt told me he looked as fresh and unworn as when he left home.

We went up into the big geyser region with the big sleighs, each drawn by four horses. A big snow bank had to be shoveled through for us before we got to the Golden Gate, two miles above Mammoth Hot Springs. Beyond that we were at an altitude of about eight thousand feet, on a fairly level course that led now through woods, and now through open country, with the snow of a uniform depth of four or five feet, except as we neared the "formations," where the subterranean warmth kept the ground bare. The roads had been broken and the snow packed for us by teams from the Fort, otherwise the journey would have been impossible.

The President always rode beside the driver. From his youth, he said, this seat had always been the most desirable one to him. When the sleigh would strike the bare ground, and begin to drag heavily, he would bound out nimbly and take to his heels, and then all three of us — Major Pitcher, Mr. Childs, and myself — would follow suit, sometimes reluctantly on my part. Walking at that altitude is no fun, especially if you try to keep pace with such a walker as the President is. But he could not sit at his ease and let those horses drag him in a sleigh over bare ground. When snow was reached, we would again quickly resume our seats.

As one nears the geyser region, he gets the impression from the columns of steam going up here and there in the distance — now from behind a piece of woods, now from out a hidden valley — that he is approaching a manufacturing centre, or a railroad terminus. And when he begins to hear the hoarse snoring of

"Roaring Mountain," the illusion is still more complete. At Norris's there is a big vent where the steam comes tearing out of a recent hole in the ground with terrific force. Huge mounds of ice had formed from the congealed vapor all around it, some of them very striking.

The novelty of the geyser region soon wears off. Steam and hot water are steam and hot water the world over, and the exhibition of them here did not differ, except in volume, from what one sees by his own fireside. The "Growler" is only a boiling teakettle on a large scale, and "Old Faithful" is as if the lid were to fly off, and the whole contents of the kettle should be thrown high into the air. To be sure, boiling lakes and steaming rivers are not common, but the new features seemed, somehow, out of place, and as if nature had made a mistake. One disliked to see so much good steam and hot water going to waste; whole towns might be warmed by them, and big wheels made to go round. I wondered that they had not piped them into the big hotels which they opened for us, and which were warmed by wood fires.

At Norris's the big room that the President and I occupied was on the ground floor, and was heated by a huge box stove. As we entered it to go to bed, the President said, "Oom John, don't you think it is too hot here?"

"I certainly do," I replied.

"Shall I open the window?"

"That will just suit me." And he threw the sash, which came down to the floor, all the way up, making an opening like a doorway. The night was cold, but neither of us suffered from the abundance of fresh air.

The caretaker of the building was a big Swede called Andy. In the morning Andy said that beat him: "There was the President of the United States sleeping in that room, with the window open to the floor, and not so much as one soldier outside on guard."

The President had counted much on seeing the bears that in summer board at

the Fountain Hotel, but they were not yet out of their dens. We saw the track of only one, and he was not making for the hotel. At all the formations where the geysers are, the ground was bare over a large area. I even saw a wild flower, — an early buttercup, not an inch high, — in bloom. This seems to be the earliest wild flower in the Rockies. It is the only fragrant buttercup I know.

As we were riding along in our big sleigh toward the Fountain Hotel, the President suddenly jumped out, and, with his soft hat as a shield to his hand, captured a mouse that was running along over the ground near us. He wanted it for Dr. Merriam, on the chance that it might be a new species. While we all went fishing in the afternoon, the President skinned his mouse, and prepared the pelt to be sent to Washington. It was done as neatly as a professed taxidermist would have done it. This was the only game the President killed in the Park. In relating the incident to a reporter while I was in Spokane, the thought occurred to me, Suppose he changes that *u* to an *o*, and makes the President capture a moose, what a pickle I shall be in! Is it anything more than ordinary newspaper enterprise to turn a mouse into a moose? But, luckily for me, no such metamorphosis happened to that little mouse. It turned out not to be a new species, as it should have been, but a species new to the Park.

I caught trout that afternoon, on the edge of steaming pools in the Madison River, that seemed to my hand almost blood-warm. I suppose they found better feeding where the water was warm. On the table they did not compare with our Eastern brook trout.

I was pleased to be told at one of the hotels that they had kalsomined some of the rooms with material from one of the Devil's paint pots. It imparted a soft, delicate, pinkish tint, not at all suggestive of things satanic.

One afternoon at Norris's, the President and I took a walk to observe the

birds. In the grove about the barns there was a great number, the most attractive to me being the mountain bluebird. These birds we saw in all parts of the Park, and at Norris's there was an unusual number of them. How blue they were, — breast and all. In voice and manner they were almost identical with our bluebird. The Western purple finch was abundant here also, and juncos, and several kinds of sparrows, with an occasional Western robin. A pair of wild geese were feeding in the low, marshy ground not over one hundred yards from us, but when we tried to approach nearer they took wing. A few geese and ducks seem to winter in the Park.

The second morning at Norris's, one of our teamsters, George Marvin, suddenly dropped dead from some heart affection, just as he had finished caring for his team. It was a great shock to us all. I never saw a better man with a team than he was. I had ridden on the seat beside him all the day previous. On one of the "formations" our teams had got mired in the soft, putty-like mud, and at one time it looked as if they could never extricate themselves, and I doubt if they could have, had it not been for the skill with which Marvin managed them. We started for the Grand Cañon up the Yellowstone that morning, and, in order to give myself a walk over the crisp snow in the clear, frosty air, I set out a little while in advance of the teams. As I did so, I saw the President, accompanied by one of the teamsters, walking hurriedly toward the barn to pay his last respects to the body of Marvin. After we had returned to Mammoth Hot Springs, he made inquiries for the young woman to whom he had been told that Marvin was engaged to be married. He looked her up, and sat a long time with her in her home, offering his sympathy, and speaking words of consolation. The act shows the depth and breadth of his humanity.

At the Cañon Hotel the snow was very deep, and had become so soft from the warmth of the earth beneath, as well as

from the sun above, that we could only reach the brink of the Cañon on skis. The President and Major Pitcher had used skis before, but I had not, and, starting out without the customary pole, I soon came to grief. The snow gave way beneath me, and I was soon in an awkward predicament. The more I struggled, the lower my head and shoulders went, till only my heels, strapped to those long timbers, protruded above the snow. To reverse my position was impossible till some one came, and reached me the end of a pole, and pulled me upright. But I very soon got the hang of the things, and the President and I quickly left the superintendent behind. I think I could have passed the President, but my manners forbade. He was heavier than I was, and broke in more. When one of his feet would go down half a yard or more, I noted with admiration the skilled diplomacy he displayed in extricating it. The tendency of my skis was all the time to diverge, and each to go off at an acute angle to my main course, and I had constantly to be on the alert to check this tendency.

Paths had been shoveled for us along the brink of the Cañon, so that we got the usual views from the different points. The Cañon was nearly free from snow, and was a grand spectacle, by far the grandest to be seen in the Park. The President told us that once, when pressed for meat, while returning through here from one of his hunting trips, he had made his way down to the river that we saw rushing along beneath us, and had caught some trout for dinner. Necessity alone could induce him to fish.

Across the head of the Falls there was a bridge of snow and ice, upon which we were told that the coyotes passed. As the season progressed, there would come a day when the bridge would not be safe. It would be interesting to know if the coyotes knew when this time arrived.

The only live thing we saw in the Cañon was an osprey perched upon a rock opposite us.

Near the falls of the Yellowstone, as at other places we had visited, a squad of soldiers had their winter quarters. The President always called on them, looked over the books they had to read, examined their housekeeping arrangements, and conversed freely with them.

In front of the hotel were some low hills separated by gentle valleys. At the President's suggestion, he and I raced on our skis down those inclines. We had only to stand up straight, and let gravity do the rest. As we were going swiftly down the side of one of the hills, I saw out of the corner of my eye the President taking a header into the snow. The snow had given way beneath him, and nothing could save him from taking the plunge. I don't know whether I called out, or only thought, something about the downfall of the administration. At any rate, the administration was down, and pretty well buried, but it was quickly on its feet again, shaking off the snow with a boy's laughter. I kept straight on, and very soon the laugh was on me, for the treacherous snow sank beneath me, and I took a header, too.

"Who is laughing now, Oom John?" called out the President.

The spirit of the boy was in the air that day about the Cañon of the Yellowstone, and the biggest boy of us all was President Roosevelt.

The snow was getting so soft in the middle of the day that our return to the Mammoth Hot Springs could no longer be delayed. Accordingly, we were up in the morning, and ready to start on the home journey, a distance of twenty miles, by four o'clock. The snow bore up the horses well till mid-forenoon, when it began to give way beneath them. But by very careful management we pulled through without serious delay, and were back again at the house of Major Pitcher in time for luncheon, being the only outsiders who had ever made the tour of the Park so early in the season.

A few days later I bade good-by to the President, who went on his way to California, while I made a loop of travel to Spokane, and around through Idaho and Montana, and had glimpses of the great, optimistic, sunshiny West that I shall not soon forget.

A SKETCH IN BLACK AND WHITE

I

BY "FRANK CLAYTON"

I AM growing old and gray. My friend from Massachusetts, to whom I take off my hat as I think of her, is neither the one nor the other. Or, to be exact, she is not at all old, and only ornamentally gray. I am a Southerner of the Southerners. My friend from Massachusetts is a Northerner of the Northerners. Nevertheless, she is a very delightful person. We have friendly tilts. She is generally the aggressor, and, as I am an old soldier, and stiff from much campaign-

ing, she is quicker than I, and as a rule gets the best of me in the mere matter of argument, though I know all the while that I am right.

She asks me many questions about life in the South "before the war." Some of them I can answer. Some of them I am surprised to find that I cannot. The light of memory is a little hazy after forty years. The other day she asked me whether the descriptions of Virginia country homes which she had read in certain works of

fiction could be really accurate; whether they were not colored by the natural love of the writers for the dear old times. The pictures seemed to her to be too ideal in their beauty, "too good to be true," so to speak. I told her I could not answer the question from personal knowledge. I had not the good fortune to be born in Virginia, though I had known many charming people from that state, especially among the women, and also some very lovely homes. "Oh, well, well," she said, with characteristic feminine impatience, "I don't care particularly about Virginia. What I wish is to get a correct notion of life in the South in the days of slavery, of which we hear so much, and I thought perhaps a plain, old, everyday Southern man, like you, could give it to me."

I replied that to do what she wished was not so easy as it seemed, but that I myself might be taken as a fair specimen of the average Southern man, of the middle Southern states, of a family of moderate means and good social standing, and of that generation which came into manhood in time to answer the call to arms of 1861. It occurred to me, therefore, that a narrative based upon my own life, surroundings, and doings, if I could accurately recall them, might be something to the purpose.

"I might write"—I began unguardedly.

"Oh, yes. Do, please,"—broke in my Massachusetts friend in her strenuous fashion,— "do, please, write it for me, and if it is good enough, you might sell it and make some money."

I replied that it would be work, and that I did not like to work.

"But you ought to *love* to work."

"By no means," I answered, getting the better of her for once. "The necessity for labor was laid upon us as a curse. We should submit to it with patience and resignation to the Divine will; but to say that we love it is extremely irreligious. It is a flying in the face of Providence. It is as though we told our Heavenly Father that we did not mind his curse;

that it was a good thing; that we rather enjoyed it than otherwise."

But women, such women, at least, as men like to obey, are apt to have their way. Hence this little history.

The home in which I was born, and in which the happy years of my earlier boyhood were passed, was in an old Carolina town. Old, that is, as American towns go. There were old houses, with reminiscences of the Revolution; tales of Cornwallis and Lafayette, and other worthies of that day. It was rather a pretty town, with wide, well-shaded streets. A river ran near it, and a pretty creek wound its devious way through it, into the river, with sundry bridges here and there. There was a cemetery, with mossy marbles, and epitaphs of a hundred years ago, in which Gray's *Elegy* might have been written,— at least, the poetic inspiration would not have been wanting. There were walks in its environs, dark with the shade of magnolias and cedars, sweet with the perfume of pine and jessamine, and musical with the song of the mocking bird, and the ripple of running water just below. Nor was there lacking in these bowers of Eden the loveliness of the daughters of Eve, who were wont to wander here with the sons of Adam, as the day went down.

I had some experiences of my own, when, visiting the dear old town some years later, I found the walks by the water side as lovely as ever, and the daughters of Eve, whom I remembered as children, grown up, and capable of as much mischief as their primeval mother, more by token that one of them made me a promise under the pines, that turned out to be like piecrust, according to the proverb. Poor thing! she married a better man, but the gallant fellow sleeps under the sod of Gettysburg, —

. . . While I sit here,

Alone and merry at forty year,

Dipping my nose in the Gascon wine.

I wonder if it ever occurs to her in her widowhood that a living captain might

be better than a dead colonel. Battered old bachelor as I am, I have sometimes a mind to ask her.

Thackeray's lines seemed to come handy, and I used them; but it is due to the truth of history to say that I have n't any Gascon wine. Instead thereof, a punch simmers in front of my hickory fire, concocted out of some very bad whiskey, of which the lemon and spices serve to disguise the taste; for all of which uncivilized condition of things I have to thank the prohibitionist, who is just now vexing the earth, and compelling every man of correct habits to obtain this necessary of life by means more or less lawful. I constantly thank Mr. Justice Blackstone for his comforting distinction between *mala prohibita* and *mala in se*.

My friend from Massachusetts, who does me the honor to read these pages as I write them, here admonishes me by the glance of her eye that I am getting into a vein not in keeping with my gray beard, nor with my character as a vestryman of the Church. I say to her that she is right, and that I had best turn my mind from these vanities, and, like the dear old reprobate Falstaff, "begin to patch up mine old body for Heaven." She replies, but with a look that conveys more humor than reproof, that I am only adding irreverence to folly, and that I had better proceed with my work.

The old town never grew any bigger, and I believe it was never any smaller. It seemed to have been created just so; even as you have seen some men and women whom you cannot imagine ever to have been babies. It was not a dead town, — very much the contrary. There was plenty of business and trade to support its population. Nobody was very rich, and I remember but few very poor people, and these were systematically looked after. There were some families who lived in finer houses and drove finer carriages than others, but the others did not call them "swells." One man of good blood, respectable education, and the instincts of a companionable gentleman,

was as welcome everywhere as another of the same qualifications. Nobody seemed very busy, and nobody seemed in a hurry to get rich.

They allowed themselves a leisure that seems not to be known in these days. They took time to hunt deer, and shoot ducks and partridges. They loved music, and serenades under ladies' windows, and little impromptu dances. They exchanged little suppers and whist parties, whereat, it must be confessed, they sometimes drank a little more punch than the Blessed Apostle St. Paul would have allowed to Timothy. But there was no malice in it, and the liquor was good and pure, and very little harm resulted. It seems to me, in the retrospect, a very delightful society, and I have no doubt that it was so. But I must keep faith with my friend, and be careful to keep to the truth, as nearly as I can, without rose color. It must be remembered, therefore, that the people of whom I have written were those with whom my own household mingled: physicians, lawyers, merchants, business men, who, of course, worked for a living, but did not fail to remember that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." There was, of necessity, a substratum of less lovable folk, of the kind who make the wretched maxims of Mr. Benjamin Franklin their gospel, and the adding of one dollar to another their chief aim. My memory especially recalls one or two such men, — one, in particular, whose face, little as I was when I saw it, is unpleasant now to think of. They told me he was a "note shaver," in a tone which conveyed, even to my childish intelligence, the idea that the calling was held in small esteem.

It goes without saying, also, that these kindly folks had their share of griefs and troubles: children who died or went astray, fortunes wrecked, sorrows of one sort or another. It is well for us that, in looking back over the land through which we have traveled, we see most plainly the pretty, green, wooded hills and sunlit slopes. "The valleys that lie between"

are there, too, but they are in shadow.

My Massachusetts friend will not think much of these men. She will object to them, in her energetic way, that they were not "strenuous," I grant it. The abominable word was not even known, I think, in those days. But I believe that they were better. They were, for the most part, kindly, charitable, honest, honorable, and brave. They revered women and children. They feared God, and were not much given to fearing anybody else; and later on they showed the world that an easy-going gentleman can be strenuous enough when he sees his duty before him and knows it must be done.

I have tried not to overdraw the picture, or do more than justice to a race of men whom I remember with so much love. I can say this for them, and perhaps this alone will account for the attractiveness of that society: that there was nothing like the intense hunt after money that exists now, and that there was absolutely no aristocracy of wealth. Doubtless the love of money was there, as in the days of Solomon, but the sordid thing did not lift its head above the surface. Doubtless there were match-making mothers then, as now, but the worship of the Golden Calf was not flagrant in the sight of all Israel.

At this point, my friend reminds me that I have not said a word about the negro, whereas the colored brother, as she understood, was to be a leading character in this story. I was thinking of that myself, and was surprised to find that I had gotten so far in a sketch of Southern life, without Cuffee putting in his woolly head. But the reason is apparent. I have been writing so far of life in my town home, in which the darky cuts less figure. Only wait, ma'am, till my story carries me among them, and you shall have negroes enough, I promise you. There were, of course, plenty of them about the town, but they were mostly domestic servants, not much more necessary to an outline of the manner of life than the white servants of the North. The main difference was that there were more of them.

We had, indeed, too many servants. They were in each other's way. A man would own perhaps one, or two, or three families of negroes; and a farm or plantation. The negroes increased, the land did not. The result was that the man would find himself with more "hands" than he could work. What was he to do with them? Grown hands could be "hired out," but good homes could not be easily found for the youngsters. And so they increased and multiplied, and tumbled over one another about the premises. They could easily have been sold to the negro traders who were continually going through the country buying them up to carry to the cotton and sugar plantations of the Southwest,—the difference in price in the two markets yielding the dealer a fine profit. But the negroes stood in terror of these slave merchants, and in good truth they were a hard-hearted lot, as any man must have been who followed such a calling. A humane master was exceedingly reluctant to sell his people to these men; so he kept them, a source of embarrassment to him, eating their heads off, representing a good deal of money, but expensive to keep and unprofitable. So it frequently happened that every young lady of a large family would have a separate maid, every child or grand-child a separate nurse. A man would be nominally rich, in negroes, but continually having to go to the bank for money.

As for the town negro himself, he led for the most part an easy life enough. He knew nothing of the chimera of freedom, and cared nothing for it. Indeed, the slave, especially if he belonged to a family of standing, was disposed to look down upon those of his race who had been freed, and to speak of them disparagingly as "free niggers." There were, nevertheless some highly respectable families of free negroes. I remember one especially,—the father and mother of which had been set free in early life, and given a start in the world by their master,—who were people of substance and standing, and all, by the way, devout members of the

Episcopal Church. It was curious, too, that these people themselves were owners of slaves,— negroes owning negroes.

The older negroes were generally a staid and contented sort of people, frequently much given, like some white folks, to a kind of emotional, shouting religion, — albeit consummate liars, but not malicious ones; and paying as little heed to the eighth commandment as to that which immediately precedes it. I have in mind a man belonging to my father, one of the hands upon his plantation near the town, who was not a bad type of many of the characteristics of this class. His name was Alexander, commonly called "Ellick." He was an intelligent fellow, perfectly black, of powerful build, excellent temper, and a first-rate hand in the field, but an incorrigible thief and liar. My old mammy, who, by the way, was his aunt, spoke of him with strong disapproval as a "gay lutherian." Where the dear old thing had ever heard of Lothario, I don't know. He was understood to have at least two wives among the neighboring plantations. Although my father seldom allowed the lash to be used among the grown hands, Ellick's continual thefts brought him a semi-occasional thrashing, from which he always emerged with unimpaired cheerfulness after the first smarting was over. He would long ago have been sold, but that he was the son of his mother, an old family servant who had been my mother's nurse. One spring day, my father had information that Ellick had stolen a pig. The evidence not being quite complete, he did not immediately move in the matter. It is necessary here to say that each negro head of a family was allowed a little bit of land around his cabin, where he might raise vegetables, chickens, etc., having Saturday afternoon given him for his own work; and my father was accustomed to tell them that if they should have poultry, eggs, or other such stuff to sell, he expected them to "give him the preference" at the market price. This was so well understood among

them that it came to be a saying that "marster had de pref'rence." The day following the discovery of the theft, Ellick presented himself at the back veranda, bright and smiling, with a dressed pig to sell.

My father was a quick-tempered man, and at this piece of outrageous impudence he boiled over. "You d—d scoundrel!" said he, forgetting his usual decorum of speech. "What do you mean, bringing me my own pig to sell!" And he reached for his "rawhide" hanging on the wall.

"No, marster," Ellick began, "I traded wid Cato, over to Colonel Elliott's, for dis pig" —

"You are lying, as usual," said my father; "I have the proof on you. Your stealing is a common matter, and whipping seems to do you no good. I might not even have you whipped for that; but that you should have the effrontery to come here with my own pig" —

Ellick saw his chance, and put in at once. "Well, marster," he said, with a deprecating look, and with all the seriousness of a legitimate defense, "you know you tole us for to always gib you de pref'rence."

The fellow's retort was too much for my father's sense of humor. He looked at him with changing face, and the muscles of his mouth began to twitch. "Get out, you dog," he said; "I can't whip you now, but the overseer shall dress you off properly to-morrow."

Ellick knew he was safe, and slipped off. The rascal could scarcely keep his own face straight. I had witnessed the interview, and, being a very little boy at the time, saw the termination with great satisfaction. Ellick was a prime favorite of mine.

The young negro about town — stable boy, house servant, barber's apprentice, or what not — was a good-natured, lazy, whistling, singing creature, cheerfully obeying the Scriptural command to take no thought for the morrow, and, having food and raiment, to be therewith content. Also, and in particular, he made it

his constant study to give the least possible labor for the food and raiment. The easy monotony of his existence was broken by occasional thrashings, varying in frequency and severity according to the nature of his offenses and the temper and disposition of the master.

It occurs to me that I have referred more than once to this matter of the use of the whip; and as this is, so far as it goes, a history of the times, I think it as well to say that in the part of the country in which I lived, and, so far as I know, throughout the middle and eastern slave states, there was but little whipping, except of boys, whom the owner thrashed for misconduct, as he would his own children,—though, of course, I do not mean to say always in the same spirit. Except on the large plantations, on the lower waters of the rivers, the slave property of any one man usually consisted of one or two, or, perhaps, three families. It frequently happened that one family came with the husband; another was brought to him by his wife at their marriage. This being the case, even my Massachusetts friend will readily understand that there might exist, and did exist in most cases, something of a patriarchal condition. The older men were generally of sufficient character to do as they were told, and many of them, very many, possessed the regard, and what might be called the respect, of their owners, and reciprocated it; and they assisted them in the government of their own children. My father's slaves, for instance, were of two families, coming through the channels suggested above, with the addition of a few whom it had fallen into his way to buy for one consideration or another. Except in the case of my friend Ellick, I do not remember that a grown negro was ever whipped on our plantation. Of course, there were patriarchs and patriarchs, and it was not possible that a power so nearly arbitrary as that of the master should not be sometimes abused. But extreme severity was of very rare occurrence. A public opinion strongly against cruelty was a powerful

check, and another safeguard lay in the general character of the men of the country I am describing, in which, whatever may have been their faults, a disposition to oppress the weak was never a trait.

There was a condition sometimes occurring, which may be worth mentioning, and which, in one case that I recall, led to a result which may affect the reader's risibles, or arouse his indignation, according to the point of view. Unmarried women, as widows or maiden ladies, who were not able, or did not choose, to chastise a misbehaving servant, sometimes turned him over to the town constable for correction. Miss Ellen——, an excellent and elderly maiden lady, who would not care to have her name in print, although she was in Paradise long ago, had about her well-kept house a sharp, mischievous, rascally black boy named Malachi, who gave her a great deal of trouble with his pranks. All sorts of misdeeds were charged against him, of which I may give, as a fair sample, the well-attested fact that he had been baptized seven times, under different names and with different sponsors, the good rector, to whom all young negroes looked alike, not recognizing him. Good Miss Ellen had many times threatened to send him to the constable, but her heart always failed her when the time came.

At last Malachi committed some offense which was as the feather to the camel's back, and the good old lady nerved herself to do her duty. The constable owned a hardware store, and in the back yard thereof was accustomed to execute his office upon the backs of such dusky offenders as were sent to him with instructions to that effect. Miss Ellen artfully called Malachi, in a voice that gave no hint of trouble, and gave him a note to Mr. Bowie, the constable, leading him to suppose that it was an order, such as she frequently sent, for some article of merchandise. Malachi took the note, but regarded it with suspicion, conscious of his deserts. The more he thought about it, the stronger his misgivings grew, the

fact that the note was sealed especially exciting his mistrust. Finally his fears, and his spirit of mischief, prompted him to call old Billy, beloved of Miss Ellen, and her gardener and factotum, and to give him the note, telling him to take it to Mr. Bowie and get the things ordered, and be quick about it, as Miss Ellen was in a hurry. Billy trotted down as fast as his ancient legs could carry him, and delivered the note. Mr. Bowie opened it, and looked seriously at Billy.

"Uncle Billy," he said, "I never expected to have this to do."

"What de matter, Marse Peter?" said Billy.

The constable read him the note, which bade him give the bearer a whipping, not too severe, but sufficient to serve him as a lesson for some time to come. In vain Billy protested, and told the story of Malachi's treachery. The constable had heard many such pleas. "Come along, Uncle Billy, and take off your coat, and let's have it over with." And he proceeded to administer upon the old man, according to his instructions.

Billy put on his coat, and returned in fierce wrath, to avenge himself upon Malachi, but that young scoundrel had run away, and did not come out of the woods till the frosty nights of November drove him in. Mr. Bowie lost a customer, and the story went that Miss Ellen put her faithful old gardener to bed, and kept him there for a week, tending him with her own hands.

The negro, on the whole, was well enough off. He was not allowed to be off his premises after nine o'clock at night without a pass from his master, which was a wholesome restriction. He was not a competent witness against a white man, a rule of law which might have been modified to advantage, and probably would have been later on. His marriage was not recognized by the state, and had no legal standing whatever. This, together with its kindred evil, the occasional and often unavoidable separation of husband and wife, parent and child, was the most evil

consequence of the institution of slavery, and the one which most engaged the attention of thoughtful slave-owners as far back as I can remember. A discussion of it would scarcely be within the range of this narrative, but I may say that proprietors naturally, and for their own interest as well, encouraged marriage and decent living among their slaves, and generally did all in their power to make the tie permanent. I have known very many slave couples to live faithfully together till death parted them; and some of the prettiest pictures in my memory are the weddings of female servants of our own, mulattoes and blacks, solemnized in our own parlors by the rector of the parish. My sister took great interest in the dressing of the brides on these occasions. I don't remember whether the rector used the full service, but there was a ring, and my sister used to play the wedding march.

These matrimonial alliances had a humorous side, as well. One Sunday morning a negro from an adjoining plantation called on my father to ask permission to marry one of our girls. The interview took place on our back porch, my father sitting, and the would-be groom standing on the ground outside. The fellow was a preacher. Now my father had a general distrust and dislike of negro preachers, and of this one in particular. Accordingly he squelched the matrimonial proposition with a prompt and decided negative. "No, I don't want you nor any of your blood on my place. You get no wife here. Take yourself off."

The reverend gentleman, a fat, sleek-looking rascal, stood, hat in hand, and looked with solemn sadness at my father. "I dunno as you've thought of it, Mr. Clayton," he said; "but this will be a great disappointment to the young 'oman."

This unexpected and unique plea, and the perfect seriousness with which the negro offered it, greatly amused my father. He laughed heartily, and so far relented as to say that he would ascertain the girl's feelings in the matter, and talk to her suitor later. It turned out that the

dusky belle did not take the "disappointment" much to heart, and there was no wedding.

From the beginning, when I undertook the not unwelcome task of writing these disjointed reminiscences, I have foreseen that my retrospect would carry me over a part of the ground which, considering the *raison d'être* of these pages, I have half a mind to pass over and go on my way. But if I did so, it would be at once apparent to the intelligent reader that I was not giving even a fair outline of the relation of the negro to the Southern life of those days. I will, therefore, deal with it as frankly and as briefly as may be.

It may have been noticed that, in my rough sketch of the young negro about town, I used the singular masculine pronoun. The same description might have answered as well for the ordinary negro girl or woman of the plantation, with woolly head, and the other unattractive physical peculiarities of the pure black race. But, unfortunately, there were other female slaves whose presence everywhere in the South gave sorrowful evidence that the "sons of God," the princely race of Adam, though they had not, as the Book of Genesis expresses it, taken unto themselves wives of the daughters of men (the inferior race), had mingled more or less freely with them. We had black and tan, mulattoes, quadroons, octoroons galore. No man can deny the demoralizing influence of this state of things; but, on the other hand, no man who was not reared in the South can have any correct idea of the situation from all its points of view. I have no inclination to dwell upon this unattractive part of my retrospect, and shall content myself with a rough outline of the peculiarities of these people. They present a study for the philosopher.

Some of these women were ugly and slatternly; some were comely and neat; some were handsome and intelligent; and here and there one might have been called beautiful. Many of them, to whose bring-

ing up some care had been given, married men servants of their own set, and lived respectably. Others, again, were of the circumspect and quasi-upright sort; and a numerous class, good-natured, careless, idle, light-hearted, were the easy prey of dissolute white men, of whom we had our full share, possibly more than our share. It must not be forgotten, however, that these men were, as a rule, and, of course, with exceptions, "lewd fellows of the baser sort," the Southern gentleman generally conducting himself toward his slaves as might be expected of a person of his birth and antecedents. There was quite enough that was bad, however, in this apparently unavoidable consequence of the presence of the inferior race, just as there is at this day, although the negro has been free for forty years.

But there was one fact which every man familiar with the life of that day will recognize at once, which it is a great comfort to think of, and which has always seemed to me a special dispensation in behalf of these poor creatures. It was this, and every Southern man of that day will vouch for it: that a lapse of the kind we are considering never seemed to degrade the slave woman, any more than the birth of Ishmael degraded Hagar. It not only did not lower her in the eyes of anybody, white or black, but it had no degrading effect upon her whatever. If she had been gentle and good-tempered, and in general terms "a good servant" before, she continued to be so afterwards. If she had been your nurse, you need not have feared to leave your children with her. They would learn no evil. She was not rendered coarse or obscene. Her womanly instincts remained the same. She was the same kindly body, and went on her cheerful way as if nothing serious had happened. I know a number of them still living, old mulatto women, many of them in the odor of sanctity, and esteemed by white and black neighbors, who in their youth had led lives which I will not here describe more particularly. My own old

"mammy" had three daughters: the oldest was a bright mulatto, and my own much-loved nurse; the two younger were as black as old Isaac, her husband, who took her to wife years after the birth of her first child. I am sure the good old creature is in the land of the blest. Think for a moment. What would a white woman have been who had passed through experiences like these?

I take it that no philosophical mind will doubt that the existence in any country of an inferior female class, to whom virtue in its ordinary sense is not an essential, will tend to the exaltation of the upper class of women. It will make of them an aristocracy. It will create for them an atmosphere of their own, into which the libertine will not seek to enter. The Southern lady was held as a kind of queen in those *ante bellum* days, and kept her state accordingly. All men did her homage. No man looked upon her but with respect and honor. It followed that scandals and scandalous troubles were much less common than in these days. For this comparative immunity we were indebted, as I think, not alone to the naturally high character of our women, and to their careful training, but also to the peculiar conditions of our society; that is to say, to the institution of slavery.

I willingly return from this sombre byway into the cheerful presence of my friend.

I have said that the town I have described as my home lay near a river. As to the sanitary effect of this situation during the hot months, the people differed. Many, even well-to-do folks, spent their summers in the town, and suffered no ill result. Some went off to the seashore or other resorts. Many families, again, had summer residences in the rolling, sandy country back of the town. My own family was one of these. Our country house, which was a fair example, was an unpretentious frame building, erected upon our own plantation, and consequently having the negro quarters adjacent to it. It was comfortable and commodious

enough, according to the simple tastes of those days, which did not approach our own in the luxury of living. It had been intended as a summer home only, but was provided with chimneys and fire-places in case of need, and I remember that we passed a number of winters there pleasantly enough in our mild climate, renting the town house, partly from considerations of economy, partly to avoid the trouble and inconvenience of moving.

The distance from town was a scant four miles, and the sandy roads were good in winter. The water for drinking was excellent; the climate delightful; a stream ran near by in which homunculus could disport himself and learn to swim. We had grapes and apples and peaches and cherries and melons, and plenty of "little niggers" to play with, under our mother's eye. We had a big cider press of the primitive sort, under a big tree, where a fellow could lie down flat on his little stomach, and suck cider through an oat straw. We roasted sweet potatoes in the ashes, out in the negro cabins, and ears of green corn at their fires. Not that we had not plenty of these on our own table, but we could not have the little niggers there; and then, it was good to cook for ourselves. I remember, when I was very small, begging that I might have one little boy, as black as your hat, to sleep with me, and being much exasperated and distressed at my mother's peremptory refusal. We compromised by her consenting to let the little darky come in and say his prayers (taught by her) at the side of my bed. I had some sort of infantile idea that this was an entering wedge, and that I might, by gradual approaches, accomplish the desire of my heart.

The woods were full of blackhaws and chinquapins and fox-grapes and muscadines, and the air was full of sunshine. I was allowed to go barefoot in the clean white sand, and occasionally was turned loose, clad in one long garment, that being the customary summer costume of the young male African. I thought it was very delightful and becoming, being dis-

posed to imitate everything the little negroes did. This is a curious childish trait, by the way, and affords occasion for any amount of philosophizing about the tendency of the human race to deteriorate, and the like. All I know about it is that I would at any time leave the fried chicken and rice and okra and egg plant of the home table, to say nothing of the pudding, to eat greens and pot liquor (I wonder if my friend from Massachusetts knows what that is) and corn dumplings in Mammy's cabin.

How far, far, far away it all seems, with the thunder of bloody war, and the black days of "reconstruction" intervening. It is as if one were another person. And indeed, he who was born in the early forties, served four years in the Confederate army, and passed through the never-to-be-forgotten times that immediately followed, has lived three separate existences.

But while homunculus was kicking up his heels and having a good time out of doors in this primitive fashion, the grown folks in the house were, I think, leading a reasonably happy, though quiet life. I have not hesitated to go into these details of my life with which the negro was associated, even at the risk of being a little tedious, because they make up the distinctly Southern views which I think my friend wanted to see. I am not so sure about the home life inside, which may not interest her, not having the charm of novelty; one American home being essentially like another. I shall, therefore, make this part of my sketch brief.

The furnishings of the house were simple and inexpensive, and but little attention was paid to ornamentation of the grounds. A whitewashed paling, with a plain gate, a straight walk leading to the front entrance, with a circular drive for carriages, racks for the hitching of horses outside, a lane leading around to the stables in the rear, — these were typical features. Here and there in front of the house were posts driven into the ground, with a sort of platform of boards nailed

on the top, and covered with earth. On each of these, in summer, a quantity of rosin was laid, and set on fire at night, making the darkness bright with its red flame, and filling the air with its wholesome odor. It was thought to be conducive to health. Also it kept insects away, and was useful to any guest driving up in the darkness. It was a turpentine country. My father was interested in some distilleries, and rosin was cheap.

Within, there was an atmosphere of music and books; a fairly good library, and always a good piano; also my father's violin. Besides my father, my mother, and myself, there was my sister, of whom I have spoken, — some fifteen years older than I, there having been two children between us who died early. She was a handsome, graceful, bright woman, had been carefully educated, especially in music, and possessed a noble mezzo soprano voice, inclining to contralto, which, to me, is the sweetest of all voices. She attracted all men toward her, especially all who loved music, and it was my delight to lie on a sofa, in the evenings, and hear them sing. I don't know just how old I was when, one evening, I heard three young men give the fine trio of Sir Henry Bishop: —

"To Greece we give our shining blades;

And our hearts to you, young Zean maids."

I cannot tell how the music affected me, how the mingling of war and knightly love stirred my young heart. It was a new sensation. Perhaps it was prophetic. I suppose I showed it in my face, for my sister came to my sofa and kissed me. "Did you like it, Frank?" she said; "I must teach you to sing." Accordingly she taught me, in an irregular way, and would commend and praise me when I showed some sign of a talent for music. One memorable day, after one of my "lessons," she called to my father, who was passing down the hall: "Come here, father, and hear this boy. He is going to have a voice." My father came to the piano where she sat, a page of Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* open before her. "Now,

then, Frank," she said, striking the chord, "you sing the recitative, and I'll sing the aria;" and I chanted in my childish treble:—

"And they journeyed with companions towards Damascus, having authority and commandment from the High Priest to bring them bound, men and women, unto Jerusalem."

And then her glorious voice in the aria:

"But the Lord is mindful of his own;
He remembereth his children."

She fairly took me in her arms at the close, in her love and delight. "I will make a

great tenor of him," she said. "The audience shall rise at him."

How often, in the years that were to follow, lying in my blanket in the rain, in the weariness of the long march, in the dropping fire of the skirmish line, yea, even in the tumult of battle, have the sweet tones come into my mind,—

"But the Lord is mindful of his own,
He remembereth his children."

It did not please Him to remember us, in our sense. I try to think it is for the best.

(To be concluded in June.)

MUSIC IN MOONLIGHT

BY RICHARD WATSON GILDER

WAS ever music lovelier than to-night!
 'T was Schumann's Song of Moonlight; o'er the vale
 The new moon lingered near the western hills;
 The hearth-fire glimmered low; but melting tones
 Blotted all else from memory and thought,
 And all the world was music! Wondrous hour!
 Then sank anew into our tranced hearts
 One secret and deep lesson of sweet sound—
 The loveliness that from unloveliness
 Outsprings, flooding the soul with poignant joy,
 As the harmonious chords to harsh succeed,
 And the rapt spirit climbs through pain to bliss:
 Eternal question, answer infinite;
 As day to night replies; as light to shade;
 As summer to rough winter; death to life,—
 Death not a closing, but an opening door,
 A deepened life, a prophecy fulfilled.
 Not in the very present comes reply,
 But in the flow of time. Should the song cease
 Too soon; ere yet the rooted answer blooms,
 Lo,—what a pang of loss and dissonance;
 But time, with the resolving and intended tone
 Heals all, and makes all beautiful and right.
 Even so our mortal music-makers frame
 Their messages melodious to men;
 Even so the Eterne his mighty harmonies
 Fashions, supreme, of life, and fate, and time.

MOORLAND MAGIC

BY FLORENCE CONVERSE

"So this is the moor," said Nan. "How wild!"

They had come out of the scrub into an open country, treeless, uplifted in motionless billows beneath an arching immensity of sky.

"So desolate and barren!" shivered Mrs. Monroe.

But Dolly cried, "Not barren! Not desolate! How can you say that?"

"Oh, I've no doubt it looks more attractive when the heather is in bloom," Mrs. Monroe admitted.

"Yes," said Dolly, looking dreamily over the head of her chaperone. "Yes, it is very beautiful when the heather blooms; but it is never anything but beautiful to me."

"You've never seen the heather in bloom," objected Nan.

"Have n't I?" Dolly queried absently.

A soft wind was blowing. It caught the little locks of chestnut hair from behind Dolly's ears, and blew them against her cheeks.

"The wind is like a voice," she said. "There's something of Todhunter's it makes me think of,— something Bob used to say last year when he was doing the Modern Celtic Revival section of his Ph. D. thesis. Do you remember?"

"O wind, O mighty, melancholy wind,
Blow through me, blow!
Thou blowest forgotten things into my mind
From long ago.'"

Half chanting, she lifted her head, and wonder dawned in her eyes.

"Thou blowest forgotten things into my mind
From long ago.'"

She rose gently to her feet.

"Be careful, dear; the road is very rough," cautioned Mrs. Monroe.

"Bob's daffy over Celtic things," observed Nan.

"Just as it used to look!" said Dolly. "How could I forget?"

"Would you mind sitting down, dear Dolly?" pleaded Mrs. Monroe. "It makes me nervous to have you stand. You might pitch out any minute."

She sat down, but the rapture stayed in her eyes, and Nan leaned over, and gave her a little shake.

"You look like Joan of Arc in the Bastien-Lepage, Dolly. What do you see?"

And Dolly, never turning her head, answered irrelevantly, "I think I will get out and walk."

"Oh, my dear!" expostulated Mrs. Monroe. "In this dreary place?"

"Not dreary," Dolly persisted. "Never dreary." And she opened the carriage door.

The coachman pulled up his horses.

"But think of Bob! We are to meet him at Lynton, and we shall have to stop the carriage and wait till you catch up."

Dolly got out and stood in the road, looking off over the moor.

"Don't wait!" she said, after a moment. "I'll walk the rest of the way."

"To Lynton?"

"T is no great walk," said the coachman. He had wheeled half round, and was eying Dolly with approval. "You've only to follow the road, and it'll bring you in. Even if you was lame of one leg, you'd make it afore dark this time of year, miss."

"I don't believe I'd walk all that way, Dolly," said Nan.

"And Bob!" wailed Mrs. Monroe. "The least we can do, Nan, when your brother has crossed the ocean, is to be there to meet him. And then the highway robbers!"

"This here shire's as peaceable and honest as you'll find in England," snorted

the coachman. "Them Doones give it a bad name once't, but 't was never in my day. Do you think I'd leave a lady walk alone if she'd come to harm? I've maids of my own."

"Dear Dolly," begged Mrs. Monroe; "you can't feel as Nan and I do about seeing Bob, of course, but" —

Nan chuckled wickedly, and Dolly turned her eyes approximately in the direction of her chaperone.

"It won't matter if I'm not there at first," she said. "I know you would rather have him to yourselves. I need a walk."

This new aspect of the situation impressed Mrs. Monroe. Bob was her only son, and Bob had eyes for no one but Dolly when Dolly was about.

"It's very sweet of you, my dear," she faltered. "Are you sure?" —

"Dolly!" cried Nan. "You know perfectly well Bob will" —

"No, Nan," her mother interrupted; "if Dolly wants to take this simple pleasure, don't tease her. I would n't leave her if there were the slightest danger. You are sure, dear" —

The coachman started his horses, and Mrs. Monroe's sentence remained unfinished.

"Just the same, Bob will be hopping mad," Nan declared emphatically. "Oh, pooh! mother; she did n't hear me; and if she did, she knows it. Bob has n't come all the way across the Atlantic to be with us. What's the use of pretending he has? Look! Her gown just matches the moor. I wish I walked with that happy, tilty step. Bob's always saying she's Celtic."

"You've only to keep the road in your eye, miss," called the coachman. "She do step off like a moorland maid," he added reflectively. "I'd not know her for American."

She was walking in the heather by the roadside, her head flung up, her eyes wide and smiling. Presently the carriage went in among the gray-green billows of the moor, and was swallowed up, and she was left alone in the trough of a motion-

less wave, with heather all about her feet, and yellow flower-of-the-broom in her hands, and the summer wind tossing her hair. She did not see the road again that day. She forgot there was a road. She forgot everything except the strange joy of wandering alone on the moor.

Her wandering had many moods. Sometimes she loitered through the heather, a slender, drifting shape, eyes vision-filled. At the edges of her gown twigs dangled. The gorse tore a barn-door half way up her skirt. She stuck a yellow flower in every one of her button-holes, and a bunch of heather at her belt.

"I think I am fey," she said, and laughed.

Sometimes she walked with a long, springing stride, proud laughter in her eyes. Thus was she walking when she climbed the Tor, and suddenly beheld all the wild, rugged glory, league upon league on every side, upheaving to her feet. She sang aloud when she saw it, flinging out her arms, and the music of her song was strange to her, and the words also were strange; they were not English words. Afterwards she could never remember what it was that she had sung when she stood at the top of the Tor.

Sometimes she knelt in the heather, and crushed its scratchy branches between her fingers. In two or three places she found patches of early bloom, and she kissed the little purple bells, and laid her ear close to them.

"I hear them ring," she said. "I hear the little bells in my soul answer them."

In midafternoon she lay down in the shade of a gorse bush, and looked up at the great white clouds, changing subtly-slow their shapes, as they hung in the pale English sky. And out she looked, along the moor, with its blending of bronze and green and gray, its splashes of yellow, its clear serenity of sunlight, its stretches of bluish, slow-moving shadow, its purple distance.

She turned her face so that her cheek pressed the cool earth.

"O moor!" she said. "There is no longer any thou and I. The bush of gorse I am; the little, stunted, wind-blown hawthorn tree, and the patch of gray, sheep-trodden grass. O moor, I am the Tor uplifted on thy breast. The earth against my cheek is not more thou than I am thou. There is a garden of heather in my heart."

She lay a long time in this place. She had tossed her hat into the gorse, and the wind played havoc with her hair. After awhile a man came riding by. She sat up, startled; but, although the man looked her way, he did not seem to see her. He rode fast, and glanced over his shoulder anxiously, often, as if he feared pursuit. His face was young, but pallid and grief-stricken. He wore high boots, a queer, old-fashioned hat, a long, wind-blown cloak. He carried something very tenderly in his arms, something that wailed in a thin, high, desolate little voice. Even after she could no longer see the rider and his horse, Dolly heard again and again that plaintive sound, and her own cheeks were dabbled wet with tears.

And a second time one came riding by. This was an oldish gentleman, grizzled and ruddy, in a fawn-colored cloak with three little shoulder capes, and a quaint, truncated, cone-shaped beaver with a chased silver buckle on the hatband. He lashed his horse, and drove in the spurs mercilessly. And he also, passing, looked at Dolly, yet did not seem to see her. And suddenly, when he was a little way off, his horse stumbled, and he went over its head, and lay huddled together on the ground. But when Dolly ran to help him, she could not find him. Neither could she see his horse anywhere.

"I may have been asleep," she said; "and that was why he was dressed like Sir Anthony Absolute in Sheridan's *Rivals*."

And now, again, she heard the far, faint cry of a young child. "But did I dream?" she questioned.

At sundown a mist came in from the sea. The edges drifted along the tops of

the moorland hills like a frayed curtain. Sometimes the curtain was suddenly rent in twain, and Dolly could see out over the endlessness of the moor. Sometimes the curtain swirled around her, thick and chill, shrouding her from the world. Her hair was damp; she tasted the sea on her lips.

"I am the mist on the moor," she chanted. "I am the salt, fragrant mist. I remember!"

The long twilight had almost faded into night, and the mist had turned from shining white to duller and duller gray, when a grayer shape loomed up ahead of her, and she saw a house. Sheep were bleating, and close at hand there was a man with a pipe in his mouth, leaning over a gate, looking at her.

For a moment her heart beat uncomfortably fast; then she said, "Good evening!"

"Evenin', miss," replied the man, lifting his cap.

"I have been here before," she remarked, looking beyond him at the gray old house.

"Not in my time, miss."

Dolly laughed, and pointed to a window in the thatch: "I have looked out from yonder window."

The man's eyes followed her finger. "When was that, miss?" he queried politely; but his tone was incredulous.

"I don't know."

He bent a keen look upon her. She was hatless, disheveled; the yellow flowers hung limp in her buttonholes.

"Where is it you're thinkin' to pass the night, miss?"

"I had n't thought!" She regarded him with a look half merry, half surprised. "Why, really, I had n't thought. But the moor is a friendly place. I like to lie in the heather."

The man opened the gate with an awkward gesture of invitation: "'Tis not so friendly when the mist's abroad," he said. "You'd best come in, and my missus'll make up a bed for you."

Dolly wavered a moment, looking from

the house to the moor, and back again to the house. "They both call me," she said. "Why is that?" Then, with a lingering, backward look, she came inside the gate.

"You've been a-wanderin' out there a good bit of a while, I'm thinkin'," he remarked. "What do your friends be about not to look out for you?"

"They were in the carriage. I wanted to walk." She turned on the doorstone, and smiled into his face. "I was a long time away, but I have come back!"

They went down a stone passage to a big, old-fashioned kitchen, where a gentle, blue-eyed woman was washing up the tea things.

"Here's a young lady will stay the night," said the man. "She've lost her way a-wanderin' over the moor."

"Oh, no!" interrupted Dolly. "I have n't lost my way."

The contradiction disconcerted her host. He opened his mouth, and shut it again. His wife, however, led their guest to the fire, saying, —

"'T is true, a body is not lost because she happens to be a bit far from home."

Her English was formal and a little prim; she evidently avoided the dialect.

"I don't think I'm far from home," said Dolly.

"It's what I'm thinking, miss," returned the woman. "I seem to know your face; but where it is I've seen you I could n't say."

Dolly gazed into the fire. Presently, as if she had just heard the woman's words, she said, "You could n't have seen me, unless you've lived in America."

The man and his wife stared at her helplessly. "But you've not the voice of Americans, miss," said the woman; "you've the voice of home-folk."

"And the coachman said I walked like a moorland maid," mused Dolly.

"She've lost her way and her wits, both," whispered the man.

"Bring the new milk for the young lady's supper," quoth his wife, ignoring the remark.

The crackle of frying bacon roused Dolly.

"I have n't had anything to eat since breakfast," she announced, with her pretty laugh. "I had forgotten all about it."

"Oh, miss, to think of that!" cried the woman. "Whatever have you been about to forget your victuals?"

"It was the moor," said Dolly. She went to the window and looked out, but a hedge cut off the view. She moved restlessly to the door. "I want to see it," she explained; "I'll go out."

"No, dearie, not to-night," soothed the woman. "Come, now, sit up to table, and eat this good cream."

"It calls me," said Dolly.

"'T is in the blood of some folk," the woman answered.

"It's in my blood," said Dolly.

"It should n't be, if you are from America," objected the woman. "You're mazed, with nothing to eat. A night's sleep will set you up, and to-morrow my man'll take you home."

Dolly ate her supper obediently; but twice she got up from her chair and strayed to the door. The woman coaxed her back again, and each time Dolly said, "It calls me."

When she had eaten eggs and bacon and jam and cream, her hostess took her upstairs to an ancient four-post bed in a dusky bedroom.

"We've little company," said the woman; "but it's a way I have, of keeping the bed ready."

She laid out a coarse, clean nightgown, and bade her guest good-night. But Dolly did not turn her head from the window in the thatch, where she stood looking out on the moor.

The moon had risen, and a fresh wind was blowing the mist away, tearing it into strange shapes that hurried past the house in a wild, uncanny dance. The girl slipped to the floor, and leaned her chin on the window-sill. Presently the wide, dim moor lay revealed in the moonlight, billowed like the sea, but motionless. After a little, Dolly's open-eyed

dreaming began to be troubled. Sorrow stirred in her heart, vague at first, but taking definite shape until it grew a sharp, conscious grief that brought tears, and blurred the moonlit vision of the moor. She had not given a thought to Bob all afternoon, but now she whispered, —

“Dear Bob, don’t ask me to go!”

And, as in all that day’s experience, she was aware that this sorrow was no fresh sorrow, but something that she had suffered long ago.

“How can that be, when it must come to-morrow?” she questioned. “To-morrow? — I suppose I ought to go to bed.”

When she lay between the sheets, she could still look out across the moor. The grief which had overwhelmed her oppressed her spirit, but now the element of loneliness entered into it. Her lips quivered, and tears splashed on the pillow.

“Why am I so forlorn, when Bob is waiting,” she sighed. “Who is it that I want?”

She did not know how long she lay there indulging in little gusts of weeping; but on a sudden, — why, she could not tell, — she was comforted. There was no grief, nor any cause for grief. Her heart brimmed with contentment. She forgot why she had wept. The tears dried on her cheeks. Clear-eyed, she looked around the room, and there was a woman sitting in a chair beside the little table on which the snuffed-out candle stood, — a young woman, with bright chestnut hair like Dolly’s own. She wore a flowered Watteau gown, but the colors were paled and silvered by the moonlight. The wistfulness of her lovely face was inexpressibly touching. She was not looking at Dolly. She sat with her head resting against the high back of the chair, her chin a little uplifted, her hands idly lying along the chair-arms. The attitude was one of fatigue, of patience, of hope deferred.

As a child, waking from its nap before its mother is aware, lies quiet for a while with eyes fixed on its mother’s

unconscious face, so Dolly lay. And when the woman arose and came toward the bed, Dolly’s heart gave a glad little leap, as the heart of a child leaps when it sees its mother coming to take it in her arms. The woman came on a step or two, listlessly. Then she saw Dolly, and her eyes changed. The hungry look went out of them, and in its place flashed uncertainty, followed by intense, swift rapture. With arms outstretched she came running. And Dolly, with kindred rapture, looked up wordless into the lovely brooding face, and smiled, — that innocent, wide-eyed way babies smile.

A long time they held communion thus, silently, spirits touching; but at last, with a caress light as the touch of a butterfly’s wing, the woman whispered: —

“They have sent you back to me. My baby!”

And Dolly knew, what she had known from the beginning, that in the eyes of the woman whose arms encircled her she was a newborn babe, — the woman’s own; and this knowledge, and the nearness of the woman, gave her peace. Need for speech had not awakened within her. The woman bending above her had become all her world, and between her and the woman flowed a voiceless language, from mother-spirit to child-spirit, to and fro. Nevertheless, presently the woman began to sing a song with words to it, softly, in a happy voice: —

“A many summers the sun has shone on the
moorland,
Endlessly ripening heather, and gorse, and
bracken.
Ghosts are learning patience in the school of
eternity.

“Fruitful the moorland, bringing forth blossomy children;
A mother of heather-bells, a nursing-mother
of conies and crickets.
Since I became human, nine times I was born
a living soul.

“Mingled of many voices the voice of the
moorland,
Bird-call, wind-wail, cries of dumb four-footed
creatures.

Very restless are the dead mothers who have never sung a lullaby.

"The moorland holds her children jealously close to her breast ;

Their purple, and their gold, and their gnarly twigs belong to her.

When destiny beckons, the soul comes home to its place.

"Heaved up like the tumultuous sea, is the moorland,

But its billows are motionless, they rest uplifted.

I am at peace now ; I have sung my baby to sleep."

And Dolly, listening, fell asleep with the mother-face bending above her.

"I see you have a ghost in the house," she remarked casually to her hostess next morning.

"Yes," the woman answered, busy at the stove about Dolly's breakfast. "'T is the poor lady looking for her baby." Then she turned with sudden interest: "But you did n't see her, miss?"

"Yes," said Dolly; "I saw her."

"But it's the children that see her," objected the woman. "I never knew man or woman that did. My man has n't set eyes on her since he was in frocks; and I was going on eight years the last time. You see, miss, I was raised an orphan by his mother. She gave me schooling, and I was a pupil-teacher two years and kept myself. But he missed me."

She flushed shyly: "I think often of the ghost-mother, now that my own little one will so soon be here. 'T is sad for her to see a newborn babe in the house, and not her own."

"Last night she found her own," said Dolly.

"Found her own?" ejaculated the woman.

"I saw her face when she found it," said Dolly. "I saw her take it in her arms. I heard her sing a little lullaby to it."

"You saw the baby?" gasped the woman.

"No," said Dolly, after a pause; "I did n't see the baby."

"But — but" —

"Tell me about her," Dolly begged. "How did she lose her baby? Was she your husband's great-grandmother?"

"Oh, no, miss! She's no ghost of ours; the family have always taken it a bit hard her being here, — not that there was ever any harm in her, poor thing. In my man's great-great-grandsire's day she lived; her father was lord of the manor, and all his hope was in her; he had no other child. She was beautiful, as you'll know, having seen her ghost" —

The woman paused, and amazement swept over her face. "You look like her!" she stammered. "I thought I knew your face! Oh, miss, there's something strange in all this! Don't you feel it?"

"Yes," Dolly assented; "I feel it."

"And you saw her find her baby!"

"Tell me more," said Dolly.

"Her father meant to make a great match for her, but she failed him. She'd an aunt in Wales she visited, — but never for long; she was one that had the moor in her blood, — like you, miss." Again perplexity clouded the woman's brow: "But you're American."

"Yes," said Dolly.

"The family came out of Wales and lived on the moor back behind the time history begins. One of the Conqueror's barons married a wild maid of the moor, long since. The young lady could never bide long away; but 't was time enough for falling in love; and he was in trade, — the son of a tailor. One night he came out over from Abergavenny, and she went with him and was married. But when the child was coming, the longing for the moor took hold of her so that it was a kind of madness, and she would have it she must come back. All her people had been born on the moor. They came secretly, and she lay here a day and a night; the babe was born at midnight, and the mother died at dawn. Then word was brought that the grandfather had got wind of the matter and would take the child, — 't was a maid, — and the hus-

band, for resentment and grief, fled away with it."

"I know," said Dolly; "I saw him yesterday, and the baby cried."

"You saw him yesterday, miss? But that was more than a hundred years ago!"

"I saw him yesterday, riding across the moor."

"And did you see the old gentleman? Did you see what happened to the old gentleman?"

"I think he broke his neck."

"You've heard the story before."

"No; I saw him thrown from his horse. Where did the husband go?"

"To America!" — the woman took Dolly by the shoulders, — "to America! But you could n't be that baby. You could n't! 'T was more than a hundred years ago."

And then there was a sound of excited talking outside, of hurried steps, and a young man, unkempt and haggard, came running into the room. When he saw Dolly, he said: "Thank God!" in a loud, shaky voice; and again, "Thank God!" He held Dolly's hat in his hand, the hat she had left in the gorse bush.

For a moment Dolly looked as if she had never seen this young man before; and then she said, "Bob!" And then she put out her hands to push him off, and said, "Don't ask me to go!"

"Dolly!" cried the young man, "I've been looking for you all night long. We did n't get worried till nearly dark, and then I started out of Lynton to meet you. I walked all the way to Porlock, thinking every imaginable horror. They gave me a pony and a guide there, and we've chased all over this infernal moor till we — oh, Dolly, suppose" —

His voice broke, and he held out his hands.

"You can't take me," she repeated, backing away from him. "I was enchanted a hundred years. But the moor has set me free."

His hands fell to his sides, and he, too, stepped back.

"To-morrow I'll try to make a joke of it, if you want to, Dolly; but now, — when I've just found you," —

"You have n't found me," said Dolly; and she laughed.

"Hush!" he cried. "I thought of death. I thought of worse than death, out there among those hidden valleys, in the middle of the night. You shall not laugh!"

"Why do you try to find me?" said Dolly piteously. "Please go away, Bob!"

Something a little alien and unreal in her face arrested him. He turned questioning eyes upon the farmer's wife.

She answered with a slight warning shake of the head, and added in a soothing tone, meant evidently for Dolly's ear: "She's a bit upset, sir; what with the long day on the moor, and last night seeing our ghost."

Dolly had turned to the window, and was standing on tiptoe, trying to see beyond the hedge. Pity, contrition, shocked uncertainty, crowded into Bob's face. He gathered himself together and spoke to her gently, humbly, not venturing to move nearer.

"Tell me about it, dear! Let me understand."

She came to him then, and laid her hand upon his arm, looking up into his face with sweet eyes a little wild, and a whimsical, elfish smile on her lips.

"We thought it was Dolly, did n't we, Bob? American, and twentieth century, and all that. We thought father was the president of a bank and mother believed in woman's suffrage. We thought I was born in Brookline, Massachusetts, and went to school in Farmington." She laughed, her eyes danced, but without merriment. She lifted her face a little nearer to his. "We were mistaken, Bob. I have remembered the forgotten things, from long ago. When I lie on the heather I am invisible. Yesterday two ghosts passed by, and never saw me. I am the moorland. I am not different from it at all. They could n't see me. And I am some of the ghosts."

He had been watching her gravely,

intent upon her words, and now an amazed comprehension began to dawn in his face. He was a healthy young man, but he was also a student, and he had just received his Ph.D. in Celtic research. His studies had taught him, among other things, that there are times when common sense should be held in abeyance. Dolly, instinctively aware of his change from passive to active sympathy, nestled closer.

"The ghost-mother has been waiting so long for me, and I never loved any one as I love her," she whispered. "You won't take me away, Bob?"

He curbed a very natural desire to explain to her the absurdity of her request. He choked back the bitter words of wounded love that rose to his lips. His restraint was the more heroic in that he had not breakfasted.

"I will be content with what you think you ought to do," he said. "Who is the ghost-mother?"

"Tell him!" she bade the farmer's wife, who was laying a second plate on the table. And, while Bob fortified his unselfish impulses with jam and cream, the woman told again the ghost story.

"And she sang me to sleep, Bob; listen!" Dolly crooned the strange lullaby.

"Why should she sing in Welsh triads, if she was an eighteenth-century ghost?" mused Bob.

"She did n't make the song," Dolly murmured. "The moor made it; the moor that mothered her and me, and sings in my blood. You cannot take me away. The moor will call me back. And I shall remember how the ghost-mother waits to sing me to sleep."

"Asking your pardon, miss," interrupted the farmer's wife; "but she won't sing again. You've laid her for good and all. It's a saying in our family that when the baby comes back to the moorland and its mother's arms, the poor lady will cease to walk. You're not a baby, of course, miss; but it's plain she thought you were, and if she's satisfied, you can

go your way with nothing on your conscience."

"Yes," said Bob, casting a grateful glance at the woman, and endeavoring to disguise his eagerness. "You have brought her peace. Don't you see, dear? And now you can come home with me."

"But the moor?" said Dolly. "No! No!" And she got up, and would have run out of the room, but he was at the door before her, and took her hands.

"Dolly, you and I will go out on the moor together, and you shall choose between us."

She looked up at him like a tormented, reproachful child, and tried to draw her hands away. "But there won't be any choice," she said with gentle obstinacy; "I belong to the moor."

"You shall not say"—he began; but the wildness came into her eyes, and recalled him to himself. "You said the moor had set you free," he ended, with forced gentleness.

"Yes, free! You cannot take me away!"

"Free to choose. It is between me and the moor, Dolly."

"This happened a long time ago," said she, "when I was another ghost. Why must I have that heartbreak again? He was the son of a tailor, — but I listened to him."

"And you will listen to me."

"Out on the moor, — you said, — not here."

"Yes; on the moor."

He left her with the farmer's wife while he despatched his guide a-horseback to Lynton to relieve the minds of Mrs. Monroe and Nan. From the farmer he learned that he might strike the road two miles from Lynton, by following a little track the farmer's donkey had worn across the moor. Whereupon Bob had a happy thought, and hired the donkey. And when Dolly was set upon its back, they three went out over the wavering trail.

But after a while Bob grew desperate. Dolly seemed almost oblivious of his

presence. She did not hear him when he spoke to her; she sat like one dazed. Sometimes her lips moved, but he could not hear what she said. Sometimes she laughed. Twice she slipped off Neddie's back, and went down on her knees, plucking heather, kissing it, talking to it, until Bob lifted her up and set her again on the donkey.

At last the young man came to the end of his patience. He gave Dolly a little shake, and deliberately turned her face to his.

"Now it is my turn," he said. "You must listen to me."

"The moor will not let me." Her eyes were rapt and shining.

"I am going to blindfold you, Dolly; perhaps you can listen then. Let us see which voice is clearer when you cannot see, — mine, or the voice of the moor."

Reluctantly she let him tie her handkerchief over her eyes; and when he had adjusted the knot and made sure that she could not see, he took her in his arms, and whispered, —

"Now do you hear me, sweetheart?"

"I hear the voice of the tailor's son," she sighed. And under his breath Bob said, "Damn!"

"Ah, do not ask me to choose."

"She went away with the tailor's son," Bob persisted, keeping her in his arms as he walked beside the donkey. "She went away with him, and he made her very happy."

"But he had to bring her back," said Dolly. "She came back to the moor."

"I'll bring you back, — I promise."

"From America?"

"Yes, — when you want to come."

"I think the tailor's son must have made that promise. She never would have gone with him else."

Bob's heart lightened. She had spoken of those dead-and-gone people as if they were outside herself.

The donkey had turned into the high-road now; the gorse no longer plucked at their garments; Bob's feet no longer crisped the heather.

"We'll come back and collect folk-tales and traditions," he said cheerily.

"Can we — on the moor?"

"I should think we could," he laughed. "You've collected several centuries of them since yesterday."

"I did?" The handkerchief moved as she wrinkled her brows, and he quickly pressed it against her eyes. The girl turned and clung to him.

"Nan did n't feel that way when she saw the moor; and your mother hated it. And even you walk on the outside, though somehow you understand. But I was one with it, Bob. I was the blossoms and the little pools, the Tor and the ancient peoples. I was a wild thing. I was women and men, and mist, and purple distance. I was the mother who bore me, and I was my own great-great-grandfather riding a breakneck race after the baby that was myself newborn." She waited a moment, and then slipped one arm gropingly around his neck, and laid her cheek against his: "You don't say it is nonsense, Bob."

After a moment he chanted these words softly: —

"I have been in a multitude of shapes,
Before I assumed a consistent form.

"I have been the dullest of stars.
I have been a word among letters.

"I have been a drop in a shower.

"I have been a string in a harp."

"The words are not mine, but it belongs to me!" she cried. "It sounds like a song."

"A poet sang it, dearest, centuries ago, in Wales and hereabout. His name was Taliessin, and men said he had drunk of the Cup of the Grail, and knew all wisdom."

Again there was silence; but Dolly still kept her arm around Bob's neck.

"You are too good to me," she said at last, with a little sob. "I forgot all about you yesterday. I did not even remember there was a you, — until night; and then I only wished you were not. I've hurt

you so! I've been cruel and horrid. You must n't want to marry me, Bob; I belong to the moor, and you are not a part of that life. I might forget you again."

"Not again, beloved. I am one of the hidden memories now. I have wrestled with the magic. You could not shut me out if you would."

"I would not," she whispered.

He bent his face to hers. The donkey stood still.

"Are we still on the moor?" she asked presently.

For answer he untied the bandage. They stood on the great foreland above Lynton, facing the blue, sun-sparkling summer sea.

She gave an ecstatic gasp, then turned

to look back; but Bob took her face between his hands, and she had to look into his eyes instead.

"What is it?" he asked, after a while, for her eyes were troubled.

"I am trying to remember whether I was happier than this when the ghost-mother sang me to sleep."

"And?"

"I — I am afraid not."

He laughed victoriously, and kissed her eyes.

"If she has gone to her rest at last, I shall never hear her sing the lullaby again," she said. "I had not thought of that. It grieves me."

"But you can sing it yourself — to — to" — said Bob.

THE CRITIC AND THE LAW

BY RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

A RECENT prosecution by the People of New York, represented by Mr. Jerome, of a suit for criminal libel, attracted the attention of the entire nation. The alleged libel set forth in the complaint had appeared in *Collier's Weekly*, stating the connection of a certain judge with a certain unwholesome publication. The defense to this action was that the statement was true; and, somewhat to the joy of all concerned, excepting the judge, the unwholesome publication, and those who were exposed in the course of trial, as being its creatures, the jury were obliged to find that this defense was sound. From a lawyer's point of view it was surprising to find that even professional critics and editorial writers looked upon this case as involving that part of the Common Law which prescribes the limits of criticism. It only needs to be pointed out that the statement relied upon as defamation was a statement of fact, to show that the case against the Collier editors involved no

question of a critic's right to criticize or an editor's right to express his opinion. If the suit had been founded on the criticism of the contents of the unwholesome publication which had been offered to the public for those to read who would, then the law of fair comment would have controlled. No doubt, however, even the trained guides to the public taste seldom realize the presence of a law governing their freedom of comment. Such law is in force none the less, and, though the instinct to express only fair and honest opinion will generally suffice to prevent a breach of legal limits, it is ventured that the consideration of the law upon the subject is important not only to the professional critic, but to any man who has enough opinion on matters of public interest to be worth an expression.

It is public policy that the free expression of opinion on matters of public interest should be as little hampered as possible. Fair comment, says the law, is the

preventive of affectation and folly, the educator of the public taste and ethics, and the incentive to progress in the arts. Often fair comment is spoken of as privileged. But privilege in legal sense means that some statement is allowed to some particular person on some particular occasion, — a statement that would be libel or slander unless it came within the realm of privilege. On the other hand, fair comment is not the right of any particular person or class, or the privilege of any particular occasion; it is not exclusively the right of the press or of one who is a critic in the sense that he is an expert. Doubtless the newspaper or professional critic is given a greater latitude by juries, who share the prevalent and not ill-advised view that opinion expressed by the public press is usually more sound than private comment. The law, however, recognizes no such distinction. Any one may be a critic.

In civil actions of defamation, truth in a general way is always a defense; whether the person against whom the suit is brought has made a statement of fact or opinion, if he can prove his words to be true, he is safe from liability. Such was the defense of the Collier editors in the criminal case mentioned above. Fair comment, however, does not need to be true to be defended, for it is, if we may use the phrase, its own defense. Then what is fair comment?

The right to comment is confined to matters which are of interest to the public. To endeavor to give a list of matters answering this requirement would be an endless task; even the courts of England and this country have passed only upon a few. Instances when the attention, judgment, and taste of the public are called upon are, however, most frequent in the fields of politics and of the arts. Such are the acts of those entrusted with functions of government, the direction of public institutions and possibly church matters, published books, pictures which have been exhibited, architecture, theatres, concerts, and public entertainments.

Two reasons prohibit comment upon that which has not become the affair of the public nor has been offered to the attention of the public: — the public is not benefited by the criticism of that which it does not know, and about which it has no concern, and the act of the doer or the work of the artist against which the comment is directed cannot be said to have been submitted to open criticism. The requirement which seems right in principle, and has been laid down many times in the remarks of English judges, was perhaps overlooked in *Battersby vs. Collier*, a New York case. Colonel Battersby, it appeared, was a veteran of the Civil War, and for six years had been engaged in painting a picture representing the dramatic meeting of General Lee and General Grant, at which Colonel Battersby was present. This painting was intended for exhibition at the Columbian Exposition. Unfortunately, a few days before Christmas, a young woman of a literary turn of mind had an opportunity to view this immense canvas, and was less favorably impressed with the painting than with the pathos surrounding its inception and development. Accordingly she wrote a story headed by that handiest of handy titles, *The Colonel's Christmas*, but she did not sufficiently conceal the identity of her principal character. Colonel Battersby sued the publishers, and for damages relied upon the aspersions cast upon his picture, which in the story was called a "daub." More than that, there occurred in the narrative these words: "What matters it if the Colonel's ideas of color, light, and shade were a trifle hazy, if his perspective was a something extraordinary, his 'breadth' and 'treatment' and 'tone' truly marvelous, the Surrender was a great, vast picture, and it was the Colonel's life." The court held that this was a fair criticism; but it does not plainly appear that Colonel Battersby had yet submitted his six-year painting to the attention of the public, or that it had at the time become an object of general public interest; and if it had

not, the decision would seem doubtful in principle.

On the other hand, in *Gott vs. Pulsifer* there was involved the "Cardiff Giant," whom all remember as the merriest of practical jokes in rock, who made Harvard scientists rub their eyes, and called forth from one Yale professor a magazine article to prove that the man of stone was the god Baal brought to New York State by the Phœnicians. The court said that all manner of abuse might be heaped on the Giant's adamant head. "Anything made subject of public exhibition," said they, "is open to fair and reasonable comment, no matter how severe." So you might with impunity call the Cardiff Giant, or Barnum's famous long-haired horse, a hoax; they were objects of general public interest, and any one might have passed judgment upon them.

Letters written to a newspaper may be criticised most severely, as often happens when Constant Reader enters into a warfare of communication with Old Subscriber, and so long as the contention is free from actionable personalities, and remains within the bounds of fair comment, neither will find himself in trouble. Nor is the commercial advertisement immune from caustic comment, if the comment is sincere. The rhymes in the street cars, the posters on the fences, the handbill that is thrust over the domestic threshold, and the signboard, that has now become a factor in every rural sunset or urban sunrise, must bear the comment upon their taste, their efficiency, and their ingenuity, which by their very nature they invite. In England a writer was sued by the maker of a commodity for travelers advertised as the "Bag of Bags." The writer thought the commercial catch-name was silly, vulgar, and ill-conceived, and he said so. The manufacturer in court urged that the comment injured his trade; but the judges were inclined to think that an advertisement appealing to the public was subject to the public opinion and its fair expression. What is of interest to the general public, so that comment thereon

will be a right of the public, may, however, in certain cases trouble the jury. A volume of love sonnets printed and circulated privately, and the architecture of a person's private dwelling, might furnish very delicate cases.

In a time when those who desire to be conspicuous succeed so well in becoming so, it is rather amusing to wonder just what may be the difference between the right to comment on the dancer on the stage, and on the lady who, if she has her way, will sit in a box. Both court public notice, — the dancer by her penciled eyebrows, her tinted cheeks, her jewelry, her gown, and her grace, the lady in the box, perhaps, by all these things except the last; both wish favorable comment, and perhaps ought to bear ridicule, if their cheeks are too tinted, their eyebrows too penciled, their jewelry too generous, and their gowns too ornate. A more sober view, however, will show that the matter is one of proof. The dancer who exhibits herself and her dance for a consideration necessarily invites expressions of opinion, but it would be difficult to show in a court of law that the gala lady in the box meant to seek either commendation, — or disapproval.

A vastly more important and interesting query, and one which must arise from the present state and tendency of industrial conditions, is whether the acts of men in commercial activity may ever become so prominent, and so far-reaching in their effect, that it can well be said that they compel a universal public interest, and that public comment is impliedly invited by reason of their conspicuous and semi-public nature. It is ventured that at no time have private industries become of such startling interest to the community at large as at present in the United States. At least a few have had an effect more vital to citizens, perhaps, than the activities of some classes of public officials which are open to fair comment, and certainly more vital than the management of some semi-public institutions, which are also open to honest criticism.

As to corporations, it would seem that, as the public, through the chartering power of legislation, gives them a right to exist and act, an argument that the public retains the right to comment upon their management must have some force; in the case of other forms of commercial activity, whose powers are inherent and not delegated, the question must rest on the determination of the best public policy, — a determination which in all classes of cases decides, and ought to decide, the right of fair comment.

When once the comment is decided to be upon a matter of public interest, there arises the consideration whether or not the comment is fair. The requirement of the law in regard to fairness is not based, as might be supposed, upon the consideration whether comment is mild or severe, serious or ridiculing, temperate or exaggerated; the critic is not hampered in the free play of his honest opinions; he is not prohibited from using the most stinging satire, the most extravagant burlesque, or the most lacerating invective. In 1808, Lord Ellenborough, in *Carr vs. Hood*, stated the length of leash given to the critic, and the law has not since been changed. Sir John Carr, Knight, was the author of several volumes, entitled *A Stranger in France*, *A Northern Summer*, *A Stranger in Ireland*, and other titles of equal connotation. Thomas Hood was rather more deserving of a lasting place in literature than his victim, because of his sense of humor, and his well-known rapid-fire satire. According to the declaration of Sir John Carr, the plaintiff, Hood had published a book of burlesque in which there was a frontispiece entitled "The Knight leaving Ireland with Regret," and "containing and representing in the said print, a certain false, scandalous, malicious and defamatory and ridiculous representation of said Sir John in the form of a man of ludicrous and ridiculous appearance holding a pocket handkerchief to his face, and appearing to be weeping," and also representing "a malicious and ridiculous man

of ludicrous and ridiculous appearance following the said Sir John," and bending under the weight of several books, and carrying a tied-up pocket handkerchief with "Wardrobe" printed thereon, "thereby falsely scandalously and maliciously meaning and intending to represent, for the purpose of rendering the said Sir John ridiculous and exposing him to laughter, ridicule and contempt," that the books of the said Sir John "were so heavy as to cause a man to bend under the weight thereof, and that his the said Sir John's wardrobe was very small and capable of being contained in a pocket handkerchief." And at the end of this declaration Sir John alleged that he was damaged because of the consequent decline in his literary reputation, and, it may be supposed, because thereafter his books did not appear in the list of the "six best-selling" in the Kingdom.

But no recovery was allowed him, for it was laid down that if a comment, in whatever form, only ridiculed the plaintiff as an author, there was no ground for action. Said the eminent justice, "One writer, in exposing the follies and errors of another, may make use of ridicule, however poignant. Ridicule is often the fittest weapon for such a purpose. . . . Perhaps the plaintiff's works are now unsalable, but is he to be indemnified by receiving a compensation from the person who has opened the eyes of the public to the bad taste and inanity of his compositions? . . . We must not cramp observations on authors and their works. . . . The critic does a great service to the public who writes down any vapid or useless publication, such as ought never to have appeared. He checks the dissemination of bad taste, and prevents people from wasting both their time and money upon trash. Fair and candid criticism every one has a right to publish, although the author may suffer a loss from it. Such a loss the law does not consider an injury; because it is a loss which the party ought to sustain. It is, in short, the loss of fame

and profits to which he was never entitled."

Criticism need not be fair and just, in the sense that it conforms to the judgment of the majority of the public, or the ideas of a judge, or the estimate of a jury; but it must remain within certain bounds circumscribed by the law.

In the first place, comment must be made honestly; in recent cases much more stress has been laid upon this point than formerly. It is urged that if criticism is not sincere, it is not valuable to the public, and the ground of public policy, upon which the doctrine of fair criticism is built, fails to give support to comment which is born of improper motives or begotten from personal hatred or malice. Yet he who seeks for cases of criticism which have been decided against the critic solely on the ground that the critic was malicious must look far. The requirement in practice seems difficult of application, since, if the critic does not depart from the work that he is criticising, to strike at the author thereof as a private individual, and does not mix into his comment false statements or imputations of bad motives, there is nothing to show legal malice, and it is almost impossible to prove actual malice. If you should conclude that your neighbor's painting which has been on exhibition is a beautiful marine, but if, because you do not like your neighbor, you pronounce it to be a dreadful mire of blue paint, it would be very hard for any other person to prove that at the moment you spoke you were not speaking honestly. Again, if the comment is within the other restrictions put by the law upon criticism, it would seem that to open the question whether or not the comment was malicious is in effect very nearly submitting to the jury the question whether or not they disagree with the critic, since the jury have no other method of reaching a conclusion than that the critic was or was not impelled by malice.

Malice, in fact, is a bugaboo in the law, — and the law, especially the civil

law, avoids dealing with him whenever it can. Yet it is quite certain that malice must be a consideration in determining what is fair comment; an opinion which is not honest is of no help to the public in its striving to attain high morals and unerring discernment. All the reasons of public policy that give criticism its rights fly out of the window when malice walks in at the door.

Some decisions of the courts seem to set the standard of fair comment even higher. They not only demand that the critic speak with an honest belief in his opinion, but insist also that a person taking upon himself to criticise must exercise a reasonable degree of judgment. As one English judge expressed it in charging the jury: "You must determine whether any fair man, however exaggerated or obstinate his views, would have said what this criticism has said." It would seem, however, that in many cases this would result in putting the judgment of the jury against that of the critic. To ask the jury whether this comment is such as would be made by a fair man is not distinguishable from asking them whether the comment is fair, and it sometimes happens that, in spite of the opinion of the jury, — in fact, the opinion of all the world, — the single critic is right, and the rest of the community all wrong. Does any one doubt that the comment of Columbus upon the views of those who opposed him would have been considered unfair by a jury of his time, until this doughty navigator proved his judgment correct? What would have happened in a court of law to the man who first said that those who wrote that the earth was flat were stupidly ignorant? Often the opinion or criticism which is the most valuable to the community as a contribution to truth is the very opinion which the community as a body would call a wild inference by an unfair man; to hold the critic up to the standard of a "fair man" is to deprive the public of the benefit of the most powerful influences against the perpetuity of error.

No better illustration could be found than the case of *Merrivale and Wife vs. Carson*, in which a dramatic critic said of a play: "*The Whip Hand* . . . gives us nothing but a hash-up of ingredients which have been used *ad nauseam*, until one rises in protestation against the loving, confiding, fatuous husband with the naughty wife, and her double existence, the good male genius, the limp aristocrat, and the villainous foreigner. And why dramatic authors will insist that in modern society comedies the villain must be a foreigner, and the foreigner must be a villain, is only explicable on the ground that there is more or less romance about such gentry. It is more in consonance with accepted notions that your continental croupier would make a much better fictitious prince, marquis, or count, than would, say, an English billiard-maker or stable lout. And so the Marquis Colonna in *The Whip Hand* is offered up by the authors upon the altar of tradition, and sacrificed in the usual manner when he gets too troublesome to permit of the reconciliation of husband and wife and lover and maiden, and is proved, also much as usual, to be nothing more than a kicked-out croupier." The jury found that this amounted to falsely setting out the drama as adulterous and immoral, and was not the criticism of a fair man. Granting that there was the general imputation of immorality, it seems, justly considered, a matter of the critic's opinion. Is not the critic in effect saying, "To my mind the play is adulterous, — no matter what any one else may think, the play suggests immorality to me?" And if this is the honest opinion of the critic, no matter how much juries may differ from him, it would seem that to stifle this individual expression was against public policy, the very ground on which fair criticism becomes a universal right. It does not very clearly appear that the case of *Merrivale and Wife vs. Carson* was decided exclusively on the question whether the criticism was that of a fair man, but this was the leading point of the

VOL. 97 — NO. 5

case. The decision and the doctrine it sets forth seem open to much doubt.

Criticism must never depart from a consideration of the work of the artist or artisan, or the public acts of a person, to attack the individual himself, apart from his connection with the particular work or act which is being criticised. The critic is forbidden to touch upon the domestic or private life of the individual, or upon such matters concerning the individual as are not of general public interest, at the peril of exceeding his right. Whereas, in *Fry vs. Bennett*, an article in a newspaper purported to criticise the management of a theatrical troupe, it was held to contain a libel, since it went beyond matters which concerned the public, and branded the conduct of the manager toward his singers as unjust and oppressive. J. Fenimore Cooper was the plaintiff in another suit which illustrates the same rule of law. This author had many a gallant engagement with his critics, and, though it has been said that a man who is his own lawyer has a fool for a client, Mr. Cooper, conducting his own actions, won from many publishers, including Mr. Horace Greeley and Mr. Webb. In *Cooper vs. Stone* the facts reveal that the author, having completed a voluminous *Naval History of the United States*, in which he had given the lion's share of credit for the Battle of Lake Erie, not to the commanding officer, Oliver H. Perry, but to Jesse D. Elliot, who was a subordinate, was attacked by the *New York Commercial Advertiser*, which imputed to the author "a disregard of justice and propriety as a man," represented him as infatuated with vanity, mad with passion, and publishing as true statements and evidence which had been falsified and encomiums which had been retracted. This was held to exceed the limits of fair criticism, since it attacked the character of the author as well as the book itself. The line, however, is not very finely drawn, as may be seen by a comparison of the above case with *Browning vs. Van Rensselaer*, in which the

plaintiff was the author of a genealogical treatise entitled *Americans of Royal Descent*. A young woman, who was interested in founding a society to be called the "Order of the Crown," wrote to the defendant, inviting her to join and recommending to her the book. The latter answered this letter with a polite refusal, saying that she thought such a society was un-American and pretentious, and that the book gave no authority for its statements. The court said that this, even though it imputed that the author was at fault, was not a personal attack on his private character.

An intimate relationship almost always exists between the doer of an act which interests the public and the act itself; the architect is closely associated with his building, the painter with his picture, the author with his works, the inventor with his patent, the tradesman with his advertisement, and the singer with his song; and the critic will find it impossible not to encroach to some extent upon the personality of the individual. It seems, however, that the privilege of comment extends to the individual only so far as is necessary to intelligent criticism of his particular work under discussion. To write that Mr. Palet's latest picture shows that some artists are only fit to paint signs is a comment on the picture, but to write, apart from comment upon the particular work, that Mr. Palet is only fit to paint signs is an attack upon the artist, and if it is untrue, it is libel for which the law allows recovery.

No case presents a more complete confusion of the individual and his work than that of an actor. His physical characteristics, as well as his personality, may always be said to be presented to general public interest along with the words and movements which constitute his acting. The critic can hardly speak of the performance without speaking of the actor himself, who, it can be argued, presents to a certain extent his own bodily and mental characteristics to the judgment of the public, almost as much as do the os-

sified man, and the fat lady of the side show.

The case of *Cherry vs. the Des Moines Leader* will serve to illustrate how far the critic who is not actuated by malice may comment upon the actors as well as the performance, and still be held to have remained within the limits of fair criticism. The three Cherry sisters were performers in a variety act, which consisted in part of a burlesque on *Trilby*, and a more serious presentation entitled, *The Gypsy's Warning*. The judge stated that in his opinion the evidence showed that the performance was ridiculous. The testimony of Miss Cherry included a statement that one of the songs was a "sort of eulogy on ourselves," and that the refrain consisted of these words:—

"Cherries ripe and cherries red ;

The Cherry Sisters are still ahead."

She also stated that in *The Gypsy's Warning*, she had taken the part of a Spaniard or a cavalier, and that she always supposed a Spaniard and a cavalier were one and the same thing. The defendant published the following comment on the performance: "Effie is an old jade of fifty summers, Jessie a frisky filly of forty, and Addie, the flower of the family, a capering monstrosity of thirty-five. Their long, skinny arms, equipped with talons at the extremities, swung mechanically, and anon waved frantically at the suffering audience. The mouths of their rancid features opened like caverns, and sounds like the wailings of damned souls issued therefrom. They pranced around the stage with a motion that suggested a cross between the *danse du ventre* and fox-trot, — strange creatures with painted faces and hideous mien." This was held to be fair criticism and not libelous; for the Misses Cherry to a certain extent presented their personal appearance as a part of their performance.

The critic must not mix with his comment statement of facts which are not true, since the statement of facts is not criticism at all. In *Tabbart vs. Tipper*, the earliest case on the subject, the de-

fendant, in order to ridicule a book published for children, printed a verse which purported to be an extract from the book, and it was held that this amounted to a false accusation that the author had published something which in fact he had never published; it was not comment, but an untrue statement of fact. So when, as in *Davis vs. Shepstone*, the critic, in commenting upon the acts of a government official in Zululand, falsely stated that the officer had been guilty of an assault upon a native chief, the critic went far beyond comment, and was liable for defamation. Not unlike *Tabbart vs. Tipper* is a recent case, *Belknap vs. Ball*. The defendant, during a political campaign, printed in his newspaper a coarsely executed imitation of the handwriting of a political candidate of the opposing party, and an imitation of his signature appeared beneath. The writing contained this misspelled, unrhretorical sentence: "I don't propose to go into debate on the tarriff differences on wool, quinine, and such, because I aint built that way." Readers were led to believe that this was a signed statement by the candidate, and the newspaper was barred from setting up the plea that the writing was only fair criticism made through the means of a burlesque; it was held that imputing to the plaintiff something he had never written amounted to a false statement of fact, and was not within fair comment.

The dividing line between opinion and statement of fact is, however, most troublesome. Mr. Odgers, in his excellent work on *Libel and Slander*, remarks that the rule for the distinction between the two should be that "if facts are known to hearers or readers or made known by the writer, and their opinion or criticism refers to these true facts, even if it is a statement in form, it is no less an opinion. But if the statement simply stands alone it is not defended." Applying this rule, what if a critic makes this simple statement: "The latest book of Mr. Anonymous is of interest to no intelligent man"? According to the opinion of Mr. Odgers,

it would seem that such a sentence standing alone was a statement of fact, whereas it is ventured that no one can think that the critic meant to say more than that in his opinion the book was not interesting. In *Merrivale and Wife vs. Carson*, the jury found that the words used by the critic described the play as adulterous, and the court said that this was a misdescription of the play, — a false statement of fact; but an adulterous play may be one which is only suggestive of adultery; and even if the critic had baldly said that the play was adulterous, many of us would think that he was only expressing his opinion.

Since the test of whether the statement is of opinion or of fact lies, not in what the critic secretly intended, but rather in what the hearer or reader understood, the question is for the jury, and, it seems, should be presented to them by the court in the form: "Would a reasonable man under the circumstances have understood this to be a statement of opinion or of fact?"

One other care remains for the critic: he must not falsely impute a bad motive to the individual when commenting upon his work. No less a critic than Ruskin was held to have made this mistake in the instance of his criticism of one of Mr. Whistler's pictures. This well-known libel case may be found reported in the *Times* for November 26 and 27, 1878. "The mannerisms and errors of these pictures," wrote Mr. Ruskin, alluding to the pictures of Mr. Burne-Jones, "whatever may be their extent, are never affected or indolent. The work is natural to the painter, however strange to us, and is wrought with utmost care, however far, to his own, or our desire, the result may yet be incomplete. Scarcely as much can be said for any other picture in the modern school; their eccentricities are almost always in some degree forced, and their imperfections gratuitously if not impertinently indulged. For Mr. Whistler's own sake, no less than for the protection of the purchaser, Sir Coutts Lindsay ought not to have admitted works

into the gallery in which the ill-educated conceit of the artist so nearly approached the aspect of wilful imposture. I have seen and heard much of cockney impudence before now, but never expected to hear a coxcomb ask 200 guineas for flinging a pot of paint in the public's face."

Out of all this, stinging as it must have been to Mr. Whistler, unless, since he loved enemies and hated friends, he therefore found pleasure in the metaphorical thrashings he received, the jury could only find one phrase, "wilful imposture," which, because it imputed bad motives, overstepped the bounds of fair criticism.

Mr. Odgers's treatise states the rule to be that "when no ground is assigned for an inference of bad motives, or when the writer states the imputation of bad motives as a fact within his knowledge, then he is only protected if the imputation is true. But when the facts are set forth, together with the inference, and the reader may judge of the right or wrong of the opinion or inference, then if the facts are true, the writer is protected." It is, however, difficult to see why the imputation of bad motives in the doer of an act or the creator of a work of art should in any case come under the right of fair comment, for, no matter how bad the motives of the individual may be, they are of no consequence to the public. If a book is immoral, it is immaterial to a fair criticism whether or not the author meant it to have an immoral effect; the public is not helped to a proper judgment of the book by any one's opinion of the motives of the author, and if the book is bad in its effect, it makes it no better that the author was impelled by the best of intentions, or makes it no worse that the author was acting with the most evil designs. And if, as in most of the cases that have arisen, the imputation is one of insincerity, fraud, or deception practiced upon the public, — where, for example, the critic, in commenting upon a medical treatise, about which he had made known all the facts, said that he thought the au-

thor wrote the book, not in the interest of scientific truth, but rather to draw trade by exploiting theories which he did not believe himself, — it would seem that this charge of fraud or deception should not be protected as a piece of fair comment, but that it should be put upon an equality with all other imputations against an individual, which if untrue and damaging would be held to be libel or slander. Under Mr. Odgers's rule, in making a comment upon the acts of a public officer, one could say, "In pardoning six criminals last week the governor of the province, we think, has shown that he wishes to encourage criminality." No court would, we think, hold this to be within the right of fair comment upon public matters. If the critic had said, however, "We think that the governor of the province, in pardoning six criminals, encouraged criminality," all the true value of criticism remains, and the imputation that the public officer acted from an evil motive is stripped away. The best view seems to be that the right of fair comment will not shield the false imputations of bad motive.

Whether or not the critic may impute to the individual certain opinions does not seem to be settled, but logically this would be quite as much a statement of fact, or a criticism directed at the individual, as an imputation of bad motives. A few courts in this country have expressed a leaning to the opposite view, but the ground upon which they place their opinion does not appear.

From the legal point of view, then, we as critics are all held to a high standard of fairness. We must not comment upon any but matters of public interest. We must be honest and sincere, but we may express any view, no matter how prejudiced or exaggerated it may be, so long as it does not exceed the limits to which a reasonably fair man would go; we must not attack the individual any more than is consistent with a criticism of that which he makes or does, and we must not expect that we are within our right of

comment when we make statements of fact or impute to the individual evil motives.

All the world asks the critic to be hon-

est, careful, above spite and personalities, and polite enough not to thrust upon us a consideration in which we have no interest. The law demands no more.

LIFE INSURANCE AND SPECULATION

BY CHARLES J. BULLOCK

I

THREE years ago, the author called the attention of the *Atlantic's* readers to the remarkable concentration of banking interests in the city of New York.¹ It was even then apparent that the larger life insurance companies were an important factor in the financial world, and that the money under their control was being freely utilized in the speculative enterprises of the time. The possible dangers of such relations were so manifest that the author was constrained to refer to them in his account of the general banking situation. But at that time, although rumors were abundant, evidence of actual wrong-doing was difficult to obtain; and the most that could be said was that it was unfortunate "to have life insurance and trust companies drawn so largely into the domain of speculative finance."

The shocking disclosures of the past year have proved that the alliance of insurance with speculative finance was not only improper, upon its very face, but actually productive of such abuses as the slightest knowledge of human nature should have led one to expect. Yet the conditions had existed for many years without arousing serious criticism, and there is reason to think that even now their full significance is not generally understood. The present article, therefore, is devoted to this single phase of the life insurance situation. It proposes to show that the participation of the larger com-

panies in Wall Street speculation explains no small part of the evils that have existed in the past, and points clearly to dangers that will be encountered in the future. It may indicate, also, some of the fundamental conditions which must be met by any plans for genuine reform.

Why the great insurance companies entered the domain of speculation is not hard to understand. For the better part of a generation, they have engaged in a mad race for business, which has been so far successful as to increase enormously the size and scope of their operations. The rapid growth of the funds which they were obliged to hold as a reserve against future liabilities, and the accumulation of large surpluses over and above reserve requirements,² placed in their hands an enormous amount of capital for which they were obliged to find some kind of investment. At the present time the gross assets of legal-reserve companies of the United States exceed two and one half billion dollars; and of this amount, something less than one half belongs to the New York Life, the Equitable, and the Mutual Life of New York, — the "Big Three" of the insurance world. How to invest, safely and profitably, such pro-

² These surpluses, which were supposed to be held for the benefit of holders of "deferred-dividend" policies, were probably the strongest single force making for demoralized, speculative management. Practically, the companies were not accountable for the use made of such funds; and could therefore waste millions, or lose millions in speculative enterprises, without serious danger of discovery.

¹ *Atlantic Monthly*, August, 1903.

digious sums became many years ago a problem of no little difficulty. Real estate and mortgages in New York City and adjacent districts would not have provided a sufficient outlet without forcing the rate of interest down to unremunerative figures; Western investments would involve Eastern companies in considerable expense, care, and risk; and therefore the insurance millions overflowed into the general security market, — Wall Street.

If the officers of the companies had been content to play the part of disinterested investors, sifting the securities offered and purchasing the best, they would have served their policy-holders well, and their relations with Wall Street would have furnished no ground for just criticism. Indeed, by maintaining the highest standards and avoiding all entangling alliances they might have exerted a wholesome influence in behalf of conservative and honest finance. But conservatism and absolute honesty are virtues hard to cultivate in the face of such temptations as Wall Street offers, and the insurance magnates yielded to the seductions there encountered.

In the first place, they were the masters of hundreds of millions of capital, which must be invested and constantly reinvested. It was free capital, not specialized in buildings or machinery or stocks or goods, but free to find investment in any class of securities; from the very nature of the case, therefore, its managers wielded tremendous power in the security market. Their favor was sought by bankers and others who had securities to sell; and they, in turn, thought to extend their influence, and the field for favorable investment, by making alliances with the leaders of the world of finance. Little by little they forgot that their sole function should be the conservative investment of trust funds, and began to participate in active operations of a speculative character, — operations legitimate enough for one who plays with his own money, but grossly improper for those who act as

trustees. And then opportunities came to make personal gains from enterprises in which insurance moneys were invested, often without loss to the companies in their charge. Thus nice moral distinctions were blurred; imperceptibly the ordinary obligations of trusteeship were ignored; and gradually life insurance drifted into the devious mazes of Wall Street finance.

But this was not the view of Wall Street, which was well content to have the insurance millions remain within easy reach, and laughed to scorn the suggestion that there was anything dangerous or improper in the situation. "Of course the funds of the insurance companies are in Wall Street," was the universal reply to foolish and inconvenient questions; "where else should they be? Do you think it possible to find investment for so much money in Boston — or Cambridge?" The alliances with other institutions and interests were declared to be highly advantageous to the companies; and the private speculations of officers and trustees could be criticised only by persons of a suspicious turn of mind. Elsewhere it might be difficult to serve two masters; in a small place like Boston it might be unfashionable to combine private business and the management of trust funds; but in Wall Street both things were carried on together with safety and propriety every day in the year. And the doubting Thomas was invited to contemplate the size of the great insurance companies. "Could such magnificent institutions have been built up in a country village, where the officers would have been hampered by old-fashioned business methods and 'paternal' legislation?"

II

Thanks to recent revelations, we can now construct a circumstantial account of the alliance of insurance with high finance. The first stage in the descent to Avernus was the acquisition of large or controlling interests in banks, trust com-

panies, and other financial institutions. The insurance companies had much business for banks or trust companies to do; why not, then, concentrate it in institutions under their own control, and secure the profits which some one must derive from it? So, too, in the making of real estate and mortgage investments, the services of title-insurance and mortgage companies could be utilized; and here, apparently, lay another opportunity for entering subsidiary enterprises. Then, safe-deposit companies would make good tenants for the basements of the buildings erected with insurance money, and by organizing such concerns the insurance companies could profit both as landlords and stockholders. In all these ways the large companies came to participate more or less actively in outside enterprises. The New York Life, for instance, controlled the New York Security and Trust Company; the Equitable was heavily interested in the National Bank of Commerce, the Mercantile and the Equitable Trust Companies, the Lawyers' Title Insurance Company, and similar concerns in New York and other cities; while the Mutual had large holdings in the Bank of Commerce, the Guaranty, and the Morton Trust Companies, the United States Mortgage and Trust Company, and various other institutions.

At first sight the argument by which these investments were justified — and are still defended — did not lack plausibility. The insurance companies need banking facilities and other services of the sort just described, and it would seem advantageous to handle such matters through their own agents, and thus participate in the profits legitimately accruing therefrom. As a matter of fact, the stocks of allied institutions now owned by the Equitable and the Mutual are valued at much more than the prices originally paid for them; so that these transactions have apparently shown handsome profits. But this view of the case overlooks several important considerations. First and foremost, by the control of these subsidiary

enterprises, the insurance managers were carried into a field they ought never to have entered. As powerful bankers and financiers, they almost inevitably became active in Wall Street operations, and lost the independence and conservatism that should have guided all their actions as trustees of insurance funds. It is impossible to gainsay the conclusion reached by the Armstrong Committee, that these investments virtually made the companies partners in enterprises they were never intended to conduct.

And in the next place, the profits realized from the allied institutions were largely illusory. In order to facilitate the operations of the banks and trust companies, enormous sums of insurance money were kept upon deposit with them, usually at two per cent interest. The annual reports of the three big companies at the end of 1902 showed that no less than \$62,300,000 of their resources consisted of cash on deposit with banks and trust companies, — an amount which, judging by the experience of other companies, was from two to three times as large as was necessary for any legitimate purpose. And these figures, moreover, show nothing but what the insurance managers, after doctoring their reports or shifting their assets as much as was considered necessary, were willing to report to the insurance department at Albany. We now know that the Equitable Society was in the habit of reducing these balances at the close of the year considerably below their amount at other times. In 1903, for instance, the company had \$37,029,000 upon deposit in November; and then reduced the amount to \$24,240,000 at the end of December; only to increase it to \$39,677,000 by January 31, 1904, after the annual report had been made. There is little doubt that the Mutual and the New York Life were guilty of similar practices; so that it is probable that the three big companies placed eighty or one hundred millions of money in various banking institutions whenever it was needed for Wall Street operations. Upon

every dollar of these excessive balances the policy-holder lost the difference between the usual two per cent interest allowed by the banks, and the four or four and one half per cent which ought to have been secured. Moreover, it has been proved that at least one of the companies carried excessive balances in the favored banks at times when especially good opportunities were offered for making permanent investments. In August, 1903, when the Equitable Society had \$36,399,000 of cash on deposit, President Alexander expressed regret that he was unable to take advantage of unusually favorable conditions in the security market. "We should be buying a good many such things," he wrote to one of his subordinates, "were it not that we are so strapped for money by *engagements already made*. . . . All this is very annoying, because if we had five or ten millions of dollars to invest now, we could make a great deal of money."¹

And in the second place, some of the allied institutions paid absurdly low rents for the offices they occupied in buildings belonging to the insurance companies, so that the dividends upon their stocks represented, in no small part, rents that were withheld from the rightful recipient. The Equitable Society was probably the worst, but by no means the only, sufferer from such practices.² For accommodations in

the home office of the Equitable Society, at 120 Broadway, the Mercantile Safe Deposit Company paid an aggregate rental of \$483,000 between September 17, 1890, and December 31, 1904; while during the same period the lessor expended no less than \$479,000 for alterations, repairs, and similar outlays upon the premises occupied by the lessee. This left the lessor the handsome sum of \$4000 to meet the current expenses for heat, light, and service, — to say nothing of a profit upon its investment; and meanwhile the lessee was paying 29 per cent dividends. A similar arrangement with the Equitable Safe Deposit Company of Boston, and its successor, the Security Safe Deposit Company, brought the insurance company a total rental of \$168,000 from 1878 to 1904; while alterations and additions to the premises involved an outlay of \$162,000 between 1891 and 1904. By this transaction and others, the Equitable Society netted an income of only 1.58 per cent upon its building in Boston, while the Security Safe Deposit Company was enabled to pay 18 per cent dividends. Equally remunerative contracts were made in St. Louis, and probably elsewhere.

Inevitably the development of allied and subsidiary institutions opened the door for corruption. If the insurance companies had owned all the stock of these enterprises, they might have recovered, as stockholders, all they lost as landlords or depositors. But since they owned only a part of it, the other stockholders must share in the pickings; and these others were, of course, the managers of the insurance companies. The late Henry B. Hyde and his friends and successors were stockholders in the concerns that paid infinitesimal rents and declared handsome dividends. They were interested also in the banks or trust companies that held the excessive cash balances at low rates of interest. The managers of the New York Life were interested in the New York Security and Trust Company, and the great men of the Mutual had large

¹ The Armstrong Committee ascertained that, when conditions were favorable, the New York Life kept large deposits with the New York Security and Trust Company at one and one half per cent less than the current rate of interest, in order to provide the Trust Company with resources for making loans. The Mutual Life purchased \$6,000,000 of the four per cent bonds of the United States Mortgage and Trust Company, while the Trust Company received four and one half per cent on the underlying mortgages by which the bonds were secured.

² The Mutual Life probably suffered heavily in this manner, but its affairs have not been probed sufficiently to disclose the true situation. It is reported that leases in the Mutual Life building were overhauled on Oct. 1, 1905, at the time of the Armstrong investigation.

holdings in a number of institutions. The philanthropic McCurdy, with others of the Clan McCurdy, organized at his home the Morristown Trust Company, in which the Mutual Life held part of the stock and supplied much of the business. Not only did the managers profit at the expense of policy-holders in the ordinary transactions of the parasitic concerns, but they secured illicit gains in the extraordinary operations that were sometimes undertaken. When the Equitable Trust Company increased its stock, the Equitable Life Insurance Society kindly refrained from taking its full allotment at \$150 per share, in order that its officers might enlarge their holdings upon these favorable terms. The society was content to provide for its own needs by purchasing subsequently the same stock at \$500 per share.¹ When the Western National Bank was merged with the Bank of Commerce, the Equitable Society exchanged its stock in the former institution for stock in the new bank at the rate of \$140 of new for \$100 of old, with a cash bonus of \$70,—a total of \$210; while stockholders who did not join in the consolidation were offered \$600 in cash. At the time, the book value of Western National shares was \$245, and the price which the Equitable received was \$35 less. Mr. Snyder, a director of the Equitable and the President of the Bank of Commerce, when asked what the Equitable Society had really gained by the merger, was obliged to say, "Nothing but promises and prospects."²

¹ Then, too, the Equitable in 1903 and 1904 made frequent purchases of Equitable Trust stock at from \$640 to \$750 per share, and sold various amounts of this stock at about \$500 per share. It also bought Mercantile Trust stock at \$800 to \$1,000, and sold it to Mr. Gould and Mr. Harriman at \$500. These sales, it appears, generally had the approval of the finance committee.

² The facts here presented concern chiefly the Equitable Society because its affairs have been most fully investigated. A careful private investigation of the Mutual Life's affairs seems to show that, as stock of subsidiary institutions became increasingly valuable, owner-

"But anyway," it is argued, "whatever the hypercritical may say, the companies have actually made large profits from ownership of stock in these allied institutions." It should not be forgotten, however, that the market values now assigned the shares in banking institutions are not wholly real. Those values represent, to some extent at least, capitalized insurance plunder; and if the fostering care of the insurance companies should be withdrawn, the market quotations of the stock of various banks and trust companies would be materially reduced. The Frick Committee, which investigated the Equitable's affairs a year ago, was undoubtedly right in declaring:—

"Profit through the increase in market value of a stock can be made only through the actual sale of the stock. A stock is worth no more than it can be liquidated for; and a pertinent question in this connection would be, could the society withdraw its protecting support from these auxiliary concerns and dispose of its stock holdings at present market rates? If it could not, its profit through the appreciation in stock values is at least partly fictitious."

Control of financial institutions was the first step into Wall Street speculation; alliances with the great banking houses and various powerful corporations were the second. It was proper for the companies to call bankers and other men of affairs into their directorates, where they could act in a general advisory capacity; but it was highly improper for such directors to make the companies generally useful to themselves in the corporate or private enterprises with which they were connected. Especially unfortunate was it for some of these gentlemen to serve on important committees that had to deal with investments and other matters in

ship of shares shifted as peculiarly as in the Equitable. The terms of such sales are not yet known; but it seems certain that the company's holdings tended to decrease while those of directors belonging to the inner circle increased.

which they were personally interested. Corporation ethics are still in a rudimentary stage of development in the United States, and the duties and responsibilities of directors are but dimly apprehended; yet we already had enough dearly-bought experience to warn us of the dangers of the situation.

From the New York Life Insurance Company, President McCall became a director of the First National Bank, and Vice-President Perkins entered the banking house of J. Pierpont Morgan and Co. Then Mr. Stillman, President of the National City Bank, was made a director of the New York Life; and Messrs. McCall and Perkins were added to the directorate of the City Bank. Thus the insurance company was tied up to two of the three largest banks, and the most prominent banking house, in the city of New York. In the Equitable, Mr. Jacob H. Schiff, of the banking house of Kuhn, Loeb and Co., occupied a position on the finance committee; and Mr. Edward H. Harri- man, the head of what are coming to be known as the "Standard Oil" railroad interests, became an influential director. In the Mutual Life, Mr. George F. Baker, President of the First National Bank, entered the directorate and was made chairman of the finance committee; Mr. Henry H. Rogers, manager of the speculation side of the Standard Oil interests, became chairman of the agency committee; and Mr. William Rockefeller also entered the board. Other bankers and railroad or financial magnates were among the directors of the three companies, but were not, in most cases, actively concerned in the conduct of affairs. It is sufficient for our present purpose to point out the principal connections established between Wall Street and the business of life insurance. When we recall that the Bank of Commerce, with its \$25,000,000 of capital, was under the control of the Equitable and the Mutual, as well as a large number of smaller financial institutions, as described above, it will be seen that the big com-

panies were intimately associated with the three largest banks, two or more of the leading banking houses, numerous chains of banks and trust companies, and the powerful group of Standard Oil capitalists. In 1903 these alliances controlled nearly half of the banking capital of New York, and, in all probability, secured a like proportion of the business transacted; since that time there has been no material change in the tendency toward financial consolidation.

Thus the management of insurance money drifted more and more into the control of persons who were issuing the securities in which the companies invested. The majority of the insurance directors knew little concerning the manner in which affairs were conducted, and the officers, with the support of the executive or finance or agency committees, ran matters to suit themselves. A few men, therefore, began to wield financial power such as the country had never before known, and Wall Street entered upon what it was pleased to call a new era of finance. If a new company was to be launched, an old one supplied with additional capital, or a block of government securities floated, the bankers having the enterprise in charge could safely count upon the aid of the great financial alliances; such support usually secured the success of the undertaking, and the largest operations were put through with the utmost dexterity and despatch. The process dazzled the business world for a time; we now know that the brilliancy of the transactions was due very largely to the fact that the same men were acting as both buyers and sellers.

Precisely how far insurance money figured in these operations we do not know. Mr. Perkins and Mr. Schiff have presented figures showing that the New York Life and the Equitable Society, respectively, purchased but a comparatively small part of the securities which their banking houses placed upon the market during the period in question; but this is not the whole of the matter. In the first

place, when two of the big companies, or even all three of them, coöperated, the amount of securities thus disposed of was by no means inconsiderable.¹ Then, behind them were ranged the numerous subsidiary institutions which held the cash balances of the insurance companies, balances which, upon occasion, probably ranged from eighty to one hundred million dollars, and could be loaned to persons who were in position to claim a share of the profits that were being distributed to the members of the ring. Moreover, the insurance companies made loans upon collateral security, loans which, as reported to the insurance department, aggregated thirty or forty millions, and were probably larger at times when great projects were under way, and the annual reports were not in process of compilation. The fact is that the direct investments of the large companies, their collateral loans, their deposits with allied institutions, and the loans which those institutions were able to make, have been one of the controlling factors in the money and security market for the last six or eight years. Even before the late disclosures, thoughtful observers were beginning to be alarmed at the concentration of such immense power in a few hands, and were dreading the further growth of a financial oligarchy based partly upon the control of insurance capital. Indeed, the rapid increase in the assets of the big companies seemed to foreshadow conditions in which the insurance magnates would dominate the world of finance.

III

Some of the results of combining life insurance with speculation are now matters of record, but it must not be supposed that we yet know all, or, possibly, the worst of the facts. Even Mr. Hughes, through the shortness of the time at his disposal, was unable to do more than

wring from unwilling witnesses sufficient evidence to show the kind of things that had been going on. He discovered enough to serve as a basis for remedial legislation, but had to leave many things untouched. He was obliged, also, to confine his attention chiefly to New York companies; and therefore could not do justice to some others, such as the Prudential Life, of Newark, the close ally of the Mutual and Equitable, which is now trying to prevent an investigation of its affairs by the legislature of New Jersey. The truth is that, whenever and wherever the inquisitor's probe has been inserted into insurance companies having Wall Street connections, a festering mass of corruption has been brought to light. Almost every week that passes discloses new details hitherto unsuspected, and we can only imagine the discoveries that would be made if an honest and independent man like Mr. Hughes, as president of the Equitable, Mutual, or New York Life, were allowed to conduct an investigation from within. It must be remembered, furthermore, that many of the evils, and those the most dangerous, were in their infancy; so that, even if the whole truth were known, we should see but the mere beginning, and not the inevitable end, of organized corruption.

But the facts now at hand are grave indeed. Wall Street magnates constantly borrowed money of insurance companies of which they were trustees, — a practice which seems to have been taken as a mere matter of course. Sometimes they received peculiar favors from companies in which they were not trustees.² Mr. Edward H. Harriman, for instance, obtained a loan of \$500,000 from the New York Life, which was extended for a very

² In such matters there seems to have been a certain amount of reciprocity between the companies. Thus President McCall of the New York Life borrowed \$75,000 from the Metropolitan Life at the very moderate rate of one and one half per cent, while President Hegeman of the Metropolitan Life borrowed \$50,000 from President McCall's company at the same reasonable rate.

¹ It was stated, for instance, that with two Japanese loans, amounting to \$55,000,000, the insurance subscriptions called for nearly one third of the offering.

long period, and then repaid, in June, 1905, *without interest*. This little oversight was not corrected until after the opening of the present year. The same company showed a disposition to be helpful to the First National Bank, of which President John A. McCall was a director. In 1902 it loaned the bank \$5,000,000 of bonds to be used as security for government deposits which were supposed to be secured by bonds owned by the bank. Then, when the bank negotiated a loan of \$6,000,000 to Senator W. A. Clark, secured by bonds of an unfinished railroad, the insurance company became a participant in the transaction, lending \$500,000 without other security than a letter from the vice-president of the bank, stating that the bank had collateral for the company. It would be interesting, in this connection, to have the loans of the Mutual Life examined, in order to ascertain whether Mr. George F. Baker, president of the bank and trustee of the Mutual, placed a part of this loan with any other company than the New York Life, and if so, upon what collateral. The incident, in any event, illustrates the possible uses which large banks have for insurance companies, and the possible disadvantages of keeping policy-holders' money too near Wall Street.

The relations of the companies to private bankers have occupied an important place in the discussion of the past year, and are probably understood by most readers of the *Atlantic*. Mr. Perkins, a partner in a prominent banking house, was vice-president and a member of the finance committee of the New York Life. In this dual capacity he participated in transactions in which he inevitably figured as buyer and seller of certain securities brought out by the banking house and purchased by the company. An inconvenient statute of New York provides that no officer or director of an insurance company shall "receive any money or valuable thing" for "selling or aiding in the sale of any stock or securities to or by such corporation;" and, accordingly,

Mr. Perkins turned over to the company his share in the profits realized by the banking house upon such sales. He has testified that he endeavored to serve both masters well, and was confident that he had done his full duty by both; but the net result of his activity seems to have been that the insurance company furnished a reliable market for "Morgan securities," — digestible and indigestible. Particularly open to criticism were the participation in underwriting the unfortunate International Mercantile Marine Company, and the purchase of collateral trust bonds secured only by the deposit of stock taken at a high valuation.¹ On the board of the Equitable Society, Mr. Schiff refused a position upon the committee analogous to that on which Mr. Perkins served in the New York Life; but so far overcame his scruples as to accept a place upon another committee that was entrusted with the duty of inspecting all investments which the executive committee made for the society. His position, therefore, was not free from serious embarrassment. In 1904, the Equitable Society bought from Kuhn, Loeb and Co. a block of Japanese bonds at 93½, which it *resold to the bankers* a few months later at about 91, a loss of 2½ points on the transaction. From the same firm the Equitable bought Metropolitan Street Railway refunding bonds, not underlying securities, and paying but four per cent, at about 97. These bonds are now selling at 90 or 91, and are an interesting illustration of the fact that it is sometimes better to buy in the open market than to have close relations with a banking house. Then, too, the Equitable bought certain collateral trust bonds, a kind of investment which, as Mr. Schiff

¹ When, for instance, Mr. Morgan acquired a controlling interest in the Louisville and Nashville, buying at a very high figure, the stock was saddled upon the Atlantic Coast Line, which issued collateral trust bonds secured by the stock. The New York Life Insurance Company promptly invested in \$5,000,000 of these bonds, the book value of which it stated at \$5,000,000 on December 31, 1902. To-day the bonds sell for less than 95.

has since admitted, an insurance company "on principle" would better avoid. His experience, therefore, in supervising the Equitable's investments may well deter others from entering into relations of such delicacy.

Not content with serving in his dual capacity, Mr. Perkins undertook even a third rôle, and became a trustee of "Nylic," a parasitic association of highly-paid agents of the New York Life. This made his part in the game extremely complex, as the following incident will show. Upon one occasion Messrs. J. P. Morgan and Co. were invited to coöperate in the purchase of a block of Mexican Central bonds, and the matter was referred to partner Perkins, who decided that "business reasons" made it undesirable for the firm to accept the proposal. The project seemed an attractive one, however, and he agreed forthwith to take \$1,000,000 of the bonds for "Nylic." But "Nylic" did not have the needed cash in its treasury, so that it was necessary to borrow; and, accordingly, Mr. Perkins secured from the New York Life Insurance Company, at five per cent interest, a loan by means of which the transaction was carried through. Here we have Perkins, the partner, rejecting a business proposition; and then, after a "constructive recess," Perkins, the "Nylic" trustee, accepting the offer, upon confidential information that Perkins, the New York Life Director, would consent to finance the undertaking. There were probably good business reasons why the banking house should not accept the bonds; but it is not so easy to see why the insurance company, which furnished all the money, should not have received all the profits. As it was, Mr. Perkins allowed the New York Life five per cent interest for supplying the money; and allotted the profits, amounting to \$40,000, to "Nylic," which contributed to the venture nothing but the services of a trustee. He found difficulty in explaining the affair to Mr. Hughes, and might find it still harder to explain to Mr. Jerome why the payment of \$40,000 to "Nylic" was not

an unlawful diversion of insurance funds.

In late years, participation in "underwriting" enterprises has been a favorite method of combining life insurance and speculation. When a banker undertakes to bring out large issues of securities for which he guarantees the issuer a certain price, he invites the coöperation of financial institutions and private capitalists in order to divide the risk attending the operation. If the banker underwrites securities at 91, he may form a syndicate to take up a large part of the securities at 91½, thus allowing himself an initial commission of one half of one per cent. If he then succeeds in selling the securities in the market at an average price of 96, there will be a handsome profit to be divided among the members of the syndicate. If, however, it proves impossible to sell the securities at 91½, the members will have to pay the full amount of their subscriptions; and will lose the difference between the price they pay and the price the securities ultimately command. Where an issue finds a ready market at a high price, the syndicate is called upon for little or no cash, but reaps large profits; and this, in prosperous times, is all that underwriting is thought to involve. But in such a project as the flotation of the International Mercantile Marine Company, the underwriters have to pay their subscriptions in full, and the syndicate receives a batch of indigestible securities which cannot be unloaded upon the market without great loss. Underwriting, therefore, is a speculative enterprise, in which success or failure depends upon the future prices of particular stocks or bonds, frequently those of new and untried companies. For a person who invests his own money, it may be both pleasant and profitable; for one who handles trust funds, it is no more and no less objectionable than any other speculation in securities.

But it has been argued that the large insurance companies were justified in joining underwriting syndicates, because in this way they were enabled to "get in on the ground floor," and obtained

desirable investments at less than the subsequent market prices. This argument would apply, in any case, only to syndicates in which the companies underwrite securities which they desire to hold as permanent investments, and are allowed to withdraw the bonds or stocks for which they subscribe. If this is done, the companies may obtain investments a little under the market price;¹ yet not in all cases, since securities sometimes sell at a lower price than that at which they were underwritten. But in most syndicates the members were not allowed to withdraw in this manner; and if they desired permanent investments, were obliged to go into the open market and purchase at the regular price. The syndicate transactions, therefore, were purely speculative; and in many instances dealt with securities that the companies would not have thought of holding as regular investments. Nevertheless, for fully a decade, life insurance funds were freely used in most of the important underwriting ventures in New York.

The matter was made worse by speculating directors, who, while contributing to the success of a project by committing their company to it, proceeded to enter the speculation upon their own account. At first, insurance directors would slink into the offices of bankers, and beg for a small personal participation in the syndicate; later, they demanded it as a condition precedent to favorable action by their companies; and at last they formed syndicates among themselves, and reduced the practice to a science, making little attempt at concealment. Wall Street, of course, knew what was going on,

and considered it the most natural thing in the world. When they appeared before the Armstrong Committee, the offenders pleaded that they did not allow their personal interest in the speculations to affect their judgment as directors, and protested that it would be impossible to find officers for corporations if private investments were to be restricted by puritanical notions about the obligations of trustees. Yet when Mr. Hughes confronted them with the plain question, "Do you think it proper that you should make money out of purchases of securities by your company?" they could only say they had never looked at the matter in that way. In point of fact, they had usually sent their companies into the open market to support by purchases the prices of the securities upon which their personal gains from the syndicate transactions depended.

In some of the underwriting projects the insurance companies made considerable money; but in a few, they met with losses. The first United States Steel syndicate conducted a very successful speculation; the Mercantile Marine underwriting proved an unsuccessful venture. In most cases the gains were moderate, since the lion's share of the profit was diverted into other hands. Directors had to get part of the underwriting; subsidiary banks or trust companies must be allowed to participate;² and occasionally the profits were expended for political and other purposes that would not look well if recorded upon an insurance company's

¹ It was argued also that the bankers held the key to the situation, and that the companies must "stand in" with them in order to obtain the best terms. It is now generally conceded that the big companies were such large customers that they, and not the bankers, occupied the position of advantage. If they had maintained a perfectly independent position, and made alliances with no particular bankers, they would have had a free hand in purchasing the best the market afforded.

² One such case should be described here. In the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy syndicate, the Equitable was allotted a participation of \$1,500,000. Of this amount two thirds was given by the Equitable to allied financial institutions and speculating directors. All of the money, however, was supplied by the insurance company, the other parties paying nothing. When the profits were received, the Equitable retained but one third, and distributed the remainder among the associated speculators. All this time, moreover, the insurance company was in the market purchasing the bonds, and thereby contributing to the syndicate's profits.

books. Then by opening "joint accounts" with some favored banker, the company would receive but half the profits from deals in which it supplied all the cash; the banker, who received the other half of the profits, supplying nothing but "facilities." Of this class were the celebrated transactions of the New York Life, which Mr. Perkins negotiated with the firm of Fanshawe and Co. The most interesting, perhaps, of all these speculative deals was the \$50,000,000 pool in Union Pacific preferred stock, engineered for Mr. Harriman by Kuhn, Loeb and Co. As a favor to Mr. Hyde, Mr. Harriman allowed the Equitable Society to purchase some \$1,900,000 of the stock under an agreement that the securities should not be sold, but should be held as long as the operations of the pool continued. Even if the profits from such ventures had been uniformly large, they would have been all too dearly bought by insurance companies; for if speculative deals undertaken at the behest of bankers and railroad magnates had continued, ultimate disaster would have been almost certain.

With the other abuses disclosed during the past year this article is not concerned, except in so far as they bear upon the alliance of insurance and speculative finance. Control of the mutual companies, like the New York and Mutual Life, had fallen absolutely into the hands of the managers through their power to obtain proxies. In sole possession of the names and addresses of policy-holders, and with the aid of the agents in the field, the officers could bid defiance to any one who attempted to organize an opposition. With the directors divided into classes, of which only one class could be displaced in any year, the task of a policy-holders' committee, under any ordinary conditions, would have been simply overwhelming. The directors, as a rule, "did not direct," and knew comparatively little about their companies; while the few who were active in the management were usually gentlemen who had ulterior objects in view. And then of legal inter-

ference there was slight danger, since the notorious Section 56 of the New York insurance law made it impossible for policy-holders to bring suits against a company without the consent of the attorney-general;¹ and with that official the companies expected to have the last word. Finally, political influence, at Albany and elsewhere, made legislative interference unlikely. Irresponsible control, by executive officers and a coterie of speculating directors, seemed to be impreguably defended by the firmest ramparts ever erected for entrenched rascality. Thus ideal conditions were assured for operations in "high finance," which, whatever its form, always means irresponsible control of other persons' money.

The various states, of course, had provided insurance departments to supervise the companies and protect the interests of the policy-holders. In Massachusetts an able and honest official a few years ago brought the Prudential Life to book for its proposed merger, upon scandalous terms, with the Fidelity Trust Company. But such cases were not common, and the average state commissioner was inefficient or corrupt, — or both. The annual reports of the insurance companies were systematically manipulated in order to conceal the true condition of their affairs, and the complaisant officials at Albany conducted but perfunctory examinations. Campaign contributions were not properly recorded, although the law provided that falsifying books should be punished as forgery in the third degree. The New York Life availed itself of its intimate relations with the New York Trust Company, successor to the New York Security and Trust Company, to conceal the fact that it owned

¹ By a recent opinion of Judge Kellogg, in a suit brought against the Equitable Society by a policy-holder, this section has been given an interpretation which opens the door for suits brought against directors to secure an accounting for funds which have been mismanaged or misapplied.

corporation stocks, a kind of investment which the company announced in annual reports and public statements that it did not hold. Then Mr. Perkins's connection with a banking house enabled the company, between December 31, 1903, and January 2, 1904, to juggle investments in such a way as to conceal its participation in \$800,000 of Mercantile Marine underwriting, and to falsify its sworn report to the insurance department. The Equitable Society utilized similarly its connection with Kuhn, Loeb and Co. by arranging year's-end loans to office boys and clerks of the banking house, in order to facilitate the doctoring of its sworn reports. In these and some other transactions the insurance magnates probably laid themselves open to criminal prosecution, — even in New York, "the city of refuge for the criminal rich." Yet so firmly were they entrenched — financially, legally, and politically — that they would probably be in full control to-day, if internal dissensions had not revealed enough of their wrong-doing to make public investigation inevitable.

IV

For several months the large companies, with singular obtuseness, showed no appreciation of the situation. They had weathered other storms, and believed that this one would soon blow over and be forgotten. With effrontery that now seems incredible, the Mutual and the New York Life sought to utilize the early disclosures concerning the Equitable for the purpose of making a raid upon the business of that company. Even within the Equitable Society, the most dangerous of the Wall Street directors hoped to oust the Alexander management, and bring the organization under their absolute control. Only when startling revelations had raised popular indignation to a pitch that made further trifling dangerous, did the offenders begin to see the error of their ways. And then, of course, they professed complete change of heart,

and assured the public that all abuses would be speedily righted. The matter, they said, was one which called for little or no legislative interference; life insurance, like trusts or the tariff, should be reformed by its friends.

The advertised process of reform began in the Equitable Society. Realizing that his position was no longer tenable, Mr. James H. Hyde sold his controlling interest in the stock (\$51,000 out of \$100,000) to Mr. Thomas F. Ryan for the sum of \$2,500,000. At the same time, and virtually as a part of the transaction, Mr. Paul Morton was made president of the society. Mr. Ryan then placed his stock for a period of five years in the control of three trustees who are empowered to select directors, twenty-four according to their own views, and twenty-eight after ascertaining the wishes of policy-holders. Under this arrangement some good men have been placed upon the board of directors; but the plan is hardly more than a makeshift, and cannot be considered a permanent solution of the difficulties attending stock ownership of insurance companies. It is stated that Mr. Ryan has agreed to sell his stock to the society for the price which he paid plus interest at four per cent, but no movement has yet been made in this direction. Meanwhile, under the new management, various economies have been effected, and certain abuses have come to an end, — at least, for the present. Among other things, the cash balances kept with subsidiary banks and trust companies have been greatly reduced. With these changes the process of reform is now declared to be complete.

Unfortunately there are the best of reasons for believing that the present position of the Equitable Society is far from satisfactory. The first of these is found in the history and present affiliations of Mr. Ryan himself. He has testified that in his purchase of the Equitable stock he was actuated by purely altruistic motives; but his past record in American Tobacco, in New York traction enterprises, in Con-

solidated Gas, and in city and state politics, proves that he is not in the habit of combining altruism with business. It so happens, moreover, that in his relation to the Washington Life Insurance Company he has demonstrated precisely what his notions of philanthropy are, at least as applied to the business of life insurance. That company having become embarrassed, Mr. Ryan acquired one third of its stock in 1904, and was made a member of the executive committee. Prior to that time the company had invested mainly in real estate and mortgages; but under its new management large purchases of securities were begun, and, curiously enough, forty per cent of them were made through the brokerage firm of which Mr. Ryan's sons were members. Then, too, by a similar coincidence, many of the securities bought were those of the American Tobacco Company and other concerns in which Mr. Ryan and his associates were interested. Finally, the insurance company transferred its bank accounts to institutions controlled by Mr. Ryan and his friends. On December 21, 1902, it had but \$232,000 in office and in banks; but in January, 1905, its deposits in the Morton Trust Company, controlled by the new managers, amounted to \$1,157,000. These performances are enough to show that, whatever his success in other lines of philanthropy, Mr. Ryan is almost the last man whom one would entrust with the control of an insurance company, large or small.

Although opposition may yet develop among some of the new members of the board of directors, Mr. Ryan is now supreme in the affairs of the Equitable Society. In the president's chair he has placed a man who knew nothing about the business of life insurance, and came to New York wearing several ineffectual coats of whitewash, which failed to conceal his previous record as a violator of the Interstate Commerce Act. Conspicuous among the offenses of his railroad had been the granting of rebates to his own brothers, a fact that would indicate that

Mr. Morton's ideas upon the application of altruism to the transportation industry exactly coincide with Mr. Ryan's notions about the relation of philanthropy to life insurance. Mr. Morton has made no radical change in the all-important executive committee of the Equitable Society, upon which he is content to sit with several of the directors who belonged to the notorious underwriting syndicates, which, more than anything else, led to the retirement of Messrs. Alexander and Hyde. He has not taken the first step to sever the Equitable's relations with the financial institutions which connected the society with Wall Street; but, on the contrary, has accepted positions on the boards of the Bank of Commerce and the Equitable Trust Company. Prominent on the executive committee of the Equitable Society are the presidents of these allied institutions; and over all hovers Mr. Paul Cravath, Mr. Ryan's personal counsel.

As this is written, Mr. Morton has appeared before a committee of the New York Legislature to protest against the passage of a bill prohibiting insurance companies from investing in corporation stocks or collateral trust bonds secured mainly by hypothecated stock. He stated that he accepted the conclusion of the Armstrong Committee that it is undesirable for insurance companies to "control or dominate" financial institutions, but pleaded that they be allowed to own stock in banks and trust companies up to the limit of twenty per cent of the total capital. Since the Equitable Society and the Mutual Life are heavily interested in the Bank of Commerce and some other financial institutions, Mr. Morton's proposal would hardly disturb existing conditions; and a little judicious redistribution of present holdings would be all that would be needed to keep the control of other concerns well in hand.¹ In similar

¹ In considering this point it is necessary to remember that the directors and officers of the companies also hold stock in the subsidiary concerns. Mr. Ryan, too, is interested in the Bank of Commerce.

vein, he urged that, under some restrictions, insurance companies should be permitted to purchase collateral trust bonds, the favorite device by which magnates obtain irresponsible control of railway properties,¹ and should not be forbidden to participate in underwriting syndicates. If his views should be accepted by the legislature, the proposed reform of the insurance laws would impair the usefulness of the Equitable Society to Mr. Ryan as little as the alleged reform of its management has done.

It is true, indeed, that the past year has seen the end of certain abuses and the introduction of important economies in administration; but, so far as Wall Street affiliations are concerned, the position of the Equitable Society is distinctly worse than before the late upheaval. President Alexander, whatever his faults, was the creature of no financial magnate; and, when compelled to choose, finally placed himself squarely between the society's millions and the speculative clique which sought to control them for personal ends. No similar obstacle stands in Mr. Ryan's way, unless, perchance, some of the new directors prove refractory. It is true that "mutualization" is contemplated, but this will merely eliminate stock control. The policy-holders may receive the right to elect directors, but the machinery of the company is now in Mr. Ryan's hands, and his influence will not necessarily be shaken. In the past, the mutual companies have been controlled absolutely by their officers; and the Equitable's present owner is perfectly aware of that fact. Mutualization, he doubtless expects, will simply relieve him of the necessity of keeping \$2,500,000 tied up in \$51,000 of securities that yield but \$3,570 per year. Nothing but a radical change in the law relating to the election of directors in mutual companies, supplemented by a

general uprising of policy-holders, is likely to upset his plans.

So long as the insurance disclosures were confined to the Equitable Society, the Mutual and the New York Life maintained an attitude of conscious virtue, and endeavored to draw business away from their rival. Last fall, when their managers were obliged to go before the Armstrong Committee, they set their publicity bureaus working over time in order to enlighten the public, and filled the newspapers with interesting reading matter, inserted at one dollar per line, assuring us that their records were beyond reproach. It took Mr. Hughes but a short time to expose the secrets of these whited sepulchres, and blast the reputations of their principal officers. The necessity of radical changes soon became evident; but the companies displayed no indecent haste in undertaking the work of reform. At length, however, Messrs. McCall and McCurdy resigned, and committees were appointed to clean and disinfect the premises.

The Mutual Life set its "housecleaners" at work late in October. Mr. W. H. Truesdale was chairman of the committee, and Mr. J. W. Auchincloss and Mr. Stuyvesant Fish were the other members. None of them had been identified actively with the previous management, but Mr. Fish was the only one who possessed the courage and independence needed for the task ahead of them.² Plans were made for a thorough investigation of the company from top to bottom, an investigation that must necessarily have laid bare the shortcomings of the Wall Street directors under the old régime. Immediately a movement was started by Mr. George F. Baker and Henry H. Rogers, chairmen, respectively, of the finance and agency committees, to secure a new president for the company. The better ele-

¹ When stock is purchased by an issue of collateral trust bonds, the magnates obtain the voting power which the stock confers upon its owner, in exchange for bonds which confer no voting power upon their holders.

² It should be pointed out in this connection that Mr. Truesdale is president of a railroad which numbers among its directors Mr. G. F. Baker, Mr. William Rockefeller, and Mr. James Stillman. Like the other anthracite coal roads, it is under very close Wall Street control.

ment in the directorate opposed precipitate action, but, through the methods of persuasion of which Mr. Rogers is a past master, were finally induced to give their consent. The choice fell upon Mr. Charles A. Peabody, law partner of the brother of Mr. G. F. Baker, counsel of the First National Bank, and director in various corporations. Without considering what other qualifications he may have possessed, it is evident that Mr. Peabody was utterly disqualified for the main work before him,—investigating the very men who had placed him in office, and taking the Mutual Life Insurance Company out of Wall Street.

Before long it was apparent that some mysterious influence was interfering with the investigation by the “housecleaning” committee. Rumors were rife for a time; then Mr. Fish resigned from the committee, and, soon after, from the directorate of the company. Authenticated documents, now matters of record, enable us to determine the material facts in the episode.

Upon the basis of evidence easily obtainable, the Truesdale Committee recommended that suits be brought against various members of the Clan McCurdy to recover excessive salaries and commissions paid them without proper authority. But many dark places remained unexplored, some of the books and records had been destroyed, employees had been spirited out of the state, and the committee was obliged to ask the president to institute inquiries concerning various acts of officers, employees, and *trustees*, including particularly their relations with allied and subsidiary companies. Such information, it stated, would be absolutely necessary for the preparation of further suits that might need to be instituted. This was carrying the war into Africa, into the very heart of the Dark Continent; but it was the least that honest investigators could do.

The institution of suits against the McCurdys would have been a simple matter, except for the fact that such litigation

might bring out unpleasant information about men still on the board of directors. Mr. Rogers, for instance, was chairman of the agency committee which was supposed to supervise the scandalous contracts made with Robert H. McCurdy, Raymond and Co., and other agents. Mr. George F. Baker was chairman of the subcommittee which fixed the excessive salaries to which some of the suits would relate; and other directors might be involved in the illegal campaign contributions and even more serious matters. Accordingly Mr. Julian T. Davies, the Mutual’s legal adviser, had from the start urged the Truesdale Committee to effect some compromise with the McCurdys, and thereby avoid litigation. After long delay, the board of directors decided to begin legal proceedings. If the suits are not compromised in the meantime, they may, in the congested New York courts, be brought to a conclusion in three or four years.

But far more important than the prosecution of a few scapegoats was the demand of the investigators that the searchlight be turned upon persons still connected with the company, as officers, employees, or trustees.¹ This brought from President Peabody the suggestion that, while it was practicable for him to investigate all the employees, he believed that this course would accomplish “no good purpose,” and might disturb or disorganize the force. Although he knew that the records and vouchers of the supply department were destroyed, that former employees had taken to flight,² and that he was in charge of a concern generally

¹ The propriety both of the form and scope of this requisition is shown by the fact that it was substantially the same as the one used in the Equitable Society with apparent success.

² It is now known that Andrew C. Fields, the chief of the fugitives, has been for some time in Texas, near the office of the general agent of the Mutual Life in that state. The present management, therefore, is fairly chargeable with the absence of this important witness needed by the investigating committee.

supposed to be honeycombed with the meanest kind of dishonesty, he declined to proceed unless the committee would bring specific charges against particular persons, — a thing which could be done only after, and not before, such a general house-cleaning as it was proposed to begin. Then, so far as the trustees were concerned, Mr. Peabody flatly refused to make any inquiries, but suggested that the committee might do so.

Meanwhile, Mr. Peabody was conferring with the chairman of the committee, who, without authority, informed him that he need not comply with the committee's request for information. Mr. Truesdale also gave out to the press a clearly inspired statement that the officers of the company had done everything in their power to facilitate the work of the investigators. Moreover, the management began to solicit proxies from policy-holders for use at the approaching annual meeting of the company, and persuaded Mr. Auchincloss to become a member of the committee of three to hold the proxies as they might come in. From this arrangement the policy-holders and the public naturally inferred that the Mutual's management and the house-cleaning committee were working in perfect accord. To make assurance doubly sure, Mr. Peabody himself told the newspapers that he knew of no dissensions among the investigators, and that a complete examination was certain to be made.

Everything depended upon the action of Mr. Fish, and tremendous pressure was exerted to compel him to accede to a policy of masterly inaction. Tactics such as the Standard Oil magnates usually employ were brought to bear; and Mr. Harriman, their railroad manager, started a campaign to secure immediate control of the Illinois Central Railroad and oust Mr. Fish from its presidency. When the right moment came, Mr. Fish forced the hands of Messrs. Truesdale and Auchincloss. At a final meeting he proposed that, inasmuch as Mr. Peabody had refused to investigate the conduct of

the trustees, the committee should take him at his word and institute such an inquiry. When this motion was promptly negatived, he then proposed that the committee renew its original requisition upon the president, with which Mr. Peabody had been informed by Mr. Truesdale that he need not comply. Again Messrs. Truesdale and Auchincloss voted no; and Mr. Fish then tendered his resignation. Within an hour, in order to encourage other investigators of the Mutual Life's affairs, Mr. Peabody, as director of the Illinois Central, made a personal demand, supported by a written memorandum, for an investigation of President Fish's administration.

Subsequent events have merely made the situation clearer. Messrs. Truesdale and Auchincloss at once modified the requests made of President Peabody, eliminating all inconvenient questions about directors. Reform in the Mutual Life, according to Mr. Peabody's notions, is not going to begin at the top, but must be confined to clerks, janitors, and scrubwomen. These persons must remember that they are in charge of funds destined for widows and orphans, and need no longer expect to be furnished with wine, Persian rugs, and free telephone service at the expense of the company. Meanwhile, policy-holders are requested to send in proxies, valid for five years, to be voted by the present management in furtherance of insurance reform.

Following Mr. Fish's resignation, a number of the other directors, Mr. Morris of Philadelphia, Mr. Olcott of Albany, and Mr. Speyer of New York, severed their connection with the board, where it was evident that they could no longer be of service to the policy-holders, and their positions might be misunderstood. Some of the remaining directors are contemplating similar action, but the usual pressure is being exerted to keep them where they are. The Wall Street directors, of course, retain their posts upon the important committees, and seem convinced that the company cannot dispense with

their services. Some of them are the men of whom the Armstrong Committee said: "In these syndicates officers and members of the finance committee have in many cases participated, with the result that not only has the company joined in underwritings foreign to the purpose of its organization, but through its purchases of securities its officers and those controlling its investments have largely profited." Naturally enough, they are enthusiastic supporters of President Peabody's administration. Reorganized upon the same conservative lines followed in the Equitable Society, and with its honest directors resigning to save their reputations, the Mutual Life is the victim of a reform that makes its last state decidedly worse than its first. Unless an internal explosion or an uprising of policy-holders occurs, the company will fall under the absolute control of a Wall Street clique in which Standard Oil influence is at present the dominating factor.¹

In the New York Life, President McCall was finally induced to resign; yet Mr. Perkins was allowed to remain a member of the board, relinquishing his

post as vice-president, but adhering tenaciously to a position on the finance committee. In December a committee was appointed to undertake the Augean task of cleaning the company's house; and then, for the formidable task of rehabilitating the discredited corporation, the trustees chose a new president seventy-five years old, and already burdened with the chairmanship of the New York Rapid Transit Commission.

At the time of writing, the house-cleaners have gone no farther than to recommend that suits be instituted to recover from Andrew Hamilton and the McCall estate money illegally disbursed for political and legal expenses. They have not yet taken up such subjects as joint accounts, crooked bookkeeping, and underwriting enterprises. So far as now appears, the disposition of the board is to lay all blame upon a couple of scapegoats, and then await developments. It is not probable, however, that matters can rest there; for it is incredible that all of the trustees should have been ignorant of the irregular and dishonest transactions that have been brought to light.² Already the insurance commissioners of five Western states, after completing a joint examination and disclosing new abuses, have declared: "If our criticisms are just, as we

¹ As the proofsheets are returned to the printer, the surviving members of the Truesdale Committee have instituted an inquiry concerning trustees, and brought suit against ex-President McCurdy. This is a tardy acknowledgment of the justice of Mr. Fish's position at every point; it does not, however, restore confidence in the men who, as long as they dared, endeavored to strangle the investigation and mislead the public. The events narrated above have discredited hopelessly the present administration of the company. Upon March 24, the New York *Evening Post* reported that it is generally acknowledged in the financial district "that there is a storm gathering over the Mutual Life Insurance Company, the magnitude of which may make the Equitable trouble of a year ago appear insignificant by comparison." How soon the storm will break cannot be foretold; but the resignations of vice-presidents Gillette and Grannis were announced on March 26, and other changes were then rumored. Credit for whatever may be accomplished belongs primarily to Mr. Fish, whose resolute stand forced the impending crisis.

² The latest developments place the trustees in a still more unenviable position. The outcast Hamilton has returned to denounce them as "curs" for trying to make a scapegoat of President McCall, and asserts that many of them knew of all the questionable transactions. So far as the political contributions are concerned, the trustees promptly acknowledged the truth of Hamilton's charges by announcing that the suits to recover these sums from the McCall estate would be discontinued, and that they would themselves reimburse the company. The board is now fighting to prevent itself from being legislated out of office, and in this effort seems to have the support of such ardent reformers as Senators McCarren, Raines, and Grady. The present management, in fact, has left undone nothing that would be calculated to bring it into general distrust and contempt. Andrew Hamilton is almost a respectable figure beside the men who cowered under his recent attacks.

believe them to be, many of them must be directed against the entire board of trustees." In the case of Mr. Perkins, at least, there can be no shadow of doubt that he has outlived his usefulness as an insurance trustee; and so long as the other members of the board are content to have him as a colleague, they must not wonder if the man in the street doubts their zeal as reformers. Moreover, the extraordinary measures recently adopted in order to obtain proxies are suggestive of the worst traditions of the old régime. Like the Equitable and the Mutual, the New York Life has not yet brought forth fruits meet for repentance.

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A candid survey of the present condition of the three largest companies yields no evidence that their managers have the slightest intention of divorcing life insurance from Wall Street control. On the contrary, the Equitable and the Mutual are under more dangerous influence than ever before; while the New York Life has thus far followed a temporizing policy, waiting, apparently, for the incidents of the last year to be forgotten. Though caught red-handed but a few months ago, they now reappear at Albany as the natural guardians of the widow and orphan, to protest against the enactment of the only legislation that can put an end to the speculative control of insurance funds. Amazingly indifferent to awakened public opinion, and unabashed by their recent experience in the pillory and stocks, they patronizingly admit the good intentions of the Armstrong Committee, and then attack the most essential reforms that the Committee has proposed. Under these conditions there can be no doubt concerning the sort of action to be taken.

In the first place, the size of insurance companies must be restricted, — un-American as the proposal may sound. Already a company of the largest size holds assets of four hundred millions, or

more; to-morrow, if nothing is done, billion-dollar companies will be the order of the day. The difficulty experienced by a single management in finding safe investment for so much capital, and the temptation offered designing men to control such resources for purposes of their own, make the further concentration of financial power in a few hands a public danger of the first magnitude. In New York city a moneyed oligarchy is now in course of formation, which has sought to dispose of the insurance millions at its pleasure; enforced decentralization has become an absolute necessity. Either by limiting the aggregate amount of insurance that a single company may write, or by restricting the amount to be written in any year, — which, of course, will ultimately limit the total insurance in force, — the race for mere bigness must be brought to an end.

In the next place, as the Armstrong Report recommends, forms of policies must be standardized, and measures adopted to enforce an annual accounting with the policy-holders and abolish the deferred dividend, tontine, *et id genus omne*. It is perfectly clear that the growth of huge surpluses for which the companies were compelled to render no account produced both extravagance and dishonesty, and made it possible to take speculative risks without danger of exposure in case the ventures proved unsuccessful. Conservative and non-speculative management will not be had until the companies are obliged to make an annual accounting for their stewardships.

Then, investment in stocks and collateral trust bonds secured by stock must be restrained. Mr. Paul Morton's plea that the companies be allowed to retain bank stock up to twenty per cent of the outstanding capital, hold collateral trust bonds, buy railroad stock, and participate in underwriting syndicates, is merely evidence of singular obtuseness as to the conditions under which life insurance is hereafter to be conducted. Investment in financial institutions has had a fair

trial, and has proved too dangerous a thing to tolerate in any degree whatever. The ownership of other stocks may be less objectionable, but must be restricted to an insignificant proportion — as one or two per cent — of any issue, if life insurance companies are to be removed from active participation in industrial and financial affairs. Perhaps an absolute prohibition, as recommended by the Armstrong Committee, will prove ultimately to be the only practicable course. And as for syndicate transactions, — these are now part of a dead past which insurance managers would best leave undisturbed. Further attempts to resuscitate that issue may end Mr. Morton's usefulness, even to his present employer.

Finally, our insurance laws must hereafter extend to policy-holders in a mutual company a reasonable opportunity to make effective the control they are supposed to possess over its affairs. Hitherto the officers of the companies, having sole access to the names of policy-holders, forcing the insured to execute proxies, and making judicious use of the agents in the field, have been practically undisturbed in their positions. Hereafter the names of policy-holders should be disclosed, and satisfactory machinery devised for securing a full vote and an honest count. Upon this point, as upon most of the others, the recommendations of the Armstrong Committee blaze the path for future reforms. Whether stock control of life insurance companies can be long permitted is too large a question to discuss here. But when we reflect that, unlike a fire-insurance contract, a contract for life insurance binds the insured to a particular company for life, or for such periods as twenty or thirty years, it may be doubted whether the stock company can offer the security afforded by companies that are mutual in fact as well as in name.

These suggestions, while far from covering the whole field of reform, may point the way to the divorce of life insurance from speculation, — at least so far as

legislation can effect the separation. But no changes in statutes will dispense with the need of intelligent and persistent action on the part of policy-holders, present and prospective. The law can enfranchise, but must then leave the responsibility with the enfranchised; it can organize life insurance upon the right basis, but the working of the machinery will depend largely upon the men who are placed in control. The insurance business needs better laws; but it stands in far greater need of better men in positions of trust and power, and such men can be had only if the policy-holders exercise intelligent discrimination in eliminating the unfit. If directors of New York mutual companies are legislated out of office, as is now proposed, there will be a fine opportunity to start anew with a clean slate. The names of the faithless directors and trustees of the old régime are on record, and these gentlemen can be invited to devote their talents to other fields. The officers of such speculative concerns as the Amalgamated Copper Company, and of oppressive trusts, like the Standard Oil Company, are well known, and need not be continued in charge of money destined for widows and orphans. These gentlemen are conspicuous in the professions of speculative finance and commercial piracy; they are not well qualified to care for the pittance that men of modest means set aside to provide for their families. Then, partners in banking houses and officers in great banks that have many uses for insurance companies should not be deemed eligible, if they have manifested in the past a desire to "dominate" all corporations within their reach; in the future the business of life insurance should not be "dominated" by great men of the world of finance. Some directors will be found upon the boards of the three big companies who fall within two or more of these classes, and in such cases one who desires to make life insurance protection and not speculation need have no difficulty in determining his vote.

And similar discrimination must be

practiced in subsequent years, until the large companies have severed their last connections with Wall Street, and have had time to recreate their traditions. This will not be the work of a day, for the spirit of speculation and theft will not be readily exorcised; "this kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting." Legislation,

after all, while it must create some needed safeguards, and abolish certain forms of temptation, cannot go to the root of the difficulty. Unless we are ready to turn the business over entirely to the government, the elimination of speculation from life insurance will rest ultimately with the policy-holder.

BAEDEKER IN THE MAKING

BY JAMES F. MUIRHEAD

It would be interesting, but undoubtedly difficult, to trace the stream of guidebooks to its original source. Such slight researches as I have made seem to indicate that possibly Baedeker, like so many other good things, may have had a Semitic origin. At any rate, the Prophet Isaiah (xxxv, 8) wrote of something the object of which, to use his own words as given in the Authorized Version, was to insure that "wayfaring men, though fools, should not err therein." If this was not a guidebook, I do not know what it was. It is not stated that a system of starrng entered into the Prophet's plan; but we have good evidence that stars were used for guidance in very early times. *Sic itur ad astra* has always been regarded as a respectable motto; and there are more ways than one of hitching one's wagon to a star. Omitting Herodotus, who would probably be voted as altogether too entertaining to pass as a progenitor of Baedeker, we come to Pausanias, who, in the second century of our era, wrote a careful itinerary of Greece, still sometimes used as a guide by Harvard professors and other learned travelers. Some might assert that the description given of his work by one authority might have been penned of Baedeker himself. "His style is unpretentious and easy, although devoid of any literary grace, but his Itinerary possesses the rare merit of being the work of

an honest and accurate eyewitness. . . . His observations seldom rise out of the prosaic atmosphere proper to the catalogue." Later, and especially after the invention of printing, numerous books were published under such titles as *Viatorium* or *Itinerarium*; but few, if any, of these could be called guidebooks in the modern sense. Coryat's *Crudities Hastily Gobbled up in Five Months Travels in France, Italy, etc.*, is a curious account of a walking tour made about 1610; but its title alone is, I hope, enough to show that it was not conceived in the spirit of Baedeker. Coryat was, however, ahead of his time in considering travel "the sweetest and most delightful of all the pleasures in the world;" and he also deserves credit for withstanding the ridicule to which he was exposed on his return to England for using a new-fangled and finicking implement called a fork, which he had picked up in Italy. The *Itinerary* of Fynes Moryson (1617), though it undertakes to give "each daies expences for diet, horsemeat, and the like," can hardly be regarded as a practical guidebook. It was first written in Latin, and then translated into English. Howell's *Instructions for Forreine Travel*, published in 1642, was "intended as a cautionary guide to young English gentlemen who went abroad to complete their education and to make their first

acquaintance with foreign manners." When I say, however, that it includes an apology for episcopacy, a survey of foreign politics, and "a large discourse of the strange difference 'twixt the disposition of the French and Spaniard," it will be evident that it is not laid down exactly on Baedekerian lines. J. G. Ebel's *Anleitung*, for Switzerland, published in 1793, makes an approach to modern methods by including one or two small maps, but is for the rest an alphabetical gazetteer in four volumes, prefixed by sundry edifying moral essays. About the beginning of the nineteenth century various works were published by Mrs. Mariane Starke, William Boyce, and others, all having many features of the guidebook.

To John Murray of London, however, belongs the honor of publishing the first true guidebook in the modern sense. On this point I cannot do better than quote from a letter written by Herr Fritz Baedeker to the London *Times* in 1889:

"I wish to acknowledge, in the frankest manner, that Mr. Murray was the first publisher of guidebooks on a large scale. After the terrible wars which devastated the Continent at the beginning of this century, Great Britain was, indeed, the only country in Europe where wealth enough remained to allow of any large section of the public indulging freely in foreign travel.

"My father, Karl Baedeker (born 1801, died 1859), had, it is true, on his settlement at Coblenz in 1827, purchased and published a handbook to the Rhine in German and French (*Rheinreise von Mainz bis Köln*, von Professor S. A. Klein, Coblenz, 1828, and *Voyage du Rhin, de Mayence à Cologne*, Coblenz, 1829) which possessed many of the features of a modern guidebook; but it was the sight of the numerous English travellers following the footsteps of Childe Harold, with Murray's handbook under their arms, that suggested to him the desirability of providing his German countrymen with similar books for other parts of Europe.

The German handbooks which he then successively published (*Belgien und Holland*, *Deutschland*, *Schweiz*) certainly owed a great deal to Mr. Murray's books, but included many descriptions of his own, and in the important practical points (recommendations of hotels, information as to means of communication, etc.) were completely independent. . . .

"The later handbooks published by my father and those published by my elder brothers and myself are perfectly independent works, produced with the aid of able helpers, many of whom are eminent scholars and specialists."

Murray's *Handbook for Holland, Belgium, and N. Germany* appeared in 1836. Herr Baedeker's first English handbook was that to *The Rhine*, published in 1861, and based on the eleventh German edition. The early English issues of Baedeker's handbooks were edited by Mr. John Kirkpatrick, long Professor of Constitutional Law and History at the University of Edinburgh.

Before passing on to notice Baedeker more particularly, I may remind the reader that the roll of writers of avowed guidebooks includes such distinguished names as William Wordsworth and Harriet Martineau, each of whom wrote a guidebook for the English Lake District. James Ford's *Handbook to Spain*, written for Murray in 1845, has, perhaps, won for itself a higher reputation than any other single work published under the rubric of guidebooks, and has often been referred to as a classic of its kind. My criticism on this would be that, though a charming book to read, this is not an absolutely ideal *guidebook*, properly so-called; and, if you will substitute the word "practical" for the word "ideal" in this phrase, you will, strangely enough, get almost exactly the same meaning. That this opinion is probably correct is borne out by the fact that Ford's book, originally published in two volumes, was very soon reduced to one, while a delightful little book of travel-impressions, entitled *Gatherings from Spain*, was made

out of the matter eliminated from the guidebook. This reflection brings me to what may, perhaps, be considered the distinguishing characteristic of Baedeker, namely, that he was probably the first to formulate to himself, fully and clearly, the fundamental difference between a book of travels and a guidebook. The former is meant for the delectation of the stay-at-home, who wants a picturesque and moderately true account of places he may never set eyes upon. The guidebook, on the other hand, is for use on the spot, and does not need to tell the traveler what he will see for himself. Hence its descriptions are often, of good right, less logically complete than those of the book of travels, and it would be simply impertinence for it to indulge in the enthusiasm which is welcome enough in a Stanley or a Sven Hedin. Baedeker shows that he thinks a place worth mentioning because he tells you how to get there; he will even, if he loses his head a little, give it a star; but the rest he leaves to the idiosyncrasy of the beholder. This self-imposed limitation has sometimes — wrongly, as I think — been made a reproach to Baedeker, and his text has been unfavorably compared with the quotable anecdotes and glowing descriptions of a Martineau or a Ford; but it should at least be put on record that he feels his withers quite unwrung by any such strictures, and has no envy of prize-winners in a competition he has never entered.

Perhaps another discovery of Baedeker's was that it is not the man of wealth alone who likes to travel. Previous guidebooks all assumed, more or less, the paraphernalia of a coach-and-four, couriers, and ministerial introductions. Baedeker recognized the right of "the merry heart" to "go all the day," however slender its wallet. Hence his desire to "render the traveller as nearly as possible independent of hotel keepers, commissionaires, and guides;" hence his long array of "unpretending" inns; hence his references to the "faulty mental arithmetic of waiters;" hence his innumerable hints to help

the tourist to "husband his resources," and his repeated warnings that "prices generally have an upward tendency." He has not, however, with all his pains, succeeded in making his calculations for the economical traveler with such praiseworthy exactitude as Mr. James Flint, a thrifty Scot, who visited the United States about 1820, and set down in his journal: "For some days past I have found the expense of travelling to be uniformly three shillings eleven pence and one farthing per day."¹

A third important, characteristic, and (I think) generally recognized new feature in Baedeker was the number and excellence of his maps and plans. A good map or plan, prepared with real Teutonic thoroughness, saves many a line of description; and in criticising Baedeker's written style, it should be remembered that his maps should often be regarded as an integral part of his text. No doubt Baedeker is no longer alone in this department of guidebook making, but I think it is undeniable that he was a pioneer in it, and it may not be too much to assert that the equipment of his books in this respect has seldom been equaled, and never excelled.

Among the minor features that distinguished Baedeker from previous guidebooks may be mentioned his use of varying types to indicate the relative importance of the points treated, his uniform segregation of practical information about hotels and so forth at the beginning of his description of a place, and his employment of asterisks as "marks of commendation." A good deal of fun — seldom of the most expensive variety — has been poked at the Baedekerian stars, and it has often been alleged that in questions of art they are concerned with merely obvious and commonplace merit. Even if this were true, — which I am far from admitting, for it seems to me that the man whose artistic taste was accurately gauged by the stars of Baedeker might hold his head fairly high among

¹ *Early Western Travels*, vol. 9.

connoisseurs of art, — the real educational value of the stars would still be considerable. If the simple "star-gazer" is at first impelled solely by submission to authority, he may yet, by much familiarity with what is generally recognized as good of its kind, attain a fair measure of real taste and discrimination. The stars ought at any rate to wean the traveler from chromos, and undermine his faith in the supreme value of Rogers's domestic statuary.

Some one has asserted that Baedeker is the most widely read of living authors; and perhaps this is not so far from the truth when we reflect that he has issued upwards of seventy handbooks, all of which are in constant use. Of these twenty-seven are in German, twenty-four in English, and twenty-two in French. The earliest, as already noted, was the *Rheinreise*, published in 1828; the very latest is the *Handbook to Constantinople and Asia Minor*, issued just the other day, and not yet translated into English. The task attempted in these seventy volumes is somewhat formidable. Francis Bacon mentions three essentials for a young man who desires "to put his travel into a little room, and in short time to gather much." "First, he must have some entrance to the language before he goeth. Then he must have such a servant or tutor as knoweth the country." Third, "let him carry with him also some card or book describing the country where he travelleth, which will be a good key to his enquiry." Baedeker essays all three of these functions. Indeed, if you will rightly consider it, you will easily see that few men are called upon for a more varied equipment than the Ideal Baedeker, who has practically to take all knowledge for his province, or to whom, to put it more mildly, no knowledge can come amiss. Not for him, alas, is the dear luxury of saying, "I know nothing about it, and care less;" he dare not be happy in the general ignorance which forms so comfortable a wrappage for the special knowledge of other men. Willy-nilly, he

must take omniscience for his foible. Of many a row of serried facts would he gladly say with Goethe, "Entbehren sollst du, sollst entbehren;" but when it comes to the pinch of selection, there is hardly one of them but shows the earmark of some conceivable tourist, and Baedeker, "dizzy, lost, yet unbewailing," can but address himself to the task of bearing each parcel to its destination.

Among the most obvious, the most elementary requirements for the equipment of an ideal editor of guidebooks are a knowledge of geography, history, mythology, botany, geology, languages (ancient and modern), painting, sculpture, art, architecture, and archæology; an acute and discriminating taste; a clear head in foreseeing and explaining the complications of travel; and a sympathetic insight into the needs and desires of the average tourist. The mere enumeration shows how impossible it is for one small head to carry all this load; but it is almost necessary to have at least so much knowledge in all these branches as will insure sound discrimination among competing authorities.

Baedeker *has* to know, and know well, the kind of geography that we all learn more or less in our classrooms. It is, however, highly desirable that he should also be familiar with the geography of the world of poesy and romance in which most of us spend so much of our time long after classroom days are over. To many travelers the scene of Poor Jo's death is at least as real as the place where the Little Princes were smothered; and it would be a bold as well as a bad Baedeker who should conduct us through the Trossachs of Scotland without calling up the shades of Ellen and of Roderick Dhu. There are, I verily believe, many travelers to whom Lyme Regis is simply the place where Louisa Elliot sprained her ankle, and not at all the place where the Duke of Monmouth landed before Sedgemoor. The Wessex of Thomas Hardy, the Barchester and Allington of Anthony Trollope, have their devout pilgrims. He

who could pilot us safely from point to point in Rosalind's Forest of Arden would probably be hailed with at least as much enthusiasm as he who guides us through the Ardennes of the seven-day tripper from London; and there ought to be no forgiveness for the guidebook that allows us to pass through Verona without reminding us that it possessed a balcony as well as an amphitheatre. For the maker of guidebooks the opportunity of thus bringing the actual and the fancied worlds into contact is one of the most grateful parts of his task; it affords even him the chance of a glimpse through

"Magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn."

In strong distinction to this imaginative realm is the mass of dry practical details about hotels and railways, health and passports, currency and bicycling, that the head of a really adequate Baedeker is bound to contain. He must be familiar with the comparative merits of inns over a great part of the known world. Statistics should be as play to him, and the mysteries of agio and exchange should be as clear to him as day. He must be able to discriminate at a glance "between those trains in Bradshaw which start somewhere and get nowhere and those which start nowhere and get somewhere." He must know to a hair's breadth the distance from a German or Russian fortress within which the use of a kodak is as dangerous as a boomerang. He must be able to say whether or no a clinker-paved road is good for cycling, and that the Swiss passes are closed to automobiles. But it is unnecessary to multiply instances of this kind, which every traveler can supply for himself.

The demands made on the moral side of the ideal Baedeker are no less stringent than those on the intellectual. That a guidebook-writer should hold the scales with absolute evenness between his patron, the tourist, on the one side, and the hosts of landlords, guides, and hirers on the other may be assumed as obvious. That the actual Baedeker has attained

a fair measure of impartiality may be inferred from the witness of generations of tourists, and from such epithets as "abnormally neutral," "bloodless," "wooden," and "stony" flung at him by the rising gorge of the partial natural man. Baedeker stands before the footlights not to express emotions, but to chronicle facts; the fierce light that beats upon his head would soon shrivel any tendency to favoritism. It is possible, however, that even Baedeker might enjoy a fuller expression of his own personality, and that, if he has had success in attaining a somewhat colorless catholicity of taste and interest, it has been the result of carefully disciplined effort toward a judicially selected goal.

Herbert Spencer relates in his *Autobiography* how near he came to serious disaster on a long and solitary walk in the Scottish Highlands, owing to the imperfection of the map to which he trusted for guidance. He then opines, with characteristic love of generalization, "that from time to time lives are lost, and every year many illnesses caused by the misdirection" of guidebooks. While hoping that Spencer took a needlessly gloomy view, we must admit that a profound sense of responsibility is another essential of the guidebook-maker as he should be. I have no hesitation in claiming this quality for Baedeker. He is, for example, keenly aware of the difference between feats that may fairly be attempted with a good guidebook, good health, and good weather, and those which cry imperatively for local knowledge and a living guide. If the carriers of the little red-garbed books ever come to grief on the mountains, it is probably because they have neglected, if not the Baedekerian shout of "guide indispensable," then at least the Baedekerian whisper of "guide desirable." Indeed, in the sphere of responsibility, Baedeker is possibly open to the charge of taking himself almost too seriously, and of assuming that every traveler will do exactly as he is told. Even in the matter of sea-bathing, he is careful to impose

on his Teutonic reader the rule of "three dips and out," though this somewhat grandmotherly attitude is not always extended to his British and American clients. Baedeker's sense of responsibility is, of course, manifest in the mass of small details he offers for the traveler's use in every imaginable contingency; and for those behind the scenes it is visible in the mountain of at least equal bulk heaped up of siftings and rejections. Another manifestation of the seriousness with which Baedeker faces his task is his liberal recourse to weighty authorities in the preparation of his handbooks. He does not venture to impose his own tastes in art, his own rules of health, his own ideas of science on the unsuspecting traveler; but tries to secure in each case the coöperation of leading specialists and recognized authorities.

Those who insist so glibly on the "dry-as-dust" quality of Baedeker probably forget too much the character of the reader for whom he caters. The novelist, the poet, or the essayist has before his mind's eye as he writes the ideal sympathetic reader to whom he can pour out his soul without fear of misunderstanding. Hence it is that some men write so much better than they talk; the visionary reader is so much less paralyzing than any incarnation of him. But the self-denying ordinance of a Baedeker couples idealism of effort with renunciation of an ideal type of reader; he has, for the most part, to cater for the *average tourist*, and even, at times, for the wayfaring man as characterized by Isaiah. Though he shares the privilege, enjoyed by the author over the painter or actor, of not coming into direct personal contact with any particular Brown, Jones, or Robinson, he is yet debarred from ascribing exceptional qualities to the general form of his client. His eye must tend, on the whole, to fix itself on the weaker links of the touristic chain. His sympathy may not rest with the man who seeks the bubble of statistics even amid the majesty of St. Peter's, but he has to satisfy his crav-

ings all the same. His educational influence would be lost if his guns were trained too high; he must bear in mind that practically every innocent demand of the traveler deserves attention. The man who thinks that Pallas and Athena are entirely different personages is not a wholly negligible quantity; it may even be that a truer sense of the beautiful lurks in his breast than in that of many a learned pedant. Montaigne scoffed at those travelers who are "disconcerted by forms unlike their own," and "travel shut up and locked up, with a taciturn and unsocial prudence, defending themselves from the contagion of an unknown atmosphere;" but it is just such men as this that Baedeker has often to consider and if possible help to acquire Montaigne's own attitude of always "thrusting himself in at the tables thickest with strangers."¹

Baedeker must be at once scholar and sportsman, bon-vivant and botanist, archæologist and theatre-goer. He must at one time shiver with the novice on the brink of the most insignificant precipice; at another he must stand steady-headed on the loftiest peaks along with the fearsome race of "adepts" who stalk through his *Switzerland* and *Eastern Alps*. In a book intended for the seafaring Briton he must not be overawed by the fact that there are sixty-eight steamers in the merchant fleet of Belgium, nor must he expect a resident of the Rocky Mountains to grow dizzy at sight of the sandhills of Vrouwenheide, the highest point in Holland. The German professor must not be allowed to stumble on a sentence mentioning Noah Porter of Yale in the same breath with Kant or Hegel; and a chastening memory of Lincoln and Chartres must control the description of the cathedral of Albany, New York. The ideal Baedeker must never mistake geese — scenic, historical, literary, or otherwise — for swans. He must be at once a student of nature, of art, and of man.

¹ Compare Miss Grace Norton's *Early Writings of Montaigne*.

His sense of proportion should amount to an artistic gift.

In going on now to give a few lines about the actual *modus operandi* in the production of a guidebook, it is, perhaps, not letting too large a cat out of the bag to say that each successive head of the multiple personality known as Baedeker has regarded himself as an author as well as a publisher, and has looked for his reward in reputation as much as in pelf. To be styled the "King of Guidebook Makers" by an important authority excites, perhaps, as pleasant a throb as an increasing sale; and certain volumes have been issued rather from a desire of rounding out the series than from any hope of gain. It is highly probable that no other firm could show so inverted a ratio of reputation and revenue as that of Karl Baedeker. Few books, other than elaborate *éditions de luxe*, can be so expensive to produce as the modest little red handbooks of Baedeker. To begin with, they are not stereotyped, but are kept permanently standing in type, — a locking up of capital of which every expert will recognize the significance. The object of this is to reduce to a minimum the temptation of letting a thing stand "because it is there." Practically the smallest shadow of an excuse for a change is seized upon. If it has been ascertained since the last edition that ten per cent more tourists now travel from B to A instead of from A to B, this is enough to make the almost quixotic Baedekerian pen turn the route round and rewrite it from beginning to end. Baedeker's rule of refusing all advertisements is well known. The object of this is not only to avoid any suspicion of partiality — conscious or unconscious — to the hotel that pays for a long advertisement, but also to insure that the book will always depend for its profits on its freshness and other merits, and not in any degree on the returns of advertisements. Another reason is to diminish the bulk of the volume, and so avoid the course which makes the ordinary American magazine a weariness of

the flesh, whatever it may be to the spirit. The maps and plans are another source of expense, as are likewise the monographs by special writers and the traveling expenses of the editors. The short life of each new edition also differentiates the Baedekers from other successful books, where the rate of profit increases with the increase of sale. This is true of the Baedekers to a limited extent only. After a few years at most each handbook is so thoroughly overhauled as to be practically a new book both in form and cost of production. I should gladly give any one a dollar for every unaltered page in a new edition of Baedeker who would give me a cent for each page containing a change. A guidebook is a book that, from the necessity of the case, is always in the making, and never made. It can never be laid aside as done, with nothing more to do but to sell. Hence small impressions, constant corrections, and fast-following new editions are indispensable for worthy achievement.

It is, of course, well known that the term Baedeker, as generally used, covers the work of a number of different editors and contributors, whose names are not always mentioned. That this is an inevitable and perfectly just arrangement — a fair application of the dictum "*qui facit per alium facit per se*" — seems clear to me, mainly on these grounds: (1) the whole scheme of the books, the framework which the various editors have to fill in, was the invention and device of the elder Baedeker; (2) the head of the firm continues to take a personal and intelligent interest in the preparation of every handbook in the series; and (3) the share played by the publishers' capital, in facilitating travel and investigation, furnishes the actual writer with a large proportion of his material. Half the work is really done before the editors touch their pens. The various individual editors have a chance to exercise a good deal of art in conforming to the uniform style of the handbooks; and that this is not, perhaps, so easy as it looks has been

borne witness to by the perennial difficulty of getting usable matter from outsiders, even of wide cultivation and considerable literary gift. I do not believe any editor has more trouble in recasting his "copy" than the editor of a really carefully prepared guidebook. There is no field in which the need of *le mot juste* is more imperatively indicated.

The composite photograph labeled Baedeker, however, takes in more than the editorial staff, — it also includes many of the travelers who use the handbooks; the reader of to-day becomes one of the authors of to-morrow. A good guidebook does not spring, like Minerva, fully grown from the head of its parent. Unlike a poet, it is not born, but "becomes;" like a snow-ball, *crescit eundo*. It is open to question whether a combination of the largest capital and the most brilliant genius could produce, at the first go-off, so good a guidebook for any country as one backed by much more slender resources, which has yet enjoyed the voluntary coöperation of travelers through various successive editions. The data sent to Baedeker vary from recommendations of some particularly plump headwaiter up to corrections on important points of scholarship and fact, and highly valuable suggestions for improvement. One laborious gentleman, I remember, not content with our already voluminous index of four or five thousand entries, sent us a complete new index with more than twice as many. On the whole, however, the help offered by travelers is as satisfactory in quality as it is bulky in quantity; and almost the first thing to be done in preparing a new edition is a careful examination of the letters in the pigeon-hole of the particular handbook under treatment. Actual cases of misinformation from this source are rare; but the editor must be on his guard against the unintentional bias of letters due to the exceptionally good or bad treatment of the writer, and he must be still more careful to detect bogus or interested letters, and to discount the self-praise of

hotel-keepers and the like. The pessimist should take note that we receive at least as many letters of praise as of blame; the chronic grumbler is not more in evidence than the traveler of content. After the letters of travelers comes an equally careful study of newspaper cuttings, census bulletins, railway literature, annual reports of all kinds, magazine articles, and topographical works that have appeared since the last edition of the handbook. This done, the editor is ready to take to the road and collect his own material on the spot. It is, of course, impracticable for him to travel over a whole country for each new issue, though this is indispensable in preparing a first edition; but he can at least visit that section which seems to have undergone most change, and so manage to go over the whole ground again in the course of a few years. For the parts he does not visit he receives his information by deputy or from local residents; and it is an unusually easy job that does not involve in this way the writing of hundreds of letters, and the asking of thousands of questions.

All the mechanical work of the Baedeker handbooks, including the printing, map-making, and binding, is done in Germany, most of it in Leipsic, where the firm has been established since 1872. Before that its seat was at Coblenz. The connection of the Baedeker family with the book-trade goes back to Diederich Baedeker, who died at Bielefeld in 1716 as *königlich-preussischer privilegierter Buchdrucker*. Since his day there has been an unbroken line of printing or publishing Baedekers, forming a good example of that honorable commercial heredity so difficult to parallel out of Germany.

The acute reader will have noticed long ere this that the term Baedeker is used in these pages, not only as the name of a personality or system, but often as equivalent to guidebook, — perhaps, at times (with some natural and possibly excusable partiality) as synonymous with "good guidebook." There is legal

warrant for this identification. Some years ago a sapient tribunal in Berlin decided that "Baedeker" meant guide-book, and that consequently we had no redress against a rival publisher who annually issued what he chose to call a *Berliner Baedeker*. This robbery of one's good name was the more vexatious inasmuch as it also involved a considerable encroachment on what the high-minded dramatist dismissed as "trash." Some years ago, too, the German visitor to New York could buy a *New York Baedeker* which had nothing to do with the Leipsic house of that name; and the Spaniard may visit the Argentine to-day under the ægis of a "*Baedeker de la Republica Argentina*, por Alberto B. Martinez." More exalted regions than any the real owner of the name has presumed to tackle have been treated in a work entitled *Der Himmels-Baedeker*; but this, if my memory serves, is a kind of satirico-sociological drama, owing its inspiration at least as much to *Faust* as to Baedeker. *Baedeker* has also been used as the title of a German farce, the plot of which rests on the wiles of an impecunious traveler who succeeds in living at hack and manger by passing himself off as an agent of the "Brick-red Incorruptible," a feat which, it may be hoped, many generations of warning prefaces have now made impossible. This drawing of Baedeker into the realm of humor seems at first sight just a little incongruous; and doubtless most of the humor of his guidebooks is of the unintentional order. Thus one reviewer congratulated us on our felicity of phrase in describing a statue of Venus as consisting of "undressed stone." The laughable element in the description of the American chicken as a fowl of any age was also, I fear, entirely unpremeditated, as the reference was mainly to such terms as chicken-coop and chicken-farm, where the English say hen-coop and poultry-farm, and was in no degree intended as a slur on the table qualities of the youthful American hen. I notice that the anonymous author of *Le Guide Français aux*

Etats Unis also considers it necessary to explain that "chicken" in America is used "au lieu de *fowl*, en Angleterre." Since the preparation of the glossary in which this word occurs, I have found that another American equivalent for rooster is "he-bird;" this is a point where Baedeker has missed a chance of being funny. Many commentators find food for merriment in the absolute confidence shown by certain travelers in Baedeker's guidance, and in their refusal to admire anything unmarked by a Baedekerian asterisk. The *Münchener Fliegende Blätter* represents an English paterfamilias as exclaiming to his flock, "This scenery is all wrong" ("Diese Gegend ist falsch"), when he finds the picturesque castle to the right and the foaming waterfall to the left, instead of *vice versa*, as asserted by his infallible guide. A writer has hazarded the theory that the average German's love for nature is explained by the fact that it contains so many restaurants; and the frequent collocation of "beer and fine view" in the German editions of Baedeker might seem to lend color to the hypothesis. The unconscious humors of the English editions of Baedeker are often due to the vagaries of an inexperienced translator or the struggles of a German compositor with a manuscript in an unknown tongue. Fortunately most of this humor is reserved for the editorial eye alone; and if any of it has managed to escape into the published volumes, wild horses would not extort from me a confession of the fact. I once found myself wondering whether the most converted of Benedicts would be willing to face the creature strangely described in my proof as a "five-arched bride." On another occasion I wrote of a "room full of plaster casts," which was returned to me in proof as a "room full of blasted cats!" These casts seem predestined as a Baedekerian stumbling-block, for one lady, trying to help us at a pinch, translated the French word *moulages* as "mill-machinery:" and when the same phrase recurred a little

lower down translated it as "more mill-machinery," in mild and helpless wonderment over the eccentricity of the directors of French *musées*, who mingled Millets and machinery in the same room. It was reserved for the same gifted lady to discover what had for years mysteriously escaped our notice: namely, that *Une Marine* was obviously the feminine of *un marin*, and was consequently to be translated as "a seafaring woman." In the proof of the recent French edition of *Baedeker's United States*, a small part of which was tentatively translated by a novice, I found the Newport reading-room masquerading as the *Hippodrome* (that is, riding-room) *de Newport*, and had to check the curiously perverted ingenuity which translated "Newsboys' Lodging House" as *Crèche des enfants trouvés*, apparently intended as a free and idiomatic rendering of "new boys." A man who has written more than one work of his own on a certain country was once called in to help us with one of our handbooks. His vein of originality was, however, so marked that we felt it would unduly overshadow the prosaic truthfulness of our other handbooks, and we had consequently to consign his manuscript — regretfully — to the waste-paper basket. Dozens of his improvements on the German text he was asked to translate might be given; but one will suffice. The contents of a certain glass case in a museum were described as *interessante Zeugproben*, that is, samples of stuff or textiles; this appeared in his manuscript as "interesting trials by witness." I think Baedeker would have shown even more than his usual sobriety of tone if he had confined himself to the epithet "interesting" for a trial carried on in so limited and stuffy a courtroom. Miss A. Goodrich-Freer, in her recent charming book on *Inner Jerusalem*, writes "that an early edition of Murray's *Guide* appeared with the motto, 'The Bible is the best guidebook to Palestine,' and that the ensuing Baedeker retorted with, 'Palestine is the best guidebook to the Bible.'"

This instance of voluntary humor must, for the present, be left to rest on Miss Freer's authority.

The late Lord Chief Justice Russell of England once delivered a judicial ruling to the effect that it was not enough for a publisher of guidebooks to give a mere list of hotels, but that it was also his duty to make such discrimination as would aid the traveler in his selection. Baedeker's loyal attempts to identify himself in this way with the interests of the users of his handbooks has sometimes exposed him to attacks of a more formidable kind than letters of correction and complaint. At one time his books were kept out of France until he had paid a considerable sum as a solatium to a hotel-keeper in Nancy, who felt aggrieved by the words "complained of" (*on s'en plaint*) attached to the name of his hotels. A similar suit, which was ultimately won by Baedeker, was recently brought against him by another hotel-keeper in Naples. The gravamen in this case was that the hotel was described as *pour hommes seuls*, which was, curiously enough, regarded as a slur on its character. Our *avvocato* on that occasion, in the peroration of his eloquent, not to say flowery, address to the court, applied to Baedeker's "persecuted guidebook" the lines applied by Dante to Fortune: "This is she who is so set upon the cross, even by those who ought to give her praise, giving her blame amiss and ill report." The Neapolitan Chamber of Commerce protested angrily against such "lies, insults, and defamations" in Baedeker as the statements that begging is rather common in Italy, that the rifling of trunks in the baggage-car is not wholly unknown on that classic soil, that the heat of Naples is oppressive in September, and that the popular idea of cleanliness in South Italy is still sadly to seek. Recent newspaper reports assert that the native druggists of Rome have formed a combination to take legal proceedings against the infamous foreigner who has dared to recommend his readers to prefer the stores kept by British or American chemists. A

native of Malta, of Syrian parentage and swarthy skin, considered himself injured by the statements that he was an Arab, that his real name was Awwad and not Howard, and that bargaining was advisable at his, as at all the other hotels in Joppa. Posing as a British subject unrighteously assailed by the objectionable Teuton, this gentleman succeeded in winning a verdict from a patriotic and impressionable British jury, in spite of the fact that the judge's summing up pointed the other way, and included an enunciation of the principle referred to at the beginning of this paragraph. It is, however, satisfactory to add that, very soon after the verdict, the plaintiff in the case offered to forego his damages if Baedeker would reinstate his hotels in the guidebook; while it takes an almost more Christian spirit than I can boast to refrain from rejoicing that the hotels thus retired from Baedeker had also in two or three years to retire from business altogether. An experience like this makes Baedeker feel that he has not shed his blood in vain, and that even a wrong-headed British jury cannot prevent him from offering some degree of protection to his clients.

Attacks of a somewhat different kind occasionally, also, leave a taste that is not wholly of bitterness. Some time ago a distinguished art critic — for whom, in his chosen sphere, I have nothing but bated breath and bended knee — wrote to Baedeker to complain that the ascription (in our *Handbook to Italy*) of certain paintings to certain masters had been borrowed without acknowledgment from a recently published work of his own. The matter was referred to me, and I had the pleasure of finding out that the indicted sentence had first appeared in an edition of Baedeker published when the distinguished critic was of an age when he could not have known the difference between a Botticelli and a Bouguereau. I confess it was with a good deal of what the Germans untranslatably call *Schadenfreude*, that I informed our assailant

that "if there had been any borrowing in the case — which I was far from asserting — it was not Baedeker who was the borrower."

To the two main distinguishing features of Baedeker mentioned at the beginning of this paper, it seems to me that a third might be added in the form of a claim that he was the first writer of guidebooks to discover that not every English-speaking tourist is born in the British Isles. He takes care to mention points of special interest to Americans, such as the original home of the Washingtons, the Mayflower tablet at Plymouth, and Benjamin Franklin's London lodgings. He realizes that the American has as much right to be interested in the exploits of Paul Jones as the Englishman in those of Blake; and he tries to remember that a too insular enthusiasm over a British victory will not specially appeal to a transatlantic reader. More than that, he realizes that English and American are rather sister-dialects than identical tongues, and not only explains English phrases that might puzzle the American, but even adopts American expressions which seem to him desirable. The American tourist whom the ordinary English guidebook conducts through Europe must perforce ascend in "lifts," travel in "tramways," "book" his "luggage," "post" his letters, and skirt the "spurs" of a mountain range; but the Baedeker-led traveler has, occasionally at least, the option of taking an "elevator," "riding" in an "electric car," or even a "trolley," "checking" his "baggage," "mailing" his correspondence, and lifting his eyes to the "foothills." The American will sometimes find "sidewalks" in Baedeker, and even "furnace-heating."

The most signal instance, however, of Baedeker's recognition of the un-English English-speaking traveler is the existence of his handbooks to the United States and Canada. Some people seem to imagine that a man hardly requires a guidebook for a country in which his own language is spoken. Nothing could be

farther from the truth. I question whether *Baedeker's United States* is not fully as useful to the British traveler as *Baedeker's Palestine* or *Egypt* is. The European tourist in the East is prepared for the strangest and most upside-down conditions, and realizes at once that his own knowledge is not enough for his guidance. The caution thus inspired prevents him in most cases from doing anything very far wrong. When, however, the essential differences lie hidden under superficial similarity, instead of being proclaimed aloud by turban and burnous, he is much more likely to go wrong and get into trouble. The German tourist, who expects a self-important railway official to put him into his proper railway carriage, has very soon to find out that in America he is not regarded merely as a piece of animated baggage, but as a being able to fend for himself, and intelligent enough to read signs and name-boards. The Briton has to learn that when he is one of fifty passengers in the same car he cannot consult his individual caprice so freely as when snugly ensconced in the "corner facing the engine." He has also to appreciate that what he at first sight may take for culpable eccentricity or negligence in dress is merely due to extremes of climate, — a motive at least as powerful in smothering the æsthetic sense as riding in an automobile. The Frenchman has to be informed that there are no cafés in the United States, in spite of the free, and characteristically loose, use of the word; and that though he may obtain such unexpected articles as paper waistcoats at a drug store, he need not try to buy stamps from a tobacconist. Baedeker has to be ready to explain these and a thousand similar minutiae. He has to teach the German to be independent, the Briton to avoid "side," the Frenchman not to doff his hat too exuberantly, and all three that in America temper never is, and never should be, lost.

Some may think it odd to say anything about the great American language in a book intended for people who speak Eng-

lish; but there is good reason to believe that the much-roasted glossary in *Baedeker's United States* has been of real service to many a benighted Briton. It counts for something not to mistake the police station for the depot; to repress the natural inclination to shudder at the word bug; to realize that there is no danger of contagion when a fellow-traveler brings his "grip" along with him, and that he is not a candidate for a lunatic asylum every time he gets "mad." It is desirable to know that, whereas in England one man requires two spats, it proverbially takes two persons to make one "spat" in the United States. It is well to be warned that a considerable "check" in the course of one's business is as much to be desired in America as it is to be avoided in the Old Country. It is an etymological revelation to a Briton that he can obtain a "lunch" in America at any hour of the day or night, and that he can get something to drink in an "exchange." With Baedeker's help, the Englishman will be able so to frame his request as not to get something to chew when he wants mucilage; and will find that sophomorical eloquence, despite its awesome name, is not unfamiliar to him, even on his native shores.

The guidebook is sometimes classed, like time-tables and directories, among what Charles Lamb called the *βιβλία ἀβιβλία*, or books which are no books. The sacred name of author is but grudgingly allowed to its writer, who is looked upon as naught but the compiler of dry facts. Many would deny that there is anything even approaching scholarship in his multifarious information, and sciolism is the kindest term they have for his science. Personally I am ready to own that I find myself in a perennial condition of knowing a good deal about one country, — the last for which I have edited a guidebook, — and very little about anything else. No enlightened monarch or university has ever honored the editor of a guidebook with a title or a degree, though possibly Baedeker has

deserved better of the republic than many a one who can write himself down Sir John or Wirklicher Geheimrath. And yet, pariahs of literature as we are, — mere hewers of wood and drawers of water, — we sometimes gild our task for ourselves by trying to dwell on its ideal side. We try to believe that we are not mere signposts pointing to good beer and comfortable beds, but that we also bear a banner marked “excelsior,” and are really inviting men to turn to better things. By tempting to the visitation of foreign lands, we trust we are ministering to liberality and expansion of view; and that by helping to make the different nations of the earth know each other, we are contributing, not (it is to be hoped) to the familiarity that breeds contempt, but to that fuller knowledge that brings

fuller sympathy. The “blasted foreigner” is apt to become less “blasted” when we have partaken of his bread and salt, and seen him at play with his children. “Things that from a distance seem preposterous or even revolting will often assume a very different guise when seen in their native environment and judged by their inevitable conditions.”

We all of us need to idealize our life-work, if we are to do any good at it; and in ending this little paper may I “specially let this be its prayere,” that the cynic will not disturb the fond hope, or illusion, — if illusion it be, — that the epithet of “Star-y-Pointing Baedeker,” once used by a student of Milton, may possibly involve something more than a mere facetious allusion to asterisks.

“HANTU”

BY HENRY MILNER RIDEOUT

THE schooner Fulmar lay in a cove on the coast of Banda. Her sails, half hoisted, dripped still from an equatorial shower, but aloft were already steaming in the afternoon glare. Dr. Forsythe, captain and owner, lay curled round his teacup on the cabin roof, watching the horizon thoughtfully, with eyes like points of glass set in the puckered bronze of his face. The “Seventh Officer,” his only white companion, watched him respectfully. All the Malays were asleep, stretched prone or supine under the forward awning. Only Wing Kat stirred in the smother of his galley below, rattling tin dishes, and repeating, in endless falsetto singsong, the Hankow ditty which begins, —

“‘Yaou-yaou!’ remarked the grasshoppers.”

Ashore, the coolies on the nutmeg plantations had already brought out their mace to dry, and the baskets lay in vermilion patches on the sun-smitten green,

like gouts of arterial blood. White vapors round the mountain peaks rose tortuously toward the blue; while seaward, rain still filled the air as with black sand drifting down aslant, through gaps in which we could descry far off a steel-bright strip of fair weather that joined sea and sky, cutting under a fairy island so that it seemed suspended in the air.

“That’s a pretty bit of land,” said the doctor lazily. “‘Jam medio apparet fluctu nemorosa Zacynthos.’ It might be, eh? — Humph! — Virgil and Shakespeare are the only ones who sometimes make poetry endurable. All the others are just little swollen Egos.”

This was an unusual excursion, and he quickly returned to practical matters.

“There’s a better anchorage over there,” he drawled, waving the milk-tin toward Zacynthos. “And less danger of our being caught than here. But no use;

we've got to humor the crew, of course. When they say '*pulo barrantu*,' that settles it. Haunted islands — ghosts — fatal to discipline. I used to have cruises spoiled by that sort of thing. We must stay here and chance being found."

He shot a stream of Java sugar into the tea, and, staring at the sleepers, rubbed his shaven head thoughtfully.

"Oh, yes, 'superstition,' all very easy to say," he muttered, half to himself. "But who *knows*, eh? Must be something in it, at times."

His mood this afternoon was new and surprising. Nor was it likely to occur often in such a man. He had brought the Fulmar round the south of Celebes, making for Ceram; but as the Dutch had forbidden him to travel in the interior, saying that the natives were too dangerous just then; and as Sidin, the mate, had sighted the Dutch tricolor flying above drab hulls that came nosing southward from Amboina way, we had dodged behind the Bandas till nightfall. The crew laughed at the *babi blanda* — Dutch pigs; but every man of them would have fled ashore had they known that among the hampers and bundled spears in our hold lay the dried head of a little girl, a human sacrifice from Engano. If we got into Ceram (and got out again), the doctor would reduce the whole affair to a few tables of anthropological measurements, a few more hampers of birds, beasts, and native rubbish in the hold, and a score of paragraphs couched in the evaporated, millimetric terms of science. There would be a few duplicates for Raffles, some tin-lined cases, including the clotted head of the little girl, for the British Museum; the total upshot would attract much less public notice than the invention of a new "part" for a motor car; and the august structure of science, like a coral tree, would increase by another atom. In the meantime, we lay anchored, avoiding ironclads and ghosts.

Dinner we ate below, with seaward portholes blinded, and sweat dripping from our chins. Then we lay on the cabin

roof again, in breech-clouts, waiting for a breeze, and showing no light except the red coals of two Burmah cheroots.

For long spaces we said nothing. Trilling of crickets ashore, sleepy cooing of nutmeg-pigeons, chatter of monkeys, hic-cough of tree lizards, were as nothing in the immense, starlit silence of the night, heavily sweet with cassia and mace. Forward, the Malays murmured now and then, in sentences of monotonous cadence.

"No, you can't blame them," said the captain abruptly, with decision. "Considering the unholy strangeness of the world we live in" — He puffed twice, the palm of his hand glowing. "Things you can't explain," he continued vaguely. "Now this, — I thought of it to-day, speaking of *hantu*. Perhaps you can explain it, being a youngster without theories. The point is, of what follows, how much, if any, was a dream? Where were the partition lines between sleep and waking, — between what we call Certainty, and — the other thing? Or else, by a freak of nature, might a man live so long — Nonsense! — Never mind: here are the facts."

Eleven years ago, I had the Fulmar a ten-months' cruise out of Singapore, and was finally coming down along Celebes, intending to go over to Batavia. We anchored on just such a day as this has been, off a little old river-mouth, so badly silted that she had to lie well out. A chief in a *campong* half a day inland had promised to send some specimens down that evening, — armor, harps, stone Priapuses, and birds of paradise. The men were to come overland, and would have no boats. So I went ashore with three or four Malays, and the Old Boy's time we had poking in and out over the silt to find fairway, even for the gig. At last we could make round toward a little clearing in the bamboos, with a big canary tree in the middle. All was going well, when suddenly the mate grunted, pointing dead ahead. That man Sidin

has the most magnificent eyes: we were steering straight into a dazzling glare. I could n't see anything, neither could the crew, for some time.

"*Tuggur!*" cried the mate. He was getting nervous. Then all of a sudden — "*Brenti!*"

The crew stopped like a shot. Then they saw, too, and began to back water and turn, all pulling different ways and yelling: "*Prau hantu! . . . sampar! . . . Sakit lepra! Kolera! . . . hantu!*"

As we swung, I saw what it was, — a little carved prau like a child's toy boat, perhaps four feet long, with red fibre sails and red and gilt flags from stem to stern. It was rocking there in our swell, innocently, but the crew were pulling for the schooner like crazy men.

I was griffin enough at the time, but I knew what it meant, of course, — it was an enchanted boat, that the priests in some village — perhaps clear over in New Guinea — had charmed the cholera or the plague on board of. Same idea as the Hebrew scapegoat.

"*Brenti!*" I shouted. The Malays stopped rowing, but let her run. Nothing would have tempted them within oar's-length of that prau.

"See here, Sidin," I protested, "I go ashore to meet the Kapala's men."

"We do not go," the fellow said. "If you go, Tuan, you die: the priest has laid the cholera on board that prau. It has come to this shore. Do not go, Tuan."

"She has n't touched the land yet," I said.

This seemed to have effect.

"Row me round to that point and land me," I ordered. "*Hantu* does not come to white men. You go out to the ship; when I have met the soldier-messengers, row back, and take me on board with the gifts."

The mate persuaded them, and they landed me on the point, half a mile away, with a box of cheroots, and a roll of matting to take my nap on. I walked round to the clearing, and spread my mat under the canary tree, close to the shore. All

that blessed afternoon I waited, and smoked, and killed a snake, and made notes in a pocket Virgil, and slept, and smoked again; but no sign of the bearers from the *campong*. I made signals to the schooner, — she was too far out to hail, — but the crew took no notice. It was plain they meant to wait and see whether the *hantu* prau went out with the ebb or not; and as it was then flood, and dusk, they could n't see before morning. So I picked some bananas and chicos, and made a dinner of them; then I lighted a fire under the tree, to smoke and read Virgil by, — in fact, spent the evening over my notes. That editor was a *puk-kah* ass! It must have been pretty late before I stretched out on my matting.

I was a long time going to sleep, — if I went to sleep at all. I lay and watched the firelight and shadows in the *lianas*, the bats fluttering in and out across my patch of stars, and an ape that stole down from time to time and peered at me, sticking his blue face out from among the creepers. At one time a shower fell in the clearing, but only pattered on my ceiling of broad leaves.

After a period of drowsiness, something moved and glittered on the water, close to the bank; and there bobbed the ghost prau, the gilt and vermilion flags shining in the firelight. She had come clear in on the flood, — a piece of luck. I got up, cut a withe of bamboo, and made her fast to a root. Then I fed the fire, lay down again, and watched her back and fill on her tether, — all clear and ruddy in the flame, even the carvings, and the little wooden figures of wizards on her deck. And while I looked, I grew drowsier and drowsier; my eyes would close, then half open, and there would be the *hantu* sails and the fire for company, growing more and more indistinct.

So much for Certainty; now begins the Other. Did I fall asleep at all? If so, was my first waking a dream-waking, and the real one only when the thing was gone? I'm not an imaginative man;

my mind, at home, usually worked with some precision; but this, — there seems to be, you might say, a blur, a — film over my mental retina. You see, I'm not a psychologist, and therefore can't use the big, foggy terms of man's conceit to explain what he never can explain, — himself, and Life.

The captain tossed his cheroot overboard, and was silent for a space.

"The psychologists forget Æsop's frog story," he said at last. "Little swollen Egos, again."

Then his voice flowed on, slowly, in the dark.

I ask you just to believe this much: that I for my part feel sure (except sometimes by daylight) that I was not more than half asleep when a footfall seemed to come in the path, and waked me entirely. It did n't sound, — only seemed to come. I believe, then, that I woke, roused up on my elbow, and stared over at the opening among the bamboos where the path came into the clearing. Some one moved down the bank, and drew slowly forward to the edge of the firelight. A strange, whispering, uncertain kind of voice said something, — something in Dutch.

I did n't catch the words, and it spoke again: —

"What night of the month is this night?"

If awake, I was just enough so to think this a natural question to be asked first off, out here in the wilds.

"It's the 6th," I answered in Dutch. "Come down to the fire, Mynheer."

You know how bleary and sightless your eyes are for a moment, waking, after the glare of these days. The figure seemed to come a little nearer, but I could only see that it was a man dressed in black. Even that did n't seem odd.

"Of what month?" the stranger said. The voice was what the French call "veiled."

"June," I answered.

"And what year?" he asked.

I told him — or It.

"He is very late," said the voice, like a sigh. "He should have sent long ago."

Only at this point did the whole thing begin to seem queer. As evidence that I must have been awake, I recalled afterwards that my arm had been made numb by the pressure of my head upon it while lying down, and now began to tingle.

"It is very late," the voice repeated. "Perhaps too late" —

The fire settled, flared up fresh, and lighted the man's face dimly, — a long, pale face with gray mustache and pointed beard. He was all in black, so that his outline was lost in darkness; but I saw that round his neck was a short white ruff, and that heavy leather boots hung in folds, cavalier-fashion, from his knees. He wavered there in the dark, against the flicker of the bamboo shadows, like a picture by that Dutch fellow — What's-his-name-again — a very dim, shaky, misty Rembrandt.

"And you, Mynheer," he went on, in the same toneless voice, "from where do you come to this shore?"

"From Singapore," I managed to reply.

"From Singapura," he murmured.

"And so white men live there now? — *Ja, ja*, time has passed."

Up till now I may have only been startled, but this set me in a blue funk. It struck me all at once that this shaky old whisper of a voice was not speaking the Dutch of nowadays. I never before knew the depths, the essence, of that uncertainty which we call fear. In the silence, I thought a drum was beating, — it was the pulse in my ears. The fire close by was suddenly cold.

"And now you go whither?" it said.

"To Batavia," I must have answered, for it went on: —

"Then you may do a great service to me and to another. Go to Jacatra in Batavia, and ask for Pieter Erbeveld. Hendrik van der Have tells him to cease — before it is too late, before the thing

becomes accursed. Tell him this. You will have done well, and I — shall sleep again. Give him the message" —

The voice did not stop, so much as fade away unfinished. And the man, the appearance, the eyes, moved away further into the dark, dissolving, retreating. A shock like waking came over me — a rush of clear consciousness —

Humph! Yes, been too long away from home; for I know (mind you, *know*) that I saw the white of that ruff, the shadowy sweep of a cloak, as something turned its back and moved up the path under the pointed arch of bamboos, and was gone slowly in the blackness. I'm as sure of this as I am that the fire gave no heat. But whether the time of it all had been seconds or hours, I can't tell you.

What? Yes, naturally. I jumped and ran up the path after it. Nothing there but starlight. I must have gone on for half a mile. Nothing: only ahead of me, along the path, the monkeys would chatter and break into an uproar, and then stop short — every treetop silent, as they do when a python comes along. I went back to the clearing, sat down on the mat, stayed there by clinching my will power, so to speak, — and watched myself for other symptoms, till morning. None came. The fire, when I heaped it, was as hot as any could be. By dawn I had persuaded myself that it was a dream. No footprints in the path, though I mentioned a shower before.

At sunrise, the *kapala's* men came down the path, little chaps in black mediæval armor made of petroleum tins, and coolies carrying piculs of stuff that I wanted. So I was busy, — but managed to dismast the *hantu* prau and wrap it up in matting, so that it went aboard with the plunder.

Yet this other thing bothered me so that I held the schooner over, and made pretexts to stay ashore two more nights. Nothing happened. Then I called myself a grandmother, and sailed for Batavia.

Two nights later, a very singular thing happened. The mate — this one with the sharp eyes — is a quiet chap; seldom speaks to me except on business. He was standing aft that evening, and suddenly, without any preliminaries, said:

"Tuan was not alone the other night."

"What's that, Sidin?" I spoke sharply, for it made me feel quite angry and upset, of a sudden. He laughed a little, softly.

"I saw that the fire was a cold fire," he said. That was all he would say, and we've never referred to it again.

You may guess the rest, if you know your history of Java. I did n't then, and did n't even know Batavia, — had been ashore often, but only for a *toelatingskaart* and some good Dutch chow. Well, one afternoon, I was loafing down a street, and suddenly noticed that the sign-board said "Jacatra-weg." The word made me jump, and brought the whole affair on Celebes back like a shot, — and not as a dream. It became a live question; I determined to treat it as one, and settle it.

I stopped a fat Dutchman who was paddling down the middle of the street in his pyjamas, smoking a cigar.

"Pardon, Mynheer," I said. "Does a man live here in Jacatra-weg named Erberveld?"

"*Nej*," he shook his big shaved head. "*Nej*, Mynheer, I do not know."

"Pieter Erberveld," I suggested.

The man broke into a horse-laugh.

"*Ja, ja*," he said, and laughed still. "I did not think of him. *Ja*, on this way, opposite the timber yard, you will find his house." And he went off, bowing and grinning hugely.

The nature of the joke appeared later, but I was n't inclined to laugh. You've seen the place. No? Right opposite a timber yard in a cocoanut grove: it was a heavy, whitewashed wall, as high as a man, and perhaps two perches long. Where the gate should have been, a big tablet was set in, and over that, on a spike,

a skull, grinning through a coat of cement. The tablet ran in eighteenth-century Dutch, about like this:—

By reason of the detestable memory of the convicted traitor, Pieter Erberveld, no one shall be permitted to build in wood or stone or to plant anything upon this ground, from now till Judgment Day. Batavia, April 14, Anno 1772.

You'll find the story in any book: the chap was a half-caste Guy Fawkes who conspired to deliver Batavia to the King of Bantam, was caught, tried, and torn asunder by horses. I nosed about and went through a hole in a side wall: nothing in the compound but green mould, dried stalks, dead leaves, and blighted banana trees. The inside of the gate was blocked with five to eight feet of cement. The Dutch hate solidly.

But Hendrik van der Have? No, I never found the name in any of the books. So there you are. Well? Can a mandream of a thing before he knows that thing, or —

The captain's voice, which had flowed on in slow and dispassionate soliloquy, became half audible, and ceased. As we gave ear to the silence, we became aware that a cool stir in the darkness was growing into a breeze. After a time, the thin crowing of game-cocks in distant vil-

lages, the first twitter of birds among the highest branches, told us that night had turned to morning. A soft patter of bare feet came along the deck, a shadow stood above us, and the low voice of the mate said,

"Ada kapal api disitu, Tuan — saiah kirah — ada kapal prrang."

"Gunboat, eh?" Captain Forsythe was on his feet, and speaking briskly. "Bai, tarek jangcar. Breeze comes just in time."

We peered seaward from the rail; far out, two pale lights, between a red coal and a green, shone against the long, glimmering strip of dawn.

"Heading this way, but there's plenty of time," the captain said cheerfully. "Take the wheel a minute, youngster — that's it, — keep her in, — they can't see us against shore where it's still night."

As the schooner swung slowly under way, his voice rose, gay as a boy's: —

"Come on, you rice-fed admirals!" He made an improper gesture, his profile and outspread fingers showing in the glow-worm light of the binnacle. "If they follow us through by the Verdrunken Rozengain, we'll show them one piece navigation. Can do, eh? These old ironclad junks are something a man knows how to deal with."

HOLIDAYS AND HISTORY

BY WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER

Who does not recall that burst of noble invective in which Gambetta, at the trial of Delescluze, arraigned Napoleon III and the Empire? "Here for seventeen years," he said, "you have been absolute masters — 'masters at discretion,' it is your phrase — of France. Well, you have never dared to say, 'We will celebrate — we will include among the solemn festivals of France — the Second of December as a national anniversary.' And yet all the governments which have succeeded one another in the land have honored the day of their birth. There are but two anniversaries — the Eighteenth of Brumaire and the Second of December — which have never been put among the solemnities of origin; because you know that, if you dared to put these, the universal conscience would disavow them!" Gambetta's taunt proved prophetic: within less than two years the Empire of Louis Napoleon, which dared not celebrate its birthday, plunged headlong to destruction.

The conscience of France refused to join in jubilation over the Napoleonic *coups d'état*, — a healthy sign, which indicates that, although popular judgment cannot always be relied on to discern correctly the critical stages in a nation's growth, it can still be trusted in the long run to repudiate the wicked and the unworthy. It can be trusted not to make a festival to commend deeds of which it is ashamed. So we Americans have never tried to whitewash the Mexican War. In most European countries, to be sure, national holidays have sprung up without much regard to historical significance. The birthday of the reigning sovereign, of course, is kept; but, as this varies with each new sovereign, no particular date comes to be fixed in the popular mind.

The birthday of a dynasty, or of the existing form of government — except in cases like those which Gambetta assailed — naturally becomes the chief political event to be glorified year by year, — witness the Fourth of July in the United States, the Fourteenth of July in France, the Festival of the Statuto in Italy. Occasionally, through a lack of historical perspective, some occurrence of sensational emphasis at the moment, but without structural value, — the Gunpowder Plot in England, for instance, — appeals to the popular imagination, and is unduly perpetuated.

In general, the importance of holidays as a means of keeping fresh in the memory of a people the great stages of its Past, the vital principles which have brought it to the Present, the ideals to which it must be true if it would prosper in the Future, — this immense educative importance of holidays cannot be overestimated. And yet it has been too much neglected.

The deepening of the historic sense unquestionably marks, in nations as in men, the coming of maturity. For history embodies the collective experience of a nation, and it should serve, as memory serves each of us individually, to warn, or guide, or inspire. A people which has grown up cannot know too thoroughly the few transcendent or typical facts in the period of its childhood and adolescence. The outlines, at least, we expect every child to learn at school; and by statues and monuments we record great men and special occasions: but it is in our holidays that we can best set forth the few and simple, but indispensable, elements of our national being.

The calendar of every religion, with its fasts and festivals, proves the great

value, as a stimulus to worship, of an ordered system of celebrations. Each significant event in the career of the founder of a religion has its special day; each saint, whose life exemplified some shining virtue, has his special remembrance; and these festivals, continually recurring, enable the members of that religion to keep always before them the concrete evidences of their faith. We cannot doubt that our national holidays might serve in similar fashion as a stimulus to enlightened patriotism.

The time has come, indeed, when the elements in our national growth stand out perfectly plain. What are they? They are Liberty, Independence, Union. Our ancestors, who first protested against George III's unjust taxation, and then resisted it, and finally, in 1775, took up arms, had in view one great object, — Liberty. If that had been granted them, it is unlikely that they would have asked for more. But, after the struggle began, they realized that Liberty involved Independence, and so they pressed on and won both. The Revolutionary War left the Thirteen Colonies free and independent, but confronted by the problem of their future mutual relations. Should they form a federation, an alliance, a league, or should each try to go it alone? After much discussion they agreed to be bound together in a union. But from the start, the nature of this compact was disputed: one party held that the Union was indissoluble, the other that its constituent members might secede at pleasure; and only after two generations of debate, and four years of civil war, were the partisans of secession defeated. Since 1865, Union has been recognized as the third vital element in the growth of the United States.

Liberty, Independence, Union, — we ought to honor these three cardinal principles by yearly commemoration. In fact, however, only Independence has its special festival, although Independence is intrinsically not more important than either of the others. But in some parts

of the country, two days are already observed as holidays which might most appropriately and without any wrench be dedicated to Liberty and Union.

Massachusetts now celebrates the Nineteenth of April, the anniversary of the battle at Lexington and Concord, as Patriots' Day. Up to a dozen years ago, the first Thursday in April had been set apart in that state as a day of fasting and prayer. But in the course of time its religious character faded out, and Fast Day became a very secular feast, on which the first outdoor sports were played, and house-hunters scoured the suburbs for summer cottages. So the pretense of solemnity was abandoned, and the Nineteenth of April was pitched upon as the date of the regular spring holiday. Who dubbed it "Patriots' Day," a title without historic patness, does not appear. Any date on which a battle was fought, Bennington, Lundy's Lane, Antietam, Chickamauga, or a hundred others, might presumably, with equal reason, be called "Patriots' Day." In strict truth, the men who resisted the British troops at Concord and Lexington were not *patriots*, for they were fighting, not for their *country*, but for *Liberty*. Accordingly, the Nineteenth of April ought to be observed as Liberty Day; and since, as the sequel proved, the shot fired by the embattled farmers was heard round the world, and their resistance led to the Revolution, and this to the formation of the United States, Liberty Day ought to be a national festival.

To commemorate Union, we need only change the name and amplify the scope of Memorial or Decoration Day, which originated soon after the close of the Civil War in the beautiful custom of strewing with flowers the graves of the men, North and South, who had fallen in the conflict. Personal bereavement, poignant grief, inspired the earliest strewing of graves. It was a day of mourning, when mothers and wives and sweethearts and comrades paid visible tribute to their dear ones

unreturning. But gradually the character of the occasion changed. The sense of loss, if not assuaged, was no longer an overmastering emotion. The very decoration of the graves became more formal and less personal, left in charge of veteran posts, instead of being the spontaneous offering of family and friends. A new generation grew up, to which the war was, happily, only an historic event, and now, more than forty years after its end, Memorial Day, notwithstanding the impressiveness of its ceremonies and the pathos of the dwindling ranks of survivors, is turning into a genuine holiday, on which nine tenths of our people, unmindful of the dead whom they never saw, seek the woods and fields and shore, in their magic May glory, and are glad to be alive. In another decade or two the survivors themselves will be too few and too feeble to observe the day; and then the graves will no more be strewn with flowers, and the original motive — the personal motive — will vanish.

But to stop at private bereavement over the loss of the dead soldier is to belittle him and us. He fell, but he fell in behalf of a great cause, and it is on that cause — on the purpose of his fighting and the issue of the war — that we should fix our attention. His deeds were public, of national import, however private the grief of his friends at his death. The outcome of the Civil War has been to establish Union as the vital principle which binds together all members of the American Republic. The men of the South fought valiantly for their contention that the bond was only partial, terminable at the pleasure of any constituent state; the men of the North maintained that the Union should be "one and inseparable," "now and forever." The party of the Union triumphed, and there is to-day no American, whether he dwell North or South, along the Atlantic coast or on the Pacific, who does not rejoice that the Civil War had this result. Therefore let us convert Memorial Day into Union Day, and in so doing simply recognize

the change from private grief to public joy and thanksgiving, which Time has wrought in our view of the great conflict. Let us emphasize the immeasurable benefits achieved through the final acceptance of Union as an indestructible element of our national life, and thereby deepen our sense of fellowship and mutual responsibility. If we understood what Union means, we should see that one section cannot prosper at the expense of another, and we should not tolerate the greed of one state, nor the ascendancy of special interests, in making our laws or in administering them.

Thus have Liberty, Independence, and Union emerged as the three historic elements in our national structure. But no country, least of all a republic, can endure unless it can rely upon the patriotism of its citizens. Patriotism is preeminently the civic virtue. It manifests itself in many ways, — on the battlefield in time of war; in the council, at the caucus, at the polls, in time of peace. It shrinks neither from unpopularity nor fatigues in exposing abuses and in resisting corruption. Personal ambition cannot seduce it; private gain cannot pollute. For the essence of Patriotism is unselfish devotion to the country's welfare. The beauty of the service of this virtue, and the obligations we are all under to serve it loyally, cannot be too often impressed upon us. Happily, we Americans have in Washington the ideal patriot, and his birthday, which has been honored for generations, is properly our Feast of Patriotism. Virtue gains a hundredfold when it teaches by example. In Washington, Patriotism became incarnate; he illustrated by his conduct how it should inspire volunteer and Commander-in-chief, humblest voter and President. It is superfluous and unhistoric, if not impertinent, to go on assigning the Nineteenth of April to Patriots in general, when the Twenty-second of February is already consecrated to Washington, the world's model of Patriotism.

Liberty, Independence, Union, Pa-

triotism, — these ought to be blazoned in our national calendar. But there are two other facts, antedating our existence as a nation, which we must not ignore.

First, there is the Discovery of America. October Twelfth, the anniversary of that event, might well be made a festival, and called Columbus Day. Its celebration would serve to inform our latest generations not only about the actual exploit of the indomitable Genoese, but about the European conditions out of which the New World was peopled, and the part which the New World has played in the evolution of mankind. Every American is an immigrant, either in his person or in his ancestors; and as our population has become polyglot, if not cosmopolitan, the proper observance of Columbus Day would help to teach the newcomers some of the principles of Americanism, and it would remind our scions of older stock that the American of to-day is no longer of British or even of Germanic derivation, and that the American of the future will be the product of the vast mingling, for which history shows no counterpart, of tribes and peoples and races, that is now going on.

Finally, there is Religious Toleration, the cornerstone of the American nation, without which our state-builders would have builded in vain. All our political and civic life, not less than our school and church and social life, presupposes this basis. Freedom to worship God according to each worshiper's conscience is our inestimable bequest from the Puritans. They came to Plymouth and Boston, indeed, in order to be free to worship according to *their* conscience only: they set up a theocracy; they hoped to keep heretics out of their orthodox sheepfold. But inevitably the principle of religious freedom which they demanded for themselves permeated and transformed their commonwealth, and led to toleration, a blessing which we have so long enjoyed that we scarcely realize what it cost, or how essential it is to our national existence. We cannot guard it

too jealously, nor give it too free a rein in guiding our private lives.

Thanksgiving Day, the most ancient of our holidays, with its Puritan associations, is the fittest day on which to celebrate Religious Toleration, which sprang from Puritanism, as a life-giving fruit tree springs from a stony seed. The earliest colonists gave thanks that their lives had been spared, or that a good crop put away the fear of famine; we should give thanks that we have inherited from them the priceless boon of Toleration.

Our historic holidays, therefore, named in their proper chronological sequence, should be Columbus Day, Thanksgiving (Toleration) Day, Liberty Day, Independence Day, Washington's Birthday (Patriotism), and Union Day. If the time comes when the much-talked-of and much-desired friendship between Britain and the United States shall be celebrated in an annual festival, the Twelfth of February, the day on which in 1809 Darwin was born in England and Lincoln was born in America, might most fittingly be chosen; for Lincoln and Darwin were the highest representatives in the nineteenth century of the Anglo-Saxon race.

Meanwhile, let us Americans take care to keep constantly before us the vital principles on which our national life depends. Let us insist that at least once a year each of these principles shall be duly commemorated. Self-knowledge and experience are as indispensable to nations as to individuals. History teaches us both. When we have clearly fixed in our minds the very elements of the Republic's existence, we shall have a criterion for judging every political act, and every proposed measure. We shall confront it with the ideal of Liberty, or of Union, or of Toleration, and approve or condemn it accordingly. A nation which understands itself pursues the line of its genius, with the added momentum of its past achievements. Only by returning frequently to the fountainhead of our ideals can we understand our national genius and keep our own action pure. Whoever

has had a vision of these American ideals in their original beauty and power, him neither the whine of Anglomaniacs nor the croak of pessimists can disturb. But he knows that these ideals can be realized only through the unflinching devotion of intelligent Americans. Moreover, since

we can rely little on tradition, because our population is being continually increased by foreigners utterly ignorant of American traditions, we must neglect no means to provide a substitute for it. The efficacy of holidays as such a means is clear.

A LYRIC

BY BLISS CARMAN

OH, once I could not understand
The sob within the throat of spring,—
The shrilling of the frogs, nor why
The birds so passionately sing.

That was before your beauty came
And stooped to teach my soul desire,
When on these mortal lips you laid
The magic and immortal fire.

I wondered why the sea should seem
So gray, so lonely, and so old;
The sigh of level-driving snows
In winter so forlornly cold.

I wondered what it was could give
The scarlet autumn pomps their pride,
And paint with colors not of earth
The glory of the mountainside.

I could not tell why youth should dream
And worship at the evening star,
And yet must go with eager feet
Where danger and where splendor arc.

I could not guess why men at times,
Beholding beauty, should go mad
With joy or sorrow or despair
Or some unknown delight they had.

I wondered what they could receive
From Time's inexorable hand
So full of loveliness and doom.
But now, ah, now I understand!

THE TERRACED GARDEN

BY SUSAN S. WAINWRIGHT

THE furor hortensis has seized me, and my acre of ground here affords me more pleasure than Kingdoms do Kings; for my object is not to extend, but to enrich it. — EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

ON first acquaintance with the gardens of Italy, lying in ruin and neglect, you seem to feel a lamentable lack of vitality; but during an absorbing intimacy, while the gardens are studied with an eye to their service as models for our own country, their vitality becomes compelling, and you recognize, as their most valuable quality, their capacity to endure. After two centuries of neglect they are lifting their noble heads to tell us that they are something more than mere monuments; they abound in fertile suggestion. They are beckoning our attention at the right time. The landscape craze has passed, both here and in England, and the true garden, the garden that is private and a part of the home, is now the object of faithful study.

That which was grotesque in the gardens has ceased to interest the lover of true garden-craft. Water theatres, constructed at great cost, — with devices for wetting the unwary spectator, are no longer in operation; statues, so important a part of the Renaissance garden, have disappeared; the vase has been snatched from the pedestal; and the stiff parterre without flowers has little hold upon our modern fancy.

We cannot better select the excellencies of the Italian gardens which we rejoice in to-day than by a brief quotation from Evelyn's *Diary*, — an entry made in 1644, when he made his first visit to Italy, and saw them at the height of their bloom. Then it was more difficult than now to detect the *vital* marks of genius in the gardens, but Evelyn was an ardent lover

of true garden-art, and the words by which he expressed his admiration for the Villa Aldobrandini at Frascati could have been said of many of the famous villas; he thought it "to surpass the most delicious places for situation, elegance, plentiful water, groves, ascents, and prospects."

Evelyn had come from the level lands of England, where quite another type of garden was the delight of those days; a garden walled so that mounts were necessary to provide the owner an opportunity to look beyond his walls. The Italian villas, so wonderfully adapted to the hill-sides, with their "ascents and prospects," went straight to his garden-loving heart, and in his *Diary* he described them accurately for the benefit of the English people. It is suggestive that in copying too closely the type of another country the English at first erred in laying out their gardens on the north side of the house; and sometimes you see an architect measuring the height of the box borders at the Medici Villa, taking the exact breadth or length of a path at the Villa Lante, or the precise position of a statue at the Albani. That the masters who built these gardens confined themselves to no such binding detail, in the creation of many villas, is the keynote to their success. There is no art where the genius of the sixteenth century has more clearly shown its versatility than in architecture. The villa required not only a house suited to various needs and tastes, and often fitted to unusual situations, but about the house a development of the land to equal beauty and usefulness; and this variety is one of the charms of the Italian villa. No one is going to duplicate the Villa Medici, the Lante, or the Albani; far less the Villa d'Este. After you have enjoyed the vari-

ous effects produced by carrying the Anio up the hillside and letting it rush through the garden, where it tosses and leaps and sparkles in the depths of melancholy shade, the garden has little to offer, except its charming outlooks, framed by groups of magnificent cypresses, of farms and far-reaching vineyards, of distant mountains and near-lying hills, seen

"Above the world's uncertain haze;" nor, with a water design so beautiful and romantic, although too noisy and turbulent for a garden, does the garden need other marks of genius to make it famous; yet all of them and many others are full of genius. They reveal the inborn faculty of the men who created their works to suit their environment.

Although the Villa Medici is absolutely harmonious, with its deep woodland walks, sunny flower garden, beautiful fountains, fragments of antique sculpture, its terrace with the white marble balustrade, supporting the ancient ilex-wood, its incomparable vista of Rome, with the dome of St. Peter's against the glorious Italian sky, and above all its noble height and sweet privacy; yet where would one find another Pincian Hill on which to place a duplicate Villa Medici? Only something more than mere copying will bring the best in the Italian gardens to our American hillsides. If our architects, upon whom we shall probably depend for our greatest gardens, feel no warmer fire, no richer thrill of their imaginations, when studying these incomparable country residences, than the cold culture of mathematical and architectural lines and curves, so necessary to their art, then they cannot hope to create such homes as will add glory to our country.

It is not wholly the history that has been lived in the gardens, or wholly the architecture and sculpture, or charm of age and ruin, that leads us again and again to reflect upon them. In order to see them as models, with the vitality that makes them useful to us, we must strip them of ornamentation, forget their wealth of history, and sometimes even

transform their architecture; then there is left for our contemplation their "situation, elegance, plentiful water, groves, ascents, and prospects," or the outdoor art in which they excel. It is this outdoor art, an undeveloped art in our country, which enlightens our receptive minds, and holds us captive to its charms.

Some of us seek the level country for our houses, with its stretch of meadows and fields, or long, level avenues, and to a house so situated, either by choice or necessity, may be adapted a garden of most intimate charm; but many of us have an innate love of the hills, and in choosing a site, only a hillside seems possible; and a hillside demands quite different treatment. To the English we turn for the sweetest model in the world of a garden on a level situation, but to the Italian for the garden of the hillside. By availing ourselves of our opportunities for useful and effective building against our wooded hillsides, we shall not only secure a wood in connection with our garden, a most agreeable adjunct in a warm climate, but we shall sooner enjoy a setting for house and garden.

The vitality of the Italian garden is that part which is least artificial; for the gardens were designed by true artists, who used the material at hand whenever possible. But when a palace and its garden had to occupy an island, as the *Isola Bella* of Lake Maggiore, which, by strong vaulted arcades extending into the water and hundreds of tons of filling, was prepared for occupancy, then they reveled in artificiality. When you are not on the flower- and fruit-laden terraces, looking out over the blue waters of the lake, and into the heart of the near-lying mountains, your attention is held within. The basement of the palace has a series of grotto-like rooms opening on the gardens, decorated to wonderment with pebble-work, sea shells, and colored stucco, marble floors, benches and tables most whimsical in design. Although such treatment is not without suggestion and possible guidance to those in search of fantastic

effects, or a cool retreat where the water can drip and flow into ornate basins, yet it is doubtful if, with our love of nature, and our growing knowledge of the happy union of art and nature, we shall ever again crave a thing so entirely artificial.

When the Italian gardens are the subject of conversation, an acquaintance will say to you, with justifiable impatience: "Is it possible you like trees cut and trimmed into the shapes of animals, birds, cups and saucers, and other things?" You are glad of the opportunity to reply that they formed no part of the old Italian garden-craft, and then you can add: no more a part of the fine old gardens, built by the famous architects of the Italian Renaissance, than the pergola, which has so captivated our American fancy that we have almost become a pergola-ridden nation.

That the architects made the most of their material, and thereby produced an endless variety of pictures without sacrificing privacy, is illustrated again and again in the villas that have fortunately escaped the iconoclastic attack of "progress." The ornate little Villa Pia with its exquisite oval court of diminutive proportion and delectable privacy, so harmoniously placed in the Vatican Garden, is a gem of the sixteenth century. The great Boboli Garden stretches its laurel- and ilex-clad slopes from the Pitti Palace, with the famous amphitheatre set into the hillside, to the secret garden at the top of the hill, where, when the great gates are closed, only the inhabitants of the heavens can pry.

In all probability we shall never need a moated fortress-palace like the Villa Farnese at Caprarola, with a cardinal's soldiers on guard without, and within "noble ladies and their cavaliers sitting under rose-arbors or strolling between espaliered lemon trees, discussing a Greek manuscript or a Roman bronze, or listening to the last sonnet of the Cardinal's court poet." It would be difficult to say for what purpose Caprarola invites our attention, except for the wonder of it, the

artistic daring of the architect, and his beautiful garden house; but a garden on which Vignola has set his seal must surely furnish material for intelligent study.

Of the Villa Lante, another creation of Vignola's, — for since there is nothing to disprove it, why should we not have it so? — volumes could be written and the sweet story be only half told. There are few garden pleasures in Italy that can compare with the delight of following this most beautiful of cascades as it tosses and tumbles in a white billowy stream through the tall green hedges, from one terrace to another, to reappear in the basin and fountains below; there to listen to its soft and infinitesimal fall, so in harmony with the atmosphere of the Villa Lante; there to watch the dark clouds lower, and a fitful sunlight call forth the color of the red earthen jars, laden with the pure pale yellow lemon, brighten the green of the box borders, make the brown gravel walks shimmer, and the fountains glisten, till the Villa Lante is a veritable Eden.

There lies near Florence the Villa Campi, a garden without its house; a fairyland where the imaginative may build such dream-castles as he never built in childhood, — fitting into the silence of the garden, among the statue-nymphs, satyrs, and river-gods, the clipped hedges, the fountains and pools, a model of his day-dreams.

So we could go on from one garden to another; each with its mark of greatness; each with its own charm, its happy individuality; but after hours of exhilaration among the more famous gardens of Italy, we ever come back with joy to the smaller but not less beautiful ones. On the Aventine the gate of the Priorato, or Villa of the Knights of Malta, swings open, and you enter a most delightful small garden. The house stands on a steep ledge, and the secret garden lies close behind it. A beautiful little fountain graces the centre of the terrace. This garden, bounded by the house on one side, and a wall on the other side and the rear, suggests a one-story house with the roof removed, and

one whole side open. The tall laurel hedges make the divisions; the vines clinging to the walls the background, which indoors are wall papers and hangings; the lemons and oranges espaliered against the walls the pictures in color; the red earthen jars the household ornaments; the secret garden the chamber or "den;" a crude fancy, perhaps, but one that always possesses you in the small enclosed English garden, which this one closely resembles, except for the terrace that lifts you high above the Roman housetops and the slow old Tiber.

The Princess Ghica, of the Villa Gamberaia, rejoices to-day in a delightful model of the formal garden with its subdivisions; a small garden so arranged that it gives the effect of space, and the various parts happily united in one perfect whole. The ilex-wood, the bowling-green, the grottoes; the exquisite green grass steps, leading to the basins of clear water, which reflects the Florentine Iris; abundant verdure, and a wealth of flowers ingeniously unite the old and the new. The terrace, which overhangs the farms and vineyards and the broad valley of the Arno, is the crowning glory. The retaining wall, which supports the grove of ilex, opens like the "green hill" of childhood, and admits you to a charming little grotto-garden, a miniature gray ravine, radiant with tulips in April.

The Italian architects, like the English and the French, built their houses facing the road, giving privacy in the grounds to the inmates. The houses were not built on the hilltops, but into the hillsides. A house perched on the top of a hill loses that delightful setting that so enhances the value of a building, which is, at its best, an infringement on Nature's title. For that reason art must be carried beyond the four walls, that you may not be overwhelmed by that riotous Nature, so intent upon holding her own; scorning discipline like a growing child, but attaining her most artistic development under the guidance of the garden master; that

is, when she must become civilized, and conform, like the rest of us, to community life. Her state of savagery, where she sows or destroys as her mood dictates; where, in the depths of her wilderness, she shows us the great river tearing down the mountainside, or the little brook winding its crooked way through the woods, is another story; her multitudinous creations of wild beauty are still another. We admire and we love her, and we love her none the less, when, coming to dwell at our doorways and adorn the handiwork of man, we demand that she live within proper bounds, and comply with the rules of art. By no means should the domestication of nature lead to an artificial condition that is fantastic or grotesque, but simply to a sane union of art and nature; a union that gives a useful and beautiful indoor and outdoor home to every householder.

The most distinctive feature of the hillside gardens of Italy is the terrace, sustained by a retaining wall, a natural development of the hillside in connection with a house. It would hardly have been possible for a sixteenth-century Italian of any importance, loving the open air as he did, to build a house only; therefore the terrace, which seems so much a matter of form, was a real necessity. To adorn the terrace and make outdoor life more possible in a warm climate, groves, fountains, and grottoes were added; statues found their niches, and perennial verdure combined with the stonework; but there were few flowers.

To the best that the old gardens have to offer, allowing for the ineffable touch of time, we can add a wonderful variety of flowers. Then we have vast and fascinating opportunities in the skillful guidance of water, in which the Roman garden-architects excelled. Our hill-country abounds in streams that we can arrest for a while to supply our gardens with fountains, cascades, and even cool, dripping grottoes, and release for the fulfillment of their destiny. Evelyn, like Bacon, applies "elegance" to gardens. What

a pity that so good a word is to-day bandied about like any common thief! — a word that should be kept for gardens; for when you have such a garden as the best models of the past can lead you to, you have an elegant garden; one that is “very choice, and hence pleasing to good taste; characterized by grace, propriety, and refinement, and the absence of everything offensive, exciting admiration and approbation by symmetry, completion, and freedom from blemish.” From our chaotic state we may evolve choice country seats which include the terraced garden, possibly with farm lands, even though

not vineyards and olive orchards, close at hand; the sunny terrace as permanently built into the hillside as the house; a grove of evergreens, a pleasing play of abundant water; beautiful views, enhanced by skillful trimming and planting; the whole characterized by a restraint and refinement of taste that gives elegance; and above all a house and garden so united that beauty and use shall abide together in peace. If, by the guidance of these beautiful old gardens, we attain this garden felicity, we may indeed feel that the Garden of Italy has a marvelous vitality.

THE VOICE OF BEAUTY

BY CHESTER BAILEY FERNALD

SHE went with him along the gravel path beneath the cypresses, past the ancient urns to the gate in the wall, where he stepped down from the garden of the Villa Pallada into the road, and she stood above him, waving good-by. There had been import in his look to her, silent and direct, as she had said, “Not next week; because we shall be gone, — to South Africa.” “Then I shall come again sooner, — perhaps to-day,” he had said.

Her white gown, her voice, — all the soft, clear exposition of herself in her look and her attitude, lingered with him as he walked the Via Bolognese toward the city. She had not said or looked too much; neither had she shown a fear of doing so by expressing too little. Never had she seemed to invite him, nor to betray an exaltation at his presence; yet he felt that she liked him, that she was happy with him, that all the needs and circumstances of her life supported him in her regard. That she should leave Italy, and go with her father to the newest continent, sprang her into sharp relief with what would be her new surroundings, — a relief in which

she would be less happy, he felt, — less in tune with a background that would be no longer Italian, Old-World, and rare, — words which, despite her strain of English blood, to him described her. Which reminded Jefferson that he was an American, and that there was his own background, dim though his four full years of expatriation made it seem.

Of course she had known that her announcement would enliven him; she had made no pretense of concealing that. There were mysteries and mysteries, he mused; and hers was one no less mysterious because it inspired in him no fear of untried darknesses beyond the barriers that still lay between them. They had passed many hours in the garden of the Villa Pallada; her father had looked down from his study window without altering their little intimate self-confessions, nor the frequency of the young man's visits. Their episode had progressed with a beautiful restraint, he said to himself. It had been set to the quality of Carlotta's voice, — leisurely, soft and low, but live and flexible. Never a sharp note had entered

it; never a crude impatience had beset the proving of their affinity. A quick sincerity had rescued all their threatened moments, making exhilarations out of dangers, — a perfection of smoothness that put him thinking of what Carlotta might have been, had she not been Carlotta, but some girl discovered nearer home.

The Via Bolognese, the Villa Pallada, Carlotta, were indeed far from Buffalo, and the days and the ways and the maidens of his adolescence. There were exuberant phenomena distinguishing the manners of the young women he had known at home. He imagined Carlotta confronting the girls of his schooldays, and — unless they had greatly altered — drawing her fine line between herself and them. Already he had seen Carlotta draw it, though invisibly to the American tourists he had had the fortune to present to her. She had not been able to see the underlying virtues of their free ways. She had not talked afterwards to him about his friends; although they might have constituted a namable type in her mind. It was improbable that they remained in her mind; and Jefferson found himself believing all this without shock to his national feeling. Was he particularizing in Carlotta's favor, and generalizing to the disadvantage of his countrywomen? Or had he become a citizen of the world, for whom boundaries were not national, but only human? He shaped the question without troubling to answer it. To-day or to-morrow he was going to ask Carlotta to marry him.

The professor would be at the window, almost within hearing; but Carlotta and her friend would sit by the pond beneath the blossoming trees; and after a moment her answer would come, yes or no. With a "yes" she would put into the sound just that soft tone that would carry, so exquisitely measured, just the conviction melting from her heart. How could he be mistaken? Their communion had been too perfect. They had condemned so many of the iniquities and banalities, —

as the world seemed to them, — that their blackening of the map left them obviously on an island together. Should he take her back to America? Not until some reason came for it. But what reason ever would come for it? He was saying this in Italian as he crossed the Ponte Rosso and wound into the Piazza Cavour, as familiar to him as any of the rectangular regions of Buffalo. He looked upon himself as denationalized.

The young woman who crossed beneath the arch of the Porta San Gallo, so closely in front of him that, had she noticed him, it is to be thought that she would have turned aside rather than block his way, — she was not only his countrywoman, but of a mien that haunted him as if from days of immaturity. She was examining the face of the arch, and he made a circuit and entered the arch once more, to look at her. The tall American girl crossed the path again, indifferent to the passers through the arch. Then the gate of San Gallo seemed fixed in her memory, and she started rapidly, at what appeared her wonted pace, through the Via Cavour toward the Arno.

The simplicity of her white blouse, with its white stock and turquoise sleeve-links, and of her short skirt, marked a perfection of line and a richness of material. The fine, small shoeing and gloving, the hat of the season draped in a flowing veil, — these completed the American uniform for the year, against which her individuality struggled in his memory. Jefferson took the opposite sidewalk and copied her steady gait. He recalled her; theirs had been an affair between a maid of fourteen and a youth of sixteen, of such detail as could have been true only in a free country. This was Marian!

She leaned a little noticeably forward as she marched, with her head carried a little noticeably back. Her nose, thus elevated above those of the few women of her own height she passed, was small and of perfect shape, fittingly with her hands and feet. One hardly could have criticised them disparagingly, save for want

of quantity. On her brow was a little accustomed frown, as of impatience with things heard and seen, but impatience mastered in philosophy. Her figure was of faultless slimness. If her eyes seemed to him a trifle small, the brow made up for them in sweep and force; and the mouth, if the lips were somewhat thin, compensated with its firmness. She progressed, her eyes on the distance and the heights; she charged the crossings with an indifference to the traffic that made it wait and yield her way. Jefferson paralleled her, with a growing interest.

She did contrast with Carlotta. It was worth something to his mind to determine just how. He was going to take a momentous step; and he wished it to be without illusions, and without depreciating that young woman of America to whom, whosoever she might have been, all his thoughts, had he stayed in Buffalo, might to-day have been trending: if not Marian, then some other young lady whose head would have tipped at the same angle with her body, and who, in that year of our Lord, would have walked forth in a white shirtwaist and a plain short skirt and a flowing hat, and a little frown of freedom.

Marvelous land of liberty! Its breadth, its wealth, its opportunity for any one from anywhere! Only America could have produced this wonderful creature on the other side of the narrow street, into whose eyes he now almost looked as her face was for a moment mirrored in the pane of a show window. How her self-confidence fitted with her rights and privileges, her predominance, — over her father, over her mother, even over her brother when he was at home. Hers was the air which only noble houses thought to wear in the rest of the world; her nobility did not lean on years of heredity, — on some ancient service, long since many times repaid. Her nobility was rooted in the actual deed, only a generation old, hardly yet completed. She was real; she was the growth of doing and possessing; she was *ipso facto* one of our many, many

queens. You must acknowledge it. Place her among the patented of Europe, and her chin would have risen merely a little higher, partly in self-assertion and partly in a righteous surprise and disapproval directed at their ways of life and speech. She would have emerged stronger than ever; nothing could have made her yield an inch.

She held herself so wholly unawares that he felt no compunction in keeping up with her. He felt, indeed, that he might have stooped and passed under her chin, and she would have been none the wiser for his presence. From no such creature would ever a beckon come in all the heart-play of a courtship. One's secret knowledge of one's shortcomings, one's comparative meanness as a male thing, enforced by the regal presence of our modern lady, would be hung about one's neck as one proposed the startling step of marriage. One would battle one's way without a helping hand; unless, indeed, one possessed some unusual gift which lies in the province of professed diviners of women. At least, so Jefferson thought; she was the New World, — the New Female Thing, — that which you miss when you become an American without a vote.

She crossed the square of the Baptistery, ignoring it as if it had been Jefferson himself. Doubtless she had visited that already, in the morning round of sight-seeing. When he had another near look at her, after following in a street without footwalks, she was crossing the Ponte Vecchio, and her pace had not changed. It was only three o'clock; probably she was going to devote a few minutes to San Miniato. Presently, persuaded quite from the direction he had planned, Jefferson was pursuing her with agility up the steps toward that edifice; and he felt himself becoming re-Americanized.

He ought to make one visit to his native land. His marriage would have to mean, if Carlotta so wished it, that a world containing no North America could be wide and interesting enough to contain

herself and him. He ought to go back and neutralize his biases, and be able to testify, as the sight of the girl before him made him inclined to testify, to all that was commodious and startling and affable in the great modified order of things. In America you could be a citizen of the world by looking out of your window; men of every race and clime would pass you by; and the spoken tongue would be garnished with flavors of all of them. He ought to experience once again the free field which a man of leisure may find in America: one great scenic woman's club of afternoons, with all the men at business or removed from sight. Above all, to stay away and be no patriot, to take no part in the uplifting, the spreading, the celebrating of the national cult, — should he be able to reconcile himself with this in his old age?

Marian kept looking down upon the Arno, not approvingly, he thought. There was dirt; there had been odors and people in rags below; and the river was yellow with silt. She passed two policemen, whose soiled cocked hats and threadbare uniforms made Jefferson, as he caught the look he thought he read from her face, feel apologetic. He became aware that the *carrozze* and their horses were inferior, that Florence, indeed, was in many respects cheap and antique. Not that her frown had deepened; perhaps she was not dwelling on the facts; but her very presence proved that Italy is old and poor, and wears inferior cloth. She had let a glance suffice for the church of San Miniato al Monte; she was on the Viale Macchiavelli; there were trees, and the boulevard aspect and the stretches with growing things were more in keeping with herself. She looked at her shiny footgear, and picked her way across the drive, with lightness that gave her the air of a lady in a mural painting. She had not noticed Jefferson; she was as unaware of him as when she had nearly run him down at the Porta San Gallo. He crossed in her footprints. He saw that, alone and without fear or misgiving, she had sat on

one of the benches of the Viale, giving herself a pretty background of some rhododendrons.

Indeed, he had traveled far from his original modes of thought. After all, was there any good reason why a young lady, if fatigued, should not rest herself on a bench on a Viale, even though alone? Carlotta would have kept on, taxing her strength, or would have taken a cab, if you could have tired Carlotta's half-English blood with walking. Marian sat watching what roofs and towers of Florence rose above the opposite shrubs. Since she had not yet noticed him, Jefferson sat down on the adjacent bench. He would allow himself to look at her until such time as her attention might stray to him; and thereafter he would discreetly avoid her eyes, unless she should recognize him. There had been a time when he would not have waited, but in a breezy way would have approached her, — "sailed up" to her, and greeted her telephonically, "Hello!" At least, he thought there had been such a time; but now she carried such a presence that he mistrusted his memory.

She really was beautiful, once you went back and caught the standards of her place and time. Her fatigue had attacked the rigidity of the relations between her head and body; and she sat, if not according to the mode, yet according to the feelings of a girl who was tired. She was beautiful, and doubtless, once you were admitted to her acquaintance, she was full of that humor, that quaintness of phrase, that intimate address, which, — so long as you avoided aught that could be construed as touching on the relations of the sexes, — Heaven, how out of touch these four short years had left him with his native land!

He would go home before he asked Carlotta to marry him. It would be a greater justice to her and to himself. The steamer would be full of his compatriots, mostly women; and he would not steel himself against any one of them. Let nationality have its due. There would

be something of patriotism about it, — justice to his native land, tribute to his sisters of like birth. Carlotta was not being budged from his heart; he was not disgracefully sitting here and gulping in Marian. But he ought to see, by going home, how Carlotta found herself in his heart when it began to beat in rhythm with New York and North America.

In the course of these thoughts, he found himself blankly staring into Marian's eyes; at least, it had seemed so. But if she was looking straight at him, it was presently apparent that she did not see him, if that is possible. Her eye shifted so slowly past his eye, past his cheekbone, past his shoulder and his bench, that he could not tell if she had really taken him in. But it was his first chance, as in good taste it must be his last, to look her in full face across the space of a few feet. She was beautiful; she was faultlessly put together, and her clothes insisted upon it; she was American; she was queenly; and America was a great place!

He turned about in the direction of her gaze; and there it was as if he suddenly had seen her again in one of those mirrors which extraordinarily broaden and shorten the form. The same white shirt-waist was approaching their two benches, the same short skirt, the blue links, the veil, the poise, the frown; only the figure was different, much shortened, broadened, and breathless. He heard Marian rise and rustle forward to meet her friend. Jefferson was about to hear Marian speak.

The two collided on the walk, in front of him, glowing to each other. They stood where a movement of his stick would have made it touch their impeccable shoes. Into the oblivion where he sat now burst the contact of their voices.

"Where you been?" — it was Marian's he disentangled. "This is n't me; I just dropped dead hunting for you! And, my dear!! Harry can't stand it: he's gone off back to Paris!! But I think Florence

is very attractive! Don't you? Does my guidebook seem to look very noticeable? It's hidden inside, — that red cover doubles the price of everything you want to buy, — and I can't remember what you say to the driver. Is my hat?" —

Which she interrupted at the rise of the near-by stranger, and his dive into a passing empty *carrozza*. Its horse whipped off down the winding Viale, and in a few minutes took Jefferson beyond the understanding of their voices. It was the sound, not the matter, which first took qualification on the turgid surface of his impressions. Marian had opened her mouth, and it was as if from out it had jumped the New World. She had opened her mouth, and it had been as if he were in the heart of New York, with the scream of the whistles, the clang of the cars, the clatter of the trains, — all the shriek and screech of home and prosperity making New World music in his ears. The voice of American womanhood had triumphed over all these sounds; the orchestra had not downed the prima donna. He was like some aged pupil of Donizetti's, sitting near the tympani at the first performance of *Tannhäuser*. He seemed to have landed at a wooden pier; he seemed to have fought his way through the mud and the swearing, past the uniformed Hibernian, to a sidewalk slippery with fragments of vegetables, to a cab with bony horses. He seemed to be driving at great peril in a narrow trench far down beneath the sky, past endless lines of Hebrew names, by the side of a young woman who bisected her monosyllables. Unbelievably strenuous Italians ran after them with newspapers announcing their arrival in enormous letters. Everybody was about to be run over, and knew it; everything was about to collide with everything else. All was prosperity and progress, so loud, so fast, that his head was swimming. A quiet voice called to him from over the sea.

"Dove va, signore?" the driver asked. Jefferson kept repeating this under his breath, as nearly as he could in the tone

of the driver: "Dove va, signore? Dove va, signore?" He kept clinging to it, as if it were a rope thrown overboard to him. But against it there rasped:—

"Where you bi-in? *This* is n't *me-e!* I-ih just *die-id* — *hunting* for you! *And my dear!!* Hairy can't *stand* it: *he's* gawn awf back to Pairus!! But I-ih thi-ink Flawrnce is *vurry*" —

The two young women could see the

carrozza dropping down to a way toward the Ponte Vecchio.

"It's funny!" shrieked Marian into the ear of her friend. "That mayun followed me all over town; and he seemed to me like an Amurrican!"

"Dove va, signore?" said the driver presently.

"Via Bolognese! Villa Pallada!" cried Jefferson.

FROUDE

BY GOLDWIN SMITH

THAT Mr. Paul is a strong writer the many readers of his History know. In Froude he has a spicy subject. He was sure to produce a lively book.¹

A singular character was Froude, and under a rather singular roof he was reared. His home is manifestly painted by himself in his *Shadows of the Clouds*, where Edward Fowler is evidently Froude himself, and Mr. Hardinge surely is Froude's highly respectable and highly unattractive sire, Archdeacon Froude, though the allusion, if I remember rightly, was disclaimed at the time. Froude had much to endure, both at home and at a public school. As a child he had the great misfortune of being motherless. His father frowned, seldom spoke to him, set him to copy out Barrow's sermons, wanted to get him off his hands, threatened to apprentice the boy, in whom literary tastes and genius had awakened early, to a tanner, and did send him to a school where he was bullied, no doubt with the usual effects of that detestable practice upon character. At home the boy was bullied by his elder brother, Richard Hurrell Froude, — the reputed originator of the Oxford Movement, compared by Dean

Church to Pascal — who took him up by the heels and stirred with his head the mud at the bottom of a stream. The result of the treatment at home and at school was settled melancholy. The boy wondered why he had been brought into the world, and looked forward with complacency to an early death. He, however, consoled himself with study, and mastered Homer. At Oxford, believing that his life was to be short, he made it merry by living with a fast and idle set. Still, he read, took honors in classics, and was elected a fellow of Exeter College.

At Oxford Froude presently fell, as did the youthful sensibility of the place generally, under the spell of John Henry Newman. He could not have done better for his style as a writer, or much worse for his loyalty to truth. A seeker after truth, Newman, with all his spiritual aspirations and graces, never was. He set out, as he tells you, in the first of the *Tracts for the Times*, not to seek truth, but to find a new basis for clerical authority, which was threatened with subversion by the progress of the liberal movement. That new basis he found in Apostolical Succession and Real Presence. So by natural gradations he went on to Rome, having to use, by the way, not a little verbal artifice in reconciling with his

¹ *The Life of Froude*. By HERBERT PAUL. London: Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1905.

Romeward tendencies his ostensible position as a minister of a Protestant church. His *Grammar of Assent* is, in fact, a manual of pious self-deception, teaching you how to accept for the good of your soul beliefs to which your reason demurs. Nor was he above rhetorical artifice. To Froude, who was writing for him the Life of Saint Neot, he says, "Rationalize when the evidence is weak, and this will give credibility for others when you can show that the evidence is strong." Of the literary graces of Newman's school, Froude bore away a full measure. His style is eminently lucid, graceful, and attractive. In that respect there are few more fascinating writers.

Whatever Froude may have been in physique as a yachtsman or a hunter, in his intellectual temperament there seems to have been a feminine susceptibility of impression. From one influence he passed under another. Breaking away from that of Newman, when Newman took the final plunge, he presently fell under the influence of Carlyle. In the interval there was a sort of vertigo, in which he wrote his *Shadows of the Clouds* and *The Nemesis of Faith*, the second of which cost him his Fellowship and membership of the college. His restoration to membership of the college many years afterwards marks the progress of liberalism in those years.

Carlyle, Froude's second master, was a good alternative for the age of the ballot-box; but he was never food. He, however, in choosing his heroes of force, did keep morality in sight; saving, perhaps, when he worshiped Frederick the Great. His pupil, in taking up with Henry VIII as his hero, bade farewell to any but heroic morality altogether.

Henry may have set out with good dispositions, as he certainly did with some popular qualities, rather of the physical kind; with a certain amount of culture, though his pamphlet against Luther is not reckoned a masterpiece; and with a taste for art, which, however, seems to have shown itself most in encouraging

painting of portraits of an aggressively burly figure. But self-love and self-will presently got the upper hand, and, chafed by the struggle for the divorce, produced a suspicious, jealous, and bloody tyrant. Immunity for the King's vices and crimes is claimed by Froude on the ground that his cause was that of the Reformation. His change from a zealous defender to a violent enemy of the Pope was the dictate of his lust, combined with his passionate desire of an heir. If the Pope could have granted him a divorce, he would have remained the vehement upholder of the personal infallibility of the Pope. His creed afterwards shifted with his policy and with the relative strength of parties in his council. To the great gain of the Reformation, advance toward liberty of opinion, no one was ever less a friend than Henry VIII, unsettled and shifting as his own opinions were. It is surely vain to pretend that he was deliberately steering a religious revolution, or that he had any religious ideal apart from his own policy and passion. It is true, he was fond of showing off his own theological learning. He displayed it by publicly disputing before a grand assembly in Westminster Hall with a poor Sacramentarian heretic. The poor Sacramentarian bravely avowed and upheld his faith. The king, of course, triumphed amid servile applause; then he sent his antagonist to be burned alive. Could there be a spark of generosity or nobleness in such a heart?

That Froude set out to write his history "with a polemical purpose" is frankly admitted by his biographer; and history written with a polemical purpose is apt not to be history, as Mr. Paul, himself an eminent historian, will admit. Froude was so far qualified for the part of the advocate, as contrasted with that of the historian proper, that he could assume the independence of the Tudor parliaments, and take the preambles of their statutes for trustworthy evidence on the side of the king; call the debasement of the currency a loan from the mint; believe that there was nothing wrong in re-

pudiation, — nothing practically objectionable in putting people to death without trial.

The story of the divorce is well known. The king was tired of his wife, who was his senior; though good, was not charming; and had failed to give him a male heir. He had fallen in love with another woman. He was suddenly struck with a conscientious scruple about his marriage to his deceased brother's widow. He solemnly declared to his people, whose heart was warmly with Catherine, that he loved her well, and that conscience alone constrained him to part with her. He nevertheless openly installed the other woman as a rival at Catherine's side, and, when parting from her in alarm at the plague, wrote to her in language of the grossest lust. To relieve his troubled conscience by obtaining a divorce, he used chicanery, intrigue, bribery, and intimidation; twice tried to steal important documents; formed a plan of luring Catherine into a monastery, by getting her to take the monastic vow with him, then slipping out of the noose himself and leaving her bound. Through all this his admirer has to carry him, and the result, combined with what follows, is about the most curious of all sophistications of history. It is amusing, when the younger masters at Oxford decline a base compliance to which the more worldly seniors had submitted, to see Froude don the practical and sagacious man of the world, and rebuke the young masters as "a class which, defective alike in age, in wisdom, or in knowledge, was distinguished by a species of theoretic High Church fanaticism, and which, until it received its natural correction through advancing years, required from time to time to be protected against its own extravagance by some form of external pressure." Pleasant is the allusion of the ex-Tractarian to High Church fanaticism! Still more pleasant is the suggestion of the author of the *Nemesis of Faith*, that when these young men grow older they will learn the wisdom of taking a lie upon their

conscience at the command of tyrannical iniquity!

Catherine's death was opportune, and deemed at the time suspicious, as Friedmann has shown. There could be no such thing as slow poison; but it seems there could be slow poisoning. The king did not conceal his joy; appeared in gay attire; the day after the arrival of the glad tidings gave a court ball; and sent the little Elizabeth, daughter of Anne Boleyn, to Mass with extraordinary pomp. Balls and jousts succeeded each other, and the court rang with gayety. Such was the report of the imperial ambassador, Chapuis, to his master, quoted by Friedmann, but not quoted here by Froude.

Why does Froude tell us nothing about Wolsey's end: the vile ingratitude of the king to his great and only too faithful minister; the greedy sacking of the cardinal's possessions, his furniture and plate, by the king and the harpy at his side? Why does he not tell us that Wolsey, while faithfully discharging his duty as archbishop in the north, was arrested on a colorable charge of treason, and was on his way to the block when he was snatched from it by death? How are we to account for such an omission? How but by Froude's own avowal in his *Divorce of Catherine of Aragon*, that he "does not pretend to impartiality" forasmuch as he "believes the Reformation to have been the greatest incident in English history, the root and source of the expansive force which has spread the Anglo-Saxon Race over the globe, and imprinted the English genius and character on the constitution of mankind"? With little benefit surely to the veracity of mankind if Froude's genius is the genius of the Reformation.

Then came the turn of Anne Boleyn, who had ceased to please, and failed to give birth to a male heir. The king was courting Jane Seymour. Anne is suddenly arrested and charged with five adulteries, one of them incestuous, with her brother. Grief, the indictment said, had

impaired the king's health, and thus reasonably endangered his life; though his Majesty had never been more merry, and was openly courting Jane Seymour. The court, whatever Froude may think, was licentious; the king was making love to Anne's rival; Anne was probably piqued; she was somewhat coarse; it is not unlikely that she indiscreetly, perhaps indecently, gave ear to the flatteries of young courtiers. But the indictment is monstrous. From one of the accused a confession was wrung, probably by fear of the rack. The others denied, and if they did not repeat the denial on the scaffold, freedom of speech on the scaffold was not allowed by the Crown, and the victims, had they indulged in it, would have exposed themselves to being hanged, drawn, and quartered for treason instead of being beheaded, besides drawing the vengeance of the tyrant on their kin. The trial was not open, but held in a dark conclave of iniquity; and if the Duke of Norfolk, who presided, was kinsman of the accused, this was not the only case in the reign in which servility prevailed over nature. The Parliament to resettle the succession was called before the trial, showing clearly that the accused was foredoomed; and the day after the execution of his wife, probably the only woman whom he had really loved, the king married Jane Seymour. The "polemical" historian would have us believe that he did this as "an indifferent official act which his duty required." If we disbelieve this, Froude finds it "in the statute book"!

That Anne's sister, Mary Boleyn, had been the king's mistress is proved, not by common report only, but by the form of dispensation sought at Rome for the projected marriage with Anne; and also by a clause in the Act resettling the succession, which, with evident reference to this case, brings carnal connection within the degrees of prohibited affinity. The divorce of the king from Anne was probably pronounced by Cranmer on that ground. The evidence of the Act Froude

had before his eyes, but failed to see. Of the wording of the dispensation, when brought before him, he failed to see the force.

There is not a more beautiful character in history than that of Sir Thomas More, in whom the highest culture and the wisdom of the man of the world met with religious saintliness and the sweetest domestic affection. All Europe, Lutheran as well as Catholic, rang with indignation at his murder. Most desperately and pitifully does Froude labor to pervert our moral judgment in the case. He tries to prejudice us beforehand against More by sneering at More's "philosophic mercies," and telling us that when "the learned Chancellor came into power, the Smithfield fires recommenced." This last statement is a calumny, for Erasmus, who must have known, declares that while More was chancellor not a single heretic suffered death. The one apparent exception, that of Bainham, seems to have been satisfactorily explained by Knight. More himself, a man of the strictest veracity, denied the charge, and his disclaimer is not the less, perhaps it is rather the more, credible, because, having been frightened by the excesses of the heretics out of his early liberalism, he had written against heresy, and styled himself *haereticis molestus*. Heresy was unhappily at that day a crime by the law of England, of which More was the head. Froude labors miserably to show that conscientious refusal to take an oath was an act of treason; and he is not ashamed to insinuate that, had the kingdom been invaded, More was ready to join the invaders. Talk about "the shot flying" as a justification for judicial murder is pure buncombe. Of the infamous means employed to decoy Fisher and More into compromising admissions, little, and that not true, will be learned from Froude. As Froude's *History* begins abruptly with the fall of Wolsey, he escapes the pain of telling us that More had collaborated with the king in defense of the papacy, and had at that time seen so far into the

king's character as to reply, when he was congratulated on the favor he enjoyed, that he was grateful for it, but if his head would buy a castle in France, it would go. Froude's tendency to sophistical tampering with fact is very visible in this case.

The monks of the Charter House were murdered on the same pretense as Fisher and More. Froude tries to drown our sense of justice in irrelevant sentimentalities about the three hundred at *Thermopylæ* "combing their golden hair." The Carthusians would have found it difficult to comb their golden hair when they were kept chained upright to posts. Thomas Cromwell's agent reports to him that "most of the monks will soon be despatched by God's hand," God's hand being cruel confinement, filth, privation, and the torture of chaining upright.

Thomas Cromwell, next to Henry VIII, is Froude's hero. In the glorious rôle of judicial murderers he may seek his peer. Froude holds that he was drawn by his supreme integrity to the Protestants, who were honest like himself; that he was the soul of the Reformation; and that he did God's will, caring little whether he lived or died so long as God's will was done. His very abject appeal for the king's mercy at last showed a decided preference of life. A low adventurer, raised by his great ability, he wrought for the establishment of despotism in England, as William of Nogaret, the tool of Philip IV, had in France. The king, while using him, treated him as a menial, beknaving and cuffing him, as he himself confessed. His religion was purely political, and he owned himself a follower of Machiavel. He ruined himself at last by betraying his master into a marriage with a "Flemish mare," which gave an advantage to his enemies in the Council. His arrest being sudden, he had not time to destroy his notebooks, among which were found these entries: —

Item, the Abbot of Reading to be sent down to be tried and executed at Reading with his complices.

Item, the Abbot of Glaston to be tried at Glaston, and also to be executed there with his complices.

Item, to see that the evidence be well sorted, and the evidence well drawn, against the said abbots and their complices.

Item, to remember specially the Lady of Sar [Salisbury].

Item, what the King will have done with the Lady of Sarum.

Item, to send Gendon to the Tower to be racked.

Item, to appoint preachers to go throughout this realm to preach the gospel and true word of God.

Froude gives a good many documents. At these items he glances and does no more.

Cromwell fell, as is well known, under his own law enabling a man to be put to death without trial. The indictment, which, of course, like all other Tudor documents, according to Froude, demands our implicit faith, charges the most honest of men, amongst other things, with obtaining vast sums of money by bribery and extortion. But there is nothing in it which in reason could be regarded as a capital offense. Why did the author and head of the Reformation thus kill the soul of it, and the soul of honesty at the same time, for no assignable offense, and without the legal trial which even Froude thinks there ought perhaps in strictness to have been? Why not listen to the abject prayer for life put up by the tool who had served him so well? The explanation which suggests itself, not in this case alone, is that Henry was a moral coward, and, when he had made a powerful man his enemy, feared to let him live.

To justify the plunder and destruction of the monasteries, Froude says: "It appears then on this authority that two thirds of the monks in England were living in habits which may not be described." The "authority" is that of the spoilers. We have little trustworthy evidence. No doubt there were disorders, probably

very gross disorders, though more in the lesser than in the greater houses. The hour of the whole system of asceticism had come. But Froude's statement is extravagant, and the Pilgrimage of Grace presently showed that the heart of the people over a large section of the country was still with the monasteries against the spoiler. How reckless the plundering was is shown by the fact that the tithes of parishes, impropriated by the monasteries, were not restored to the parishes, but swept into the booty. A part of the spoil was devoted to public purposes. But the greater part was consumed by the wastefulness of the court, which, let Froude say what he will, was extravagant; not a little, perhaps, by the king's gambling table; for Henry, though his panegyrist does not mention it, was a great gambler. The government was soon reduced to a finance of repudiation, and what by ordinary economists is called "debasement of the currency," by Froude a "loan from the mint."

A special object of Froude's historical antipathy is Cardinal Pole, Henry's assailant in the European forum, whom he treats as a furious and criminal fanatic, covering him with ridicule as well as with abuse. Pole was a Catholic, holding the faith of which Henry had been a prominent champion; and even had he been a Protestant, he might have taken exception to the rending of the unity of Christendom and the assumption of the headship of the Church of Christ in his own country by such a man as Henry VIII, and from such a motive as that by which Henry was impelled. But turn to the authentic pages of Ranke, and you find Pole not a fanatic, but a moderate, an associate of Contarini, a member of the Oratory of Divine Love, striving with his associates to bring about a compromise between the Catholics and the Protestants on the basis of justification by faith. You find him recalled from the office of Legate in England by a violently reactionary pope, Paul IV, on account of the moderation of his policy, and his recall

deplored by Paul's wise and pacific successor, who believed that Pole's moderate policy would have regained England. How far he was guilty of countenancing the burning of heretics under Mary is not clear. It was not he that burned them. Evil laws may have perverted his conscience, like the rest. He had been exasperated by the murder of his kin and by threats of assassination. Any insinuation that he had Cranmer put to death to open the door for himself to the archbishopric is baseless. Cranmer, having been attainted by the State and degraded by the Church, was ecclesiastically and civilly dead; so that there was nothing to prevent Pole from taking his place.

In picturesque narrative Froude excels. His masterpiece in that line, perhaps, is the meeting of Pole and Queen Mary, with the whole story of the wretched queen's disappointment and tribulation; though, perhaps, gloating over the woman's yearning for a child and anguish at her disappointment is not the most generous emotion to which it would be possible to appeal. Mary's temper was soured by her father's brutal treatment of her mother and herself. Her bigotry must have been confirmed at the same time. There is no reason to believe that she was naturally unamiable or specially disposed to persecution. She was not ill-favored till she was worn with sorrow. One motive for the divorce of Catherine and the murder of Anne was craving for a boy. Here, after all, was the girl upon the throne, embittered and made intolerant by her mother's wrongs and her own.

Inaccuracy is unfortunate in a historian. That Froude was by nature inaccurate, even his admirers are forced to confess. In his *West Indies* and *Oceana* he misdescribes things which he had seen with his own eyes, depicting a sheet of water as tinted violet by the shadow of forest trees, whereas there were no forest trees within two miles of it. But the charge against him is not that of mere inaccuracy, which, perhaps, in the writer of a picturesque narrative, vividness of im-

agination might help to excuse. The charge is that of sophistication of history, "polemical" dealings with facts, and perversion of morality. That Froude's prepossession was sincere, of course, is not questioned; but its effects were incompatible with truth. In the later volumes, the polemical purpose being pretty well exhausted, the brilliancy is less, but fact comparatively regains its sway.

Froude set out to write the history down to the death of Elizabeth. He stopped at the Armada. It is pretty clear that he had not studied the latter part of his subject when he wrote the first part. This is shown by the change in his treatment of the character of Elizabeth. Was he only weary, or is it possible that he may have begun to suspect the character and foresee the doom of his history of Henry VIII?

Part of Mr. Paul's volume is devoted to a lively encounter of Froude with Freeman, who attacked him with great vigor on historical points. Not having watched the controversy, I cannot say who came off victorious: Froude, I am sure, in style; Freeman, I should conjecture, in fact. Freeman was a peculiar being, an Anglo-Saxon without guile, a Thane who had stepped into the nineteenth century; blunt, rather grotesque, and apt to be peppery in debate. Coming to this country to lecture, he mistook the Americans for republicans, and adapted himself, as he fancied, to their rude republican simplicity. But he was honest and truthful to the core, a hearty lover of righteousness and hater of iniquity. As a writer he lacks art; he is diffuse and somewhat pedantic; not popular, and now, probably, save by earnest students, little read. But his profound erudition and his perfect conscientiousness make him master of the limited period of history to which he was specially devoted. Froude's use of literary artifice and insinuation employed to pervert our sympathies in such cases as those of Fisher and More on the one side, and Thomas Cromwell on the other, would be sure to provoke Freeman

to the utmost, and make him show, perhaps with too little reserve, his hatred of iniquity and falsehood.

When Froude goes to Ireland, he carries Carlyle with him, and decides political questions pretty much by the rule of the heavy fist, though he, of course, covers it with the kid glove of sentiment. He does injustice to the Irish by ascribing all the evil to their character. There are weak points in the Irish character, as there are in the character of every race; but these, if in some degree congenital, have been largely caused by unhappy influences, geographical and of other kinds, and by the accidents of a disastrous history. Mommsen's bitter words about the Celt are not less irrational than bitter. Aristotle rightly holds that the kind is to be judged by its highest attainment, and it cannot be said that individuals of the Irish kind, or of the Celtic kind generally, have not attained a high level. Froude is always reproaching the Irish for not having fought; fighting being in his opinion the only mode of asserting the title of a race to independence and liberty. They did fight for several centuries, and were overpowered, not so much through inferiority in valor as by superior resources and arms. Froude's hero is Lord Clare, a strong man, without doubt, honest in his way, and sometimes presenting a favorable contrast to demagogic weakness; but a violent and narrow reactionist, of whose policy, except when repression was the need of the hour, no good could come. Froude's *English in Ireland* is exceedingly fascinating in style and full of vivid delineation. Nor is it by any means devoid of sound reflections. But it would never find its way into the hands and hearts of Irishmen, and could, therefore, as a lesson, do little good. In fact, it cut Ireland to the heart, and when Froude came over here to lecture, Hibernia, attached to the household of the friend whose guest Froude was, threatened to quit if he was not turned out of doors. Froude could not escape exaggeration. He exaggerates about the

practice of abduction, and in this and other cases lays himself open to rebukes from Lecky; which, however, he might retort upon Lecky for Lecky's treatment of Cromwell.

In Froude's *Cæsar* we were sure to find again Mommsen and the religion of force. Cæsar is, of course, the idol. Cicero and Cato are disparaged. Cicero and Cato, however, were clearly important factors in the eyes of Cæsar. Cicero must surely be allowed to have combined to a wonderful and admirable extent the man of action with the man of thought. He was the most sincere, and not the least clear-sighted, though not the most powerful, of patriots. Intellectually he was not an original genius; yet, by the writings which he produced with wonderful facility amidst all the storms, he has been no small benefactor to civilization. Vanity, which was his weakness, was not so artfully veiled in those days as it is in ours. Cato, who is more especially the object of contemptuous treatment, appears in one of the two great Augustan poets as a political saint, in the other as a hero. Cæsar-worship, if it is anything more than a display of a sentimentalist's virility, if it has any practical reference, is utterly misplaced. Roman nationality had come to its end. It had merged itself in a vast

empire. That empire, like all empires, called for an emperor. For an empire Cæsar was the man. He was not the man for a nation. Nor was he, as a French writer calls him, altogether "the man of humanity." His worshiper does not mention that he gave gladiatorial shows on a vast scale, that he cut off the hands of the garrison of a surrendered town, or that he carried about in chains his gallant enemy Vercingetorix, and then butchered him to grace his triumph. "The brave Vercingetorix," says Froude, "as noble in his calamity as Cæsar himself in his success, was reserved to be shown in triumph to the populace of Rome." What was then done with him we are not told.

Of the miserable Carlyle episode nobody wants to hear any more. When Froude had those papers in his hands he was sure to do what he did. It would seem about time that the publication of such matter, and of private correspondence generally, should be restrained. The gratification of prurient curiosity is dearly purchased by that which impairs the freedom of friendly and confidential intercourse. As a rule, let any future friend of a deceased man of mark into whose hands a bundle of Carlyle papers comes piously consign them to the fire.

THE MILLERSTOWN YELLOW JOURNAL

BY ELSIE SINGMASTER

"HE is for sure not right in his head. I never heard such a dumb thing. I guess if something went wrong with him he would not want it put right aways in the paper."

Alfie Bittenbender, the Millerstown schoolteacher, looked up at his wife as she perched on the end of his desk. Then he smiled ruefully.

"If Sarah Ann's pigs die, that is news, if Sarah Ann likes it or not."

"Just you wait," Jennie went on, "till he makes many more such dumb mistakes; it won't anybody take his paper."

Alfie looked sorrowfully about him. They were in what appeared to have been a small barn, but which was now a printing office. There was a little hand press, shrouded in burlap, a tall case of type, a stove, several piles of paper, and, nailed against the wall, a large box, divided into pigeonholes. The only spot which seemed to be in use was the broad deal table, covered with papers, on some of which Madame Jennie sat enthroned.

As a small boy, Alfie had made up his mind to be an editor. Even when he was in the "small school," he had begun to gather items.

"Old Man Fackenthal is pretty sick," he would write on his slate. Or, "Julie Lorish is home with her Pop for a while from working at Zion Church." His items dealt occasionally with civic improvements. "Al Losch has fixed his crossing. It is us now pleasanter walking."

Having graduated from the Normal School, he worked for a year in a printing office, then taught the Millerstown school. Both he and Jennie Reichard, whom he married, worked and saved in order to fit out his "printing office," and

talked and dreamed of the Millerstown paper which he meant to publish, and which Jennie proudly named *The Star*.

The Star, however, had never risen. Just as Alfie was ready to make his project known to his fellow townsmen, a stranger canvassed the town for subscribers and advertisers for the *Millers-town Journal*, which he proposed to publish on Thursday of each week, at two dollars a year.

"It ain't his business to come to Millerstown," Jennie sobbed. "What does he know from Millerstown folks?"

Alfie shook his head.

"He has worked already in New York on a paper. He knows everything. I sell my things."

However, he sold nothing, but covered the press carefully, and rewrapped the bundles of paper. He read the *Journal*, which Jennie refused to touch. In point of composition, it was doubtless a good paper. Moreover, the news was presented in a manner far from provincial. The items from Zion Church did not appear in a series of disjointed sentences, but were incorporated into a letter, addressed to Elias Bittner, and signed, "Your loving nephew, J. R." Vain old Elias had no nephew, but was too much flattered to object. Once the editor printed upside down an article to which he wished to call special attention. Millers-town condoled with him for the mistake, and read the article to a man. His pages were dark with scare heads, and exclamation points, and his advertisements were couched in jaunty sentences which Alfie could never have compassed.

"Peter," one of them read, "tell John that Butz the barber wants to see him. He needs a shave." Another, which made Alfie furious, suggested that parents "ask

Mr. Bittenbender whether he does n't think the children need new dictionaries. Weimer has plenty in his store."

"This is what they call in New York 'Yellow Journalism,'" he said to Jennie. "I would be ashamed, when I was Millerstown, to make a fuss over such a paper."

There was no doubt that, for the first few months of its existence, the *Journal* was popular. Then, suddenly, Millerstown lost its enthusiasm. The editor published the fact that Sarah Ann Mohr, who prided herself on her skill in raising pigs, had lost six by cholera. The day after, several Millerstonians told him in front of the post-office what they thought of him; and Sarah Ann notified him that he need send her the *Journal* no more. Soon he offended the new Baptists by forgetting the announcement of their services, and then the Mennonites by giving them less space than the Lutherans.

Alfie watched his career eagerly.

"If he makes all the churches mad over him," he said to Jennie, as she looked down at him from her seat on top of his papers, "then he won't have anybody to take his *Journal*."

Jennie slipped down, and started toward the door.

"Just you wait once till he makes some more such dumb mistakes," she said cheerfully.

Whereupon Alfie smiled absently back, and went down to the post-office for the day's mail. When, half an hour later, he hurried home, his eyes were round with excitement.

"I tell you the *Journal* will now have plenty news," he announced.

"What is it?" asked Jennie.

"It has been some one murdered in Millerstown."

"Some one murdered in Millerstown!" Jennie clasped her hands, all covered with biscuit dough as they were. She would not have been more surprised if he had said an earthquake or a volcano. "Who is, then, murdered in Millerstown?"

"Ay, it was some fellows living in a shanty on the mountain: Dutch John, what comes always around to trim grapevines, and another, Josie Knapp, what comes always around begging. That fellow, he killed Dutch John. But they have him. Old Man Fackenthal went up the mountain for to fetch some durchwachs" (thoroughwort), "and he found him dead. Now it will be news."

"I think it is a shame for Millerstown. I don't think such a thing should go in the paper."

"Ach, but it must! He will have plenty to fill it."

Alfie did not dream, however, of the possibilities which the editor would find in the murder. His eyes grew round with horror, not at the details alone, which were really as far from harrowing as the details of a murder could be, but at the way they were exaggerated. The *Journal* said that Old Man Fackenthal had found the body at "dusky twilight," which was not true at all. Instead, it was broad afternoon. Nor did he "start with horror, and then go out to draw in deep breaths of pure air before investigating further." Old Man Fackenthal was not that kind. Nor had the murdered man's dog stood guard over the body. The murdered man had no dog.

All summer the editor made copy of the murder. He described the quarters assigned to the prisoner, his behavior, his food, his clothing. He wrote incidentally on the jail itself, its cost and design. He published biographies of the murderer and the murdered man, whose validity no one in Millerstown but Alfie seemed to suspect.

The prisoner was tried at the county seat, and sentenced to be hanged in January. The date was set for the first Thursday, and the editor began in December to prepare the minds of his readers for the event. He reviewed the trial, commented upon the demeanor of the condemned man, and gave a list of those whose privilege it would be to attend. He promised to illustrate his account of the hanging

with photographs of the jail, the scaffold, and the sheriff.

Millerstown, which read each lurid paragraph more admiringly than the last, did not see the difficulty which here arose. The hanging was set for Thursday at eight o'clock; the *Journal* was printed on Wednesday, and distributed with the eleven o'clock mail on Thursday. The printing of the paper could not be postponed, because the editor planned to be married in the county seat that afternoon, and then go away for a week.

Nor did the editor seem more troubled than unconscious Millerstown. He went gayly about his business, grinning a little more broadly, perhaps, at the efforts of his assistant to talk English, and once or twice telling him that he was a "dumb Dutchman, like the rest of Millerstown."

The date of the hanging was remembered afterwards by the "great snow." When Alfie came home from school the afternoon before, there were only fugitive flakes, but before dark the ground was white. When he looked out at bedtime, he could not see the lights in the village. The snow seemed to shut him in. He fancied that he could hear it rustling softly. At dawn, Jennie called to him to look out. The familiar contours of every day were lost in one great whiteness, and under the brisk wind drifts were rapidly forming. He looked up the pike toward the schoolhouse, and the road seemed even with the fences.

"We will have to-day no school," he said at the breakfast table. "We could perhaps get out, but it will be different to get back. I will go down the street, and if it is any one coming, I will tell them they dare go home."

In his slow progress through the town, he met no one, till he reached the post-office. There, on the roughly cleared pavement, Jake Fackenthal and Billy Knerr were swinging their arms to keep warm.

"It is a bad day for the hanging," Billy said, as Alfie joined them.

"Ach, well, it is all indoors," rejoined

Jake. "We can soon read about it in the paper."

"Will he have it already in the paper?" Alfie asked quickly.

"He said to somebody that he would."

"But how will he get it in the paper so quick?"

"I guess by telegraph. He is me a pretty smart fellow."

"But"—Alfie paused. He would find out for himself down at the station.

As he turned the corner, the wind nearly lifted him from his feet. It cut his face, and chilled him to the bone.

"It would not be funny when the wires are down," he said to himself. "And maybe the trains stopped. It is just now time for the hanging. He must have gone a long while ago down to the station. It is here no footprints."

The wind grew stronger each moment. When he reached the steps of the high platform, he was compelled to cling there for a moment, with the snow stinging his face. The platform had been swept clear by the wind, and he walked quickly across it to the office, where, he knew, the agent, Henny Leibensberger, would have the stove almost bursting with heat. He swung open the office door, then closed it quickly.

"But where is he?" he asked.

"Where is who?" Henny looked up from his desk.

"Ay, the editor. Will he not hear over the telegraph from the hanging?"

"Nobody will hear nothing from the hanging over this telegraph that I know of. Did he say he would?"

"Somebody said it."

"Well, it ain't so. Sit down once."

Alfie tramped up and down the room, too perturbed to accept.

"How will he, then, get the hanging in the paper?" he demanded.

"I guess he will put off the paper. Say, Alfie,"—Henny sprang to his feet,— "would you care to stay here and mind the telegraph once a minute, while I go home? It won't be any trains till I get back."

Alfie consented willingly. He had learned telegraphy before he went to the Normal School, and he often relieved the agent in summer. He would not go home till eleven o'clock, then he could take the *Journal* with him. It would certainly not contain much news.

For the first hour, he had little to do. He studied the weather report, he sharpened Henny's lead pencils, then he fell to trying them one after the other, on the backs of telegraph blanks. Presently, when his scribbles were taking shape in an account of the hanging as he imagined it to be, the telegraph keys clicked with a new sound. He answered the call for Millerstown, and took the message. It read, "Number Seven stalled at Blandon." Then he fell to writing again, wondering, meanwhile, why Henny did not return. Jennie would be anxious if he did not get home in time for dinner.

The wind seemed to grow each moment stronger and more irresponsible. The track, except for a few feet, was shut off by the thick whirl of snow, on which the sun now gleamed dazzlingly. Down at the end of the platform the drifts were even with the floor.

Presently, the key called again for Millerstown. It was the operator at the county seat, who wished to exchange a few remarks about the storm.

"The wires are down up the valley," he said. "And there have been no trains for two hours."

Suddenly Alfie's eyes brightened, and he leaned down over the table as though afraid of losing one low sound. His own hand moved swiftly, and again he listened. His hand tapped the keys again. Once he smiled grimly, then his face stiffened into its eager lines. Outside, the whirl of snow drove back and forth under the bright sunshine; within, in the smothering heat, his whole being strained itself to listen to the click, click, click, which cut into the silence.

Then the rapid crepitations were no more. Alfie touched the key, he struck it

heavily. Its life had departed. It responded only with a dull, mechanical sound, as little like the animation of the moment before as death is like life. For a moment Alfie did not move.

Then — "The wires are down. I must go," he said impatiently. "Where is Henny that he does not come? But it won't be any trains; I can go anyhow."

Seizing his hat and coat, he dashed out across the platform. The wind pounced upon him as he reached the end, and whirled him off into the deepest part of the great drift. He struggled out, to find himself face to face with the station agent.

"The wires are down," he gasped. "And it won't be no eleven o'clock train. And they say" —

"All right," Henny shouted back. "Much obliged."

"But they say" —

"Yes, I understand. It won't be any trains. The *Journal* has everything in it from the hanging." Henny had turned his back to the wind, and his voice came clear and distinct.

"But they say" — Alfie's words were whirled away before the agent realized they had been spoken.

"Good-by," he shouted; then the door of the office closed upon him. He watched Alfie from the window, wondering whether he had lost his mind. He stood knee-deep in the snow, his open coat flying in the wind.

"How does Henny think he could get the news?" Alfie was saying to himself. "The other folks could think it came by telegraph, but Henny knows it could n't come by telegraph. Does he think perhaps one could ride out? It says, 'Gelt regiert die Welt, und Dummheit Berks County,'" (Gold rules the world, and stupidity Berks County), "only this time it is Millerstown what 'Dummheit rules.' Just wait till I tell them!"

Thereupon, Alfie, with his gloves still in his hand, and with flying coat-tails, started up the street. For a few yards he plunged along, then he stopped again.

"They cannot find it out!" he exclaimed aloud. Then — "But it will mean powerful work!"

A moment later, his broad shoulders darkened the little window at the post-office. He almost snatched the paper from Dave Wimmer's hand, then dashed out. A few of the pavements had been cleared, and he made rapid progress. The low gate at his own house was snowed under, and he stepped over it, almost forgetting that it was there. He sped on down the yard, without a glance at the kitchen window, where Jennie usually watched for him, and opened the barn door.

There he gathered an armful of paper and another of wood, and thrust them into the stove, where they soon crackled merrily. Sitting down at his desk, and seizing all the blank paper he could find, he went to work. An hour later he was conscious of some discomfort. At first he could not make out what it was, then he realized that he was hungry. And where was Jennie?

He ran across the yard to the kitchen. There on the table he found his dinner and a note.

"Pop came over that I should go along to Sally. She is sick. I will come till supper home."

He did not sit down, but, taking a pie in one hand, and a plate of doughnuts in the other, went back to the barn. There, for fifteen minutes, he wrote with one hand, while he fed himself with the other. Then, gathering up the loose sheets, he went across to the type case. The fire had gone out, and the wind had forced itself in through a hundred crannies. When his hands grew so stiff that he could not work, he built up the fire, frowning, meanwhile, at the interruption.

"The ink will not be dry," he said aloud. "But I guess it will not make anything out this time. The next time I will fix them up fine. If," — he added somewhat dubiously, — "if it is any next time."

No one who had not worked steadily while the light faded could have seen to gather and fold the scattered sheets, which, damp from the press, lay all about the floor when he had finished. With shaking hands, he packed them into a half-bushel basket, and, putting it on his arm, started down the street. He planned, as he strode along, how he would announce his début as an editor.

"I would rather give them away than sell them," he thought. "But I guess it is better that I sell them. I wonder if ever before a paper was started with an extra."

He awoke suddenly to the fact that the storm had entirely ceased. The sky was still a faint gold, while the great billows of snow gleamed coldly blue in the clear light. Here and there windows were lit up, and he heard men laughing in the tavern. A ball of soft snow caught him behind the ear as he passed Oliver Kuhns's, and he called back a cheerful, "Just you wait once till I catch you!"

Before he reached the post-office, he heard the sound of many voices. Within, Old Man Fackenthal, Elias Bittner, and Pit Gaumer tilted their chairs against the wall; and on the counters — relics of the days when the post-office had been a store — perched the younger generation, Billy Knerr, the two young Fackenthals, Jakily Kemerer, Jimmie Weygandt, and half a dozen others; and all the boys in the village seemed to have gathered in the space between. Dave Wimmer, the postmaster, who leaned half way out over the gate which divided his quarters from the main office, read aloud from the *Millerstown Journal*. The reading progressed slowly, for there were frequent interruptions, and demands for elucidation.

"Did n't he say no word when he was hung?" old Elias Bittner demanded, as Alfie entered.

"No, not a word," answered Wimmer solemnly. "It says, 'silent as the grave what was soon to receive him.'"

"Did n't they have no praying, or nothing?" some one queried.

"Yes," answered Dave. "Here is a grand prayer what the chaplain made. It says" —

"How does the editor know what it says?" a slightly scornful voice demanded. They turned to regard Alfie, who stood, with his basket on his arm, just within the door.

"By the telegraph, of course," old Elias answered impatiently. "How else should he know? Dave, go on with the praying."

Old Man Fackenthal let his chair slam to the floor.

"I say so, too. How does he know it?" he said. "This editor was me too much all summer for making something out of nothing. Alfie, what have you there?"

Alfie had set down his basket, and was nervously unfolding one of the damp sheets.

"I have here," — he began, his confidence suddenly deserting him, — "I have here a new paper what will tell about the hanging."

"A new paper! What for a new paper?" demanded Elias. "It can't be any paper but the *Journal*. It was to-day no train."

Old Man Fackenthal motioned him to be silent.

"You had better shut a while up, and let Alfie tell from this new paper. Now, Alfie."

Alfie's eyes burned brightly.

"It is a new paper, just to-day begun. The name shall be the *Millerstown Star*. It will tell all the news, and it will be published every week from now on, at a dollar a year. It has this time nothing in it but from the hanging."

"We all know about the hanging," said old Elias impatiently. "We" —

"You do not know about the hanging," said Alfie firmly. "Perhaps Dave will read us what it says in this paper from the hanging."

Willing hands passed it across to Dave,

from whose grasp the *Millerstown Journal* had slipped unnoticed to the floor. The room was silent enough now to suit even Old Man Fackenthal. Dave adjusted his spectacles with a loud, "Well, now, we will see what all this means." His eyes grew wider as he glanced along the head-lines, then his mouth opened, and the paper shook in his hands.

"Boys!" he said faintly.

"Well, hurry yourself," some one called.

"Boys!" he ejaculated again.

"Well, what!" This time there was a chorus of exclamations. "Ain't he dead?"

"Yes, but, boys! It says here it was n't to-day no hanging. He made hisself dead with poison in the jail!"

"Bei meiner Sex, I don't believe it!" said Elias Bittner. They silenced him in a moment, and there was a loud demand for further explanation. How had Alfie heard? Who was publishing the new paper? Where had the editor of the *Journal* got his news?

"He got it somehow, and it must be true," insisted Elias.

"He made it up out of his own head," said Old Man Fackenthal. "Say, boys, what for fools does he think we are in Millerstown? Alfie, from now on I take the *Star*."

Thus was the first subscriber enrolled.

Fifteen minutes later, Alfie started out in the street, his basket empty, save for one paper which he was taking home to Jennie.

The sunset glow had vanished, and the stars were shining. Out across the Weygandt meadows, the bleeder at the furnace blazed like a beacon. Then another light, less bright, but more alluring, caught his glance. Jennie had come home. As he reached the gate, a long shaft of light from the opening door shot across the snow.

"Well, Alfie, where have you been? I was getting scared."

For answer he handed her the little sheet, damp and crumpled, blank on

three sides, and sadly blurred on the fourth. It was a newspaper of one item, which began:—

"In spite of the lengthy account of the hanging of Josie Knapp, published by

our esteemed contemporary, the *Millers-town Journal*, we would say that he was not this morning hung, but yesterday evening already took poison in the county jail."

THE PRIMITIVE "TRIPPER"

BY HERBERT VAUGHAN ABBOTT

No one takes the form and pressure of his age more readily than the enterprising man of small parts. For this reason the recently republished crudities of Thomas Coryate¹ give, perhaps, a clearer notion of Shakespeare's period than does Shakespeare himself. In addition, the author is interesting as an immortal type, as a sort of Sancho Panza done into meagre anatomy. There is something of the same sordid visionary in him, a readiness to leave home and kin for the sake of some absurd distortion of the brain, a moonish desire to roam and cut a figure in the world.

The date of Coryate's birth is uncertain,—1577 is only a guess,—but Odcombe in Somersetshire was his native place, and he loved the place of nativity as a roamer sometimes will. His father, a

tuft-hunting clergyman, had secured its comfortable living, and had died there before his son had any chance to make a stir in the world. His mother, very dear to him, was to live on to a ripe old age long after his travel-worn body had been laid to rest in Bombay. To Odcombe he returned after his first travels to hang up his scarred shoes as a votive offering in the parish church; and there in his own extravagant way, the buffoonery of which was imperceptible to the Odcombian intelligence, he devised pleasant and fruitful pageants by which his townsmen engaged in rivalry with the neighboring villages. The spot was the centre of his affections. The very smoke thereof he preferred to the fire of all other places under the sun.

But he had not reached thirty years of age when Odcombe could no longer contain him. Modesty would have counseled him to remain where he was, but such counsel would have shrunk his world to a nutshell, and his mind was not of the subtle sort which could be king of infinite space in so narrow a compass. He must see the world and be a part of it. He was not unwilling, even, to make a disproportionate noise in it. A man cannot take a humble seat at this world's table, and expect to be called to a better vantage point, unless he has a talent in his napkin. If a simple franklin were to hesitate, with the angels, he would lose a world of experience. Coryate resolved to set out for the court.

¹ *Coryat's Crudities*; Reprinted from the edition of 1611. To which are now added, *His Letters from India*, etc., and Extracts relating to him, from various authors: Being a more particular account of his travels (mostly on foot) in different parts of the globe than any hitherto published. Together with his orations, character, death, etc. With copper plates. 3 vols. London. 1776.

Coryat's Crudities: Hastily Gobled up in five Moneths travells in France, Savoy, Italy, Rhetia, commonly called the Grison's country, Helvetia alias Switzerland, some parts of high Germany and the Netherlands; Newly digested in the hungry aire of Odcombe in the County of Somerset, and now dispersed to the nourishment of the travelling members of this Kingdome. 2 vols. Glasgow: James MacLehose & Sons. New York: The Macmillan Co.

History fails to tell us how he first made himself known there; perhaps his father's name was still something to conjure with; but when the wits discovered him, they received him with applause. Once, at least, he held the centre of the stage. It was just after the presentation of a court masque. Seized by two practical jokers, and thrust willy-nilly into a trunk, he was carried into the middle of the scene. At the right dramatic moment, they let him loose. As his lank body unfolded itself, he found that he was face to face with a situation. As to how he met it we can only guess. There was no poetic fire in him which could drive him, as it did the school-boy Shelley, to rush upon his persecutors in a Berserker rage. There was no Irish pathos in him which could lend to his sorry figure the piquancy and whimsicality of a rueful Goldsmith. At times he was capable of a blunt repartee; but what was that against a hundred gorgeous, uproarious gentlemen and ladies?

It was always this way with him. When once out of the obscurity of Odcombe, wherever he was, and however he acted, he was sure to be a stage play to the pitiless spectators. Eagerness and a love of distinction among his fellows had thrust him beyond his element, and he must face matters out. It is nerve-racking business to play one's rôle strenuously when all that one can succeed in playing is the fool. It was doubly so in an age when a bend of the thumb in the flourish of the toothpick or a turn of the wrist in the play of the rapier made all the difference between exquisite bravura and grotesque folly. The warning that we should not boast until we put our armor off, bravado disregards as a counsel to our fears. It bids us risk our reputation to increase it, though we risk it on a desperate chance. Coryate obeyed these more audacious promptings, for he loved the strenuous life.

In 1608 a bold project took possession of him. The gallery to which he played he determined to extend. It should stretch across Southern France, rise over the Alps, sweep around Venice, reach through

Germany, and, circling into Holland, return to its point of departure in London. Before this theatre he would plod on foot, ride in carts, clutch and balance himself on the back of such dull beasts as his meagre purse could hire. It was any way to get there with him. Though he footed it along roads which braver men than he might well have avoided, he would come to foreign parts. With the corpses of highwaymen swinging in chains along the highway, it was natural that he should hold his sword uneasily in his hand as he drove through the woods of Abbeville. Alpine passes had not then been macadamized and placarded for summer tourists, and he scrambled breathlessly to keep the guides of other parties in sight, while they hurried on to elude so impecunious a beggar. Religion created dangers for him. His extraordinary figure and ill-timed polemics gathered a mob about him in the Venice Ghetto, from which the English ambassador's gondola rescued him only on the nick of time. On his return from Northern Italy he very wisely skirted along by-roads out of sight of the Spanish garrisons for fear that they might seize and feed him to the Inquisition. Among a stupid peasantry his ignorance sometimes proved a menace to him. A few grapes picked from the roadside, an angry rush upon him by a rude German boor, and he was forced with tears to plead for his hat, — a task which he performed in the English, Greek, and Latin tongues. Only the casual passing of a scholar saved him from his predicament. "If thou shalt happen," he remarks in his book, "to be caught in ipso facto (as I was) by some rustical and barbarous Corydon of the country thou mayst perhaps pay a far dearer price for thy grapes than I did, even thy dearest blood."

It is said of the great Marshal Turenne that an officer once exclaimed to him: "Sire, your knees are trembling." Quickly came the reply, "They would tremble far worse if they knew where they must take me within the hour." Coryate's

knees trembled, but on he marched, for in his own fashion he was a brave fellow. What that fashion was is picturesquely shown in another roadside experience.

"One notable accident happened unto me in my way a little before I came to this monastery and the city of Baden, of which I will here make mention before I write anything of Baden. It was my chance to meet two clowns, commonly called boors, who because they went in ragged clothes, strook no small terror into me; and by so much the more I was afraid of them, by how much the more I found them armed with weapons, myself being altogether unarmed, having no weapon at all about me but only a knife. Whereupon fearing lest they would either have cut my throat or have robbed me of my gold that was quilted in my jerkin, or have stripped me of my clothes, which they would have found but a poor booty. For my clothes being but a threadbare fustian case were so mean (my cloak only excepted) that the boors could not have made an ordinary supper with the money for which they should have sold them; fearing (I say) some ensuing danger I undertook such a politic and subtle action as I never did before in all my life. For a little before I met them, I put off my hat very courteously unto them, holding it a pretty while in my hand and very humbly (like a mendicant friar) begged some money of them (as I have something declared in the front of my book) in a language that they did but poorly understand, even the Latin, expressing my mind unto them by such gestures and signs that they well knew what I craved of them: and so by this begging insinuation I both preserved myself secure and free from the violence of the clowns, and withal obtained that of them which I neither wanted or expected. For they gave me so much of their tin money called fennies (as poor as they were) as paid for half my supper that night at Baden, even four pence half-penny."

It was at Dover on the morning of the 14th of May that Coryate embarked upon

his enterprise. By "five of the clock in the afternoon," he found himself in papistical France. The country amazed him, but it also pleased him. Whatever his defects, he had never become so absorbed in securing the means to live that he had forgotten life's enjoyments. On the contrary, he had sold two of his Odcombe manors for this very trip. He had a relish for experience, something of that lust of the eye and pride of life which is essential to every artist. Why the most appreciative of men should be called decadents it would be hard to say. But the word is here, and let us use it. Coryate was a precocious decadent. Frogs' legs curiously dressed did exceedingly delight his palate. Sweet and pleasant waters and shaded gardens did tickle his spirits with inward delight. His eye, quick to catch what was picturesque in the landscape, would remark on one spot the fairest galls that ever he saw, on another a pretty store of hemp. His style is full of the frankness of his pleasure. If he enjoys a profound draught of Rhenish or a cup of very neat wine, he imparts the fact to the reader. And his phrases are often as happy as they are naïve. Lanes are green ways. The canals of the Venetians are their liquid streets, that is, their pleasant channels. The Bridge of Sighs is a marvelous fair little gallery. Fans are conveyances which the men and women of Italy do carry to cool themselves withal in the time of heat by the often fanning of their faces. Umbrellas minister shadow unto them for shelter against the scorching heat of the sun; and they impart so long a shadow unto them that it keepeth the heat of the sun from the upper parts of their bodies. The view from the Campanile at Venice is a little world of delectable objects which costs but a gazet. Thus may the most Coryatic of us, the most impoverished, look upon the world and find it good.

Like Sir Andrew Aguecheek, Coryate reveled in artistic dexterity, and the mountebanks of Venice oftentimes ministered infinite pleasure unto him. But

his delight was seldom of the sort which could dissipate itself altogether into jigs and corantoës. Every sensation — it might be the "toothsomeness" of the turnip that cost not a groat or the "privilege" of the little nightingale — left with him a critical afterthought of almost Pateresque gravity. Toward paintings he was like Ruskin, prompt with a reason for every faith that was in him. With both, the reasons often dissipated the beauty, but they helped to keep the mind astir, and, in Coryate's case at least, they made a consistent and very pretty theory of æsthetics. He stood entranced before "the picture of a hinder quarter of veal, hanged up in a shop, which a stranger at the first would imagine to be a natural and true quarter of veal. But it was not." Another picture he enjoyed for the extraordinary length of the ass's ears. In all his criticisms he hit upon the two most commonly received earmarks of art, eccentricity and imitation.

The nakedness of this merry Greek's understanding was clothed with classical learning as with a garment, but it was a thin, translucent stuff, which only emphasized the contours of his mind. His intellectual machinery was usually so little affected by the passions that it may be said to have worked in the clear, pure light of innocence. He entered, he tells us, into a serious kind of examination of himself how it came to pass that one bank of the "Rhene" was planted with towns and fortresses and the other very slenderly. He would not aver that the martyred Saints Felix and Regula carried their heads in their hands, after the manner of St. Denis, for he never read the history in any authentic writer. These confessions illustrate the candor of the man. He had no pride of opinion, no reservations, and all his mental processes can be observed without hindrance or distraction.

In one particular, however, Coryate was biased. He was of a puritan disposition. He could finger "papist vanities" and even secrete a relic in his pouch as travelers will, but the glamour

of Rome could not seduce him beyond a certain point, and the deformity of the tonsure was always very pitiful for him to see. It is said that the orthodox whirling dervishes divide themselves into factions according as they approach the dance with an Aristotelian or a Platonic turn of mind. And, within the fold of the English Church, this peripatetic was a Calvinist. In his vagabondage he liked to meet with painful laborers in the Lord's vineyard, and at the final parting behold their cheeks bedewed with tears. Like Justice Shallow, he could quote Psalmody. The filial stork could teach him a little moral lesson. Occasionally he entered into the zest of polemics. Not that he was hostile to ideas. A cracked brain often admits light shut out from the skulls of more sensible fellows, and even the palpable lie exercised a power over his imagination. Providence, indeed, seeing that he could know but little, had bestowed upon him the privilege of believing much and contemplating still more. But he was a child of inheritance, and his father's bequest to him of the puritan habit of mind was part of the instinctive thrift of the man, by which he was enabled to pass judgments, and do other intellectual business on a small capital.

"He is always tongue major of the company," Ben Jonson says of Coryate, on his return to London. "He will ask, How you do? Where you have been? How is it? If you have travelled? How you like his book? . . . He is frequent at all sorts of free tables, where though he might sit as a guest, he will rather be served in as a dish and is loth to have anything of himself kept cold against the next day."

The wits thought him a fellow of a most ridiculous crudity; and yet wherein did their superiority consist? To modern nostrils they would all smell most villainously of civet, and the fork which he brought back from Italy, to their exceeding merriment, would strike our taste as a better instrument for its purpose than their Elizabethan fingers. There was a touch of

modernity, a democratic note about the fellow, quite beyond their capacity. He was not merely one of the last of the old traveling scholars of Europe; he was the primitive tripper, the prototype of all Cook's tourists. The delight in simple going drew him on like the call of the Cook's agent, and in many a city he would tarry but a day. Black-letter folios were his Baedekers, and by word of mouth he gathered such local traditions as now make the stock-in-trade of shilling guides. He would pace market places, put his arms around pillars, judge the size of paintings with his eye, for, after the fashion of the modern traveler, he liked to take the measure of the world.

There was much of the average man in him, yet it could not escape his notice that he was thought a queer fellow, and his complaisance made him seek to justify the imputation. He let men's expectation take hold of him, and fashion him till he answered all its requirements. Humor was not his forte; he had only a dull sense of incongruity; but good-nature may do much, and Coryate set out to be amusing. He threw his vivacity into the form of witticisms. He became exuberant and bombastic. He was seized with an exhilarating passion not to disappoint.

When he announced to the literary that he was writing a book, and, in accordance with the vogue, asked their aid in puffing it, there was showered upon him such a series of ironical verses as have probably never been written before or since. The author demurred for a moment at their scurrility, and then, in obedience to the Crown Prince, who dearly loved his joke, received them with something between a grimace and a smile, and printed them in the fore part of his volume. The half deprecatory, half jocose notes with which Coryate commented on this raillery is as sorry a spectacle as the shabby side of Harlequin. If the poor jester was but a bungling humorist, he did not lack a sort of sheepish pathos.

This was in 1611, and the author, now

thirty-four, was again at Odcombe. But the place was less likely than ever to contain him. Thoughts beyond the reaches of the soul disturbed and electrified him. "The mere superscription of a letter from Zurich," says Jonson, "set him up like a top. Basil and Heidelberg made him spin." He had stood in the church of Cremona, conscious that the bones of Hercules rested beneath him. He had identified Ivy's dwelling in Padua. The world had become his vista. Now the Orient called him, and the example of Ulysses buzzed in his ears.

All we know of his second journey comes from letters and fugitive papers. Like Talmage on Mars Hill, he delivered an oration above the ruins of Troy; he hunted for Abraham's house in Ur of the Chaldees, a very delicate and pleasant city; he footed it, a journey of fifteen months and a distance of two thousand seven hundred miles, from Jerusalem to the court of the Great Mogul. There, the audacity with which his pauper fingers clutched the robes of the monarch raised the vice of beggary to the heroic proportions of a virtue. Men who gaze on the world must somehow live, though they spend but twopence a day. Coryate raised his hands in supplication, and was not ashamed. Who shall explain the passion for diminutives? Though the globe was hardly large enough for all his projected wanderings, Coryate loved by epithet to diminish its elements, as if to bring them within the compass of his affection and understanding. Even the elephants of the Mogul's court seemed to "jostle each other like little mountains."

He never returned to Christendom. A few cups of sack, made thrice welcome by the English hands which gave them, overcame his wearied, famished body in Surat. The voluminous copier of epitaphs was ready for his own. The "bottle of his brain," "distended with the delectable liquor of observation," was broken.

A hundred and fifty years after his death, his travels, with the addition of

much collected material on his Oriental experiences, reappeared as three volumes in calf. To-day the additions have been dropped, and the three volumes have been diminished to two in buckram. Except for a few extraordinary splurges, his style runs as smoothly and freely as Xenophon's. The globe-trotting, leg-stretching Odcombian cannot mark the hours or tab off the milestones without charming the ear.

"I remained," he says, "in Lyons two whole days, and rode thence about two of the clock in the afternoon on Monday being the sixth day of June, and came about half an hour after eight of the clock in the evening to a parish called Vorpillere, which is ten miles beyond Lyons. In this space I observed nothing but abundance of walnut trees and chestnut trees and sundry herds of black swine, and flocks of black sheep. I rode from Vorpillere the seventh day of June, being Tuesday, about half an hour after six of the clock in the morning, and came to a parish about ten miles thence called la Tour du Pin, about eleven of the clock; in this space I saw nothing memorable. I went from la Tour du Pin about two of the clock in the afternoon, and came to a place called Pont de Beauvoisin about six of the clock. Betwixt these places there is six miles distance: at this Pont de Beauvoisin, France and Savoy do meet, the bridge parting them both. When I was on this

side the bridge I was in France, when beyond, in Savoy."

In a book much of which is as simple as this, is presented an extraordinary phenomenon. Coryate's mind was of the shallowest, but over its surface there played a marvelous variety of interests and enthusiasms. And they were all human. His pedantries were a religion to him, and his credulities a joy. A simpleton such as the men of Gotham might have admitted into fellowship, he had one quality they lacked: an eagerness to see men, manners, and customs at first hand. He lay at the foot of a horse's stall on the Rhine; he coped with pariahs in their native Hindustani; he forced the Great Mogul to speak with him. What makes the ant the most admirable of all beasts is not its industry, but its lack of all sense of proportion. Coryate's industry is not his most conspicuous quality, it is his preposterous absurdity, his desire to accost creation. Though this uneasy clown was no big and burly Whitman, whatever measure of success he had, and it was not small, he fully earned. Gulliver jangled his sword among the Brobdingnagian giants, but not of his own accord. Macbeth played with the potent spirits of the air, but he had been invited. This man from Odcombe, by the sheer force of the will that was within him, justled among the people of a dozen nations, and in so doing made himself an amazing type of a great and stirring generation.

RECENT SHAKESPEAREAN LITERATURE¹

BY WILLIAM ALLAN NEILSON

"THE study of Shakespeare," says a recent enthusiast, "will continue to be the most noble pursuit in the large realm of English letters as long as the language lasts to which he gave form and stability." The more catholic student of literature will probably cavil at the largeness of this claim, as the philologist certainly will at the view implied in the last clause as to the source of the "form and stability" of our speech. But, notwithstanding these objections, the utterance is fairly typical of the mental attitude responsible for the greater part of modern Shakespearean literature that is not strictly scholarly. This attitude is pernicious for two reasons: it implies an idolatry of the dramatist that hinders a truly critical and discriminating approach to his work; and it tends to puff up the idolator with the feeling that engaging in this "most noble pursuit" counts to him for merit and distinction. As a result, the public is bored by mawkish adulation, or irritated by condescension and conceit. These deplorable consequences are evident in about half the books included in the present survey.

The claim on behalf of Bacon to the

¹ *Letters from the Dead to the Dead.* By OLIVER LECTOR. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1905.

Famous Introductions to Shakespeare's Plays by the Notable Editors of the Eighteenth Century. Edited by BEVERLEY WARNER, D. D. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1906.

Eighteenth Century Essays on Shakespeare. Edited by D. NICOL SMITH. Glasgow: James MacLehose & Son. 1903.

Shakespeare's London. By HENRY THEW STEPHENSON. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1905.

On Ten Plays of Shakespeare. By STOFFORD A. BROOKE. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1905.

Shakespearean Tragedy. By A. C. BRADLEY. London: Macmillan & Co. 1904.

authorship of the Shakespearean plays and poems is, of course, only an eccentric development of this familiar idolatry. It is impossible for the "Baconians" to conceive that the worshiped scriptures could be the work of one whom they assume to have been an illiterate player, so they give them becoming dignity by ascribing them to the most distinguished figure of his age in the realm of pure intellect. The attempts to give plausibility to this ascription have exhibited much pretty ingenuity; but we have seen none more curious than that contained in the recent *Letters from the Dead to the Dead*, by "Oliver Lector." In this quaint volume we have a series of epistles exchanged by the shades of Francis Bacon, Jacob de Bruck, Henry Briggs, John Napier, Guy Fawkes, and William Shakespeare. The aim is to suggest that the overflowing product of the great Lord Chancellor's brain is to be found in many of the emblem books of the time, such as those of de Bruck, in the invention of logarithms, usually ascribed to Napier of Merchiston, in the frustrating of the Gunpowder Plot, and, finally, in the Shakespearean drama. Only the last of these claims concerns us now. Shakespeare writes to Bacon from his house in Hades, in what is meant to be the spelling of an illiterate Elizabethan, a plaintive letter telling how a certain "drie and wizard-like" sprite has propounded to him some awkward questions as to the parabolic signification of the great tragedies, the hawk-and-handsaw passage in *Hamlet*, and the sources of Falstaff's knowledge of Galen on the causes of apoplexy. Bacon, prophesying that William's rôle of dramatic author is nearly played out, condescendingly supplies him with answers to the queries of the skeptical ghost. The Falstaff question is met by a precise

reference to an Aldine edition of Galen, the argument being, presumably, that the player Shakespeare could not have gathered learning from such a work. The hawk passage is explained by a reference to the habits of that bird in a southerly wind, further expounded by Bacon in his *History of the Windes*. The four great tragedies find their real explanation when it is seen that they are expositions of the four Idols which, according to the *Novum Organum*, mislead the human intellect: *Macbeth* of the Idol of the Tribe (Mac is a tribal designation); *Lear* of the Idol of the Cave (Lear was pronounced Lair); *Hamlet* of the Idol of the Market Place (all hamlets have market places); *Othello* of the Idol of the Theatre (Iago acts a false part to Othello).

The notes to de Bruck's letter contain further light upon the plays. It seems that they can be coördinated with the Prerogative Instances of the *Novum Organum*. Thus *Timon of Athens* corresponds to the instance Solitary, for "Timon, disgusted with mankind, takes refuge in a cave;" *Romeo and Juliet* corresponds to the instance Cross, because the two lovers are "crossed in love;" *Coriolanus* to Door or Gate, because "Caius Marcius is killed at the gates of Rome" (which he is not); and so forth. Comment is needless. Yet there is hope in this last exhibition of fatuity. If the "Baconians" really undertake the study of Bacon's thought, there is a chance that we may have an end of the nonsense.

The reviewer of a book on the Baconian authorship of Shakespeare's plays is apt to be haunted by a troublesome suggestion. What if it is all a joke? When absurdity passes the possibility of caricature, ought not one to infer that the writer knows he is fooling? We confess to some such perturbation in the present instance, and wish to register the fact that we have anticipated the possibility that the present volume is merely meant to furnish such entertainment as we have found in it.

A more useful form of book-making is exemplified by Dr. Beverley Warner's

Famous Introductions to Shakespeare's Plays. Eleven of the prefaces to the chief editions, from the First Folio to Malone, are here reprinted, with a general introduction, short biographies of the editors, and here and there an explanatory footnote. The introduction, if not entirely negligible, had better be neglected, for it abounds in inaccuracies. Thus, a writer who says, "There was no criticism properly so called in the seventeenth century," shows an unpardonable forgetfulness of Dryden. The text of the First Folio is not "the foundation for all succeeding texts;" Rowe did not "merely reprint the Fourth Folio." If the author is of the "opinion that the first edition of each play is alone of any authority," he had better investigate the claims of the second editions of *Romeo and Juliet*, *Hamlet*, *The Merry Wives*, *Henry V*, *Richard III*, and *King Lear*. It is useless to say, as Dr. Warner does, that Shakespeare "was an omnivorous reader, but even this seems to have been limited to the novels, plays, poems, etc., out of which he was quarrying the immortal dramas which bear his name." Such a statement, apart from its self-contradictory nature, is incapable of proof, since we have no means of knowing what Shakespeare read, beyond the evidences afforded by his writings.

But a more serious criticism of the usefulness of Dr. Warner's enterprise appears when it is noted that his statement that these essays "have never been available for the average reader" is negated by the existence of Mr. D. Nicol Smith's *Eighteenth Century Essays on Shakespeare*. This volume, which appeared in 1903, contains the six most important prefaces reprinted by Dr. Warner; the three valuable essays of Dennis, Farmer, and Morgann; an introduction which is a real contribution to the history of Shakespeare's reputation; and a body of scholarly notes. Thus Dr. Warner's idea, though a good one, has been anticipated, and his labor is largely wasted. That this labor was one of love is indicated by the words quoted from

his preface at the beginning of this paper.

One of the inferences to be gathered from the history of Shakespearean criticism, as it is displayed in the essays reprinted in these two volumes, is that the eighteenth century gradually learned that the most illuminating comment on Shakespeare's language is to be derived from the works of his contemporaries. For us, who are more remote from both the time and the place of Shakespeare's activity, something more is necessary than a study of the archaisms of his speech. To supply this want, Mr. H. T. Stephenson has given us, in his *Shakespeare's London*, a very substantial aid. After introductory chapters on the manners and customs of the Elizabethans and the early history of London, he proceeds to give an account of the city as it was in the days of the great queen, taking up in order the Water Front, the main highway through the city, the quarter north of Cheapside, Holborn, Smithfield, the Strand, and Southwark; interspersing special chapters on Old St. Paul's, the Tower, and the Military Companies; and closing with the Theatres and the Taverns. The book is thus a comprehensive account of the physical aspects of the entire city, and contains in addition much incidental material, sometimes highly entertaining, reflecting the manner of life in this most interesting period. Few volumes will do so much to supply the student of Shakespeare with what is necessary for visualizing not only the background of the life of the poet, but also the background present to the minds of him and his audience in many of his plays, even though the scenes were supposed to be laid in Verona or Ephesus or Rome. Whatever may be said about the wisdom of reading the plays without commentary and letting them produce their own effect, it is certain that that effect will never be what Shakespeare aimed to produce, unless we take pains to learn his language, and to furnish our minds with the images and interests and information which he allowed for in his immediate

audience. To this end Mr. Stephenson's work is a solid and scholarly aid; and what adverse criticism we have to offer does not affect its substantial value. The plates, so necessary to a volume of this kind, would be more useful if the date and origin of each were explicitly given; a reconstructed map of the Elizabethan city would make the whole more intelligible; and more detailed statements of authorities should be given for the serious student, who will want to know more exactly the sources of the author's information, not chiefly as a guarantee of accuracy, but for purposes of first-hand knowledge and further investigation. We are tempted to suspect that the absence of apparatus is due not to the author, whose attitude is entirely scholarly, but to the modern publisher's absurd fear of the footnote. We doubt very much if the reader of the present day is so skittish as to drop a book the moment he spies a footnote; but, however it is with ephemeral literature, surely, in a serious work like the present, a moderate amount of certification and suggestion for further study may be inserted without injury to interest. If the margin must be kept clear, resort to the bashful appendix, but give us the facts and the proof.

Readers familiar with the previous writings of Mr. Stopford Brooke will be able to form in advance a fair idea of what to expect from a work by him *On Ten Plays of Shakespeare*. He is widely and honorably known as the author of what is, on the whole, the best short sketch of the history of English literature. He has written the best appreciation of Anglo-Saxon poetry, a very sympathetic study of Tennyson, and a somewhat less satisfactory work on Browning, besides many essays and some verse. He is highly cultured, widely read, more the man of letters than the scholar. He writes easily and eloquently, but almost always with a touch of his profession. That peculiar habit of mind that comes from speaking from a pulpit, where no one can raise objections or ask for reasons, requires as a

corrective a strong native sense of exact truth, and an assiduously cultivated respect for the intellectual rights of the audience. In few clergymen are these correctives present in such force as to prevent the appearance in their writings of a tendency to assume assent to the mere *ipse dixit*, and to talk down to the flock.

Expositions of Shakespeare in this spirit it still find a large and receptive public. Diffuseness of utterance, the repetition of the obvious, the narrating of the familiar story, are perhaps inevitable and necessary characteristics of preaching; and there are many who will not object to them in such a volume as this. They are referred to here merely that the reader may know what to expect; by way of definition rather than censure. The more experienced student of Shakespeare will wish that it was possible to get at the passages showing insight and a fresh view, that occur not infrequently, without going through stretches of the familiar and needless.

A refreshing contrast in the line of interpretative criticism is to be found in Mr. A. C. Bradley's *Shakespearean Tragedy*. Here is a book which shows that it is still possible to write about Shakespeare so that any layman who cares to use his brain can read, and yet without boring the most accomplished specialist. It is a discussion of the four great tragedies of *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *Lear*, and *Macbeth*, on the basis of a theory of the nature of tragedy laid down in an introductory chapter.

The bane of most modern discussion of tragedy is the tyranny of Aristotle. Now,

Aristotle's theory of tragedy was chiefly an induction based on the practices of the Greek tragedians whose work he knew. It is in no sense to depreciate the greatness of his achievement to note that, in spite of the large element of permanent æsthetic truth that lies in the *Poetics*, it was not to be expected that any Greek theory could continue to be forever the basis of criticism of a form of art so largely dependent as the drama is upon the conditions of the contemporary stage and the culture and interests of the contemporary audience. The distinguishing element in Mr. Bradley's work, then, is that, knowing the Greeks, he has retained his independence, and has attempted to draw from a consideration of Shakespeare's greatest tragedies a set of inferences as to the view of the tragic fact, of the tragic hero, and of the world in which such tragedies occur, which is implied in these dramas. This is carried through with great acuteness, and serves as a basis for the interpretation of the separate plays which follows. It is impossible here to summarize the results of this analysis, or otherwise to present satisfactory proof of the validity of the impression that a careful and deliberate study of this work has left upon us; but we are impelled to state our belief that we have here a criticism which, in its combination of profundity and brilliance, of subtlety and balance, of eloquence of expression and exactness of thought, surpasses any comprehensive treatment of Shakespeare since the great critics of the Romantic Revival.

THE ACT OF COMPOSITION

BY WILBUR L. CROSS

EVERYBODY who reads what may be said here has doubtless read also books on the *art* of composition. Some may, perhaps, recall the perusal of one or more of them among the less exciting incidents of college days. These books on the *art* of composition began — though they were then of less practical import — with Aristotle some two thousand years ago; and they have been frequent ever since the revival of interest in ancient letters. It is, however, only within the last decade or so that they have come thick and fast. A reviewer who makes a specialty of dealing with these books finds a bunch of five or six arriving every season. Some of them treat of “the broad principles underlying all literature;” while others narrow down to the technique of the drama or the novel. It would ill become any one to speak with the slightest disrespect of the numerous successors to Aristotle — whether critics or rhetoricians — who have expanded and adjusted the ancient master to new times and new literary conditions. Their work is one of the large items in the history of letters. But it, nevertheless, seems strange that it has occurred to no one in all these twenty-odd centuries to try the public with a book on the *act* of composition.

For a book with this theme might be made, I should think, quite as interesting and profitable as one built on the old lines. The point of view would shift, you readily see, from the objective to the subjective; from the cold and heartless dissection of a piece of literature to the author’s very self in the act of composing the poem or novel that we had just read with delight. As a result of the inquiry, we might not be able, it is true, to write a poem or a novel as good as the one just laid aside; neither, for that matter, are we likely to

write an epic because we have been told by Aristotle that the *Iliad* has a beginning, a middle, and an end. In either case the chances are equally against us.

It should also be admitted at the outset that the man who tries his fortune with the new theme must have a very sane head. Contemporary writers — especially the novelists — who talk for publication are not as trustworthy as one might desire. Not that they always intend to say what is untrue about themselves; but in the first flush of success, they suffer from a redundancy of the imagination, and consequently see things that never were on land or sea. So it might be necessary to drop from the account most authors still living. But there would still remain all the dead authors who have left behind them letters, journals, and confessions for their most intimate friends.

Authors, when you get a sight of them at their desks, fall into two or three classes distinct enough for separate treatment. There are, first of all, the men who write with a glance now and then at the clock. They are the men of business who go down to their office at eight o’clock sharp, leave for lunch at one, and sometimes return for the afternoon. Their perfect type is Anthony Trollope. When at home he was out of bed at half-past five in the morning, and seated at his desk with watch before him. For three hours thereafter, he turned off two hundred and fifty words every fifteen minutes, and then went to breakfast, and the real business or pleasure of the day. It was all like Hotspur’s killing some score of Scots on a morning, and then complaining to his wife Kate, as he came in to breakfast with bloody hands, that life was becoming dull along the Scottish Border. Trollope repeated the feat at other hours and in other places,

— in lodgings, at the club, and, he takes pains to add, on ship amid the interruptions of seasickness. In this manner he wrote within twenty years forty novels, including *Barchester Towers* and the rest of those delightful cathedral tales. Southey was likewise as regular in his pace as “clockwork.” That he might take all he could out of himself, he wrote not only through the morning, but through most of the afternoon, and far into the night by one solitary candle in a large room, turning for relief from one epic to another, to history, and a magazine article, all in one day. And so he kept it up for weeks and months, in a long succession of years, till the last pathetic scene when the brain gave way.

In illustration of this class of writers, who have made time and circumstance suit their own convenience, examples may be found without number. Like Trollope, Macaulay liked to get his literary work out of the way in the morning. Dr. Johnson wrote when in bed or on a visit to a friend in the country as well as when at his desk. Shorthouse, who was engaged in business, took a day off every week, and in the course of eight or ten years produced *John Inglesant*, a romance of singular beauty. *Waverley* was written with lightning speed at night. A gentleman who lived opposite the famous Edinburgh house where the romancer lived and worked was greatly annoyed by the sight of Scott at the window during those strenuous weeks. “That confounded hand,” he remarked to Scott’s future biographer, as they sat together late one afternoon over their cups, “fascinates my eye, — it never stops, — page after page is finished and thrown on that heap of manuscript, and still it goes on unwearied, — and so it will be till candles are brought in, and God knows how long after that. It is the same every night.” But after Scott settled at Abbotsford, he chose the morning for the later novels; and when health failed him, he found that he could manage dictation, though there were many misgivings at first. No one could imagine

that *The Bride of Lammermoor* came from a man suffering intense pain from cramps in the stomach. Lockhart tells the story. An old Scotch servant was called in to take the dictation. As Scott rolled about on the sofa, dictating and groaning in the same breath, or as, under the excitement of the great scenes, he rose from his couch and walked up and down the room, spilling the blood of the detested bridegroom about the bridal chamber, the old Scotchman at first broke out in exclamations of wonder, and finally became mute and rigid, thinking that the devil had for sure got possession of his dear master.

Scott and his group illustrate, no doubt, what a tremendous will may do in literature. But there is a rather more interesting set of men who can do nothing without a sedative or a stimulant. To tobacco especially the world owes an immense debt. It is, — wrote an old bard who perhaps had enjoyed a smoke with Sir Walter Raleigh himself, — it is —

“The herb whereby this earthly orb is blest.”

Bulwer’s novels were all composed in dense tobacco smoke. After a hasty breakfast, consisting of “a piece of dry toast and a cup of cold tea,” Bulwer withdrew at once to his study, where he worked and smoked incessantly till dinner. Ten minutes for the meal, and a little recreation thereafter, and he was at his desk again till midnight, with *Lucretia* and *The Caxtons*, or *Kenelm Chillingly* and *The Parisians*, each pair of which was carried on simultaneously. If this example is not quite satisfactory on the virtue of tobacco, — for Bulwer’s novels are not, to say the truth, exactly masterpieces of the human understanding, — there is at hand Lockhart, who was lighting one cigar after another all the time he was at the second best biography in the English language. And Flaubert, in whose art the most fastidious critics find no flaw, required on one day fifteen pipes for eight pages of manuscript. That seems an excessive amount of smoking for so few pages. At any rate, the moderation of Kant is rather to be recommended. The great philosopher

discovered, besides time and space and the famous categories, that one small pipe — no more and no less — was just sufficient to wake the pure reason to action after a good night's sleep.

Instead of tobacco, some have preferred alcohol in small quantities. With Fielding, Sheridan, and most in the eighteenth century, claret was the favorite drink. Balzac chose champagne. Medwin was, of course, mistaken when he said that Byron drank a pint of pure Hollands every night. It was only gin greatly diluted with water that produced *Don Juan*. Some have gone so far as to say that an author's drink "has great influence on the forms within which the imagination creates," wherefore the inference is that it is possible to determine from a particular work what the author was drinking at the time of its composition. Whether this is so or not, I cannot tell. But, with reference to the notion, Ibsen once remarked that his *Peer Gynt*, which was written in Italy, had to him all "the intoxication of wine," while his *Young Men's Union*, written in the northland, made him think "of smoked sausage and beer."

A few books have come from opium or chloral. There is, for instance, De Quincey's famous *Confessions*, most of Coleridge's exquisite verse, and some of Rossetti's. Coleridge — so runs his own account — fell asleep after a dose of laudanum over a fine passage in Purchas's *Pilgrimage*, and dreamed out *Kubla Khan*. Many a man of letters, I dare say, would gladly sleep away the rest of his life, could he thereby have so beautiful a poem set down to his credit. But the penalty is so frightful that I pass to the less harmful aids to the imagination. Montaigne has a passage on the various odors which "change and alter and move my spirits, and work strange effects on me." But it remained for Schiller to discover the virtue of an odor not in Montaigne's list. Before sitting down to his work, — with *Wallenstein*, say, or *Wilhelm Tell*, — it was Schiller's custom to place inside his

desk a few apples just beyond the mellow stage. The aroma from their slow decay proved to be just the gentle stimulus that was needed in his case to stir the imagination and keep it going. The sensation was, as any one may prove by experiment, not at all disagreeable. It was not the odor of a cider-mill that Schiller had about him, but the sweet smell of an old garret where apples are stored till early winter. And so one might go on forever with the eccentricities of genius. There was the old humorist who sometimes found it necessary to open a vein and let out a little blood before setting out with a new book; another who took a pinch of snuff and then a stride across the room, with perhaps the addition of a clean shave, for he could never write when his beard grew long; and finally there was Dumas, who, according to Thackeray, was accustomed to lie "silent on his back for two whole days on the deck of a yacht in a Mediterranean port," and at the end of the period rise up, call for dinner, and have the plot of a new story all worked out in his head.

Women, it may be assumed, have never resorted much to stimulants or other artificial aids to the imagination. Still, we do not know this, as they have all been so exceedingly shy about their literary work. Christina Rossetti, the third and last of the great poetesses, after Sappho and Elizabeth Browning, was never seen in "the act of composition" by the most intimate members of her household, says William Rossetti, except when making playful verses in rivalry with her brothers. "She consulted nobody, and solicited no advice," it is said further. Frances Burney wrote and published *Evelina* before her father knew anything about it. The creak of a bad door-hinge warned Jane Austen of the approach of intruders, whereupon the small sheets of paper, cut for easy concealment, were slipped into the mahogany writing-desk or covered with hand or blotter. A niece of hers — a child when the incidents occurred — did, however, remember "how Aunt Jane would sit quietly beside the fire" in the

family circle, "saying nothing for a good while, would then suddenly burst out laughing, jump up, and run across the room" to pen and paper. Of women, George Sand has perhaps said most on the subject in hand, for she wrote an autobiography. To the stories about the heavy drinking of Byron and Balzac she gave little or no credence, saying, by the way, that she herself never bedewed her mind with anything stronger than milk or lemonade. The only drink, in her view, that can really avail, is the celestial liquor that the gods sip. The great writer, she held, is directly inspired from above, and must keep perfect control of his faculties, else the divine wave will pass over him without his being able to give distinct form to the thoughts or emotions that it brings.

Just as George Sand says, the very great writers, and some besides who have spoken to the point, confess to inspiration. They rarely feel the need of a stimulant, for to them the exercise of the imagination is of itself an intense emotion of pleasure or pain. They rarely keep fixed times for their work, but wait for the inspired moments, "sleeping and trifling away," in Goethe's phrase, "all unprofitable days and hours." The inspired moments, it is held by all, come without the slightest premonition. "The artist," so Balzac puts it, "is not in the secret of his intelligence. He works under the empire of certain circumstances, the union of which is a mystery. . . . On one day, without his knowing it, an air is stirring, and all is relaxed. For an empire, for millions . . . he could not write a line. . . . Then some night in the street, some morning on rising, or in the midst of a joyous revel, a coal of fire touches that brain . . . that tongue; suddenly a word awakens ideas; they are born, they grow, they ferment." The experience of Balzac was also Ibsen's. Writing to Björnson from Italy back in 1865, Ibsen said that for a year or more he had not known which way to turn, for his literary work would not advance at all. "Then one day," to quote him ex-

actly, "I went into St. Peter's . . . and there all at once there dawned upon me a strong and clear form for what I had to say." What dawned upon Ibsen on that day was the *motif* of the most impressive tragedy of the nineteenth century. He began writing at once, both forenoon and afternoon,—which he had never before been able to do,—and within two months *Brand* was complete. In explaining how he was able to maintain through five acts his uncompromising attitude toward modern civilization, Ibsen said at a later date, most curiously: "In the time when I was writing *Brand* I had standing on my table a scorpion in an empty beer glass. From time to time the animal fell sick; and I used to throw down to it a bit of soft fruit, upon which it cast itself with frenzy, and poured out its venom therein; and so it grew well again."

As writers have looked back upon some period of inspiration such as came to Ibsen, they have felt that there was a mysterious power working in and through them at the time, wholly apart from their ordinary consciousness. Horace called the power the *Deus in nobis*. So did George Eliot. This great novelist was, as we all know, an agnostic. On a visit to Cambridge she once took the occasion to declare with terrible earnestness, as she stood there in the presence of the historic church, her disbelief in God and immortality. But when, some years later, she described how "the creative effort affected her," she could find nothing better than the old language of supernatural direction. "She told me," says the account by her husband, "that in all her best writing, there was a 'not her-self' which took possession of her, and that she felt her own personality to be merely the instrument through which this spirit, as it were, was acting. Particularly she dwelt on this in regard to the scene in *Middlemarch* between Dorothea and Rosamond, saying that, although she always knew they had sooner or later to come together, she kept the idea resolutely out of her mind until Dorothea was in

Rosamond's drawing-room. Then, abandoning herself to the inspiration of the moment, she wrote the whole scene exactly as it stands, without alteration or erasure, in an intense state of excitement and agitation."

This power that guides the hand has seemed, in the view of many, too capricious to come from above. Scott, when taken to task by Captain Clutterbuck for his poor plots, replied that he had sometimes laid out his work by compass and rule, but that a demon seated himself on the feather of his pen whenever he began to write, and led it astray from the purpose. Sterne tells a story directly in this line about a certain John de la Casse, sometime archbishop of Benevento, who discovered "the state of composition" to be "a state of desperate warfare" with the devil and his imps. For whenever the archbishop sat down to his *Galatea*, it is related, myriads of devils rushed from their lurking-places to cajole him with a multitude of profane thoughts and fancies. Wherefore it took the said John de la Casse more than forty years to eliminate from his romance the contributions of his infernal collaborators; and there was left for his own only a small pamphlet of some few pages. So by implication we are to infer that if there is anything in *Tristram Shandy* unbecoming to a country parson, it is to be set down to Benevento's devils, who likewise pursued Sterne.

What appeared to Sterne and Scott as caprice has taken with others, who have regarded the matter more seriously, the aspect of impelling fate. So real was the presence of fate to Hawthorne that he once thought of making it the subject of a short story. When the idea came to him, he wrote out this remarkable memorandum: "A person to be writing a tale, and to find that it shapes itself against his intentions; that the characters act otherwise than he thought; that unforeseen events occur; and a catastrophe occurs which he tries in vain to avert." As if to confirm by fact what Hawthorne only

imagined, Thackeray wrote about himself some thirty years later. After complaining that his Pegasus refuses the bit, and goes as he pleases at slow or swift pace, the humorist adds: "I wonder, do other novel-writers experience this fatalism? They *must* go a certain way, in spite of themselves. I have been surprised at the observations made by some of my characters. It seems as if an occult Power was moving the pen. The personage does or says something, and I ask, how the dickens did he come to think of that? . . . We spake anon of the inflated style of some writers. What also if there is an *afflated* style, — when a writer is like a Pythoness on her oracle tripod, and mighty words, words which he cannot help, come blowing, and bellowing, and whistling, and moaning through the speaking pipes of his bodily organ?"

When the great writers go on to describe the psychic states they are in during the process of composition, we come to most interesting phenomena. To the ancients, the inspired writer was a madman; but to distinguish his state from ordinary madness, it was called "amiable madness." Shakespeare but repeated Horace and Plato when he spoke of "the poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling." Macaulay, Balzac, and Disraeli also insisted on an unsoundness of mind in the poet, just short of insanity. And Schopenhauer tried to determine the exact line between the two states. But nearer the truth are probably more pleasing analogies. Thackeray, on finishing *The Newcomes*, told his children, as he was walking with them in the fields near Berne in Switzerland, that the story had all been revealed to him somehow, as in a dream. George Sand, when writing a novel, was under the spell of an hallucination, wherein a crowd of half-distinct characters hovered about her, separated from her, as it were, by a transparent veil, and speaking in thin voices. And when the novel was completed, they all vanished, leaving no trace behind. So apart from her ordinary self

were they, that not even the names she gave them were afterward remembered. Of her first novel, she says: "I felt, on beginning *Indiana*, an emotion of a very definite and intense kind, resembling nothing that I had experienced in my preceding literary work. But that emotion was rather painful than agreeable. I wrote continuously and without plan, and literally without knowing whither I was going, — even without being aware of the social problem I was elaborating." The words of George Sand would seem incredible, were it not for the testimony of Goethe to the unconsciousness of much of his own work. Some of his lyrics, Goethe told Eckermann, he carried about in his head for many years as beautiful dreams that came and went, and finally he wrote them out for Schiller, who wanted them for publication. "But others of them," he added, in the most extraordinary confession I have to relate, "have been preceded by no impressions of forebodings, but have come suddenly upon me, and have insisted on being composed immediately, so that I have felt an instinctive and dreamy impulse to write them down on the spot. In such a somnambulistic condition, it has often happened that I have had a sheet of paper lying quite askew before me, and I have not discovered it till all has been written, or I have found no room to write any more."

The mind as here presented in the act of composition suggests views of literary creation that run mostly counter to what is found in books descriptive of the painful evolution of literary masterpieces. If Sheridan said that "easy writing makes d—d hard reading," he could have referred only to neglect of details in execution, else all are against him. Shakespeare may have known, as Freytag neatly explains him, that to a drama is necessary a rise and fall in the action, cut by a climax, and leading on to a catastrophe; but he was not thinking of that when he wrote *Macbeth*. He was there and elsewhere guided by an inward and unconscious logic more rigorous than any critic's

formal account of it, illustrated by diagrams. "What he thought," said his first editors, who knew him, "he uttered with that easiness, that we have scarce received from him a blot in the papers." So it has been with men of less genius. Scott used to be immensely amused at the critics who selected a scene for praise and another for censure on the ground that the one was composed slowly and the other in haste. For they always, said Scott, got the scenes in reverse order. So rapidly did Macaulay write, that the first draft of his *History of England* looks like "columns of dashes and flourishes," says Trevelyan. There was only one manuscript of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*; and the same is true of Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*. "I appeal," says Shelley, "to the greatest poets of the present day, whether it is not an error to assert that the finest passages of poetry are produced by labour and study. The toil and the delay recommended by critics can be justly interpreted to mean no more than a careful observation of the inspired moments, and an artificial connexion of the spaces between their suggestions, by the intertexture of conventional expressions."

Shelley's word is final, and completes the subject. Any poem, drama, or novel, worthy of the name, springs direct and spontaneously from an emotional mood, and it is invariably written under a strong and steady impulse. A writer may surrender himself completely to his emotions, and then he becomes to an extent unconscious and impersonal, as he pours forth his soul in a lyric, or as rise in his imagination characters, incidents, and situations, all assuming a succession he never dreamed of.

. . . As imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy no-
things

A local habitation and a name.

So wrote one who knew. The incentive to a lyric may be merely a strain of music running in the poet's head. "What produces works of inspiration," said Schiller

in one of his letters, "is not always, I think, the vivid image of the subject, but only the need of a subject, a vague impetus toward the expression of struggling emotions. The music of a poem floats before my soul when I sit down to write it, far more often than the clear concept of its content, concerning which I have often scarcely made up my mind. I am led to this remark by my *Hymn to Light*, with which I am occupied at many odd moments. Of this poem I have still no Idea, but only a presentiment, and yet I feel certain that it will work itself out."

Schiller's lyric is, of course, an extreme case. A playwright or novelist commonly sets out with some general plan, which he may or may not follow to the end. It was Alfieri's practice, when he had hit upon a theme for a play, to sketch the scenes and characters rapidly under the impulse of his first emotions, and then to throw the work aside until the original plan was forgotten. "If, on reperusing the manuscript after that period had elapsed," he says, "I felt myself assailed by such a crowd of ideas and emotions as compelled me, so to speak, to take up my pen, I concluded that my sketch was worthy of being unfolded; but if, on the contrary, I felt not an enthusiasm equal at least to what I had experienced on conceiving the design, I either changed my plan or threw the papers into the fire. As soon as I became satisfied that my first idea was perfect, I expanded it with the greatest rapidity, frequently writing two acts a day, and seldom less than one, so that in six days my tragedy was, I will not say finished, but created."

Alfieri does not mean to say that there was not after-labor of a most serious and painful kind. In six days his tragedy was *created*, but not *finished*. He had yet "to polish, correct, and amend." For not all minds move with the unconscious logic of Shakespeare's, Gibbon's, or George Eliot's. Rossetti, the most fastidious of writers, illustrates the point exactly. There are extant three versions of *The Blessed Damozel*, separated by the extremes of a quarter-century. The first version was made in Rossetti's youth, long before the period of opium and chloral. For the idea of it he did not "cudgel his brains," says his brother; it came to him in the course of his reading in Dante. But when the poem was once written out under the sway of a clear inspiration, Rossetti spared no pains "in clarifying and perfecting." Old stanzas were transposed or dropped altogether, and new ones were added; a cockney rhyme fell out here and there, and for an obscure or weak image was substituted just the phrase that makes for perfection. As Rossetti first published it, *The Blessed Damozel* is a poem of entrancing but irregular beauty; as he finally left it, every detail has been weighed and considered with reference to every other detail, that its art may be faultless. And yet, after all that may be said in praise of the execution, *The Blessed Damozel* remains in all prime essentials what it was when first printed in an amateur art journal. Had not the original conception been "a thing of beauty," no superadded labor could have availed; the manuscript would have gone, with Alfieri's useless papers, into the fire. One must first have the diamond before he can polish it.

MEMORIAE PRAETERITORUM

BY CATHERINE E. WORCESTER

LIKE roses, blooming in the snow,
Rise memories of long ago;
Like fires, from their dead ashes springing;
Like birds, from nests forsaken winging.
Fragrance and light and thrilling song
Charm every sense — but ah, not long!
Silence and frost and ashes claim
Too soon the bird, the flower, the flame.
Swift as they rose they vanish then,
And I am old, am old again.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

ON HAVING KNOWN A POET

"ONLY two sorts of men are any good,
I would n't give a cotton hat for no other:
"The Poet and the Plug Ugly."

So chanted a burlesquing undergraduate, wise beyond his years, and, like the wise poor man of old, "his name is forgotten." In the obscure anthology that has preserved his weighty utterance, the Whitmanic dithyrambs are credited to that prolific author — that inglorious Milton — "Anon." He, no doubt, thought himself guilty of irreverence, and let concealment do irreparable harm to his fame; but several decades of going to and fro in the earth, and of walking up and down in it, have convinced me that, when he wrote these mighty lines, he was truly inspired.

I have known a Plug Ugly.

The hand that guides this typewriter has lain, like a roseleaf on a Meat Trust ham, in the palm of every ornament of the twenty-foot ring who has been acclaimed for several lustrums, and I have enjoyed the friendship of more than one thug,

who would gladly sandbag a sheriff's officer, or unappreciative editor, to oblige a friend who was no proud Jack, but a Corinthian. The Plug Ugly is certainly some good.

I have also known a poet.

But the value of the Poet is harder to define. Indeed, I should be at a loss for a definition, were it not for a talk I had with the barber whose privilege it is to keep the great man's exuberant locks within bounds.

"When he sits in the chair here and talks to me," said George, "I get to thinking that I know a devil of a lot; but when he goes away, and I try to tell some one else about it, I find out that it's him that knows things, and not me."

That expresses my situation exactly. When I am with him, I dream dreams and see visions, — but they are his dreams and his visions. By the spell of his wonderful personality he compels me to enter that arcana of thought where we are conscious of truths that can never be formulated in words. At such times I am in communion with the poet soul

of the world, and apprehend beauties that no poet can ever express. From these excursions into the mystery of things I ever return confused and inarticulate, and he with the light of transfiguration on his face. And after we have parted, I find that it was he who knew and saw, and not I. Like our friend the barber, I acknowledge that it is he, and not I, who knows things; but, unlike the barber, I sometimes have sane and skeptical moods, in which I profanely wonder if he really does know them.

I was introduced to the poet at a dinner, but really met him for the first time on Brooklyn Bridge. It was on the afternoon of February 8, 1890. I am able to be precise in the matter, not because I have the habit of keeping a diary, but because of a strange theory he advanced.

"You have also come out to greet the spring?" he questioned, as he slipped his arm through mine, and turned to walk with me. I blundered some reply, which I have forgotten, for I was overcome by his unexpected affability. He was already my favorite among living poets.

"I have noticed for many years," he continued, "that in New York we get the first touch of spring in the air on the 8th of February."

I have carelessly failed to verify this peculiarity of the vernal season, but I now offer it to the Meteorological Department for what it is worth. The 8th of February of that momentous year was clear and balmy, and his observation was justified, on that occasion, at least.

While we walked toward New York, he talked of the return of spring, and gradually drifted into a discussion of things poetical, that presently had me floundering beyond my depth. The imaginative reach of his thought oppressed me, and then he lapsed into one of his splendid silences, which in turn became oppressive. At last, in sheer desperation, I stammered,

"Is — is this about the time of day when you take a drink?"

The pressure on my arm took on a human warmth as he inquired eagerly: —
"Where's the nearest place?"

From that hour dates a friendship that transformed my workaday world, and opened the way to other worlds undreamed of.

As I review my associations with the poet, I recall our conversations — or rather, his talks — more than the ordinary episodes that might furnish excuses for anecdotes. Of these talks there were many, for he was always accessible, though at first I often feared that I might be intruding. He finally set my mind at rest on this point, when I apologetically expressed a fear that he might be busy.

"Busy!" he protested grandly. "Why should I be busy, when I have the rest of time, and all of Eternity, ahead of me?"

Of the glorious talks to which I have listened I can give but an echo; but sometimes an echo is worth while.

"I often wish," he once exclaimed, "that I could rid the world of the tyranny of facts. What are facts but compromises? A fact merely marks the point where we have agreed to let investigation cease. Investigate further, and your fact disappears. Under the scrutiny of thought all facts are alike, from the atom to the universe, — merely compromises or splendid guesses, — and they dissolve, even as
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous pal-

aces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve.

And it is only after facts have dissolved and vanished into the mystery of things that the poetic soul can begin to recreate, and devise forms of beauty. The soul that is trammelled with facts is a hopeless prisoner within petty limits, and for it great achievement is impossible."

When he was in this Coleridgean mood, I did not presume to interrupt or understand, but kept my hand in my pocket to make sure that, under the stress of his logic, the few current and negotiable facts with which I hoped to effect a set-

tlement with our host did not vanish until they had performed their function. But in time they, too, vanished, even as he had predicted.

One evening I met him on Broadway, and he was evidently laboring under excitement.

"Come," he exclaimed, grasping me by the shoulder, and turning to walk with me. "I have just heard something wonderful, something that carried me away from the dust and noise of the city, to the green fields."

He brought me to a halt before a great office building, and commanded me to listen.

"Can't you hear it?" he whispered in delighted tones. "It is a cricket, chirping here on Broadway."

I could certainly hear it; but, alas, at that moment a heavy door swung open, and a freight elevator was seen descending. It was instantly evident that the chirping sound was due to the creaking of some defective part of its machinery. The poet looked crestfallen; I am afraid I laughed; and the world is the poorer for that partly formulated poem on "A Cricket on Broadway," that he was, beyond doubt, shaping when I met him.

Then there were the evenings of The Commune. How shall they be justly celebrated, now that The Commune, that congenial association of borrowers and lenders, has been disrupted beyond hope? Of its strangely assorted members, one is now a college president; one is a captain of industry, and hath land and beeves; one is a yellow journalist, full of strange oaths and impossible feats; one is a wandering knight of commerce; one, like Autolycus, is a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles; and, if ever we reassemble, for two, the brightest and the best, we must turn down an empty glass.

How well I remember him in that fourth-floor room, sprawling in the one rocker, and "mouthing out his hollow oes and aes," while we vibrated to the rhythms of his poetry. But the Commune has passed without the meed of a melodi-

ous tear, unless he take pity on us, and embalm our joyous and irresponsible youth in fitting song. He alone is true to his ideals, and still a poet.

But he was not always intellectual. That would have tried a humble friendship too far. I remember one night when he and a lawyer, whose advice we sometimes needed, dragged me from my fire-side. There was a dinner at a quiet café in a side street, and the talk chanced to turn on physical strength. To show that he was a man, he took hold of the front round of the chair on which I sat, and, with vice-like grip, raised me at arm's length to the level of his shoulder, — a feat that would have won the admiration of any of my friends among the plug uglies. And I remember how that evening ended next morning, — how at parting we stood in a triangle on a street corner, and solemnly kicked one another for being the three unwise men.

The last time I met him was in London, where we had wandered in pursuit of our dreams. I found him puzzled, but pure-minded, among a group of driveling decadents, whom he overshadowed, as a health-breathing maple overshadows the fungi that may grow at its root. When he walked the streets, every beggar and crossing-sweeper blessed his passing, for his soul was full of pity, and his hand was open. Once, when we were walking along the Strand, I reminded him of one of his most beautiful poems, a passion of music, and he reviled me in set terms, because, in one of my periods of brief authority, I had rejected that poem with contumelious comments. But in the meantime I had heard the organ in St. Paul's, where for the first time music became visible to me, and I saw it beating upwards and outwards as the true expression of worship.

And now that the years have passed, and the evil days have come, his poems are at my hand, and I still take delight in them. To me they are more than the greatest poems, because I know the moods that inspired many of them. Can you blame me for pride, if I am able to say to

myself, when reading some of them over, "He changed this line because I objected to it," or "He put in this stanza because I asked for it." Assuredly, having known a poet is the next best thing to being a poet, — or a plug ugly. Of course, I would not presume to claim any share in his achievements, but it was surely something to have been consulted. That is something to look back to, but there is something more. I knew him so intimately that I know the fairy tale on which many of his poems are based. What would you not give to know that? Phyllis, the well-beloved, I still know, and have dandled her children on my knee, but her good husband does not know that she once inspired a beautiful poem. Jenny, — "Vengeance of Jenny's Case," — when last I saw the once imperious brunette, she was a blonde, pursuing her lone and midnight way down a side street. Yet Jenny once moved a poet's soul to fine issues.

Now if you should say that no such poet as mine exists, that he has been evolved from the many minor and sub-major poets I have known, I shall rest under the accusation without protest. I admit that, as he is pictured in my mind, he is altogether too great for these piping times of commercial success, but I can only defend myself by quoting one of the few epigrams I ever heard him utter: —

"The only respect in which great men differ from others is that for some reason people are willing to believe them capable of doing things that are impossible."

OF UNWRITTEN BOOKS

HAZLITT has told us of an unforgettable evening at Lamb's, when the talk was all of persons one would wish to have seen; when they called up Sir Thomas Browne, that "solemn and inviting personage," and had Garrick in to play for them, and watched Pope drive by "in a coronet coach beside Lady Mary Wortley Montagu." Did the same company of friends,

one asks one's self, never, at some equally notable, though unrecorded gathering, play again with possibilities, and talk of books that ought to have been written? After Ayrton had solemnly lusted after a second work from the author of the *Essay on the Human Understanding*, one can hear Lamb slowly produce "subjects" for his well-loved Kit Marlowe; and might not Hazlitt, the legend kindled for him by Italian painters, have wished that Chaucer had set hand to the story of St. Christopher, — that story that now shines for us so vaguely and dimly in the strange, sober volumes of Caxton's *Golden Legend*?

For the fanciful reader is tormented by regrets vainer, yet more provocative, than the old lament for vanished lyrics, and for stories "left half told," — the regret of the books that might have been, the books that were left unwritten. If only Sidney, beside those to his mistress, had but written "certaine sonets" to his friends, in the manner of the author of *Underwoods*! If only Blake had been given a place among Pater's *Appreciations*! I would have it just the length, or rather just the shortness, of the essay on Lamb. So in one's favorite fields one's crop of wishes grows fast.

For my own part, I can never open the pages of *Men and Books* without an odd sense of disappointment, an unreasonable feeling of being even a little cheated, not to find in that gallery of good portraits the face of George Borrow. For who, save the author that traveled through France with a donkey, could properly "do" for us that older writer who drove through Devon in the cart of the Flaming Tinman, and learned from Jasper Petulengro why the Romany Chal would wish to live forever? Why, again, did Stevenson perversely fail to finish the once-talked-of essay on that William Hazlitt who had always so ready an ear for a sentence, whether it were his own or somebody's else? Hazlitt the boy, who tramped ten miles into Shrewsbury, and brought back "at one proud swoop" *Paradise*

Lost and Burke's *French Revolution*, — "I was set up for one while," — and Hazlitt the man, who, after the long, shabby years so drearily wanting in both good luck and good humor, could yet, as he lay dying, turn to Lamb and say, "Well, I've had a happy life." For had not he, too, adventured round "Western Islands," climbed his "peaks," and "stared at the Pacific"? "Ariel" and "Puck" and the "Shorter Catechist" would never have forgiven the lamentable failure Hazlitt made of more than one human relationship; they would have been hard on him, just as they were hard on Burns and on Thoreau; and yet, — one pricks up one's ears at the mere thought of the author of *Walking Tours* and *A Gossip on Romance* talking to us of the writer of *Old Books* and of *Going a Journey*.

And why, side by side with the talk on Dumas, was not one vouchsafed us on the novels of George Meredith? One has but to think of it to cap it straightway with the wish for a second one on the same subject by Mr. Henry James. (Yet here, perhaps, it is rather an impatience than a regret that torments us.) Thus it is that the voracious reader grows arrogant, would turn to his masters and command them, "Pile me a palace straight."

I still remember a morning's drive in blue July weather, from brown, little Bibbiena up to Saint Francis's mountain of Verna; we wound through scrubby-oak woods all alight with yellow broom, into the open, rolling, upper slopes, up and up into the very kingdom of the sun. And as we looked back on the narrow valley of the Casentino under the ranks of the Apennines, the world behind us, the solid world of town and crag and castle, grew vaguer, grew brighter, lost itself in the color and light and heat. Only one man, — Claude Monet, — we said, could capture the gold in the air between us and the purple files of the Apennines, and make it shine out on his canvas; only one man — the Italian — could make it bloom again in his pages. And even as

we said the words, round a jutting ridge of the hill, on a thin-necked English horse, came riding that same Signor d'Annunzio who, in Rome, a few weeks back, on the night of Victor Hugo's centenary, had filled the Teatro Valle with the fire of his voice and his lines. Wandering *forestieri* that we were, we yet felt we had somehow uttered a spell.

But it is not only lost "subjects" that prick the desire of the fanciful reader; it is also the thought of the books within books, golden apples that hang clear to one's eyes, and only just out of reach of one's hand. How one longs to open the covers, "alluringly red," of the volume that made Dr. Hugh, on the beach at Bournemouth, forget both his companions and the morning shine of the sea. I, too, would like to drop into the sand and dip deep for myself into *The Middle Years*. Now Mr. Bernard Shaw, though not an author whose habit it is pleasantly to flatter his readers' desires, has yet actually given us "The Revolutionist's Handbook" of his young Don Juan; and sometime, on the crowded shelves of the second-hand shop, — shelves that blacken one's fingers and kindle one's hopes, — where one finds so much, — and finds it so divinely cheap that one grows to fancy one can find everything, — there, amid the odd juxtapositions of the shelf devoted to "fiction," between, say, a Loti, yellow and "impudently French," and a brown, last-century copy of the *Vicar* "by the late Dr. Goldsmith," I hope, no, expect, to chance upon an early work of the Master's, and a tale by John Delavoy.

THE TYRANNY OF THINGS

Two fifteen-year-old girls stood eying one another on first acquaintance. Finally one little girl said, "Which do you like best, people or things?" The other little girl said, "Things." They were friends at once.

I suppose we all go through a phase when we like things best; and not only

like them, but want to possess them under our hand. The passion for accumulation is upon us. We make "collections," we fill our rooms, our walls, our tables, our desks, with things, things, things.

Many people never pass out of this phase. They never see a flower without wanting to pick it and put it in a vase, they never enjoy a book without wanting to own it, nor a picture without wanting to hang it on their walls. They keep photographs of all their friends and kodak albums of all the places they visit, they save all their theatre programmes and dinner cards, they bring home all their alpenstocks. Their houses are filled with an undigested mass of things, like the terminal moraine where a glacier dumps at length everything it has picked up during its progress through the lands.

But to some of us a day comes when we begin to grow weary of things. We realize that we do not possess them; they possess us. Our books are a burden to us, our pictures have destroyed every restful wall-space, our china is a care, our photographs drive us mad, our programmes and alpenstocks fill us with loathing. We feel stifled with the sense of things, and our problem becomes, not how much we can accumulate, but how much we can do without. We send our books to the village library, and our pictures to the college settlement. Such things as we cannot give away, and have not the courage to destroy, we stack in the garret, where they lie huddled in dim and dusty heaps, removed from our sight, to be sure, yet still faintly importunate.

Then, as we breathe more freely in the clear space that we have made for ourselves, we grow aware that we must not relax our vigilance, or we shall be once more overwhelmed. For it is an age of things. As I walk through the shops at Christmas time and survey their contents, I find it a most depressing spectacle. All of us have too many things already, and here are more! And everybody is going to send some of them to everybody else! I sympathize with one of my friends, who,

at the end of the Christmas festivities, said, "If I see another bit of tissue paper and red ribbon, I shall scream."

It extends to all our doings. For every event there is a "souvenir." We cannot go to luncheon and meet our friends but we must receive a token to carry away. Even our children cannot have a birthday party, and play games, and eat good things, and be happy. The host must receive gifts from every little guest, and provide in return some little remembrance for each to take home. Truly, on all sides we are beset, and we go lumbering along through life like a ship encrusted with barnacles, which can never cut the waves clean and sure and swift until she has been scraped bare again. And there seems little hope for us this side our last port.

And to think that there was a time when folk had not even that hope! When a man's possessions were burnt with him, so that he might, forsooth, have them all about him in the next world! Suffocating thought! To think one could not even then be clear of things, and make at least a fresh start! That must, indeed, have been in the childhood of the race.

Once upon a time, when I was very tired, I chanced to go away to a little house by the sea. "It is empty," they said, "but you can easily furnish it." Empty! Yes, thank Heaven! Furnish it? Heaven forbid! Its floors were bare, its walls were bare, its tables — there were only two in the house — were bare. There was nothing in the closets but books; nothing in the bureau drawers but the smell of clean, fresh wood; nothing in the kitchen but an oil stove, and a few — a very few — dishes; nothing in the attic but rafters and sunshine, and a view of the sea. After I had been there an hour there descended upon me a great peace, a sense of freedom, of infinite leisure. In the twilight I sat before the flickering embers of the open fire, and looked out through the open door to the sea, and asked myself, "Why?" Then the answer came: I was emancipated from *things*. There was nothing in the house to demand care, to claim

attention, to cumber my consciousness with its insistent, unchanging companionship. There was nothing but a shelter, and outside the fields and marshes, the shore and the sea. These did not have to be taken down and put up and arranged and dusted and cared for. They were not things at all, they were powers, presences.

And so I rested. While the spell was still unbroken, I came away. For broken it would have been, I know, had I not fled first. Even in this refuge the enemy would have pursued me, found me out, encompassed me.

If we could but free ourselves once for all, how simple life might become! One of my friends, who, with six young children and only one servant, keeps a spotless house and a soul serene, told me once how she did it. "My dear, once a month I give away every single thing in the house that we do not imperatively need. It sounds wasteful, but I don't believe it really is. Sometimes Jeremiah mourns over missing old clothes, or back numbers of the magazines, but I tell him if he does n't want to be mated to a gibbering maniac he will let me do as I like."

The old monks knew all this very well. One wonders sometimes how they got their power; but go up to Fiesole, and sit awhile in one of those little, bare, white-walled cells, and you will begin to understand. If there were any spiritual force in one, it would have to come out there.

I have not their courage, and I win no such freedom. I allow myself to be overwhelmed by the invading host of things, making fitful resistance, but without any real steadiness of purpose. Yet never do I wholly give up the struggle, and in my heart I cherish an ideal, remotely typified by that empty little house beside the sea.

MINOR DELIGHTS

If there is anything which the average human being takes for granted, it is that he knows what he wants, and for a good part of his life it is this naïve assumption which makes about three quarters of his

trouble. Nothing is less to be taken for granted. Such knowledge only comes as one of the last stages of culture, and when it comes we are just about ready for translation to another Scene, better arranged than this for the satisfying of our desires. A great deal of prayer has doubtless been of small avail in this world, because the prayerful person quite overran that petition which our constitution is always trying to work in if possible, namely, the request that we might know with some degree of clearness what it is we really want.

I am disposed to think that our excessive dogmatism with regard to our pleasures has kept us from getting anywhere near the truth about them, and that it is only here and there that some emancipated soul is able to give any veracious account of his happiness. Most of us know very little about what gives us pleasure. The good Lord lets us go on supposing it is this or that which makes us happy, while he sees to it surreptitiously that we are made happy in a thousand little ways which he does not dare reveal to us, for fear we should despise them if we knew.

Almost anybody feels quite equal to discussing the question of happiness, but the real question is not whether we can be happy, but whether we shall be allowed to know what it is that makes us so. It is to be feared that if we actually knew what our real delights are, we should have supreme contempt for them. They are freely given to all of us, but mercifully hidden from most.

It is only in illuminated, anonymous moments, such as these columns provide for, that I dare own up to myself the sort of things that put me in fine fettle. If any one had asked me point blank what I enjoyed most, I should have lied in a highly orthodox manner about music and poetry and automobiling and golf and doing good to others, and having more money. But when I catechise myself relentlessly about what I should do if I had absolute financial freedom, I know that the first

thing I should do would be to buy five dollars' worth of postage stamps.

I once visited the lake-shore residence of a railroad magnate. I surveyed his art treasures, and rejoiced in his commanding view; but when we came away at night, and were talking over the day, Helen said, with rapture, "But *did* you see that whole sheet of postage stamps in the library drawer?" Did I? It had filled my soul with such a sense of affluence and true liberty as I know not how to describe, and to this hour the most immediate joy I can think of in being a millionaire would be the absolute, indisputable right to buy five dollars' worth of stamps without feeling wicked about it.

The joys of a more ample living I had long and often pictured to myself. Many sizable and conventional pleasures had I classified amongst them, but what remains to me as the delight that pinched most upon my accession to a larger competence was that of buying, for the first time in my life, a box of pens. Truly to him that hath shall be given, for the very next week after taking this plunge into plutocracy, a banker friend of mine gave me a box. But about nothing have I ever been so enabled to sympathize with the mood of the gentleman who said, "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years," as about that box of pens. Of course, I bought many new books, but that was to be expected. The pens remain as the great subconscious happiness which ran as an undertone through that first year of comparative riches.

Do not laugh at me, but a smooth-running pen and a fresh blotter will often send through my soul such a sense of well-being and harmony with the universe as some kinds of religion are powerless to bestow. How often have I thought it was all up with me mentally, that nothing but a psychological revolution would ever make me a living soul again, or bring joy back to my heart, when I have found that a fresh pen would set me off like a house on fire. But never have I dared to confess it, except in the strictest anonymity.

My conventional wants are as large as anybody's, but as a matter of fact, I can always be coaxed back into happiness, and a fair degree of usefulness, by fresh pens and clean blotters.

My great pleasures have been mostly failures. Of course, I still talk about them in company as if they had been all that could be desired, but as soon as the company go I forget them. By a great pleasure I mean, for example, a gift of one hundred dollars. Twice in my life, yea, three times, have I run into this experience, which off-hand I should have said would be a pronounced success in the way of pleasures. I told myself dogmatically that I must be happy, but before noon I had listed up five hundred dollars' worth of luxuries, which by dinner-time had passed over into the gray and uninteresting region of necessities, and I went to bed at last with an entirely new consciousness of poverty. It is rarely that these experiences come back to me now as among my cherished memories. Far be it from me to ward off any one proposing to try me again with such a gift, for I should strive to meet it manfully even to the end, but in a moment of sanity I here put on record that I am not over-sanguine about the results of it.

I have known a morning of gloom which refused to budge at the most stalwart lecturing I could give myself upon the art of living, only to find, after some hours, that for quite a while a strange childlike happiness had been pervading my whole being, as if there had been imparted to me a touch of that "unaccountable friendliness in all things" which Thoreau once experienced in a rain-storm. I traced the genealogy of that quick rapture, straight back without a break, to nothing else than the glow of a common bottle of blue ink, as the light struck it just right on the corner of my bookcase. With such opportunities as I have had for large sensations, I am not a little chagrined to have to confess that most of my happiness has come from minor delights.

But on no subject do I look for less

frank and reliable information than on the subject of what people like best to read. I happen to know of a book-buyer, who is free to lay his hand upon priceless literary treasures. If he were asked about his chief literary pleasure, we should doubtless hear some proper and improving words about Milton or Dante. But this is a subject on which few people can be believed, unless they swear they are lying; for, through well-authenticated inside reports, it has been brought to me that whenever the great connoisseur gets any time for reading, the pleasure to which he almost infallibly gravitates is the perusal of old reports of the Episcopal General Convention. But this is manifestly not a relish to be spoken of in public. A man who owns first editions of almost everything, and an edition "de looks" of everything he does not care for, has duties toward them not to be lightly disregarded.

Truly our happinesses are a science which demands of us, if we are to know it expertly, that we divest ourselves of prepossessions and dogmatism, and refrain from saying what ought to make us happy. We shall have to buckle down to the laboratory method, or the study of cases, and be content to find out what it is that really does delight us. When the light of that science shall have begun to shine widely upon our affairs, one trusts that there will hardly be a literary club left, while afternoon teas will unobtrusively depart from the field they should never have tried to occupy.

EDITING FOR THE BEST MAGAZINES

THE editor who reads such delightful little disquisitions on his foibles as that "On Writing for the Best Magazines," in the Contributors' Club in your April number, instinctively wonders, "Which of those charmingly effervescent young persons who have occupied my visitor's chair so often has done this thing, and why, oh, why does she not write stories

as prettily and as spontaneously as she has poked fun at me?"

And then follows the question, "Is there anything which I can tell her which will convince her that I at least am thoroughly human, that I loathe the printed rejection slip quite as heartily as she does, and that I should like nothing better than to spend my remaining years in writing delightful notes of acceptance, or at worst the flattering rejections in which she so rejoices?"

The rejection slip is a survival of barbarism; but consider my problem. Each year brings to my magazine, in round numbers, 20,000 manuscripts. The magazine publishes in a year something less than 300 contributions. From this discrepancy between the number of manuscripts received and the number published, it appears that 19,700 manuscripts of one sort or another are yearly declined.

And here you have the reason for the hated slip of rejection. The editor has an enormous constructive correspondence, and really has not time to write 19,700 notes.

This is regrettable; but, even though he employ able note-writing assistants, the problem remains a difficult one, for the editor has sometimes a conscience, and he is not always willing to have his editorial opinions expressed for him by some one else.

It goes without saying that every editor who has chuckled over your correspondent's merry little fling has said to himself, "Ah, when she speaks of the 'dear, Best Magazine,' she means us;" and when he reads that familiar letter about "our disinclination to publish stories associated with college life, and stories which treat of writers and artists as such," he says, "This young woman is doing a great and good work in spreading this idea broadcast, and we should be grateful to her."

I believe (in common with every other editor) that I wrote that letter, and I'm glad of it.

I recant in one particular only. It

should have been made clear that undergraduate college life is what is objected to in stories. Naturally there can be no valid argument against stories dealing with the lives of the cultivated and charming people of the college set in any of our university towns.

And why not the story of the undergraduate? The answer is simple enough. It is this. The college student lives in a very, very little world of his own. He is surrounded by innumerable local conventionalities, important to himself, but infinitely uninteresting, and oftentimes scarcely comprehensible, to the outsider. He is in the "calf period" of mental development, and is playing one of the very smallest of parts in the serious drama of real life. More than this, he is a person of innumerable technicalities, and his interests are trivial and artificial.

Some of these latter arguments apply also to stories of "writers and painters as such." Here you are applying one art on top of another, — you are getting one move further away from nature, and, above all, you are again dealing with lives and motives of special interest only.

Du Maurier, in *Tilby*, deals with artists and the artistic life, but not with artists as artists, but with artists as men. Thomas Hardy, in *A Laodicean*, has an architect for his hero, but his profession only serves as a method of introducing him into the story. We care little for the art, but much for the man.

But, after all, this editor has but one really important thing to say to the fair contributor. No great magazine can ever put its ban on any type of story. It is largely a question of quality. College stories have been written which would

pass any editorial door, and so will a really big story on any theme, provided it does not embody sentiments or picture scenes which may prove offensive to any intelligent and thoughtful portion of a magazine's constituency, and to its best and most valued friends, "the old subscribers."

TO A BLANK SPACE IN A MAGAZINE¹

What's this! A half-page without anything on it!

Not even a quatrain, yet room for a sonnet!

How came it that such a space failed to get collared

By "Madison Clinton" or "Frank Dempster Scollard?"

A rather small space to exhibit much art in,
Then why not reserve it for "Edward S. Martin?"

Or, if it were thought they could put but a dab in,

Then why not be courteous and let "John B. Tabb" in?

Now where was the agent of that babbling trio —

Ubiquitous "Elsa" and "Zona" and "Theo?"

Yes, somebody blundered — so careless, so reckless

To let any one of those mentioned go checkless!

But thank you, Sir Editor, for this brief space is
In Magazine Verse Land a charming oasis.

Far fairer than latter-day lyric or sonnet
Is this virgin half-page without a thing on it!

¹ We judge that our poetical contributor has found his inspiration on page 406 of the *March Atlantic*. — *Errors Atlantic*.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JUNE, 1906

THE HAGUE CONFERENCES AND THE FUTURE OF ARBITRATION

BY BENJAMIN F. TRUEBLOOD

THE Lake Mohonk Arbitration Conference, which has just closed its Twelfth Annual Meeting, has again brought prominently before the American public the whole subject of international arbitration. It is scarcely possible to estimate the enormous distance covered by the movement, on both its sentimental and its practical sides, since the first conference at Mohonk was held by Mr. Smiley in 1895. At that time barely threescore persons met at Mr. Smiley's invitation, and their discussions and conclusions were not only largely theoretical, but were marked conspicuously by caution and reserve. The members of the conference wished and meant to do something, they scarcely knew what.

The attitude of the Mohonk Conference at that time was a fair index to the general feeling on the subject, not only among the people at large, but also in the press and in religious, social, and educational circles. Few people then were at all aware what progress practical arbitration had made in a quiet way during the nineteenth century. Even in the State Department at Washington the considerable amount of material for a most interesting historical *résumé* of the important controversies settled by arbitration had not been put into any systematic form. There seems to have been no collection of instances made by the Department until during the secretaryship of John Sherman, though a compilation of the cases to which the United States had been a party had been made by John Bassett Moore,

Assistant Secretary of State under Mr. Blaine, in a paper before the American Historical Association in 1891. Professor Moore was also engaged in the preparation of his great work on the history of International Arbitration, in six volumes, which was published by the government in 1898.

The Mohonk Conference has now grown to more than five times its original membership. It has proportionately developed in conviction and courage, has widely and deeply affected public sentiment throughout the nation, has brought to the support of the great principle which it advocates about a hundred of the leading chambers of commerce and other business organizations, and has effected much at Washington itself in securing the attachment of the national legislators and public officials to the wider and more regular application of the principle of pacific adjustment of international controversies.

In the meantime, the evolution of the movement has been most striking in Western Europe. At the Interparliamentary Union Conference at Brussels in 1895, the year of the organization of the Mohonk Conference, a well-digested plan for a permanent tribunal of arbitration, prepared by a committee appointed the previous year, was presented, and, after thorough discussion, was approved. This plan, which was widely distributed among the governments and public men, was considered to have had much to do with turning the attention of the Czar of Russia to the movement, and inducing him

to send an official observer to the meeting of the Interparliamentary Union the next year at Budapest.

The subject was also taken up about this time by the New York State Bar Association, whose committee on arbitration prepared and submitted to the President of the United States a plan for a permanent international tribunal, which proved to be most effective in arousing interest in the subject among leading jurists and statesmen of the country. This plan set forth some of the fundamental principles of an international judicial system which were incorporated in the Hague Convention of the 29th of July, 1899. At this period the American Bar Association threw the weight of its great influence in favor of a permanent tribunal of arbitration. The awakening at that time was so great that in the spring of 1896 the first National Conference on International Arbitration was held at Washington, presided over by ex-Senator George F. Edmunds, and attended by many prominent men from various parts of the country. A preliminary conference had been held previously at Philadelphia to promote the success of the Washington meeting, and special meetings of the friends of arbitration were held about the same time in Boston, New York, and other cities. The first practical effect of this great awakening, which was as marked in Great Britain and France as in this country, was the signing of the Anglo-American Arbitration Treaty, which came within three or four votes of being ratified in the Senate in the spring of 1897. This treaty, whose discussion in the Senate awakened wide public interest, had immense influence both in this country and in Western Europe in advancing the cause to a point where practical results could no longer fail to be realized.

The history of the calling and work of the Hague Conference is too fresh in the memory of the enlightened public to need more than the briefest mention. The Czar's Rescript, issued on the 24th of

August, 1898, though creating almost universal surprise, and a great deal of pessimistic comment, was, with little delay, approved by all the governments to whose representatives at St. Petersburg a copy of this famous document had been handed. The result of the conference, which met at The Hague on the 18th of May, 1899, and sat until the 29th of July, with a hundred delegates representing twenty-six powers, was, so far as the purposes of this article are concerned, the drafting of the now famous "Convention for the Pacific Settlement of International Controversies." This convention, which was the outcome of the comparative study of no less than six plans, presented to the conference by the delegations from Russia, the United States, Great Britain, France, Italy, and Belgium, was ratified by one power after another, and in April, 1901, the Permanent International Court of Arbitration, as it is technically named, was declared organized and ready for business. The court as at present constituted consists of some seventy-two judges, appointed by twenty-two of the signatory powers (the others never having ratified the treaty), and is under the general care of an administrative council, consisting of the ministers accredited to the Netherlands government, with a permanent bureau, secretaries, etc., at The Hague. The Palace of Peace, for which Mr. Carnegie has contributed one million five hundred thousand dollars, and which is to furnish a permanent home for the court, will soon be erected. The site has been selected, and a competition has been opened by the Dutch government among architects of different countries, in order to secure proper plans for the structure. The court has already had referred to it four controversies: the Pious Fund case, the Venezuela Preferential Payment question, the Japanese House Tax case, and the Muscat controversy between Great Britain and France. These cases have been quickly and inexpensively disposed of, and the judgment of the court has been loyally accepted, with no

more criticism than might have been expected.

It is a matter of historic interest to remember that the successful inauguration of the court, which seems to have been more or less studiously ignored at first by the European powers which had coöperated in creating it, was brought about through the initiative of our State Department in suggesting to the government of Mexico the reference to the court of the long-pending Pious Fund controversy. It is hardly fair to assume, as has been done by persons prominent in the arbitration movement on both sides of the water, that the newly created organization would have died from inanition but for this action of the two leading American republics. In time, doubtless, the European governments would have awakened to the enormity of their folly in allowing such a child of their statesmanship and diplomacy to perish outright, and at last would have called the institution into operation. Nevertheless, the action of the United States and Mexico in promptly putting the tribunal to work was one of those all too rare exhibitions of public wisdom, foresight, and courage which redound to the honor of nations infinitely more than those forms of activity with which national honor is unfortunately so often associated.

Any one who has carefully followed the arbitration movement during the decade since 1895, including the work and results of the Hague Conference, to say nothing of the nearly two hundred cases of dispute settled by this means in the previous eighty years, knows that arbitration can no longer fairly be spoken of as an experiment. One still frequently hears the remark, made by otherwise intelligent persons who have given no serious attention to this subject, that a *beginning* has been made, and that in some future, more or less remote, we may reasonably expect arbitration to prevail largely in the settlement of disputes between nations.

The fact is that arbitration is not any

longer an experiment, nor even a series of experiments, as these belated wisacres would have us believe. It is now the settled practice of the civilized nations when disputes arise between them, and is universally recognized in international law. A government which will not try arbitration before resorting to arms is, in these days, scarcely considered respectable. War, instead of being the general practice of nations, as it was a century ago, when serious disputes arose between them, is no longer resorted to except in rare instances, and in most of these instances the causes run far back into the past, and have created strong prejudices and deeply rooted feelings of distrust and animosity which do not readily yield to rational pacific treatment. During the decade of which we are speaking, there have been four wars: the China-Japan War, the Spanish-American-Philippine War, the Boer War, and the Russo-Japanese War; or nine, if we add to these the Boxer conflict in China, the German War in South-western Africa, still going on, the Venezuela Blockade, the Thibet Expedition, and the bloodless Panama Revolution. But during this same period there have been almost a hundred settlements by arbitration. All of these have been important, and some of them of the most difficult and delicate character; as, for example, the boundary dispute between Chile and the Argentine Republic, the British-Venezuelan boundary dispute, the Alaska boundary controversy, and the North Sea incident between Great Britain and Russia, which, though adjusted by a commission of inquiry, was really an arbitration of the first order. Arbitration is now always spoken of and urgently demanded by a vast constituency in connection with every serious international difficulty, as in the case of the Russo-Japanese conflict. The fact that this, with other pacific means, succeeds in the vast majority of instances in preventing hostilities, makes it far within reason to say that the principle has already won its case at the bar of general

public opinion, and that the adjustment, or attempted adjustment, of disputes between nations by the cruel and irrational method of war has become very difficult, and, for a number of the most civilized powers, henceforth practically impossible. The weight of this fact cannot be overcome by citing the vast and costly armaments of the great powers, which are bigger and more burdensome than at any previous period. These armaments are bad and ruinous enough, certainly; but they are not war, and the day is not far off when arbitration and the movement of which it is a potent part will begin to make effective inroads upon them, as it has already made upon actual warfare.

The development of the arbitration movement during the past two and a half years along the line of treaties of obligatory arbitration is most interesting and instructive. This phase of the movement was brought about by the feeling that the Hague Convention, though it went as far as was possible at the time, was defective in not providing for the obligatory reference of at least certain classes of cases to the Permanent Court. The first of these treaties of obligatory arbitration, that between France and Great Britain, signed on the 14th of October, 1903, was brought about, or at least its conclusion hastened, by the action of a number of business men in France and Great Britain, led by Dr. (now Sir) Thomas Barclay, and the leaders of the arbitration movement in both the French and the British Parliaments, as a sequel to the war scare produced by the Fashoda incident and the consequent threatened derangement on a colossal scale of the commercial relations between the two countries. This treaty, pledging the submission for five years to the Hague Court of all questions of a judicial order and those arising from the interpretation of treaties, was the first of its kind ever entered into by two first-class powers. The Argentine-Chile treaty had preceded it by a few months, but the two South American powers were of an inferior rank, and their convention did

not stipulate reference to the Hague Court, to the convention establishing which neither of them was a signatory. Since the signing of the Anglo-French treaty no less than forty-two similar treaties have been signed and ratified, or are in process of ratification, many of these having been concluded within the past twelve months. These treaties have created a peace bond between the group of powers which are parties to them, the importance and strength of which it is nearly impossible to overestimate. Great Britain is a party to ten of them, France to seven, Germany to one, Italy to six, Spain to five, Austria-Hungary to three, Russia to three, the Netherlands to four, Norway to eight, Sweden to eight, Switzerland to seven, Portugal to six, Denmark to seven, Belgium to seven, Roumania to one, Greece to one, Colombia to one, and Peru, Brazil, Chile, and the Argentine Republic to two each. This list does not include the eleven treaties signed by the late Secretary of State Hay, which, though supported by the insistent and nearly unanimous public opinion of the nation, failed to go into effect because of the disagreement between the President and the Senate. These treaties were with France, Germany, Switzerland, Portugal, Great Britain, Italy, Sweden and Norway, Japan, Spain, Mexico, and Austria-Hungary.

It is worthy of note that, among the treaties which have gone or are going into effect, that between Denmark and the Netherlands is without limitations. It pledges henceforth the reference of all disputes between the two governments to the Hague Court. The government of Denmark, since signing this first unlimited convention, has made a strong effort to have its other arbitration treaties drawn along the same lines, but has thus far succeeded with Italy only. These two conventions constitute the highwater mark of the arbitration movement, though possibly the recent treaty between Sweden and Norway, concluded since their separation, deserves to be linked with them.

This convention is to run for ten years, and, though it reserves questions affecting the independence, the vital interests, and the honor of the nations, it is unique in the fact that it provides that, if any question shall arise which either government may hold to be of this character, the question shall be referred for determination to the Hague Court. This action of the two Scandinavian countries, whose peaceful separation constitutes one of the most remarkable events in modern history, represents a distinct and significant advance toward the ultimate goal of the universal arbitration of all disputes. None of the great powers have yet seemed willing to pledge themselves to refer questions affecting their vital interests or their honor to arbitration, though it is difficult to see on what ground they have made these exceptions. Any serious difference whatever between two governments is certainly intimately related with their vital interests and honor, and it is not possible to conceive of any disputes more nearly affecting nations in this respect than many of the important controversies which have been settled by pacific methods during the past half-century. If this be true, the action of Sweden and Norway will in time be followed by all the governments, of the first as well as of the second rank, and the Permanent International Court will be held to be, if not the only, at least the supreme and final means for determining where international right, justice, and honor lie in every sort of controversy.

Any guess as to the immediate future of international arbitration might justly be considered a random shot into the air, were it not for this remarkable array of its successes and triumphs in the recent past. If it be true, as is generally believed, that reforms never go backward, it is altogether reasonable to assume, in these days of marvelous swiftness in all social movements, that the next twenty years will witness the practical completion of the arbitration movement. The movement has already passed through two stages of its progress, that of theoretical justification

and that of practical *ad hoc* application of the principle to the adjustment of controversies as they arise. It is now in its third and final stage,—that of organization into a permanent and complete system which shall bring within its scope the whole range of international differences and conflicts. The perfecting of this system, whether it comes sooner or later, will inevitably see the end of war as a general institution recognized under international law, just as the perfecting of municipal law in the national courts of justice has brought about, except in the rarest cases, the end of dueling and private fighting.

What is proposed in the way of further development of the arbitration system at the approaching Hague Conference is the logical sequence of what has already been accomplished, and not merely the demand of a sentimental and philanthropic interest in the progress of the cause of universal peace. This philanthropic interest is in the highest degree praiseworthy, and should never be ridiculed or depreciated. But at the present time the movement of which we are speaking has its feet planted squarely, not on sentiment and theory only, but on the solid ground of diplomatic accomplishments and the improved reasonableness and practicability of referring international controversies to the forum of reason and common sense instead of allowing them to take their chances in the arena of blind and senseless brute force. The coming conference will not undo the work done at The Hague in 1899. Possibly it will not greatly modify it, except as the foundation is modified by the superstructure built upon it. So far as its arbitration work is concerned, it is expected that the main result of the conference will be the extension, in some manner, of the convention under which the Permanent Court was set up, to all the independent nations of the world. All the Central and South American states have already expressed their intention of sending representatives to the second Hague Conference. The twenty-six powers which

took part in the first conference will, therefore, be increased to not less than forty-five or forty-six at the coming meeting. If nothing more shall be accomplished than the admission of all the Latin-American republics as parties to the Hague Court, the conference will be worth many times all that it may cost in time and money.

But the friends of arbitration, in both their private and their organized capacity, in the peace congresses, the arbitration conferences, the interparliamentary meetings, etc., are urging the conclusion by the new conference of a general treaty of obligatory arbitration to be signed by the governments, not two and two, but in their collective capacity, as was the case with the great pacific convention of 1899. This new convention, in order to avoid such constitutional difficulties as that raised at Washington in connection with the treaties signed by Mr. Hay, will probably carefully specify a considerable number of classes of controversies which all of the nations represented will be ready to agree in advance to have go automatically to the Hague Court. The American republics have already set the example for this type of agreement in the convention drawn at Mexico City in 1901-02, stipulating that all questions of claims between them shall be referred to the Hague Court. The eminent men who will be sent to The Hague will, without doubt, be able to select from among the classes of questions constantly arising between the nations, in their present complex relations, a considerable number that none of the governments will find any excuse for not accepting as always suitable subjects for arbitration. There is no doubt that a strong plea will be made before the conference by such governments as those of Denmark, the Netherlands, Belgium, the Scandinavian states, Switzerland, and Italy, for a treaty that will include every sort of difference between the civilized states. It would be difficult to give any valid reason why such a proposal, if made, should be rejected. No sort of contro-

versy is now possible between the civilized nations which cannot easily be settled by pacific methods, provided the governments are ready honestly to recognize one another's independence and right of self-direction. The rejection, therefore, by any of them of a scheme for the universal arbitration of disputes of every sort will be equivalent to convicting them of holding in reserve certain aggressive purposes toward territories of other states. Of course, if any of the powers which may be represented at the conference have such ulterior purposes, they will not join in a convention of universal obligatory arbitration. But no other conceivable reason can be given why any of them should hold aloof, at this advanced stage of civilization, from such a convention, if drawn and signed by all the important powers of the world acting together.

Much of the other work which is laid out for the coming Hague Conference is intimately related to the subject of arbitration, and, if successfully accomplished, will contribute materially to its further advancement. The extension of the rights of neutrals, the making of private property at sea free from capture in time of war, the restriction of the bombardment of ports and coast cities, and other measures which will probably be adopted, will all tend to the restriction and prevention of war, and will thus strengthen the practice of arbitration. But the greatest service which the governments can do along this line will be the preparation of a treaty providing for a permanent periodic congress of the nations. The demand for the inauguration of a world organization of some sort has within a few years become very strong. The subject has been taken up by the Interparliamentary Union, as well as by all the other leading peace agencies, and the conference will, in all probability, be compelled by the force of public opinion to make it the leading topic of its action, as the conference of 1899 was obliged in the same way to give its foremost attention to that of a permanent international tribunal. A periodic con-

gress of the nations, even if at first it had no legislative functions, but only the power of recommendation, would be of the very greatest value to civilization, not only directly, in its discussion of questions of common interest to the nations, but also in facilitating the work of the Permanent Court by the development and better statement of international law which would inevitably result from its periodic deliberations and conclusions. The Hague Court would have in such a body its normal counterpart and complement, and the new conference, the initial steps in the calling of which were taken by President Roosevelt, who included this topic among the subjects to be placed upon the programme, will hardly fully justify its existence, unless it provides for its own periodic meeting hereafter, or for a regular world congress in some other form.

It is of all things to be hoped that the

new conference at The Hague, of which the entire civilized world is expecting so much, will not be allowed to degenerate in any manner into a sort of war congress for the mere regulation of campaigns and battles, of the kinds of bullets and explosives which armies and navies may use in the killing of men, and other similar details of the barbarous art of fighting. The war between Russia and Japan has created some real danger in this direction, as appears from the emphasis which has just been laid by the Russian government upon certain phases of the laws of war outlined in the programme of topics suggested for consideration by the conference. No greater misfortune could possibly happen in the sphere of international relations than such a perversion of the Inter-Governmental Peace Conference from the high purposes and aims for the promotion of which it came into existence.

HOW OUGHT WEALTH TO BE DISTRIBUTED

BY T. N. CARVER

WHY there should be hard-working poor men and idle rich men in the same community is a question which no one has answered, and no one can answer, satisfactorily. That is why the opinion is so prevalent that the world, economically considered, is so very much out of joint. But, although there is so much unanimity in the opinion that wealth ought not to be distributed as it now is, there is still a wide diversity of opinion, where there is any definite opinion at all, as to how it really ought to be distributed.

These opinions may, however, be reduced to three fundamentally distinct theories, which I shall call the aristocratic, the socialistic, and the democratic, or liberalistic, theories. The aristocratic theory is that the good things of the world be-

long more particularly to certain groups or classes than to others, by virtue of some circumstance connected with their birth, or heredity, and independently of their individual achievements. The socialistic theory is that wealth ought to be distributed according to needs, or according to some similar plan arranged beforehand, and independently of the individual's ability to acquire wealth in the rough-and-ready struggle of life. The democratic, or liberalistic, theory is that wealth ought to be distributed according to productivity, usefulness, or worth.

I

Though no one definitely affirms the aristocratic theory, there are many who

tacitly assume it, and show by their general attitude that they accept it, in one form or another. Moreover, this theory has always been embodied in the polity of nations, either singly or in combination with one of the others. Its variations range all the way from the caste systems of the Old World, with their hereditary titles and laws of primogeniture, up to the idea, somewhat prevalent even in America, that the world belongs to the white man. The land laws of Moses, under which the land returned at every jubilee to the heirs of the original owners, were aristocratic rather than democratic, because they assumed that these had a right superior to all others. In this country, for example, such a system would have created a landed aristocracy of the most exclusive kind, because no immigrant, nor the heir of any immigrant, could ever have become a real landowner. The Spartan Commonwealth, sometimes regarded as a socialistic community, was in reality extremely aristocratic. It was a kind of military camp, maintained by a small group of conquerors ruling over a large subject population. Even in the most democratic countries of the present, a remnant of the aristocratic theory is found in the form of hereditary rights to property. This is aristocratic rather than democratic, in that it assumes that one person, by accident of birth rather than individual achievement, has a better right than another to the accumulations of the past.

As with all political and social theories, the justification or condemnation of the aristocratic theory of distribution must depend upon its results, viewed in the light of the circumstances of time and place. There are reasons for believing that this theory, as practiced in the early stages of civilization, was a powerful factor in promoting the first steps of social progress. Even the crudest case imaginable, that of the primitive despot, — the strong man who dominated his neighbors by the weight of his fist, and robbed them of their substance in the form of tribute,

— even he may have been an unintentional and unmeritorious agent of progress. All the higher forms of aristocracy are fundamentally like this primitive despotism, though sometimes religious fear, or a superstitious belief in some form of divine right, is combined with bodily fear as a means of class subjugation. Odious as all such things seem in the light of our present civilization, they seem to have been factors in the development of certain types of civilization, which are, doubtless, better than no civilization at all. One or two familiar principles will help to make this clear.

It is a well-known fact, for example, that grass tends to grow as thick as the conditions of soil, heat, moisture, and the presence of enemies will permit. Nature seems everywhere intent on preserving some such balance or equilibrium as this, for the same rule applies to all forms of life, including the human species. "Nature," wrote Malthus, "has scattered the seeds of life abroad with the most lavish hand. She has been comparatively sparing of the means of subsistence." With the human species, at least in its lower stages of development, as well as with other forms of life, nature aims to preserve an equilibrium between population and subsistence, — between the demand for nutriment and the supply of it. This equilibrium may be stated in terms as follows: In the absence of disturbing causes, the population tends to become so dense as to require all its energy to procure subsistence enough to sustain that energy. When any community happens to possess energy enough to procure more subsistence than is necessary to sustain that energy, it may not inaccurately be said to possess surplus energy. But nature tends to dissipate any such surplus, partly by indolence and lavish consumption, and finally by rapid multiplication of numbers. Whenever any branch of the human race has achieved something more than its own maintenance, that achievement may be called a storing of surplus energy, for no such achievement is possible ex-

cept where nature's process of dissipation is arrested, — that is, where human energy can be turned to other purposes than its own sustenance.

In a perfectly natural state, and in the absence of some means of arresting the dissipation of surplus energy, the life-history of human beings, like that of other forms of life, would be summed up in the words: They were born to breed and die, generation after generation, in endless and unprofitable repetition. For the vast majority of the human beings who have peopled this planet, that is all that can be said for or about them. But in a few scattered instances, sections of the race have achieved something more, — have left something as a mark of their having lived. It may have been nothing more than a few monumental tombs, or a few rude altars to their unknown gods; they may have been magnificent temples and royal palaces; or, higher still, systems of religious philosophy, national literatures, or even bodies of scientific knowledge. The explanation of these results can never be complete until it accounts for the fact that the universal dissipation of energy was by some means arrested, that something was saved from the vital processes in order that human energy might be stored in these products of civilization.

One of the most effective, and probably the earliest, of the many agencies for the accomplishment of this result was the despot. When that primitive bully subjugated his neighbors, and demanded a share of their produce as tribute, he simply reduced the amount of subsistence left for them. If they could not live on what was left, nature had a way of restoring the equilibrium by thinning them out. But the despot himself would have a surplus. The chances were that he would waste this surplus in riotous living, thus himself becoming an agent of dissipation. But in a few cases the whim seized him to build for himself a tomb, a temple, or a palace, to maintain priests to save his soul, musicians to sing his praises, or artists to represent him in heroic attitudes. In such

cases, through the agency of the despot, the race had done something more than provide for the primary appetites of hunger, thirst, and sex. This is, in essence, the beginning of every ancient civilization. Sometimes it was a priestly class preying upon the fears of the people, sometimes a race of despots ruling over a race of slaves, sometimes all these combined. Without these agencies of exploitation it is highly probable that the mass of the people would have continued living as they had always lived, like the insects of an hour, only to breed and die.

Odious as despotism is, it was probably justified by some of these early results. The grandeur of ancient Egypt was the result of the exploitation of the masses, whose energy would otherwise, in all human probability, have been dissipated in the manner common to all life. The religious philosophy of the Hebrews could hardly have been developed in the absence of a priestly class supported by tithes. The brilliant civilization of Greece was based on slavery, and the magnificence of Rome upon the exploitation of conquered peoples. Possibly none of these were worth what they cost. The cost was despotism, but the results, whatever their cost, *were* achieved. As between these results and that primitive communism, under which wealth is dissipated, and life kept down at a low level, because it is all at the mercy of the most gluttonous consumers and the most rapid breeders, we should probably all prefer the former. Unattractive as is despotism, it is not so unattractive as a community living a profitless round of animal existence for the sole apparent purpose of reproducing their kind. It was doubtless this aspect of human life which led Thomas Carlyle to his conclusion that the real benefactor of the race is not necessarily the man who frees his fellows from oppression, but the man who masters them (by the power of his own personality, to be sure, and not by hereditary titles and sham prestige), and makes them do what they ought to do.

Vastly more important, however, than the building of magnificent tombs, temples, and palaces, or the development of esoteric philosophies and literatures, is the development of a high standard of living among all the people. This, from the nature of the case, no form of oppression or class domination can possibly do. When civilization is based upon oppression, it is necessarily a civilization in which the few are lifted on the backs of the many into a high plane of living. This is doubtless better than no civilization at all, but it is far from ideal. The social problem of the future is to work out a system under which all the people may live on a high level, without constraint or oppression, each one remaining the master of himself. It is needless to point out that such a result has never yet been achieved, or even remotely approximated, and that it furnishes a prospect so pleasing that even socialism looks like a pitiful makeshift in comparison.

The effort to maintain a standard above the minimum of subsistence has led to a number of interesting expedients, some of them purporting to be democratic, but all of them departing from the democratic principle. Especially significant is a custom which is said to have prevailed among the Teutonic villages, namely, the enforced migration of chosen bodies of youth. These youth, selected by lot and sent out into the world to make a place for themselves, or perish in the attempt, were thus sacrificed in order that the remaining population might maintain a standard of living. It was an expedient a little more humane than the still more primitive one of infanticide, and it accomplished the same purpose. Primogeniture is still more humane, but no more just or democratic. Under this system the younger sons, and all the daughters, are placed in the position of the chosen youth of the Teutonic village; they must make their own way in the world in order that the eldest son may maintain the standard of the family. In the absence of expedients of this kind,

all of which are essentially inequitable, the so-called French custom of limiting offspring seems to be the only practicable one for maintaining a standard of living, and it is probably the most civilized of them all.

In the same class with the enforced swarming of the Teutonic village, and the system of primogeniture, belongs the trade union expedient of the closed shop. It is neither more fair nor just than any of the others, but it aims to accomplish the same result. Limiting employment to union men, and resorting to the primitive law of the bludgeon to enforce their demands, they may succeed in maintaining a standard in certain chosen occupations. But it is at the expense of the non-union man, who is, like the migrating Teutonic youth, and the younger sons of the English nobility, sacrificed in the interest of a standard which others enjoy.

In this connection appears the only rational basis for the doctrine of the minimum wage. It sounds well to say that no laborer ought to receive less than six hundred dollars a year. Certainly that sum is none too large. But this does not explain what is to be done with those whose services are not worth six hundred dollars a year. Enforced colonization, the multiplication of almshouses, or the liberal administration of chloroform, might be necessary in order to dispose of a considerable fraction of our population, in order that the remainder might earn the minimum wage. Though it is evident that modern society will adopt none of these heroic measures, yet it is interesting to speculate, academically, upon the results of the principle of the minimum wage if it were strictly enforced. In the first place, it is apparent that such a policy would tend to weed out the least competent members of the community, so that, in the course of time, there would be none left who could not earn at least the minimum wage. In the second place, after this was accomplished, the community would be superior to the present one, because it would be peopled by a

superior class of individuals, and the general quality of the population would not be deteriorated by the human dregs which now form the so-called submerged element. Nevertheless, it would be inherently inequitable, because it would sacrifice one part of the community in the interest of another, though it might not be more inequitable than nature herself, who ruthlessly sacrifices the weak in favor of the strong.

II

"From every one according to his ability, to every one according to his needs," is a formula which fairly well summarizes the socialistic theory of distribution. As an ideal this has at least two distinct merits. First, if we could get every one to produce according to his ability, there would be the maximum of wealth produced. Second, any given amount of wealth would yield the maximum amount of satisfaction to the community if it could be distributed in proportion to needs. If, for example, A has so many apples that any one of them is a matter of trifling concern to him, while B is hungry for apples, the existing supply of apples in the hands of this community of two would yield the maximum amount of satisfaction if A would divide with B in such proportion that their wants might be equally well satisfied. The socialistic formula is, therefore, a perfectly sound one, in so far as it relates to individual obligation. Each individual ought to produce according to his ability, for production is service, and we are all under obligation to serve the community to the extent of our ability. Again, he ought to consume only according to his needs, for, if he consumes more, he fails to promote, in the highest degree within his power, the welfare of his community. If A, in the foregoing illustration, should gluttonously devour all his apples, he would prevent the attainment of the highest well-being of that community of two.

But it is one thing to say that the individual ought to do thus and so, and

quite another thing to say that the state ought to make him do it. There are many things which the individual ought or ought not to do, which it would be futile for the state to try to regulate. Therefore, the duty of the state cannot be determined by simply finding out the duty of the individual. This does not mean that there are two kinds of ethics, or two grounds of obligation, one for the individual and the other for the state. There is only one ground of obligation, and that applies to the state as well as to the individual. If it is the duty of the individual to promote the general interest, it is equally the duty of the state; but in many cases the state would defeat this very purpose if it should undertake to force the individual to live up to this standard. What can the state do to promote the general interest? The answer to this question is the answer to the question: What ought the state to do?

Now the problem of distribution is essentially a problem of public regulation and control, and not a question of voluntary individual conduct. The question is not how much the individual ought to consume, but how much the state ought to allow him to have. These two questions are so distinct that it is amazing how persistently they are confused by the so-called Christian socialists. The socialistic theory of distribution according to needs is not a mere preachment, an appeal to the individual to regard himself as a steward entrusted with the care of a part of the world's wealth; it is an appeal rather to the force of law; it proposes that men shall consume wealth according to their needs, not because they want to, but because the law allows it to them in that proportion.

Human wants are so largely the product of historical conditions that it would be next to impossible to compare real needs. We are, for example, accustomed to assuming that the needs of the business and professional classes are larger than those of the laboring classes; but nothing could be more untrustworthy

than this assumption. The mere fact that the former have been accustomed to having more than the latter makes it seem necessary that they should continue to have more, but this seeming necessity would absolutely disappear in a single generation of equal distribution. Another assumption of the same kind is that education and culture increase one's needs. The simple fact is that education and culture introduce one into a social class where consumption is more lavish because incomes are larger. If we could divest the question of such complications, we should probably find that the real needs of the cultured man are less than those of the uncultured. What does culture amount to, if it does not give one greater resources within himself, and make him less dependent upon artificial, and therefore expensive, means of gratification?

Taken altogether, the proposal to distribute wealth according to needs would necessarily resolve itself into equality of distribution, on the assumption that needs are equal. This assumption, though obviously untrue, is much nearer the truth than any other workable assumption, — much nearer than to say, for example, that the needs of any one class are, *in any definite proportion*, greater than those of any other class, for the chances are exactly even that the proportion would have to be reversed. It would be quite as difficult to determine the relative needs of different individuals as it is to determine their relative length of life. Though it is extremely unlikely that two men, A and B, of the same age, class, and general health, will live the same number of years, it is much nearer the truth to assume that, than to assume that A will live longer than B, or B longer than A, by any definite period.

The only distinctions which could possibly be made would be certain obvious ones based on age, sex, and the like, and even these would be arbitrary and of uncertain value. Can we safely say that a child's needs are less than an adult's, or

that a woman's are less than a man's? The weight of the evidence is to the contrary, though under present conditions adults usually spend more on themselves than on their children, and men more than women, simply because they have the power. At any rate, the man who is cocksure on these points is not the man to whose fairness and sound judgment any of us would care to intrust a matter of such vital concern as the distribution of wealth.

Even more difficult than the determination of the relative needs of different individuals is the determination of their relative abilities. We seem forced to depend upon the individual himself to demonstrate his own ability, and there seems to be no better way of doing this than to give him an open field for the exercise of his talents, making the normal consequences of efficiency as agreeable, and of inefficiency as disagreeable, as possible to himself. He who will not do his best under these conditions could scarcely be made to do any better, except under the whip of a taskmaster.

In view of the utter futility of trying to determine by legal process either the relative needs or the relative abilities of different individuals, the formula, "From every one according to his ability, to every one according to his needs," must be turned over to the preacher of righteousness, whose appeal is to the individual conscience, rather than to the legislator, whose appeal must be to legal sanctions. In strictness this formula ought to be modified to, "Let every one produce according to his ability and consume according to his needs." The individual whose moral development will lead him to respond to such an appeal can be reached as effectually under the present social system as under any other, while he who will not respond voluntarily could not be reached under any system. Those who, as a matter of individual conscience, respond to this appeal, furnish no problem in distributive justice for the legislator. But there is a class, large or small as

the case may be, who need the stimulus of a prospective advantage to themselves to call forth their best efforts, who will do their best only when their rewards depend upon the value of their services. How to deal with this class is the problem in distributive justice for the legislator.

The belief that this class includes the vast majority of men at the present time by no means overlooks the fact that there is a great deal of altruism and public spirit in the world. These altruistic feelings can be depended upon only in relatively narrow circles, such as the family, the neighborhood, or the church, and, in times of exceptional national peril, in the larger circle of the nation. In ordinary times, and outside these narrow circles within which affection develops, the average man's efforts are normally directed by the hope of some pretty definite advantage to himself.

Speaking of the family, it is sometimes regarded as a communistic group. In one sense that is the truth, and in another it is the opposite of the truth. Normally the family property and the family income are administered in the interest of all the members, without regard to their individual contributions. That looks like communism; but it is a voluntary communism, such as might exist in society at large, without any change of law, if every one would regard other members of society with that degree of affection with which he now regards the members of his own family, or if each one would regard himself as a steward entrusted with the management of a portion of the wealth of the world. The family is the opposite of communistic, in the sense that the family property is usually *owned* by one member. In reality, therefore, the family is not more truly communistic than the United States would be if all its wealth were *owned* by one man, a hereditary despot, or a plutocrat of unheard-of proportions. Were he possessed of a strong affection for all his people, the wealth would be administered in the interest of all, otherwise in his own interest.

This raises the exceedingly pertinent question, what difference does it make who owns the wealth, provided it is administered wisely and with broad public spirit? There are other examples than the family, of an absolutely autocratic control of wealth, the very acme of concentration, which are yet so much like communism as to be easily mistaken for it. There could not possibly be a more acute case of congestion of wealth than Zion City, near Chicago, where all the productive wealth was until recently the property of one man, the notorious Dowie. Yet, according to all accounts, it was administered as though it were common property. The only answer to the above question, therefore, is that it makes no difference; but the proviso is too large to be safe. Under the extremest form of concentration, and under the widest diffusion of ownership, the average citizen would be equally well off, provided the wealth were equally well administered. It is quite the same with political authority; monarchy and democracy are equally good, provided they are equally well administered. But the world has learned that monarchy is not likely to be wisely administered, simply and solely because monarchs are seldom either wise or benevolent; and it is learning that plutocracy is unsafe for precisely the same reason. Though a wise and benevolent economic autocrat *might* administer the wealth of the nation as well as the people themselves could, the chances are very much against his doing anything of the kind. The chances are rather that he will spend it on himself and his family, which not only wastes the wealth, but, worse still, destroys the usefulness of his family. It is, therefore, quite as important that there should be a wide diffusion of wealth as that there should be a wide diffusion of political power.

Now there are two widely different notions as to what constitutes a wide diffusion of wealth. One is that the ownership of the productive wealth should be concentrated in the hands of the state, and

administered by public officials, only the consumable goods being diffused. This is the socialistic ideal. The other is that the ownership of the productive wealth itself should be widely diffused. If this were the case, the consumable wealth also would of necessity be widely diffused. This is the democratic, or liberalistic, ideal. It is the belief of the liberal school that this system gives greater plasticity and adaptability to the industrial system than any other. Certain socialistic writers have, however, assumed that this ideal is unattainable, and that we are really between the devil of plutocracy and the deep sea of socialism. Let us not thus despair of the republic. Once upon a time a man placed a heavy load upon the back of his camel, and then asked the beast whether he preferred going up hill or down, to which the camel replied, "Is the level road across the plain closed?"

III

The democratic, or liberalistic, theory puts every one upon his merits. The worthless and the inefficient are mercilessly sacrificed, the efficient are proportionately rewarded. It frankly renounces, for the present, all hope of attaining equality of conditions, and confines itself to the problem of securing, as speedily as possible, equality of opportunity. In fact, under the rigid application of this theory there would be room for the greatest inequality of conditions, because some would be forced into poverty by their own incapacity, and others would achieve great wealth through their superior ability to produce wealth or to perform valuable services.

This phrase, "equality of opportunity," has been so persistently travestied that one hesitates to use it; but it is a good phrase. It simply means the free and equal chance for each and every one to employ whatever talents he may possess in serving the community and in seeking the reward of that service, and a correspondingly free and equal chance for

every one else to accept or reject his service, according as they are satisfied or dissatisfied with its quality and its price. Though the lame, the halt, and the plethoric would have little chance of winning in a race where the prize was to the swift, yet there would be equality of opportunity if the race were open to all and without handicap. Similarly, the dull, the stupid, and the inefficient would have little chance of winning in economic competition, where the prizes are to the keen, the alert, and the efficient; yet there would be equality of opportunity, provided the field were open to all without organized discrimination or political favoritism. In other words, equality of opportunity does not mean that men are to be relieved of the results of inequality of ability. Nor does it mean, on the other hand, that men are to be left absolutely free and unrestrained in their pursuit of self-interest. If this were true, it would require that the burglar, the swindler, and the skinflint should be left free to ply their respective callings without legal interference. This principle only requires that such avenues to wealth as are deemed harmful should be closed to all alike.

Equality of opportunity means liberty, to be sure, but it means liberty in performing and seeking the rewards of *service*. The ideal of liberty is fully realized when every individual is absolutely free to pursue his own interest by any method which is in itself serviceable to society, and when he is absolutely debarred from pursuing it by any method which is in itself harmful to society. Therefore, to say that a certain man's fortune is the result of his superior skill, shrewdness, or industry, is no justification at all, unless it be further shown that these faculties were usefully directed, that by their exercise the community has been made richer, and not poorer. If this condition is omitted, the highwayman, the counterfeiter, and the confidence man are all justified, for it takes skill, shrewdness, and industry to succeed in their callings. In short, *service*, and not industry nor intelligence, is

the touchstone by which to determine what opportunities should be open and what closed under the principle of liberty. The principle of liberty, thus interpreted, is a part of the democratic or liberalistic theory of distributive justice.

Liberty to pursue one's own interest in one's own way, so long as the way is a useful one, gives rise to what is known as competition, which can only be defined as rivalry in the performance of service. Production is service. Wherever two or more men are seeking their own interests in the performance of the same kind of service, or, more accurately, are seeking the reward for the same kind of service, there will normally be rivalry among them. This rivalry sometimes leads the less scrupulous to seek their interests in other ways than through service. In a few glaring cases these predatory methods become the characteristic ones, and attract more attention than the great mass of activities in which men compete in real service. In reality, however, it is only in the limited field of "high finance" that mere shrewdness rivals serviceableness as a means of livelihood. But these predatory methods are not essential to the competitive system, and the principle of liberty as already defined requires that they be put in the same class with ordinary stealing and swindling.

In spite of the glaring weaknesses of the competitive system, and its undoubted waste of effort, it is the belief of the liberal school that it is the most effective system yet devised for the building up of a strong community. This belief rests upon a few well-known propositions which only need to be stated. (1) Every individual of mature age and sound mind knows his own interest better than any set of public officials can. (2) He will, if left to himself, pursue his own interest more systematically and successfully than he could if compelled to pursue it under the direction and supervision of any set of public officials. (3) He will pursue his interest by performing service for others, provided all harmful or non-serviceable

methods are effectually closed by law. (4) Where each is free to pursue his own interest in serviceable ways, and where his well-being depends upon the amount of his service, all will be spurred on to perform as much service as possible, and the community will thus be served in the best possible manner, because all its members will be striving with might and main to serve one another.

It is worth noting that this argument is neither a glorification of self-interest nor an approval of *laissez faire*. It requires governmental interference with every non-serviceable pursuit of self-interest which it is possible for the law to reach. At the basis of the doctrine of *laissez faire* has always lain the assumption, expressed or implied, that human interests are harmonious. If this assumption were true, the argument for *laissez faire* would be irresistible, being somewhat as follows:

(1) Each individual of mature years and sound mind will pursue his *own* interest more energetically and intelligently when left to himself than when directed by any body of public officials.

(2) The interests of each individual harmonize with those of society at large.

(3) Therefore, if each is left to himself, he will work in harmony with the interests of society, and he will work more energetically and intelligently than he could if directed by public officials.

This conclusion is contained in the premises, and cannot be questioned by any one who accepts them. Though the individual is liable to error as to his own interests, he is much less so than any body of officials would be. If we could postulate something like omniscience in public officials, the first proposition of the above argument might be rejected. And here lies the danger. The natural egotism of all men, and especially of those who thrust themselves forward as candidates for public office, and those who inherit office, leads them to believe in their ability to regulate things in general. They are thus under constant temptation to exercise their superior intelligence in

the regulation of other people's affairs. Against this tendency the public needs to be continually on its guard, and government ought not to be allowed to interfere with the affairs of a mature individual of sound mind, for *his own good*.

With the second proposition the case is different. It was on this assumption that Adam Smith based his famous dictum regarding the "invisible hand," which, in the absence of interference, led the individual to promote the public interest while trying to promote his own. But all such dreams of a beneficent order of nature belong to an older system of philosophy. One of the services of the evolutionary philosophy has been our disillusionment on this subject. It has opened our eyes to the stern fact that, in spite of many harmonies, there is still a very real and fundamental conflict of interests. The term "struggle for existence" has no meaning unless it implies such a conflict. In the light of this philosophy the primary function of government is to neutralize as far as possible this conflict and mitigate the severities of the struggle. The most enlightened governments of the present perform this function mainly by prohibiting those methods of struggling which are in themselves harmful. We must conclude, therefore, that, while there is no good reason why the state should interfere with a capable individual for his own good, there are abundant reasons why it should interfere with him *for the good of others*. The old liberalism erred in assuming too much in the way of harmony of interests. The new liberalism must correct this by insisting upon: (1) the absolute necessity of suppressing harmful methods of pursuing self-interest; (2) the absolute freedom to pursue self-interest in all serviceable ways; (3) the absolute responsibility, under the foregoing conditions, of the individual for his own well-being, allowing those to prosper who, on their own initiative, find ways of serving the community, and allowing those who do not to endure poverty.

The principle of adaptation, which, according to the evolutionary philosophy, lies at the basis of all progress, must determine our theory of distributive justice. As already pointed out, a theory of distributive justice is a rule for the guidance of the lawgiver rather than the individual consumer. Now the lawgiver is one who must adapt means to ends as truly as the mechanic, — that is, he must facilitate the process of human adaptation. The question becomes, What principle of distribution will most effectually promote human adaptation or social progress?

It goes without saying that industry is the primary *active* factor in human adaptation. It is the agency whereby the material environment is adapted to the needs of men. Other things equal, that rule of distribution which most effectively stimulates industry and inventiveness must be the most effective in hastening progress. It must generally be admitted that the competitive system stimulates industry more effectively than any other system yet devised. If we can leave every one free to pursue his self-interest in his own way, so long as his way is that of the industry which produces or serves, the active form of adaptation will take care of itself.

It is the belief of those who accept the evolutionary philosophy that selection, natural or artificial, is the chief factor in *passive* adaptation. It is the factor by which the species is itself improved or adapted to its conditions. Though artificial selection, as practiced by the scientific breeder, is vastly superior to natural selection, yet it does not seem possible that any democratic society will ever intrust the propagation of the species to any body of scientific experts. We seem to be limited, therefore, to some form of natural or automatic selection. But this does not commit us to the principle of natural selection in the *ultra*-Darwinian sense. In the absence of some form of social control, this principle would work in man as it does in the lower animals. Survival would depend upon the mere ability to

survive, and not upon fitness in any sense implying worth, merit, or usefulness. The adept murderer, thief, or confidence man would stand the same chance of survival as the efficient producer of wealth. But when society suppresses all harmful methods of pursuing self-interest, leaving open all useful ones, it deliberately sets up a standard of fitness for survival. If this standard is rigidly enforced, only those who are useful to the race, who are able to make conditions better for their fellows, are allowed to survive. This differs from artificial selection in that it leaves the individual free, *within certain prescribed limits*, to shift for himself and survive if he can. Within these limits it works automatically, like natural selection. It differs from natural selection in that, by virtue of these limits, a standard of fitness is set up.

A society which thus makes service the basis of individual reward, and at the same time the test of fitness for survival, will inevitably be a progressive society, because it will tend to weed out the useless individuals, — that is, those who are not capable of promoting the process of adaptation, — and to produce a race highly capable in this direction. In addition to this it will call out in the fullest degree the capabilities of the individuals by appealing to their self-interest, *plus* — and not *instead of* — whatever altruistic feelings they may possess.

This principle of distribution according to service has sometimes been travestied by attempting to define service in terms of effort. This would mean that if two men try equally hard they should receive equal shares in the distribution of wealth. This is distribution according to effort, and not according to service, because efforts are not all equally serviceable. Besides, this rule is hopelessly defective in two essential particulars. In the first place, the individual's value to society, or his effectiveness as an agent of progress, does not depend upon the amount of effort which he puts forth. The bungling mechanic or the soulless artist may

work as hard as the genius, but they do not contribute as much utility to society. Neither of them is so valuable as an agent of progress. In the second place, this rule would fail to exercise the same beneficial selective influence upon the race. The mediocre and the genius would fare equally well. The dull and the stupid would be put on the same footing with, and stand the same chance of survival as, the capable and the talented. Worse still, the man who would persist in going into an occupation already relatively overcrowded — where, in other words, the community did not need him — would fare as well as though he had entered an occupation relatively undercrowded, — where, in other words, he was needed. The well-being of society requires men to fill the gaps, to do the kind of work which is very much needed because the right kind of talent is scarce. The man who can do this kind of work is more useful than the man who can do only what every one else is able to do. The simple fact is that utility is what society needs, and utility, rather than effort, is the measure of service. Society should, therefore, shape its policy so as to secure the maximum utility.

It only remains to decide who shall determine the value of the individual's service in industry. Shall it be determined by public officials who have no direct interest in the matter, or shall it be left to the judgment of those who receive the service? As to which is the safer method, there can scarcely be a moment's doubt. Granting all that may be said about the depravity of popular tastes and the whimsicalities of fashion, of the maltreatment of the genius and the prosperity of the time-server, all this and more may be said about the insolence of office, and the arbitrariness and stupidity of public officials, elective as well as hereditary. Obviously no one is in so good a position to appraise the value of a service as the one who is to receive it. His judgment or his taste may be perverted, but the same is equally likely in the case of any functionary to whom it may be entrusted. If the

individual is to be left free to pursue his own interest in the way of performing service, it seems to follow necessarily that he must also be left free to pursue his own interest in the way of securing the services of others. In other words, freedom of consumption is as essential as freedom of production; freedom to accept or reject a service is as essential as freedom to serve or refrain from serving. There is only one way by which this result can be secured, and that is to allow the producer and consumer to come together on the basis of freedom of contract. So long as men are self-interested, this will frequently result in hard bargaining, and sometimes in injustice; but it is much less likely to result in injustice than any system of paternalism, or any other arrangement by which the value of a service is determined by some one else than the person who receives it. Assuming that the parties are of mature age and sound mind, that neither party is allowed to use force or violence or any other form of compulsion, and assuming further (which may seem revolutionary) that all liars, or those who practice deception by offering shoddy and adulterated goods, shall be treated like the counterfeiter and the gold-brick man,

and that neither party is given a legal or political advantage over the other in the way of protective duties or other unfair discriminations, this system is safer than any other. Under this system, thus safeguarded, the tendency will be for every one to get about what he is worth.

Any analysis of the actual results of the competitive process will show that, where competition in the proper sense of the word exists, substantial justice according to the democratic, or liberalistic, theory is secured. It has been the purpose of this paper to show that the full realization of this theory of distributive justice would secure the highest possible well-being of society, so far as that is dependent upon legal control. It goes without saying that we are very far from a full realization of this ideal; but this at least reveals the real work of the social reformer. The reformer who works toward the fuller realization of the principle of distribution according to worth, usefulness, or service will be working in harmony with the laws of social progress, and his labors will, therefore, be effective. Otherwise, he will be attempting to turn society backward, or to shunt it off on a sidetrack.

A BIRD-GAZER AT THE GRAND CAÑON

BY BRADFORD TORREY

THE bird-gazer is peculiar. This is not said of bird-gazers in general, who may be very much like other people, for aught we know, but of a certain particular member of the fraternity, the adventures of whose mind in the face of one of the undoubted wonders of the world are here to be briefly recounted.

He is a lover of scenery. At least, he thinks he is. As he goes about among his fellows, he finds few who spend more time, or seem to experience more delight, in looking at the beauty that surrounds them. He would not rank himself, of course, with the great specialists in this line, — with Wordsworth or Thoreau, to cite two very dissimilar examples; but, as compared with the common run of more or less intelligent men, he seldom finds occasion to feel ashamed of himself for anything like indifference to the prospects of earth and sky. He is as likely as almost any one he knows to consume a half-hour over a sunset, or to sit a long while under the charm of a Massachusetts meadow or a New Hampshire valley. Common beauty appeals to him. His spirit is refreshed by it. He *relishes* it, to use a word that he himself uses often. But with all this (and here we come to the peculiarity), the exceptional and the stupendous are apt to leave him cold. As he says sometimes, meaning, perhaps, to justify his eccentricity, he admires the grace of the human figure, but takes no very lively interest in giants or dwarfs. These excite curiosity, as a matter of course, but for his part he would not go far out of his way to stare at them.

The comparison is rather beside the point. He would own as much himself. Indeed, he had come a long distance out of his way to see the Grand Cañon of the Colorado. But, after all, to hear some

of the things he began by saying about it (though you would not have heard them, for he had the discretion to say them to himself), you might have inferred that this stupendous rift in the earth's surface was to him a good deal like a man twenty feet tall or a woman who should weigh a ton, — in short, a something rather monstrous than beautiful.

He reached the Cañon on a bright Saturday morning in December. All day Thursday he had ridden over the prairies of Kansas, gazing out of the car window, and repeating with "relish" Stevenson's line, —

"Under the wide and starry sky."

There were no stars in sight, naturally enough, but that did not matter. It was the word "wide" that pleased his imagination. Whether he should die gladly when the time came, as Stevenson felt sure of doing, he was unprepared to say; but for the present hour, at any rate, he was living gladly, greatly enjoying the sense of vastness with which that wide Kansas sky inspired him. A wide sky it surely was, with hardly so much as an apple tree to narrow it. As often as not there was nothing against the horizon but a haystack or two an unknown number of miles away.

Some of his traveling companions seemed to find the prospect depressing, and the day of the longest, but the bird-gazer passed the hours in surprising content. He almost believed that he should like to live in Kansas, New England Highlander though he is. Unbroken horizons appeared to agree with him.

At midnight, or thereabout, he woke to hear the engines puffing as if out of breath. The grade must be steep. Unless he was deceived, he could even feel the inclination of the car as he lay in bed. Then up

went the curtain. Hills loomed all about, with here and there a solitary pine tree standing in the moonlight like a sentry. "You are in Colorado," one of them said, and the gazer knew it. No more prairie. The earth was all heaved up into hills. And just then the train ran into the darkness of a tunnel, and when it emerged, the traveler was in New Mexico.

All that day he journeyed among hills, now near, now far, now high, now low, now wooded, now bare as so many gravel heaps ("not mountains, just buttes," a train-hand told him), now in ranges, now solitary. Indian villages, a long run along the Rio Grande, a stop at Albuquerque, brightly colored cliffs and crags, a gorgeous sunset, — indeed, it was a memorable day. And in the morning, after miles of level pine forest, — the Coconino Plateau, — he was at the Grand Cañon, where he had desired to be.

He was not disappointed. Wise men seldom are. He had known very well that he should not see the wonder and glory of the place at the first look. His mind is slow, and he has lived with it long enough to know a little of its weakness. The Cañon was astounding, unspeakable. The words were never made that could express it. And the shapes and the colors! "Well, well," he said, "it is too much like the pictures. I must wait till they have been forgotten, and I can see the Cañon for itself."

So he wandered off into the woods, an endless forest of pines and cedars. Perhaps he should find a bird or two. And sure enough, he had gone but a little way before he came upon a flock of snowbirds. But they were not the snowbirds he had known in New England. Some among them had black heads and breasts, with rather dull brown backs, and a suffusion of the same color along the sides of the body. Lovely creatures they were; perfectly natural, — true snowbirds to anybody's eye, — yet recognizable instantly as something quite new and strange. And some were all of an exquisite soft gray, as well above as below, ex-

cept that they showed very bright chestnut-brown backs, a wash of the same color along the sides, and black lores, — that is to say, a black spot on each side of the head between the eye and the bill. These were neater even than the others, if that were possible, and even more striking a novelty. Our pilgrim was at once in highspirits. What bird-gazer but would have been? On getting back to the hotel and the Handbook, he would know what to call his new acquaintances. So he promised himself; but as things turned out, the question was not quite so simple as he had assumed. He was obliged to see the black-headed one (Thurber's junco) again to make sure of a detail he had omitted to note; while as for the gray one, it was not till he had studied the birds and the book for two days that he felt sure how to name it. The race of juncos is highly variable in this Western country (eleven species and subspecies), and there were several nice points demanding attention. Luckily the birds could always be found by a little searching; and the oftener they were seen, the prettier they looked, especially the lighter colored one, the gray-headed junco, as ornithologists name it. After all, thought the bird-gazer, the Quaker taste in colors is not half so bad as it might be. But it was wonderful how much that little patch of black (a true beauty-spot, such as he seemed to remember having seen ladies wear) heightened and set off the bird's general appearance. He greatly enjoyed the sight of both species, as they fed in the road or under the sage-brush bushes, snapping their tails open nervously at short intervals (as fine ladies do their fans), just like their Eastern relatives.

"Yes, yes," he said, with a sense of relief; "I do not need a week or two in which to appreciate the beauty of a snowbird. This is something within my capacity."

It is a great part of the comfort and success of life to recognize one's limitations and be reconciled to them.

This first ramble, which did not ex-

tend far, showed surprisingly little of animal life. At an elevation of seven thousand feet winter is winter, even in Arizona. The flock of snowbirds just mentioned, a jack rabbit, that bounded off into the woods with flying leaps, and a bevy of chickadees that got away from the rambler before their identity could be determined, these were all.

Then, as he returned in the direction of the hotel, his attention was taken by a two-story house which some one — a photographer, by the sign over the door — had built on a narrow shelf, just wide enough to hold it, a little below the top of the Cañon wall, and he went down the footpath, the beginning of Bright Angel Trail, as it turned out, to look at it. A knock brought a young man up from below, with an invitation to enter. An eerie spot it was, and no mistake. From the second-story back door, which had neither steps nor balcony, but opened upon space, one had only to leap over a narrow wooden platform, one story below, to land upon the rocks, a thousand feet, perhaps, down the Cañon. The photographer was explaining the great convenience of the site for artistic purposes, when a jay dropped into a pine tree just out of reach; a crestless, long-tailed jay, wearing a beautiful fan-shaped decoration on its front, seen at a glance to be a congener of the Florida jay, whose exceeding tameness and other odd ways make so lively an impression upon visitors along the east coast of that peninsula. On being asked if it was often seen, the man replied, "Oh, yes, it is common here. But it is n't a jay, is it?" he added; and, being assured that such was the case, he said, "Well, we have another jay much bigger than this." At the moment it did not occur to the visitor to ask for particulars; but it transpired later, as he had suspected it would, knowing from the Handbook what kinds of jays might on general grounds be looked for in this neighborhood, that the "much bigger" bird was the long-crested jay, which at the most measures about a quarter of an inch more

than the one, the Woodhouse jay by name, at which he and the photographer had been looking. A capital example, it seemed, of how much a certain style and carriage (with a lordly crest) can do in the way of swelling a bird's, as well as a man's, apparent size and importance. Have we not read somewhere that Napoleon could on occasion look much taller than he really was?

Meanwhile, as soon as luncheon was disposed of, the bird-gazer, still with jays on his mind, started along the rim of the Cañon, picking his way among stones, dodging the deeper snows and the softer mud-spots, toward O'Neill's Point, which could be seen, a mile or so eastward, jutting out over the abyss, as if on purpose for a spectator's convenience. So he walked, stopping every few steps to look and listen, the stupendous chasm on one side and the pine and cedar forest on the other. Mostly, as in duty bound, he looked at the Cañon; but if a bird so much as lisped, his eyes were after it.

It was during this jaunt, indeed, that he made the acquaintance of the mountain chickadee and the gray titmouse, two Westerners well worth knowing. The mountain chickadee, with whose striking portrait he had long been familiar, is a pretty close duplicate of the common black-capped chickadee of the Northeastern states, except that the black side of its head is broken by a conspicuous white stripe above the eye. If all birds were thus plainly tagged, the lister's work would, perhaps, be almost too easy. At least, it would be much less exciting. This mountain chickadee has the familiar *dee-dee* of the Eastern bird, — though in a recognizably different tone and with a different prefatory note, — a sweet, thin-voiced, two-syllabled whistle, or song, and the characteristic hurried volley of fine notes, which, as we may conclude, led the Indians of Maine — so Thoreau tells us — to call the chickadee *Keecunni-lessu*. The gray titmouse is gray throughout, eschewing all ornament except a smart little backward-pointing crest of

gray feathers. In general shape, and especially in something about the setting of the eye, it suggests that monotonous and persistent whistler, the tufted tit of the Southeastern states. Both these novelties, as well as the slender-billed nuthatch (the common white-breasted nuthatch, with variations, especially of a vocal sort), which seemed to be traveling with them, were to prove regular, every-day birds in the forest hereabout.

All in all, whatever he might yet think of the Cañon, our rambler's first day on its rim could be accepted as fairly successful, with five new species added to his slender stock of ornithological knowledge.

The next morning, bright and early (or rather dark and early, for he had breakfasted and was in the woods long before sunrise), he took the road in the opposite direction. He would go to Rowe's Point, — another natural observatory, to which all guests of the hotel are presumed to drive, — partly to see the Cañon, and partly to see the woods and their inhabitants. The woods, as has been said, are mostly — almost entirely — of pines and cedars. The pines along the Cañon's edge (there are two taller species, "yellow" and "black," in the slightly lower valleys of the plateau) are small, with extremely short leaves, — so short that very young trees look amazingly like firs, — two to the sheath, and prickly cones hardly bigger than a pea. Piñons, the stranger was afterward bidden to call them, which he proceeded to do, with much satisfaction. He is always glad to find a name out of a book beginning to mean something. The cedars, many of them ancient-looking (a thousand years old, some of them might well enough be), and loaded with mistletoe, bear a general resemblance to the red cedar of the East (though their berries are much larger), and are noticeable for branching literally at the ground, making one feel as if the earth must have been filled in about them after they were grown.

Here and there was an abundance of a

shrub, or small tree, which, the photographer had informed the newcomer, was known locally as the Mexican quinine bush, still showing its last season's straw-colored flowers, — many stamens and six prodigiously long, feathered styles in a spreading, bell-shaped, five-lobed corolla. The foliage was much like a cedar's in appearance, and when crushed yielded a resinous, colorless substance and an extraordinarily pungent and persistent, pleasantly medicinal odor.

The bird-gazer was noting these details (the last-mentioned bush, especially, being a most interesting one, which he hoped some time or other to learn more about), and now and then pushing out to the brink of the Cañon, every point affording a change of prospect, when, to his surprise, he found himself at the end of his jaunt.

Here, surely, was a grand outlook. He was glad he had come. The Cañon was beginning to get hold of him. Far down (a good part of a mile down) could be seen a stretch of the Colorado River, and now for the first time he heard its voice, the only sound that had yet reached him out of the abyss. "The silent Cañon," he had caught himself murmuring the day before. Indeed, its silence had impressed him almost as much as its extent, its barbaric wealth of color, and its strange architectural forms, which last, one may almost say, are what chiefly give to the Cañon its peculiar character. One gazes upon the huge, symmetrical, artificial-looking constructions, and thinks of Coleridge's verses, — at least our bird-gazer thought of them: —

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan

A stately pleasure-dome decree:

Where Alph, the sacred river, ran

Through caverns measureless to man

Down to a sunless sea.

Scores of times he had repeated the verses to himself during the last day or two (they are worth repeating for their music), and now, when he saw the sacred river, its muddiness visible a mile away, the sight gave him an unpleasant shock. The river

that the poet saw could never have been of that complexion.

Some such romantic feeling as this was upon him, perhaps, when, happening to turn his head, he beheld close behind him, at the tip of a low, dead tree, the form of a strange bird. "Now, pray, what can you be?" he exclaimed under his breath; and in one moment the Cañon was a thousand miles off. Some distance back he had heard a musical chorus, suggestive to his ear of a chorus of pine grosbeaks, and then had seen the flock for an instant, as it flew across a clear space among the trees, moving toward the rim of the Cañon. And now here was a bird right before him, a finch of some kind, a female, in all probability (if it had only been a male in bright diagnostic plumage!), streaked with dark underneath, sporting a long tail (for a finch), and for its best mark having a broad whitish or grayish band over the eye. So much he saw, and then it was gone, uttering as it flew the same notes that he had heard from the flock shortly before. Probably it was one of the various purple finches, — Cassin's, as likely as any, a species due in this general region, and having a longish tail. "Probably!" — that is an uncomfortable word for a bird-gazer, but in the present case there seemed no possibility of a better one; and, when all is said, probability is a kind of half-loaf, at the worst a little better than nothing.

Anyhow, the bird was gone, and gone for good, and with it had gone for the time being all the gazer's interest in the sacred river, and in the gay colors and bizarre shapes of the great chasm. A path invited him into the woods, and, with birds in his eye, he took it. It was well he did, for he had hardly more than started before he stopped short. Hark! Was not that a robin's note? Yes, somewhere before him, out among the low piñons, the bird was cackling at short intervals, — the very same cackle that a Massachusetts robin utters when it finds itself astray from the flock. Half a dozen times or more the anxious sounds were repeated,

while the listener edged this way and that, more anxious than the bird, twice over, scanning the tops of the trees for a sight of the ruddy breast. He saw nothing, and anon all was silent. The bird had eluded him. A Western robin, he supposed it must have been, and as such he would have given something for a look at it. Well, if he lived a week or two longer, he should be in California, and there, with any kind of luck, he should find out for himself, what no book had ever been good enough to tell him, whether the calls of *propinqua* are so exactly the same as those of plain *migratoria*. Meantime he had added another name to his Grand Cañon list (which certainly needed additions), and was back at the Point for another look at the Eighth Wonder.

And then, as frequently before and after, he laughed quietly at his foolish self, so taken with the sight of a bird, and so inadequately moved by all this transcendent spectacle of form and color. Verily, as common wisdom has it, it takes all kinds to make a world; and among the all kinds there must needs be a few odd ones.

But for all his laughing, he was really not quite so insensible as he was perversely inclined to make out. The Wonder was growing upon him. He looked at it oftener and longer, and with something more of pleasurable emotion, though it was still too monstrous, too strange, too little related to any natural feeling. He should need to live on its rim for months or years before it would affect him according to its deserts. Nay, he should have to spend long whiles down in its depths; for though the present slipperiness of the steep, snow-covered trail made the descent seem an imprudent venture for so chronic a graybeard, yet he did more than once go down the first few zigzags, — far enough to feel the awful stillness and loneliness of the place, and to realize something of the power of those frowning walls over the human spirit. At such times it was, especially, that he felt a desire to come here again, in a more

propitious season, and spend some days, at least, on one of those lower plateaus, or on the bank of some far-down stream. Birds and flowers would fill the place, the cañon wren would sing to him, and the short, shut-in days would pass over his head like a dream. Even as it was, there is no telling how far down he might finally have ventured, the desire growing upon him, but for a wild, all-day snow-storm, which, for the remainder of his stay, put all such projects completely out of the question.

An hour after hearing the robin, while on his return to the hotel, he came upon another bird of about the same degree of novelty, — a brown creeper, looking almost as New-Englandish as the robin's voice had sounded; the same pepper-and-salt coat, the same faint *zeep*, and the same trick of beginning always at the bottom of the tree and hitching its way upward. Yet it was not exactly the bird of New England, after all; for when the observer saw it again, as he did on sundry occasions (always a single bird, — another characteristic trait), he perceived that its coat was of a lighter shade than he had been accustomed to see. The Rocky Mountain creeper, the book told him to call it, and the name sounded sweet to him. At almost the same minute, too, he had his first clear sight of another Rocky Mountain bird, — the Rocky Mountain hairy woodpecker. This was to prove one of the very common inhabitants of the neighborhood. Its emphatic, perfectly natural-sounding calls were heard many times daily, and would have passed without remark anywhere at the East. In personal appearance, however, the bird is clearly enough distinguished, even at first sight, by the all but solid blackness of its wings.

After luncheon the bird-gazer again took the field (the altitude was congenial to him, and there was no staying indoors), and was soon in a fever of excitement over two jays that were chasing each other about in the tops of some tall yellow pines. He perceived almost at once that they

were very dark in color and had most extraordinarily conspicuous topknots. "The long-crested," he said to himself, one of the birds he most earnestly desired to see. Now is my chance, he thought; and it should not be his fault if he missed it. From tree to tree the birds went, now together, now separately, uttering a kind of grunting note, strangely suggestive of the gray squirrel, ridiculous as the comparison may sound; and still he could never get either of them with a good light on its face, which, he knew, should be marked (if his opinion as to their identity was correct) by narrow up-and-down white lines on the forehead, and a little patch of the same color over each eye. At last one dropped to the ground, a happy chance, and began feeding on something found there; and now, after patient stalking, our man had his field-glass on the bird under the best of conditions. All the marks were present. And what a beauty! (and what a crest!) — one of the most striking of all North American birds (so he felt at the moment, at any rate), of itself a sufficient reward for his winter visit to the Grand Cañon. If he were to tell the truth, he would, perhaps, confess that the sight of it afforded him almost as keen an excitement as that of the Cañon itself. Yes; and he might have said as much of a flock of eight or ten pygmy nuthatches, engaging creatures, seen on three occasions, with notes all of a finch-like quality, and one — a note of alarm, it seemed — almost or quite indistinguishable from the sharp *kip, kip* of the red crossbill. The hobbyist, — and why should any of us be ashamed of the name, since we are all hobbyists of one kind or another, — the hobbyist, lucky man, has joys with which no stranger intermeddleth.

Every one to whom our particular hobbyist ventured to speak upon the subject assured him that there were no birds here at this season; and indeed, for long spells together, this seemed, even to him, to be something like true. The Coconino forest is so almost boundless that the winter

residents of it, mostly moving about in little companies, are by no means "enough to go round," as one of the hobbyist's outdoor cronies is accustomed to say. So it was that our bird-gazer often sauntered for an hour without being rewarded by so much as a lisp; yet he felt sure all the while, and the result always bore out his faith, that even here, and in winter, and on this very day, time and patience could not be spent altogether in vain. If he saw nothing, as sometimes was true, on the two or three miles to Rowe's Point, for example, why, there was still the chance of something on the return. The very spot that had been vacant at eight o'clock might be alive with wings an hour or two later; for, as we say, winter birds, with no family duties to tie them, are continually on the go.

Thus it happened that the bird-gazer, retracing his steps after a long jaunt that had shown him nothing (nothing in his special line, that is to say; there is always *something* for a pair of eyes to look at), was brought to the suddenest kind of standstill by the sight of two or three birds on the ground a few rods in advance. "Bluebirds! bluebirds!" he said. And so they were, here in the very midst of the wood, strange as the encounter seemed to a man accustomed only to the bluebird of the East, which might almost as soon be looked for upon a millpond as in a forest. His glass covered one of them. All its visible under-parts were blue! It moved out of sight, and the glass was leveled upon another, and then upon another, as opportunity offered. And all but the first one had the regular red-earth breast, with blue throats and bellies, and reddish or chestnut-colored backs. Then, to the observer's sorrow, they suddenly took wing with a volley of sweet, perfectly familiar calls, and in a moment were gone. The all-blue one (the mountain, or arctic, bluebird, as it is called) was quite new to him. The others, of the kind known as the chestnut-backed bluebird, he had seen once or twice on a previous visit to this Southwestern country. Whether on

the deserts of southern Arizona, or here in the mountain forests of northern Arizona, they were good to meet. If only they would have stayed a bit to be looked at, or if they could have been pursued, as in New England one pursues the first spring bluebird from apple orchard to apple orchard for pure joy of seeing and hearing it! But they were gone whither there was no such thing as chasing them, — into the Cañon, to judge by the course taken, — and neither they, nor any like them, were seen or heard afterward.

They had not been alone, however, and the bird-gazer was still for a few minutes abundantly busy. Mountain chickadees were lispng and *dee-ing*, and one of them gave out once, as if on purpose for his Yankee listener's benefit, his brief, musical whistle. "Thank you," said the Yankee; "do it again." But the singer, as singers will, refused the encore. One or two nuthatches and a hairy woodpecker were with the group, almost as a matter of course, and at the last minute the tiniest bunch of feathers was seen fluttering about the twigs of a pine. None but a kinglet could dance on the wing in just that tricky fashion; and, true enough, a kinglet it was, a goldcrest, seen for a glance or two only, but, even so, revealing a strangely conspicuous white or whitish band on the side of the crown. Another Rocky Mountain stranger, if you please, the Rocky Mountain goldcrest. Two new birds within five minutes. Perhaps the bird-gazer did not go on his way rejoicing! The road was rough, — frozen every night, and muddy to desperation every afternoon, — but a hobby could still be ridden over it with great comfort.

And here seems a good place to mention one of the Yankee visitor's meteorological surprises. Somebody had told him of cold weather lately at the Cañon, — zero or under, — and he spoke of the report to his friend, the photographer. "Oh, yes," was the answer; "probably the mercury has not been far from zero for the last two mornings.

The visitor intimated incredulity (he

had been strolling in the woods before sunrise on both the mornings in question, standing still a considerable part of the time to make notes or listen, and never once thinking of ears or fingers). Upon which the photographer smiled and advised him to consult the railroad station master, who, it appeared, had a government thermometer, and was the official keeper of the local weather record. Well, the station master was com-
plaisant, although an official, and, on turning to his tally sheet, found that on the two previous mornings the glass had registered respectively zero and two above zero.

The man from Massachusetts was dumb. He had heard, as every one has, of the efficacy of a dry atmosphere in tempering the impression of cold, but he found at this minute that he had never really believed in it. If he had known the standing of the thermometer he certainly would not have worn his summer hat, and would probably have thought it his duty now and then to try his ears. Three or four mornings afterward, though the mercury was only a few degrees lower (5° below zero), he confesses that he did not loiter. With a raw wind from the north and the air full of snow, a somewhat rapid gait was taken, as by instinct. In fact, the weather was so much like home that it almost made him homesick, — for California.

On the second of the two mornings first mentioned, he had sauntered to O'Neill's Point, and had remarked, as before, how the white frost covered everything (a sign of warm, pleasant weather in New England), giving an extra touch of pallor even to the pallid sagebrush. He had remarked, also, how warmly an old Indian squaw was wrapped as she came riding through the woods on horseback. "Good-morning," said the bird-gazer, as they met. "Umph," said the squaw. Ah, she does n't understand English, thought the bird-gazer, and he tried her with "Buenos dias." "Umph," she answered again; and the two parted as

strangers. He might have had better luck with a chickadee.

Only the commoner birds had been found, till, on the return, in a break in the forest, of which break the sagebrush — always straitened for room, like the Goths and the Huns — had taken possession, he suddenly descried a flock of very small birds of a sort entirely strange to him: slender gray birds, with long tails, — like gnatcatchers in that respect, — and some poorly seen darker patch on the side of the head. He looked at them, and looked again (their activity was incessant, and the looks were of the briefest), and then, with a chorus of little nothings, they all took wing. And the bird-gazer, of course, followed on. Twice he came up with them. "Bush tits," he said to himself; "they can be nothing else." And bush tits they were, as he feels confident (but he will be surer, he hopes, when he gets to California), of the species known as lead-colored. It was a shame they could not have stayed a little upon the order of their going. There was plenty of sagebrush, on the seeds of which they seemed to be feeding; but, like winter birds in general, they must take a bite here and a bite there, as if, by eating the same thing in a dozen places, they somehow secured variety. They were gone, at all events, and the bird-gazer was starting back, half jubilant, half disconsolate, toward the road, when, from almost under his feet, a jack rabbit sprang up, and, with a leap or two over the sagebrush bushes (a great leg with the hurdles is the jack rabbit), took his black tail out of sight.

Such, by the reader's leave, were some of the trifles with which a Yankee bird-gazer beguiled his long-anticipated week at the Grand Cañon of the Colorado!

Stevenson begins one of his early essays by remarking, "It is a difficult matter to make the most of any given place." Of course it is; and not only difficult, but impossible. There will always remain a corner unexplored, a point of view not taken, a phase of beauty imperfectly ap-

preciated. Thoreau himself, it is safe to say, did not make the most of Concord. And after that what hope is there for the rest of us? Of course, then, the bird-gazer did not make the most of the Grand Cañon. How could he, with the little time at his disposal, the unfavorable season, the exceptionally inclement weather of the latter half of his stay (it was 12° below zero on the last morning, and his farewell communings were nothing like so leisurely as he could have wished), and, worst of all, the peculiar limitations of his own nature? No doubt he might have used words about it,—there is many a fine adjective in the dictionary; but adjectives of themselves prove nothing, unless it be, sometimes, their user's imbecility. "Is n't it pretty?" he heard a lady ask; and, since he was not addressed, he did not reply, as he was moved to do, "No, my dear madam, it is *not* pretty." At another time a man pronounced it "a right nice view," and the bird-gazer could only nod a despairing assent. How the place *ought* to af-

fect beholders he does not profess to know; some in one way, perhaps, and some in another. For his own part, if now and then, when he might have been looking at the painted walls and the yawning abyss, he found his eyes resting of their own motion upon the snow-covered San Francisco Peaks on the southern horizon, who shall say that he was necessarily in the wrong? A mountain two miles high is a commoner sight than a ravine a mile deep; but since when has commonness or uncommonness been a test of beauty or grandeur? Let every man be pleased with that which pleases him; and as far as possible,—which probably is not very far,—unless he has the difficult grace of silence, let him tell the truth.

And to conclude, let it be repeated that the bird-gazer will never be satisfied until he has seen the Cañon again, and given it another and better opportunity to lay a spell upon him, a thing which, grand beyond expression as he felt it to be, it did not at this first visit quite accomplish.

THE ROTE

BY GEORGE S. WASSON

WE country doctors, in particular, are likely to have strange experiences, yet what is certainly the most singular episode of my practice might as easily have fallen to the lot of one in almost any walk of life. Many attempts have been made to explain the affair; I myself was nearly worn out at the time in the same vain endeavor, though now content to let it rest among the mysteries before which, chafe who will, sages and fools alike stand helpless as babes.

It was the second autumn after I had hung out my shingle in the remote northern seacoast village of Kentle's Harbor, and an unusually tempestuous season it

proved. There were early and heavy falls of snow, but a series of pelting easterly rainstorms ensued, and at Christmas time the tawny yellow of the landscape was only here and there accentuated by wasted patches of white, pierced with stiff brown reeds and grasses.

Throughout the place people shook their heads, and spoke ominously of the "Green Christmas," though, in face of nature's peculiarly drear and sad-colored aspect at the time, the term seemed much of a misnomer. Under a long continuance of strong easterly winds, the sea outside remained so rough as to hamper greatly the fishermen and lobster-catchers,

who chiefly made up the population of the little town; indeed, it seemed that for weeks my ears had been filled day and night with the unceasing jarring rumble of the rote.

The day before Christmas was especially disagreeable and depressing. Fierce rain-squalls alternated with flurries of wet snow, and the fast increasing boom of the close-bordering sea began to have a noticeable effect upon the nerves. Then, too, the tossing bell-buoy on the Hue and Cry ledges, seldom silent, on this dark afternoon sent its mournful tones vibrating inland upon the salty gusts with dismal iteration.

I lodged at the time in a small house on the principal street of the straggling village, my office being, in fact, nothing less than the hitherto inviolable best room of the widowed owner. On this day the home-like sounds of dish-washing after dinner still issued from the adjacent kitchen, when a mud-bedraggled open wagon stopped at the front gate. Though the rain had then ceased to a great extent, the driver was fully encased in oil-skins; and, as he advanced through the matted grass to the seldom-used front door, I recognized him as Shubael Spurling, a fishing skipper living in a distant section of the town, known as the Number Four District. This time my services were sought for a valuable cow, whose ailment baffled local talent completely; and with slight delay, we were wallowing through the mud and puddles of the lonely road leading to Number Four.

A dreary ride at best, it was especially so under the watery skies of this stormy afternoon. For some miles there were no trees, and, as I say, constant rains had given the wind-swept country a most cheerless and sodden appearance. Coming as I had from a quiet town in the interior, where wind was almost unheeded, where stately elms lined the broad streets, and a peaceful river flowed through long reaches of fertile intervale, this for some time seemed to me, indeed, a barren and desolate land.

Here, in rocky Kentle's Harbor, the great salt sea was always overwhelmingly in evidence. The talk of people was chiefly of wind and weather, of fishing craft and their crews, and hairbreadth escapes. The rude little wooden weather-vanes, so common throughout the village, were closely watched from dawn to dark, and the wind never varied in direction or force without much ensuing discussion of the change and its effect upon absent fishing boats.

But it was the ever-present sound of the sea which made the greatest impression upon my bucolic mind; day and night, summer and winter, always the ceaseless rote of the sea, like the breathing of some great monster it seemed to me; sometimes very low and faint in the village, but still always noticeable in some degree, and at times jarring every window in the town with its thunderous rumble.

At the top of a rocky ridge called Harbor Hill, directly behind the settlement, Skipper Shubael stopped his horse, and for some moments closely scanned the great extent of leaden sea, already thickly flecked with rushing whitecaps. Believing, as did many others, that the present long-continued "spell of weather" was about to culminate in a heavy gale, an aged uncle of his, he explained to me, had started early that morning in his small schooner for a distant fishing ground known as "Betty Moody's Garden," hoping to save from damage a number of trawls set there some days previous. Several sail of vessels were in sight from the hilltop, staggering under shortened canvas toward the harbor from various directions, but Shubael soon declared positively that his uncle's little pinky schooner, *Palm*, was not among them.

After this, the road plunged abruptly into a dense, heron-haunted swamp of alders and cat-tails, with, here and there, gloomy-looking hackmatacks raising their drooping forms against a pale gray sky blurred by hurrying masses of scud from the sea. Then followed a dreary extent of rain-soaked pasture, thickly strewn with

huge granite boulders, among which the narrow road wound its way, between moss-grown stone walls. Stray sheep bleated forlornly, as they fled at the wagon's approach, and the hoarse cawing of innumerable crows rose above the rote's distant booming.

For some distance here the road was especially bad, and, in bumping too roughly over a protruding ledge, one of the wagon springs gave way. This caused much delay, but with assistance from the nearest house we were at length enabled to proceed again slowly. Rain was then once more driving in slanting torrents before the ever-augmenting gale, and, with darkness already settling down, I foresaw anything but a pleasurable return over the rough route.

A short distance farther, emerging from a thick growth of birches, the leaves of which formed a sodden cushion under the dripping wheels, the road again dropped with appalling steepness into a deep gully, and crossed a turbulent brook by a rude bridge built of treenail-rid-dled oak plank from a wrecked vessel. As the stiff-kneed old mare cautiously braced herself for the steep descent, furious gusts of chilling wind blew up the ravine, laden with the heavy odor of kelp, apparently direct from the sea. My ear also caught the repeated tones of a bell, and, like a deep bass to the brook's noisy babble, came again with startling distinctness the sullen rumble of the rote. I at once asked Skipper Shubael how it was that we got these sounds again so plainly, at such a distance inland.

"Well, there, you, doctor," he said; "it doos appear as though we'd come close anigh the shore again, and no mistake. You'll 'most always get the rote good and plain here to this hollow, for all it's a plumb three mile back to the shore, the straightest course ever a man can lay. Someways or 'nother, this hollow fetches the sound up along, kind of tunnel-fashion like, I cal'late. If only it had n't turned to, and shut in so thick-a-fog and rain again, you could sight straight down

through the hollow from here, and see it breaking a clear torch on the Hue and Cry, I'll warrant! Seems's though I seldom ever knowed the sea to make faster than what it has since morning; and Lord knows, it was rough as a grater before, so there's quite a few of us ain't made a set for a week's time. This wind breezens on at every hand's turn now, and I wisht I could know for certain whether Uncle Pelly made out to pull them trawls of hisn, out there on the 'Garden' to-day. That's where he lives to; that little reddish-colored house up there, front of them fars, with the big ellow handy-by. The old sir picked him a real sightly place to build, did n't he, though?"

"Why, yes," I said; "but it has always seemed strange to me that so many of you fishermen should have located so far inland, away from your work."

"Oh, well," the skipper said, as we began to ascend the opposite bank of the gully, "it was the old-seed folks that turned to and built clean away in back here, to commence with. All the way ever I heard it accounted for is they growed so sick and tired of fog and salt water, that, come to get forehanded enough to build, they was possessed to strike in back here fur's ever they could. I think's likely they figured that, come to quit going altogether, they'd love to set and take their comfort to home, and have green stuff growing close aboard of 'em for all the rest-part of their stopping. Folks changes 'round, though. You take it this day o' the world, and a place in back here amongst the far trees ain't worth a red. The women-folks in particular don't like up this way; they'd lievser be down to the Harbor, where there's gossup-talk going on to make it kind of lively like. But take Uncle Pelly, he likes tiptop when he's home; the thing of it is he ain't home no great. He's going on eighty, and has swore off fishing no end already, but you let mack'el commence to mash off here, or let haddick strike anyways plenty in the fall o' the year same's they done a spell

ago, and the old sir is just as fishy as ever. I tell him he'd full better lay back now, and take some peace of his life, but wild hosses would n't hold him home soon's ever he takes a notion to go.

"He's got it worked down consid'ble fine, too, the old sir has. You take it out abreast of his place there on the aidge of the hollow, and you'll get the rote double and thribble as plain as what we do here. As fur back as I can remember, it's always been his way to take a walk down acrosst his field there to the aidge of the hollow every morning reg'lar, so's to stop and listen for the rote a spell. Nobody else knows exactly how he works it, but seems's though someways or 'nother he makes out to tell whether or no it's going to be a day outside. That sounds kind of queer like, but it's seldom ever he misses his cal'lation.

"There's always *some* rote in that hollow, you see, no matter if it's the dead of summer time and stark calm, and Uncle Pelly, he cal'lates to make a set to the east'ard or west'ard, according to whichever way he gets the rote the plainest. He cal'lates to keep well to wind'ard in room of to loo'ard, you see, allowing the rote tells him it's liable to breezen up and over-blow, especially soon's ever the weather grows catchy in the fall o' the year. Folks can laugh all they want; there's something to it, just the same. I never knowed the old sir to stub his toe any great yet, without it was to blow a sail or two offn him, and he's been going out of here rising of sixty year now."

It was nearly dark when we came upon a cluster of houses, in few of which, however, were any signs of life visible. Shubael remarked that but a baker's dozen or so remained in all the once populous Number Four District, and that most of these would be glad to sell at any price. Directly after he pointed out the lights of his own dwelling, beyond question also "sightly," but standing fully exposed to every bleak wind, on the very top of the highest rocky hill in the township of Kentle's Harbor. Just opposite, dimly dis-

cernible in the gathering gloom, rose the bulky form of the meeting-house and its stunted belfry, like the neighboring school-house of Number Four, long closed for lack of population to support it; "a couple more of our old has-beens," was the skipper's brief comment as we turned in at his barnyard.

I soon ascertained without surprise that the unfortunate cow, rather than the difficulty from which she suffered, had already yielded to the unique treatment adopted. Meantime the storm steadily increased, until, returning nearly in its face being thought out of the question, I accepted the hospitalities of the house over night. But for me, at least, little sleep was possible in the distracting turmoil raging about the building until near day-break. In the furious blasts several blinds banged themselves from their fastenings with ear-splitting crashes; a loose sash of my window rattled abominably, and pelting floods of rain beat with constantly increasing violence against the small panes, till, forcing entrance, it dripped steadily from the narrow sill on the braided rugs of the floor. Later in the night, changing to sleet, it beat upon the glass like a sand-blast, until succeeded near dawn by the muffled swirl of plastering snow.

Next morning, under a thick coating of ice, the trees cracked sharply in the then waning gale, as we started to return in a borrowed wagon, with wheels clogged by muddy snow and leaves. When nearly abreast of the small house in which Shubael's uncle, Pelatiah Spurling, lived, two men were met bearing homeward pails of water drawn from a well in the adjoining field. They first spoke of the unequaled fury of the storm, and then, after condoling with Skipper Shubael over the loss of the cow, inquired whether he had seen or heard anything of his uncle before leaving the village the day before.

While one was yet speaking, the tall, angular figure of a white-bearded old man appeared from behind a clump of alders in the field close by. He wore a short jumper of faded blue frocking, with the

oilskin sou'-wester and high red boots of the local fishermen. In one hand was a wooden water bucket, and, with head sharply inclined against the still boisterous wind and drizzle, he slowly followed a well-worn path toward the spring.

"There he goes now, this minute!" Shubael exclaimed. "Hullo, there, Uncle Pelly, you!" he shouted. "Keep her off a point or two! Guess you must had an all-day job of it yesterday, and no yachting trip, neither, was it?"

Apparently not hearing these words, however, the old man plodded steadily on. At the well-curb he left his pail, and continued across the spongy field in the direction of the hollow.

"The old sir grows deaf right along, now'days," one of the men said.

"Yes, he doos *so*," the other assented. "My woman, she was speaking of it only the last time he was in home there. All the way you can make any talk along of him now'days is to get close aboard on the port side. I'm glad, though, he give his hooker sheet, and come back yesterday before this breeze o' wind took holt so spiteful. But he must got in consid'ble late, for I was home all the afternoon myself, and never see no sign of him coming up along before night-time."

"I guess likely they made a long day of it fast enough," said Shubael. "The old sir allowed he cal'lated to pull them trawls if it took a leg. By good rights they had no call to go out yesterday, anyways. You can't take and jump the old Palm into a head-beat sea same's you could forty year ago, and, to tell the truth, I'm plaguy glad the old man see when he'd got enough, and pointed her for the turf in some kind of season. Just you take and watch him a minute, doctor! He's dropped his bucket there to the well, so's to lug home a turn of water when he comes back along, same's usual. There you, now he's got hisself all placed in just the right berth to hearken to the rote. Godfrey mighty! Seems's though I'd seen him doing that very same act since I was the bigness of a trawl-kag!"

Leaning slightly forward, with one hand raised to his ear in an attitude of rapt attention, old Skipper Pelatiah Spurling stood listening under the gnarly limbs of a great oak, at the verge of the hollow, his long, white beard fluttering to one side in the strong sea wind.

"Unless he's very deaf, he ought to hear that rumble this morning," I said. "What do you suppose he expects to learn just now?"

"That's hard telling," one of the men laughed. "I've lived nigh neighbor to him the heft of my life, and ain't never fathomed this rote business yet. There's no rubbing it out, though, that somehow or 'nother, from the way she sounds up through the hollow there, the old sir will 'most generally give you the correct almanac for quite a little spell ahead!"

Shubael then spoke of waiting to learn from the old man his experience of the day before, but, as I was now growing somewhat anxious to reach my office again, he postponed the interview until a later occasion.

At the top of Harbor Hill we once more held up for a moment to view the wild scene that suddenly opened before us. Seaward a dense bank of fog still hung close over the madly heaving waters. From under this gray shroud of mist enormous cockling surges constantly rushed, and, charging upon the land in endless columns, tore themselves to pieces on the jagged, kelp-grown ledges in a broad fringe of seething foam and high-leaping spray. Half a mile off shore, where the black heads of the dreaded Hue and Cry ledges now and then appeared in a mass of tumbling breakers, the blood-red bell-buoy danced the maddest of hornpipes, now buried from sight completely, and now flung reeling headlong on the crest of some great, on-rushing sea, its frenzied clang at times pealing loud above the rumbling rote. Suddenly, somewhat further to the left, a mountainous, darkling billow seemed to gather others to its mighty self, and, rearing a ragged outline high above the

misty horizon, broke in a wildly careering smother of snow-white foam, fully an acre in extent. An instant later came a thunderous report that shook the very ledges beneath our feet.

"Set-fire!" cried Shubael. "Now you've heard him talk, doctor! That was Old Aaron that up and spoke just now, and you might stop here to this Harbor a long spell, and not hear the likes again! It's seldom ever hubbly enough for Old Aaron to break, but when he doos take the notion, then all hands best stand from under!"

Saying which, in his excitement Shubael leaned far over the dashboard, and surprised the mare into a temporary trot by several blows with the reins. Half way down the hill, an old man, bent nearly double, came hobbling from his door to hail us.

"Make out to sight 'em, Shu?" he called.

"Sight what?" the skipper asked, stopping short.

"Why, the sticks of the wrack. Ain't you heard tell? They say there's some little hooker lays sunk off there somewheres, betwixt Old Aaron and the main, with just her mastheads showing."

"There wa'n't ary spar showing out there two minutes' time since, that I'll make affidavit to!" Shubael declared. "I guess likely no wrack won't hang together long when Old Aaron breaks same's he done just now, anyways!"

"That's what I says to 'em myself," the old fellow piped. "I told 'em he broke once at low-water slack last night, too, but they all allowed I drempt it."

"Your hearing is full better than the most of us now, Skipper Tommy!" Shubael called, as we drove on toward the village.

Nearly abreast of the bellowing Hue and Cry breakers, the road skirted a strip of coarse shingle beach, lying between glistening, spray-swept ledges, which reflected the pale sky in countless shining pools. Here the towering, white-crested seas hurled themselves in far-reaching

floods of seething brine that swept the snow from long stretches of the road, leaving in its place great windrows of fragrant rockweed and kelp. Scattered groups of people conferred at the tops of their voices, and intently watched the churning waste of breakers off shore. Women in hooded shawls pulled children back from the steep, gullied beach; mongrel curs raced to and fro among the long, stranded kelps, barking frantically at each breaking sea; and overhead the gulls wheeled, shrilly screaming.

We saw at once that something unusual had happened. Shubael Spurling drove straight to the nearest squad of men, prominent among whom he recognized a young fellow frequently going on shares in old Skipper Pelatiah's little schooner. Although uncommonly heavily clad in thick coat and knit muffler, this young man struck me at once as looking pinched and cold.

"What about this wrack business we hear tell of? Where doos she lay to?" Shubael demanded immediately.

"She give up only just a short spell since," the young man said. "The mastheads was showing all the morning off here, nigh in range with the bell."

"What one d'ye call her?" asked Shubael earnestly.

"Why, the old Palm, of course," said the other. "She's all the one to get picked up this time, so fur as ever I know."

"Palm be jiggered!" Shubael exclaimed irritably. "Shut up your tomfoolery, and talk some kind of sense, will you! The Palm come in last evening, to my knowing."

"My God, skipper! Don't you really know yet?" the white-faced young fellow cried. "We was running her for home last night, and wearing nothing only a close-reefed foresail, with the sheet chock to the rigging at that! It blowed a livin' gale o' wind, and was shut in just as thick-a-snow outside as ever you see it in God's world. We made a grain too fur to the east'ard, and Old Aaron up and broke on us fit to pitchpole the ablest big

Georges-man that ever sailed out of Cape Ann! It piled aboard all of ten foot deep over the stern, and wiped the five of us off 'n her clip and clean" —

"Godfrey mighty, you!" broke in Shubael, his face flushing in downright anger; "I cal'late you 'll do, young feller, by the jumping Judas I do, now! You 'll make out to hold your end up, every time. Let me just tell you what; you'd full better hire right out for one of these play-actors, in room of heaving away your time going haddicking out of here no longer! Next thing, maybe you'll be telling us how all the rest-part but you was drowned, won't ye?"

For answer, the young man swallowed hard, and nodded his head.

"Oho, I thought likely," said Shubael, with a grim smile. "All goners but you, every mother's son of 'em, you claim! Kind of rubbing it in, to take and lose the whole kit of 'em that way, wa'n't it? Maybe, now you would n't mind just telling of me how comes it Uncle Pelly is home there to Number Four this same Christmas mornin'!"

"How comes what?" the other asked, in a puzzled way.

"I say, while you're at it, turn to and tell us how it was that the old sir never passed in his checks, too, in this 'ere scandalous bad scrape of yourn!"

"Old Man Pel'tiah Spurling stood to the tiller hisself the time that sea hove us nigh end over end," the young fellow said solemnly, while Skipper Shubael stared him in the face, angry and incredulous. "After we was all washed off 'n her, him and me was all the ones to catch hand-holt again. Him and me gripped holt of the weather rail till she went out from under, and the very last words ever the old

sir spoke he says like this, 'I been going out of this Harbor risin' seventy year now, and this is the first time ever God A'mighty shut the door plumb in my face when it come night-time!' The next secont a master great comber fell atop of us, and I never knowed another living thing till they fetched me to in Cap'n Futtock's store over here."

"John Ed Grommet!" spoke Shubael Spurling sternly; "if ever I wanted to take and pick me the biggest reg'lar-built, out and out, A No. 1 liar that ever yet drawed the breath of life to this Harbor, I would n't have fur to seek, now, sure's ever the tide ebbs and flows! I cal'late you've got the nerve to stand right up in your boots with some fool-lie on your blame' tongue if 't was the Day of Judgment; but by the Lord, I want you should understand this time good and plain that I see Uncle Pel'tiah home there not two hours' time since! I see him, and passed the time o' day along of him, too, and what's more, the doctor here seen him, and Jason Kentle, and your own cousin, Thomas Grommet, they seen him the very same time, going down acrosst his mowin' field to the hollow. Leave it right direct to you, doctor, if that ain't God's own truth I'm telling!"

But before I could speak, a great shout broke from the men behind us, and, turning quickly, we saw a tangled mass of wreckage borne in at racehorse speed upon the crest of an immense combing sea. A luminous, greenish light flashed for an instant through the great, toppling wave, and, as it fell with deafening roar upon the resonant shingle, the body of Skipper Pelatiah Spurling was pitched headlong in a wild rush of hissing foam, almost at the feet of his relative.

TO THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

BY FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

FOREVER young is that immortal throng
Whose golden rhymes to-day our lips recite:
Like stars they shine and sing across the night,
Unchanged and changeless through the ages long.
In Fancy's realm, upon foundations strong
They built their monuments of beauty bright,
Creating out of dreams for our delight
Arches and domes and pinnacles of Song.

They know not age; no, nor dost thou, in truth,
For thou with laurels green on locks of gold
Hast reached but now the poet's dewy prime.
A thousand years! O Song-enamored Youth,
Thy lyric castles never shall grow old,
Nor ruin mar their airy walls of rhyme!

THE WHITE DEATH OF THE SOUL

BY JOHN H. DENISON

MR. JOHN MORLEY, in his little book called *Compromise*, describes in rather lurid terms a disease of the soul which characterizes our civilization. The root of this disease lies, according to him, in "a revolution" that is "in its social consequence unspeakably ignoble." "Every age is in some sort an age of transition, but our own is characteristically and cardinally an epoch of transition in the very foundations of belief and conduct. The old hopes have grown pale, the old fears dim; strong sanctions have become weak, and once vivid faiths very numb. Religion, whatever destinies may be in store for it, is at least for the present hardly any longer an organic power. It is not that supreme, penetrating, controlling, decisive part of a man's life which it has been, and will be again. Conscience has lost its

strong and on-pressing energy, and the sense of personal responsibility lacks sharpness of edge. The natural hue of spiritual resolution is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of distracted, wavering, confused thought. The souls of men have become void. Into the void have entered in triumph the seven devils of secular-ity."

It is noteworthy that in this description Mr. Morley traces the degeneracy of our times to a decay of two great vital centres of our civilization. Those vital centres are our corporate moral nature and our religion. Now, as a matter of fact, our civilization has but one religion. Our religious people are either Jews, Catholics, or Protestants. All derive their spiritual and moral vitality from the same source, namely, the Hebrew revelation. The ignoble

revolution, therefore, which is attacking our corporate conscience, and destroying the organic force of religion, must of necessity be one which assails the authority of the Hebrew revelation, and the validity of the moral nature. And the noteworthy fact, as presented by Mr. Morley, is that it is not only the religion which is suffering, but that the whole ethical and social structure is suffering with it. This is a logical sequence, surely. Mr. Morley's diagnosis, however, is not quite so clear. He thinks that the national church of England has much to do with it. Politics, the newspaper press, and increase of riches, all have a hand in the business. Worst of all, "the entire intellectual climate outside the domain of physical science" is, he tells us, unhealthy. It appears to him somehow to undermine our moral protoplasm. It leaves us no positive principles, no fixed standards. The baleful effect of the intellectual climate he attributes to "an abuse of the historic method," which he describes as follows: "Character is considered less with reference to its absolute qualities than as an interesting scene strewn with scattered rudiments, survivals, inherited predispositions. Opinions are counted rather as phenomena to be explained than as matters of truth and falsehood. In the last century man asked of a belief or story, is it true? We now ask, how did men come to take it for true? The devotees of the current method are more concerned with the pedigree and genealogical connections of a custom or an idea than with its own proper goodness or badness."

A little analysis of this description shows what Mr. Morley means by the abuse of the historic method. It is simply this: the method cuts altogether too large a figure as a means of arriving at the truth. It appears to its votaries and to the general public as being the one great and decisive medium of knowledge, whereas in reality it is no such thing. To put it in plain English, the historic method consists in determining what *is* by what *has been*. It elucidates the present by the past. It in-

terprets the man by the monkey. It arrives at the law of man's moral nature by going back to the principles which governed the anthropoid ape from which he is supposed to have sprung. It determines whether the world is God's world by reverting to the fire mist in which it probably originated. It determines the moral authority of the Bible by going back to the ghost worship and fetich worship which are *supposed* to be its real genesis. In other words, the nature and value of each present fact is determined by its historic origin and development. So, too, with our treatment of facts. The way to deal with an inferior is decided by showing the way in which nature has dealt with inferiors during her ages of development. Now there is no question about the value of this method, but there are *other* methods for determining the truth, which possess an equal if not greater value. We may, for instance, reverse the process. We may interpret the monkey by the man. We may determine the nature and treatment of facts by studying their present organization and laws. We may get light on the value of the Hebrew revelation by its solution of our present problems. We may interpret the past evolution of the Cosmos by its present adaptations. We may look for the Maker's mark not only in the fire mist, but in the structure of the moral organism. There are decided advantages about this method. We are *in* the present. We can, therefore, observe its organisms and laws with greater accuracy. We can test our conclusions scientifically by results, and, as we are under the necessity of more or less immediate and critical action, it is often a matter of great advantage not to have to wait for the historic method to be perfected and corrected. When a man has an attack of appendicitis, the knowledge of his vermiform appendix as it now is yields a far more valuable contribution to the solution of his case than the entire history of that organ, from its earliest advent to the time of George Washington.

When the great cities of a country are

hanging on the verge of moral degeneracy, a clear knowledge of the human conscience, and of any spiritual system or law that can govern it to-day, illuminates the field far more than a ton of knowledge about prehistoric institutions. But Mr. Morley has stopped far short of the whole truth. It is not only the historic method that deludes us by cutting too great a figure in our imagination. There is no method which is not at times transformed into a delusion through a tendency of its followers to make it a monopoly.

A word about the field of human knowledge will make this clearer. There are, as a matter of fact, two great fields of knowledge, each requiring a somewhat different mode of investigation. First there is the material universe, which includes also the human body, brain, and nerves, and which requires for its exploitation the method of observation and induction, or, in other words, of sense perception and reason. Then there is the moral and intellectual life of man, a far greater field. Here we come face to face with our own inner life. We get an inside view of the universe; we see behind the physical phenomena; we behold the interior workings of that wondrous force which we call life, which organizes matter, erects it into a mansion for its own indwelling, and utilizes it for its own ultimate and invisible ends. Here, too, in this inner life we find that alone which is capable of giving to the material world either interpretation or value, either order or significance. This inner life of man cannot be reached by the sense perception, but it may be investigated after the inductive method, by reason, and by the use of our own inner consciousness; but, as this inner life is a moral personality, it is necessary to a full understanding of it that we should examine it by the light of the moral powers. Without the criteria which they supply, we can form no intelligent estimate of personality. The inner life of man, and the material phenomena of the universe: in any intelligent method of investigation these two fields, with their two methods,

should be coördinated, for they are mutually interpretative. No solitary fact of nature can be understood, save as we view it in the light of a knowledge culled from both fields and from both methods. But the whole tendency of late has been to magnify one field and its method at the expense of the other. Some time ago the writer of this article saw a Chinese map of the world, in which the Flowery Kingdom was represented as a vast continent taking up the bulk of the earth's surface, while Europe and America appeared as insignificant and undetermined corners of the world. Now this is an age of educated masses whose conception of the universe has been formed in somewhat similar fashion, by a delineation of human knowledge as a vast cosmos of material phenomena, in the exploration of which we are advancing with wonderful certitude and supremely valuable results, while the inner personal life appears as a vague and insignificant item, turned out by the forces of this cosmos, and floating upon its surface to an unknown goal.

It is the delusion caused by this abuse of method which gives the atmosphere of pessimism to that delightful little book of Dr. Osler's, called *Science and Immortality*. "Modern psychological science," says Dr. Osler, "dispenses altogether with the soul;" and again, "The new psychologists have ceased to speak nobly of the soul." One does not, of course, care to dispute about a word; but if by the soul is meant what most people mean by it, the inner personality, including the moral and intellectual nature, then this talk of dispensing with it is as absurd as for a mariner to talk of dispensing with his compass. It is from a study of the soul that we get our guarantee for the authenticity of the sense perception. It is in the personal life that we discover those rational laws by which we form our inductions in regard to all phenomena. Here alone, in the structure of the mind, are to be found those ideas of space, time, order, causality, and unity, without which our sense perception would not have

brought us to the discovery of a single species or a solitary law of nature. That the new psychologists should have ceased to speak nobly of the soul is due simply to the abuse of their own valuable method. The fact is, they have never made an effective landing on that continent, but, like some of the early explorers of America, have approached no nearer than their own soundings, and have formed their maps of this vast region from their observations of a part of its shore line. It is safe to say that no one will ever speak nobly of the human soul, who persists in applying to the inner life of man that line of scientific investigation which is adapted only to the examination of physical phenomena. To such an explorer his own personality must, naturally enough, seem to him a mere stream of tendency caused by the action of environment upon his brain and nervous system. The absurdity of this mental attitude, which persistently draws its map of the soul on the projection afforded by its own inadequate method, is evident at a glance, when we reflect on the fact that no man ever did a great or noble act who did not rise absolutely above this conception of himself. The thing that counts in the world is a moral realization which holds the soul, or inner personality, worth more than the whole physical cosmos put together, which interprets the cosmos by the soul, and gets its realization not from the new psychology, but from the power of seeing personality face to face. It is, in fact, through the soul that we really get reality. Science without soul can never bring us to it. We are obliged to go back, as did Herbert Spencer in his debate with Mr. Balfour, back to our consciousness of the ego and the non-ego, for an intellectual guarantee that the phenomena of science actually exist. Nothing, therefore, could be more evident than that these two great trunk lines are really one system, and that it is only through their consolidation that we can hope to reach an entire view of the truth. So, too, with the territories which they traverse. The

man who is not an experienced traveler in the realms of the soul is not fit to be an interpreter of nature. The man who is not more or less experienced in the realms of nature is not fitted to be an interpreter of the soul.

Now the point of all this is, that a single system of thought, starting with one set of criteria, is pushed and insisted upon by those who like it, till it cuts too large a figure in our interest and imagination. It becomes the one only solid and ultimate form of human knowledge; its criteria are the only criteria; its facts the only truths. Whatever this particular system can not inform us about, we can never, never know, or at least hardly ever. Far be it from the present writer to underrate the services of that worthy gentleman, Mr. Cook, who has done so much for the average seeker after geographical knowledge by personally conducting him on the highways of the great world's travel. But there is certainly a striking, though crude, resemblance between him and the maker and teacher of philosophy. Each big man, each great capitalist in the realm of thought, has his own system of thinking, his own set of coördinated facts, his own roadbed of intellectual transit, his own observation car, traversing the steel rails of his logic from the terminus of his own favorite criteria to the terminus of his own favorite conclusion. I say favorite, because, notwithstanding all that is urged to the contrary, there is always a personal element in this selection of the termini for one's intellectual route. Eliminate the personal element, and you eliminate the whole business. It would be idiotic to underestimate the value of philosophical modes of transit. No railroad of Mr. Hill or Mr. Rockefeller can begin to compare in value with one of these systems of philosophic exploration. But when the builder or manager or personal conductor of a railroad tells you that his is the great and only route by which to know America or to get acquainted with England, and that what is off to one side of that thoroughfare is not worth knowing, he is guilty

of an abuse of the knowing power, and of manufacturing in the minds of his personally conducted patrons a false America and a spurious England. There are certain old travelers who take a special interest in visiting these *terrae ignotae* not prescribed in guidebooks, and quite off the lines of the systematic tourists. Here they always expect to find that which is specially interesting, that kind of revelation not included in the railroad prospect, that disclosure of the soul of things which gives one the real England or America. These same old travelers have a way of looking with a spice of contempt upon the personally conducted (Cookies, they wickedly style them), as being the victims of a system, which, to use an irreverent anglicanism, "pulls their leg." Such deceit is, however, entirely foreign to the mind of Mr. Cook, nor is any such victimizing intention present for a moment in the mind of the scientist or philosopher. His mental structure, his bringing up, his education, incline him to a certain method. For him it moves along the line of least resistance. It brings the fewest wrinkles to his forehead. Quite unconsciously to himself, a sort of atrophy takes place. First the inclination, and then the capability, to use another method dies out of him. Other criteria fade upon his sight, other methods grow hazy to his mind, other termini lose their values either as starting-points or conclusions. Facts that conflict with his own system of observation cease to have any large significance. His mind is focalized. His universe is according to his own mental anthropomorphism. He can see no other cosmos. He has no organ with which to see it. He is quite right in styling it unknowable, and quite unconscious of the trick that his own atrophy plays upon the perceptions of his personally conducted tourists. Thus the theologian, the philosopher, the scientist, the jurist, in short, every man of intellectual methods, is forever unconsciously tempted to engage in this old trick of creating a more or less spurious universe, and outside of it his own partic-

ular *terra ignota*, a great American desert, a region where no facts can be clearly determined, and in which it does not pay to be interested.

The strangest part of this whole strange business is that, in an era of good feeling, men who ought to know better will, for the sake of mere unanimity, abandon other lines and join in the craze over the one and only route for arriving at truth. Is the question at issue the immortality of the soul, — then, as the scientific method is for the moment, in the public mind, the only realistic way of proving a fact, preachers and teachers great and small will join the craze, and stake the great practical hope of our moral and affectional nature on a method as little adapted to finding immortality as a Cunard steamer for discovering the source of the Mississippi.

But a still greater abuse of intellectual method consists in making it cut too large a figure relatively to perception. Neither by one method nor by all methods put together do we arrive at the truth. One might as well say that the astronomer sees the sun with his telescope. We arrive at the truth by the process of perception. Perception utilizes method. It may perhaps be said to include it, for it is a great deal broader thing. It is the ultimate form of knowledge. It coördinates all methods, and is greater than all. All intellectual methods rest upon perception. They begin and end with it. It is their foundation and their test. However good the method, it is valueless if the perception be poor.

Now the method, like the perception, is an exceedingly valuable instrument. Without it the perception would be sorely limited. And, as the great triumphs of perception have been gained through the instrumentality of finely adjusted methods, it is natural enough to exalt the value of the telescope, and to forget how much depends upon the seeing eye and the perceptive brain. This is the theme of that subtle humor that runs through the Sherlock Holmes detective

stories. Holmes is continually telling people that his magical success depends upon simple induction. Scotland Yard works itself black in the face in the endeavor to make similar simple inductions, while, all along, the fact stands out that it takes the broad, sympathetic, intuitive perception of Holmes to see the points from which an induction is to be made. Perception is a process that takes in the entire personality. It not only demands all the elements of personal consciousness, but it requires that they should be clarified and focalized, and that the personality should be at its best. It is better to have a poor method based on a true perception than the best methods based on a false perception.

A curious instance of a great method resting at a certain point on false perception is presented in the Synthetic Philosophy of Herbert Spencer. In the *Principles of Ethics* we find the following: "The literatures of ancient semi-civilized peoples yield evidence of stages during which truth was little esteemed, or rather during which lying was tacitly or openly applauded. We have proof in the Bible that, apart from the lying which constituted false witness, and was to the injury of a neighbor, there was among the Hebrews little reprobation of lying. Indeed, it would be remarkable were it otherwise, considering that Jahveh set the example, as when, to ruin Ahab, he commissioned a lying spirit (1 Kings xxii, 22) to deceive his prophets; or as when, according to Ezekiel xiv, 9, he threatened to use deception as a means of vengeance: 'If the prophet be deceived when he hath spoken a thing, I, the Lord, have deceived that prophet, and I will stretch out my hand upon him, and will destroy him from the midst of my people Israel.' Evidently from a race character which evolves such a conception of a deity's principles there naturally came no great regard for veracity. This we see in sundry cases, as when Isaac said Rebecca was not his wife, but his sister, and nevertheless received the same year

a bountiful harvest (Genesis xxvi, 12). Or as when Rebecca induced Jacob to tell a lie to his father and defraud Esau, a lie not condemned, but shortly followed by a divine promise of prosperity. Nor do we find the standard much changed in the days of Christ and after. For instance, the case of Paul who, apparently rather piquing himself on his craft and guile, elsewhere defends his acts by contending that the 'truth of God hath more abounded through my lie unto his glory.'"

Here we have a passage which, carrying the tremendous authority of the scientific method, appears to sweep away at a single blow both the Hebrew and Christian religions, for it not only destroys the credibility of the Hebrews and their God, but demolishes our faith in the moral intelligence of Jesus, who could believe in such a God or in such unvarnished annals as the Hebrew Scriptures. When we come to examine the facts, however, we discover that this conclusion is vitiated by a defective perception.

The determination of the moral significance of a fact connected with an ancient religion is not an easy task. It requires an eye for organic relations. It is like finding out the function of a primitive organ, or detecting the worth of a bit of evidence in a police case. The phenomena in the case are not all alike. There are dependent facts, and there are vital, determining facts which serve as clues. Mr. Spencer's conclusion quoted above is much like that of the Scotland Yard officials when they tried to imitate Sherlock Holmes. Facts were all alike to them. They had no eye for relations. Holmes never would have allowed a favorite theory or a few incriminating facts to shape the case for him. He would have looked on all sides. Having been occasionally to an English church, and having a good memory, he would have recollected parts of the Hebrew Psalter and Book of Proverbs, for it is in the sacred hymns and proverbial sayings of a people that one really discovers their ideals. A little

examination would have convinced him that, however much the Hebrews may, like Anglo-Saxons, have fallen astray from their ideal when it came to war or love or business, their actual creed about lying was extremely strenuous, and that "he that speaketh lies shall perish." It is quite possible that Mr. Spencer may have forgotten that the Psalter and Book of Proverbs were not English books, so entirely formative have they been of English literature and, until quite lately, of English ethics. But Sherlock Holmes would not have forgotten that fact. He would have seen, moreover, that the strenuousness of the Hebrew attitude toward lying, which expressed itself in such sayings as "all liars shall have their part in the lake of fire and brimstone," was due to the fact that "lying lips are an abomination to Jehovah," that no man who spoke lies could approach his presence or dwell in his house, and that this conception of Jehovah dated back to primitive times. The great prophets had early found by experience of Him that the strength of Israel would not lie (1 Samuel xv, 29).

So that, instead of the deceptive character of Jehovah having been evolved by the race character of the Hebrews, the deceptive character of the Hebrews had been held in check by the conception of Jehovah's regard for veracity. Being, moreover, a man with an eye to literary values, Sherlock Holmes would have seen that the real *motif* of the Abrahamic stories was Jehovah's parental care for and discipline of his people. He would have seen that the blessing of Jehovah was not upon their separate acts, whether good or evil, so much as on that childlike trust by which the general tenor of their life was animated; that their lies in every case brought trouble on their heads, together with an increasing sense of the overhanging judgment of Jehovah. Thus, in the story of Joseph's brethren, the moral climax in the history of their deceit is when they stand in terror before the unknown Joseph, under a false accusation, and

their dominant feeling is not that of injured innocence, but of men who are meeting at last the judgment of God for their own ill desert. True, they were not spies; but men of deceit they were, who had cruelly lied to their own father. "What is this that God has done to us?" is their cry. "We are verily guilty concerning our brother."

As to St. Paul's deceitfulness, having taken the pains to read his letters through before he formed a theory of his character, Holmes would have found that Paul's ideal method was "not walking in craftiness nor handling the word of God deceitfully, but by manifestation of the truth commending ourselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God." Also he would have found that one of the things which Paul believed would bring God's righteous judgment on men was the fact that "with their tongues they have used deceit." Thus Mr. Spencer would have been saved the mistake of interpreting a man's ideal in regard to veracity by two figures of speech, — a blunder equal to that of fancying Socrates a panderer to vice because, with gentle irony toward his own great and much misunderstood work, he called himself a procurer and a midwife.

It is doubtful, too, whether Sherlock Holmes would have been deceived into thinking that Jehovah was an untruthful God, because he sent false spirits to deceive the prophets of Israel. For Mr. Holmes's keen, all-around perception would have taken in the fact that to the Hebrew mind everything was a divine sending. The Hebrew did not draw as clear a line between God and nature as we do; neither did he confound God with nature. He could not tell where God's action ended and nature's action began. It was reserved for omniscient people like us to do that. But one thing was plain to him, — namely, that God never lost control of a single item in his universe; that, however an event originated, it could not escape being utilized, or, in other words, sent, by God for His own

purposes of moral discipline and mental training. This applied quite as much to wicked spirits as it did to wicked tornadoes or earthquakes. This was the Hebrew's vision of Providence, without which God could not have been God to him. But it did not confuse his ideas of moral causation. Neither the betrayal by Judas nor the torture of the cross originated from the character of God; both were absolutely abhorrent to his character. Yet to the mind of Jesus both of these facts were divine sendings.

As a natural result of this view, whatever Nature did, God did. Every event, however originating, was an act of God wrought for a moral purpose. Now, Nature herself sends strange and illusory voices to men, she plays strange tricks, she often leads even naturalists far afield. Yet Nature is not deceitful. Nothing can be truer or more unalterable than the laws of her procedure. Still, there is in her self-disclosures a law of retribution, which is also a law of discipline and education. What a man gets from Nature depends upon what he brings to her. If he brings simplicity, humility, what Lord Bacon called the spirit of a little child, if he lives with her, loves her, devotes himself loyally to her, then does Nature lead him kindly, show him her heart, disclose to him her secrets, and, best of all, she forms his perception in a larger, clearer mould. But if he comes with a rigid or egotistic personality, with a favorite method of investigation, a scientific monopoly to be advanced, a reputation to be made, or a philosophic school to be served, then to him does Nature send lying spirits, will-o-the-wisps, to him she whispers false messages. It is well that it is so. Such a retributive law serves for the advancement of knowledge; it shows the inherent falsity of an exclusive turn of mind; it exposes the fraud; it is what the Hebrew would call a divine sending. So when a man seeks to find the truth of God, either in the events of nature or in the mysterious realm of psychic forces, everything depends on what he brings to the quest.

The prophets of Ahab, and the prophets who resisted Ezekiel, were politicians, courtiers. They sought to please the king, to serve a Grand Old Party, to uphold the authority of a religion. Small considerations these, relatively to the business in hand! What they did not bring to the quest was the one great organ of final vision, namely, a moral consciousness shaped by unswerving devotion to that God on whose eternal law of righteousness hung all the trembling interests of party, king, and country. They were the prophets of the present, the interpreters of the next thing. They had no eye for God's finalities, no ear for His counsel. The great prophet was to them as a mad man; the great prophetic voice as a fool's voice. As the organ of vision had been formed in them, so they saw. It was a divine sending.

Moreover, we have here a word of guidance for us, before which we may well stand in awe, for the curse of every country is a set of shallow prophets, short-sighted interpreters of God or of destiny, like the men who led Russia to defeat, — men honest enough in their conviction, but not steadfast enough to the highest motives to read aright the signs of God or destiny; men good enough to win the confidence of their fellows, yet false as hell in the matter of guidance, because the focus of their moral vision is too short. Such men are the trump card of politicians, thorns in the side of every great leader. Yet great is their popularity; and so impervious are they, and their followers, to the voice of the Infinite that the only chance for a real prophet to get a hearing lies in a divine sending, that shall overwhelm their shallow prophetic gift with sheer disaster. The great Hebrew prophet did not think this out in philosophic terms; he saw God's sending in a psychic vision. It took on a form which is to our minds bold anthropomorphism, but the principle is clear enough, and has a universal application.

The piece of intellectual workmanship I have cited above is rather typical of our

own times. It is one among ten thousand which might be brought forward to show the illusory effect of any intellectual method when it is made to take the place of a perception adapted to the business in hand. It shows that a man with a keen eye to the mechanical relations of a cosmos may have a very poor eye for the organic structure of a great religion. The effect is particularly bad at present, because the age has such a childish trust in the scientific method, irrespective of the perception which lies behind it, that a report from a great scientist is considered the final reality. It settles our doubt whether or not to invest in an Arizona gold mine, believe in a future life, or accept the validity of conscience. As a natural result, the truth becomes a rather contracted affair, confined pretty much to the area covered by the big man's perception, and the route traversed by his method. Indeed, in the instance quoted above, Mr. Spencer not only emptied a great religion of its truth, but he has actually created out of it for our environment a derelict religion, a false God, and an inverted religious evolution, which wreck our faith in the religious idea. It is this same abuse of method which created a spurious cosmos destitute of a Heavenly Father, thus turning mankind into a brood of orphans. Furthermore, it is a cosmos which is not worth thirty cents, because it suffocates the moral nature. Why, Socrates could not stand up and breathe in such a cosmos! And where Socrates could not breathe is no place for the rest of us to try to live. We are all too susceptible to moral tuberculosis. The worst of it is, we are still at the old trick. As Dr. Osler expresses it, "The new psychology dispenses altogether with the soul." Quite likely it does. A coastwise survey conducted off Hatteras or Cape Cod dispenses for the time being with the society of Chicago and New York; it cannot exploit the interior and do coastwise service at the same time. But if it be true that "the new psychologists have ceased to speak nobly of the soul," then they are

as unworthy of attention as a Jack tar who insists on depreciating landmen, simply because he never gets farther inland than a sailors' boarding-house.

All this illustrates Mr. Morley's statement that "religion, whatever destinies may be in store for it, is at least for the present hardly any longer an organic power." This is not to be wondered at when we consider that the only great organic religion which we possessed has been persistently discredited by the abuse of the historic method. Nor is it a matter of surprise that "conscience has lost its strong and on-pressing energy," that "the sense of personal responsibility lacks sharpness of edge," that "the natural hue of spiritual resolution is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of distracted, wavering, confused thought," that "the souls of men have become void," or that "into the void have entered in triumph the seven devils of secularity." We ought to be thankful to Mr. Morley for a sound diagnosis. Great comfort and support there is in tracing these symptoms to a definite cause. Great comfort to know that this White Death of the soul is confined mainly to those who are infected by the abuse of method.

Now, volumes might be written on the value of method in general, and other volumes on its abuse. But what we have to do with is the abuse of the intellectual method, and its fatal effect on the moral nature. Doubtless there have been greater abuses than those which confront us to-day. When one reflects on the fact that Christian theology had for its task simply to interpret the Hebrew Scriptures, that it has had eighteen centuries to do it in, and that to-day the word of Christ is interpreted to mean religious toleration in England and persecution in Russia; when we consider that little theological seminary in Paris, which, by the decree of the Pope and the aid of the secular arm, enforced its dogmas over Europe by terrors of the stake and the rack; when we contemplate the Puritan divines, who dragged and harrowed their little realm

of followers into the acceptance of their decrees by the terrors of eternal torment; when we think of the opposing ecclesiastical monopolies, some of them embracing an empire in extent, each holding an antagonistic theology, — we are amazed that any sense of reality concerning God, morality or religion could have been left in the human mind in the presence of such a *reductio ad absurdum*. Terrible was the plight caused by this abuse of the theological method; it created a spurious Bible and a spurious cosmos, governed by a spurious God of torture. But the great Hebrew revelation survived; the human soul survives; conscience, though debilitated, survives. It will survive the White Death of to-day, though

many individual consciences have perished.

The great intellectual methods, too, will survive. Freed from their abuses, they will prove, for the first time, their value. Theology will cease to be distrusted by the scientist, and science by the theologian. The genuine achievements of each, the steady improvement of method in each, will be gladly recognized. We shall accord to each its sphere, resent to the quick every abuse, as we resent civil tyranny or unjust civic monopoly, while we rescue all methods from exclusiveness or vagary by coördinating them all in the one great practical task of furthering life, — not physical life alone, but life, physical, intellectual, moral, and spiritual.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SOLAR RESEARCH

BY T. J. J. SEE

I

If we notice with the naked eye the appearance of the Sun in the heavens, we see that it presents the aspect of a round disk of nearly uniform brightness. When passing clouds or fog of the proper density give the disk a dull lustre, so that it may be directly and easily studied with the naked eye, we sometimes see sunspots, as dull, dark blotches upon the brilliant background. And if the intervening layer of clouds be of uniform density, so that we can examine the Sun more closely, we shall see that the disk is brightest at the centre, and fades away slightly toward the edges. The comparative faintness near the limb is due to absorption of part of the emitted light in the Sun's atmosphere. This effect is naturally greatest near the edges, where the escaping rays traverse the greatest depth of the overlying gases. The slight darkness near the limb is thus an indication of the globular

form of the Sun; and yet it was not noticed by the ancients, most of whom supposed the Sun to have the form of a flat disk, such as it presents to the naked eye, though a few of the Greek philosophers understood it to be an immense globe of fire.

When Galileo invented the telescope, in 1610, he discovered the spots on the Sun, and found that they move slowly in the same direction in which the Earth revolves in its orbit, the period of the Sun's rotation being about twenty-eight days. Subsequent researches of astronomers have shown many wonderful things about the Sun's constitution, but it is remarkable that the most refined modern measurements do not indicate any deviation from a perfectly globular figure. This perfect roundness of the Sun's figure is explained by the intensity of solar gravity (about twenty-eight times more powerful than that of the Earth), and by the slowness of the Sun's rotation, which makes

the solar centrifugal force relatively small and the resulting oblateness wholly insensible. As the Sun's globe is at an enormously high temperature, it cannot be either a solid or a liquid body, but must be a sphere of gas, compressed and held in equilibrium by the tremendous power of its own gravitation.

What, then, are the most recent results of scientific research as to the constitution of the Sun? What are the laws of its internal density, pressure, and temperature? How much heat is now stored up in the Sun's globe;—and how are these results obtained? These are some of the questions which the general reader will naturally ask, and which we shall endeavor to answer in this paper.

The recent advancement of our knowledge of the Sun, in respect to mathematical theory as well as photographic and experimental measurement, is one of the most notable results of our time. In addition to the fascination of the problem in its purely scientific aspects, a summary of the principal achievements of the past forty years seems likely to be of interest in illuminating the great philosophical question of man's ability to explore the innermost secrets of physical phenomena, and discover the permanent laws of nature.

This fundamental problem was much debated by the Greeks of the age of Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle, and doubtless will abide with us always; but naturally it comes to the front with great prominence in this modern epoch which has passed in rapid succession from the molecular to the atomic theory, and from the theory of atoms to that of their smallest known components, now called corpuscles or electrons, of which some 800 are shown to compose the simplest atom of hydrogen.

Indeed, when we read in contemporaneous scientific literature of the atoms and electrons making up the various molecules, we are naturally carried back in thought to the age of Democritus and Lucretius, who founded the atomistic

theories among the Greeks; and are led to wonder whether modern science, like the philosophy of the Greeks, will eventually pass from these materialistic conceptions to a kind of spiritualism corresponding to that of the Neoplatonists. This recognized tendency in the history of Greek philosophy may be as significant of the trend of the human mind as the atomistic theories which we see revived and extended in our own age, and playing a conspicuous part in the theories of the Sun and stars. Though science is generally supposed to be materialistic, it is really less so than is often imagined, and it may some day lead us to a spiritualism much deeper and more abiding than that of Plato.

To judge correctly of the tendencies of modern progress, we may recall that the learned among the Greeks and Romans considered the Sun to be an immense globe of fire. As fire was one of the four fundamental constituents of the physical universe recognized by the ancients, namely, air, water, fire, and earth, the theory that self-luminous bodies are made up of fire was a very natural one, and it remained current until long after the Middle Ages.

Descartes, in his *Principia Philosophiae*, published in 1644, described the universe as made up of three kinds of matter. The first is composed of bright spherical particles like ordinary fire, and makes luminous bodies, as the Sun and stars; the second goes to make up the transparent substances, such as water, glass, crystals, diamond, and the skies; the third is the material of opaque bodies, as the Earth, non-luminous planets, and comets. Descartes supposes that the motion of matter is in the form of circular currents or vortices, and that the particles are necessarily ground by friction into a spherical form; the corners thus rubbed off, like sawdust or filings, producing the second or more subtle matter, seen in transparent bodies; the coarser parts, less fitted for motion, give the third kind of matter, as found in ordinary opaque

substances, like stones and metals, which make up the planets. These curious views of Descartes are interesting chiefly as forming a connecting link between the atomic speculations of the Greeks and the more highly developed theories of modern times.

After Priestley's discovery of oxygen in 1772, and Lavoisier's demonstration some fifteen years later that fire is not an element, but only a *process*, a combination of the elements of oxygen and carbon, thus liberating molecular and atomic energy, the light of the Sun and stars doubtless appeared in a new aspect. Instead of being made up of the element fire, the stars were now considered to be burning bodies.

Yet all the various attempts to explain the light and heat of the stars by chemical processes largely failed; and in 1854 Helmholtz showed that a great and steady supply of energy becomes available from the gravitational potential of the Sun's mass, converted into light and heat by slow shrinkage and subsidence of the particles toward the centre.

To make it quite clear how this takes place, we need only recall Joule's experiments on the mechanical equivalent of heat. About sixty years ago this eminent British physicist showed experimentally that if a mass with a weight of one pound be allowed to fall through a space of 772 feet, the heat given up by the falling body would be adequate to raise the temperature of one pound of water one degree Fahrenheit. Larger bodies would produce more heat in proportion to their masses; and where the force of gravity is larger than on the Earth, as in the Sun, this would give still more heat in proportion to the intensity of gravity. Now at the surface of the Sun the force of gravity is about 28 times what it is upon the Earth; and moreover, the Sun's mass is about 332,750 times that of the Earth. If, therefore, the Sun's force of gravity is so much larger, and it has a so much larger quantity of matter to fall under the action of this force, it follows that the heat devel-

oped in the condensation of the Sun must be enormous. To calculate the exact amount of heat developed, we have to make use of the higher mathematics, and also know the law of density within the Sun's globe, which we shall discuss more fully hereafter.

On the supposition that the Sun is homogeneous, or of uniform density throughout, and the heat and light radiated away as fast as produced, a contraction in the radius of 110 feet per annum was found by Helmholtz to be adequate to furnish our enormous supply of light and heat.¹ We shall see in the course of this paper that this theory of Helmholtz is only the beginning of our present theories of the Sun; yet it has the great advantage over the old theories of assigning a true cause based on established physical laws, and therefore will remain of interest throughout all time.

The work of Helmholtz thus marks an epoch in our theories of the Sun, and has been the starting-point of nearly all subsequent researches on the subject. But it can hardly be said that the theory of Helmholtz was more fundamental than that of Lane, who treated of the Sun's constitution on the hypothesis that it is a sphere of gas kept in equilibrium under the temperature, pressure, and attraction of its parts. For Helmholtz had only considered the gravitational condensation of a homogeneous Sun of given size and mean density, without inquiring whether it was solid, liquid, or gaseous. He supposed it to have formed according to the nebular hypothesis of Laplace, and therefore, no doubt, assumed that it was originally a gaseous nebula, of which the high temperature might have arisen from the falling together of cold matter, in accordance with Joule's experiments. Lane took up the consideration of the Sun as it is to-day, and worked out some of the most important laws for its internal constitution, showing that the mass must be

¹ According to the author's researches based on the Monatomic Theory, the actual shrinkage in the sun's radius is 216 feet per annum.

essentially gaseous throughout, although already of considerable density.

Jonathan Homer Lane was a native of western New York, for many years connected with the Patent Office and U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey in Washington, and a member of the National Academy of Sciences. He was a man of retiring disposition, and, although he did no vast amount of scientific work, what he did was of high quality, and bears unmistakable marks of genius. His paper on the Sun is probably his most famous effort, and has since become classic and justly celebrated. Frequently cited by astronomers of other nations, it is perhaps the most important single contribution since that of Helmholtz in 1854. Lane's paper "On the Theoretical Temperature of the Sun, under the Hypothesis of a Gaseous Mass maintaining the volume by its internal Heat, and depending on the Laws of Gases as known to Terrestrial Experiment," was read to the National Academy of Sciences at the Washington meeting of April 13-16, 1869, and published in the *American Journal of Science* for July, 1870. This is the famous paper so much quoted by Lord Kelvin, Ball, Newcomb, Perry, and others, who have discussed the mathematical theory of the Sun's heat.

Lane describes the inception of his paper as follows:—

"Some years ago the question occurred to me, in connection with this theory of Helmholtz, whether the entire mass of the sun might not be a mixture of transparent gases, and whether Herschel's clouds might not arise from the precipitation of some of these gases, say carbon, near the surface, with their revaporization when fallen or carried into the hotter subjacent layers of atmosphere beneath; the circulation necessary for the play of this Espian theory being of course maintained by the constant disturbance of equilibrium due to the loss of heat by radiation from the precipitated clouds. Professor Espy's theory of storms I first became acquainted with more than twenty years ago from

lectures delivered by himself; and, original as I suppose it to be, and well supported as it is in the phenomena of terrestrial meteorology, I have long thought that Professor Espy's labors deserve a more general recognition than they have received abroad. It is not surprising, therefore, in a time when the constitution of the sun was exciting so much discussion, that the above suggestion should have occurred to myself before I became aware of the very similar, and in the main identical, views of Professor Faye, put forth in the *Comptes Rendus*. I sought to determine how far such a supposed constitution of the sun could be made to connect with the laws of gases as known to us in terrestrial experiments at common temperatures."

Although Lane's treatment of the Sun's internal constitution was considered highly satisfactory, his mathematical processes were so difficult that very few later investigators have ever worked out his results independently. The subject of the Sun's internal condition was next treated by the German physicist Ritter, of Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1878, and a few years later by Lord Kelvin. In 1899 this problem was also treated by Professor John Perry of London, who followed the same general methods as Lane, Ritter, and Kelvin.

An outline of these researches, and of the considerable extension very recently made of them by the writer, is all that would be of interest to the general reader. Before taking up the details of this treatment, however, it is necessary to remark that, while in these calculations full account is taken of the energy of gravitation arising from the mutual approach of the particles under gravity, no attention is given to the energy arising from such substances as radium. At present it is not known whether radium exists in the stars, but, as it exists in the Earth, it has been held that it must also exist in the Sun, or will develop there some time in the future when our star cools down to a stage corresponding to that now occupied by the

Earth. We shall recur to this subject again toward the end of this paper.

Assuming that the only energy given out by a condensing body is that derived from the gravitational attraction of the particles, Helmholtz in 1854 showed that the total heat produced up to the present time in the condensation of the Sun would raise the temperature of an equal mass of water about $27,000,000^{\circ}$ Centigrade. As Pouillet found by experiment that the annual radiation of the Sun was adequate to cool an equal mass of water 1.25° Centigrade, it followed that the total duration of the Sun's activity at this uniform rate of radiation could not exceed some twenty million years, which very markedly curtailed the past duration of the Earth as inferred by geologists from the study of phenomena of the Earth's surface.

Helmholtz's theory was somewhat defective, in assuming the density of the Sun's globe to be uniform throughout; but as a first approximation to the laws of nature it met all requirements, and, indeed, marked an important epoch in the history of scientific thought during the nineteenth century.

In Lane's paper the conclusion was reached that the Sun is really quite heterogeneous, the central density being some 20 times the mean. This result was based upon the hypothesis that the solar gases are like oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, and common air, in which the ratio of the specific heat of the matter under constant pressure to that under constant volume is $k=1.4$. The value of k always plays an important part in the theory of the Sun; for upon this physical constant depend the laws of internal density, and therefore, also, the total heat developed up to the present time, as well as the pressure and temperature throughout the Sun's globe.

II

The writer has recently carried out the most elaborate investigation of the mathematical theory of the Sun yet attempted,

and published the results in the *Astronomische Nachrichten*, number 4053. On carefully examining the work of Lane, Kelvin, and Ritter, it was found that they could all be reconciled quite perfectly among themselves by correcting a misconception in the paper of Lane.

This was to the effect that the Sun's atmosphere extends above the photosphere by one twenty-second part of the radius. Though it is now known that this assumption is not justifiable, the misconception misled Lord Kelvin, and caused him and other eminent writers to conclude that the central density of the Sun, conceived as made up of biatomic gases, should be about 20 times the mean density, whereas it should be a little over 23 times the mean. By a different process Lord Kelvin concluded that the central density should be 22.5 times the mean density, while from certain equations of the celebrated French mathematician, Poisson, Ritter found 23 to be the proper number.

When it was found by the writer's recent researches that Lane's theory, correctly interpreted, made the central density about 23.4 times the mean, instead of 20 times, as given in the published paper of 1869, it was seen that all three determinations of the internal laws of the Sun's density were essentially in perfect agreement. The rigor of the gaseous theory of the Sun's constitution was thus confirmed by the accordant results reached by three independent processes, and there can be no doubt of the accuracy of the final value.

These investigations, however, in which the ratio of the specific heat of the gas under constant pressure to that under constant volume is $k=1.4$, as in biatomic gases like oxygen, nitrogen, hydrogen, air, do not correspond to the conditions in nature, where the temperature is enormously high, and we shall consider more particularly the case in which $k=1\frac{2}{3}$. This corresponds to a monatomic gas, or a gas in which the molecules are identical with the atoms, and may be

viewed as single spheres without mutual connections of any kind. Ordinary gases, such as oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, have two atoms in a molecule, probably joined together like the two ends of a dumb-bell, while the more complex gases have molecules made up of many atoms grouped together in various ways.

Now when the molecules are very complex, made up of many atoms variously arranged, the group thus formed frequently becomes unstable. The parts are always in rapid motion, and a molecule may be likened to a political convention, which is made up of many individuals, and has correspondingly unsteady qualities.

It is found by experiment that all complex gases are decomposable at some temperature not enormously high. Vapor of water and ammonia are dissociated into their constituent atoms at temperatures less than 1000° Centigrade, and probably all the chemical bodies we know of would be dissociated at temperatures less than $10,000^{\circ}$ Centigrade, or $18,000^{\circ}$ Fahrenheit. At all higher temperatures chemical compounds probably cease to exist, and the molecules of the substances are reduced to the state of single atoms, and hence called monatomic.

Such we conceive to be the state of the matter in the Sun. For it is shown by observation and calculation that the fixed stars and the Sun have internal temperatures of many millions of degrees, while at their surface the temperatures will seldom fall short of $10,000^{\circ}$ Centigrade. We may, therefore, take the whole interior of the Sun and stars as monatomic gas; and suppose that even at their surfaces few compounds can form, so that, in general, the body of stars composing the visible universe are flaming globes of monatomic gas, in which all the elements are reduced to their simplest form of single atoms.

No doubt our Sun is a globe of this kind, but it has usually been treated as made up of compound gases, like air, hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen. What, then,

is the arrangement of its internal density when the gases are monatomic?

Lane began to consider this question as far back as 1869, treating the Sun's globe as possibly made up throughout of monatomic gas; and the mathematical methods employed by him have recently been much extended and improved by the writer of this paper. These processes depend on the development of certain series based on methods of the higher mathematics, of which an account here would be out of place. Suffice it to say that the investigation as thus carried out involved the calculation of numbers running up into the hundreds of sextillions, that is, numbers expressed by twenty-four places of figures. These numbers are so stupendous as to be almost unmanageable, and the work had to be done by the old-fashioned direct processes, without the use of logarithms, which are no longer available. This vastly increased the labor of calculation, and also the liability to error, so that all the work had to be repeated three or four times to insure accuracy in the final result. At length the process was made sufficiently accurate, and led to some of the most beautiful results yet attained in any branch of physical science, because apparently applicable to the great body of the fixed stars.

One of these results of great interest is that *the central density in a star made up of layers of monatomic gas is exactly six times the mean density*. This appears to be a general law of nature. In the case of our Sun, for example, the mean density is 1.4 times that of water; and the density at the centre thus becomes 8.40; which exceeds the density of steel (7.816) and even brass (8.383), and proves to be practically midway between that and German silver (8.432).

An examination of the table on page 769 shows the following facts:—

1. The outer layers of the Sun are of the same order of density as our atmosphere, becoming only 153 times the density of air one tenth of the way to the centre, where the pressure is 21,636,565

atmospheres, or 7 times greater than it is at the centre of the earth.

2. The rise of pressure and temperature downward is very rapid. At the centre the pressure is over 11,215,000,000 atmospheres, equivalent to that exerted by

a vertical column of quicksilver about one tenth as long as from the earth to the sun if all parts of the column were under the uniform acceleration of terrestrial mean gravity.

3. The temperature at the centre of the

TABLE SHOWING THE INTERNAL DENSITY, PRESSURE, AND TEMPERATURE OF THE SUN CALCULATED BY THE MONATOMIC THEORY

Distance from the Centre in parts of the Radius.	Density of the Solar Matter, Air = 1.	Density of the Solar Matter, Water = 1.	Pressure in Atmospheres, 14.7 pounds to the square inch.	Temperature in Degrees Centigrade.
1.00	0.01	0.0000129	0.03385	9000.
0.99	4.23	0.005472	54635.	374597.
0.98	12.14	0.015700	316531.	755266.
0.97	22.65	0.029286	894699.	1146167.
0.96	35.41	0.045786	1884224.	1543438.
0.95	50.25	0.064977	3376805.	1949752.
0.94	67.07	0.086735	5464675.	2363757.
0.93	85.82	0.110978	8240856.	2785903.
0.92	106.47	0.137680	11804019.	3216542.
0.91	128.68	0.166792	16250623.	3655318.
0.90	153.36	0.198320	21636565.	4102536.
0.80		0.649096	156467430.	9043718.
0.70		1.359001	536137160.	14805379.
0.60		2.331913	1318551200.	21213675.
0.50		3.536397	2639437700.	28001530.
0.40		4.879548	4513802000.	34704161.
0.30		6.217009	6759055500.	40787910.
0.20		7.366897	8968448000.	45673487.
0.10		8.147617	10607851000.	48845888.
0.00		8.424480	11215403000.	49946270.

Sun is about 50,000,000 degrees Centigrade.

4. In the outer layers of the Sun the density rises steadily, the temperature somewhat more rapidly, and the pressure most rapidly of all. The result is that at a moderate depth the pressure becomes so great that circulation under this great strain on the atoms is impossible, on account of the friction of the fluid against itself. Currents observed near the surface of the Sun, therefore, do not extend to any considerable depth, and the matter in the Sun's interior is always kept highly rigid from pressure.

Heretofore astronomers have very generally supposed that the circulation extended throughout the Sun's body.

We shall first examine the effects of this arrangement of the density on the total amount of heat developed in the

condensation of the Sun. It will be seen from what is said above that when $k=1.4$, as imagined by Lane, Ritter, Lord Kelvin, and Perry, the central density is 23 times the average for the whole sphere, but when $k=1\frac{2}{3}$, as in gases reduced to the monatomic state by intense heat, the central density is only six times the mean density. Now, in the theory of the Sun's heat considered by Helmholtz, the density was taken to be uniform throughout. As a heterogeneous Sun can be imagined to result from a homogeneous one by the descent of many of the particles toward the centre, so as to increase the density in that region, we see that when the particles have fallen inward in a certain way the arrangement corresponds to the monatomic sphere, and when still more of them have fallen downward, and nearer the centre, the arrangement corresponds to

the gaseous sphere, with $k=1.4$, which has the central density 23 times the average. The monatomic Sun thus occupies a position intermediate between the homogeneous Sun considered by Helmholtz and that of Lane's gaseous sphere with $k=1.4$.

There is every reason to believe that the monatomic sphere is that which occurs in nature, and yet it has received heretofore scarcely any attention from investigators. One of the most important results deduced from the theory of the monatomic sphere is that it *gives up about forty-three per cent more heat in condensation than Helmholtz's homogeneous sphere, and the effect is to multiply Helmholtz's values by 1.43 as a factor*. Instead of raising an equivalent mass of water through about 27,000,000 degrees Centigrade, the total heat of condensation of such a sphere of monatomic gas would raise an equal mass of water through nearly 40,000,000 degrees Centigrade. This considerably increases the past duration of the Sun's activity; and as the calculation is very accurate, we are enabled to speculate with great confidence on the duration of the solar system, so far as it depends on the energy of gravitation.

Now, it is found by the finest modern measurements that the heat annually radiated by the Sun would raise an equal mass of water through perhaps 2° Centigrade. And it will be shown below that exactly one half of all the heat developed in the condensation of the Sun regarded as a sphere of monatomic gas is radiated away, and the other half stored up in the Sun's globe for elevating the temperature, and thus made available for radiation through future ages. Thus 20,000,000 years of uniform radiation is the part of the Sun's heat already expended, and at the rate of 2° per annum, it would last 10,000,000 years. If the loss of energy in the past was not uniform, but smaller than at present, the duration of the Sun's past activity would be correspondingly increased. Professor Perry of the Royal College of Science, London, has

expressed the opinion that over long periods the radiation may have been only one-tenth what it is at present. Thus the Sun may have existed from 10,000,000 to 100,000,000 years in the past, according to the rate employed in dispensing with its gravitational energy.

Astronomers are pretty generally agreed that the Sun will eventually cease to shrink, and then cool down, darken, and go out, but this stage will not arrive until the molecular forces exert sufficient repulsion to counteract the shrinkage now going on. If we imagine the Sun's globe contracted to one half of its present diameter, it is evident that the average density would thus be increased eight fold, and the average amount of space available for each molecule will be only one eighth what it is now. Molecular forces in some cases are supposed to vary inversely as the fifth power of the distance, and hence, when their mutual distance is reduced one half, the repulsion will be increased thirty-two fold. This rapid growth of molecular repulsion as the sun shrinks, will finally check the contraction; and it is generally supposed that the Sun's shrinkage will terminate when the diameter has diminished to about one half of its present dimensions.

From the considerations advanced in the next section, the writer has shown that one half of all the heat thus far developed in the condensation of the solar nebula is still stored up in the Sun's globe. The future contraction, giving a radius only one half of the present one, will double the heat already developed, since the total heat of condensation is inversely as the radius. As the future supply of heat, the Sun will give out all that may be produced by future contraction, as well as that now stored up in its body. *Thus, on the hypothesis that the Sun will shrink to one half of its present diameter before contraction ceases, we see that the gravitational energy in store for the Sun's future activity will be three times that of the past.*

If we imagine the rate of future radiation to be the same as in former ages, we

may say that the future duration of the Sun's activity will be three times that of the past; and therefore we have not yet approached the middle, but are only at the first quarter of the Sun's career. Thus the zenith of the Sun's glory lies in the future.

It has been stated by such authorities as Lord Kelvin, Newcomb, and Ball that the future of the Sun's activity will be comparatively short, — not more than 10,000,000 years, — and some have even suggested that the Sun's activity already shows signs of waning. So far is this from being the case that only one fourth of our supply of energy has been expended, and three fourths are yet in store for the future life of the planetary system. This opens up to our contemplation a decidedly refreshing view of the future, and will give renewed hope to all who believe that the end of mundane progress is not yet in sight. Not only should the future possibilities of scientific progress be vastly extended, but there will in all probability be the most ample time for the further development of the races of beings inhabiting this planet. According to this view, the evolution of our earth is still in its infancy, with the zenith of its splendor far in the future.

If we cannot subscribe to Professor Sir G. H. Darwin's recent estimate of 1,000,000,000 years for the past life of the Solar System, this period being based on the assumed existence of radium throughout all nature, we may yet be sure that the future duration, depending on the energy of gravitation, will be three times that of the past, and that this period may perhaps be as great as 300,000,000 years, or one third of the period estimated by Darwin. On the basis of uniform radiation at the present rate, a future of 30,000,000 years seems absolutely assured. This result illustrates the folly of concluding that the end of discovery is yet in sight. Scientific progress appears to be still in its infancy, and the time will not soon arrive when we can adopt any final philosophy of the Universe. All the

attempts thus far made in this direction have been doomed to failure, and the pulling down of the idols of the past warns us to beware of expecting immortality in those now erected in their places.

Indeed, it may be said that scientific progress in the widest sense does not consist of the solution of a mathematical problem, but of a series of successive approximations to the laws of the world, each improvement extending beyond the former, and leading to results of greater and greater generality. The goal is not and never will be in sight! But the twinkling of the stars constantly beckons the astronomer on to renewed effort. Labor of mind and body is a part of the great process of cosmical evolution, and the explanation of the heavens is one of nature's ways of effecting the development of the powers of the mind in the race of beings who inhabit this planet.

III

We now come to one of the most interesting results of recent science. It is shown by the writer in *Astronomische Nachrichten*, number 4053, that there is a certain ratio between the amount of heat developed in a gaseous mass condensing under gravity, and that radiated away, the exact percentage in any given case depending on the value of k , which is determined by experiment. In very complex substances, such as the vapor of oil of turpentine, which has 26 atoms in a molecule, $k=1.03$; while in monatomic gas the value of k is 1.66. This last value of k has been confirmed experimentally for the following monatomic gases: vapor of mercury, argon, helium, neon, xenon, crypton. Now for gases made up of single atoms, it is a very remarkable fact that exactly so much of the heat of condensation is retained in the gas, for raising the temperature, as is radiated away into space. This means that bodies like the stars and our Sun, if they are really made up of gases composed of single atoms, have one half of all their

heat from eternity still stored up in their masses.

This theorem appears extremely remarkable, and yet the laborious calculations made by the writer seem to prove that this law is applicable to most of the fixed stars which stud our firmament. That there must be some law which causes the heat to accumulate within the bodies of the stars, so as to raise their temperatures, is evident from the naked-eye aspect of the celestial sphere. For without such a law the brilliant light of the stars would never develop, so as to give luminosity to the visible universe. On the contrary, the heat and light would be radiated away as fast as developed, so that the bodies of the stars would never rise in temperature. The result would be that, although heat might be developed and radiated away in the condensation of matter into large masses, yet none of the masses would become brilliantly self-luminous, as at present, but we should have a universe made up of dark bodies accumulating no sensible amount of heat. Such a universe of invisible bodies would seem very strange to us, accustomed as we are to the light of the stars at night. Yet how many of us ever thought a law existed, according to which one half of all the heat of condensation accumulated within the flaming globes of the stars, and thus caused their luminosity? It is evident on general principles that some very important law lies at the basis of the brilliant light of the stars, and thus gives rise to the luminosity of these bodies, all of which resemble our Sun in constitution.

Not only do the isolated stars shine brightly, but the prevailing principle of luminosity is exemplified by great masses of these objects of various ages, seen in clusters, and especially in the stupendous arch of the Milky Way, which spans the firmament with unspeakable grandeur on a clear night. Accordingly it appears that there is a law of heat accumulation applying in general to the life of every star, the heat steadily increasing while the body is gaseous, and then slow-

ly dying down by secular cooling, when consolidation sets in, and the light begins to wane. The lucid phenomena exhibited to our naked-eye contemplation are thus products of a law of unexampled grandeur operating throughout all space.

But how does this law change with respect to the time, when the stars pass from the youngest types to the oldest, in periods to be reckoned in the hundreds of millions of years? It is found that when the star is composed of common gases, such as hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen, air, made up of two atoms in a molecule, the ratio of the specific heat under constant pressure to that under constant volume is $k=1.4$, and 81.3 per cent of the heat developed is retained in the star for raising the temperature; and when the temperature becomes high, say more than $10,000^{\circ}$ Centigrade, the gases are decomposed into single atoms, so that $k=1\frac{2}{3}$, and only 50 per cent of the heat developed is retained for raising the temperature of the mass. Thus, as a star develops from a cold nebula, it has at first more than half of its heat stored up, but later on exactly one half. For the whole period of the star's development, therefore, there is stored up $50+\gamma$ per cent of the heat of condensation, γ being a small percentage depending on the length of time and the rate of condensation when the mass is composed of compound gases, compared to that in which it is rendered monatomic by the development of great internal temperature.

Now all our knowledge tends to show that a star soon rises in temperature, so that the first stage of condensation would be short compared to the second; and the period during which the mass is made up of compound gases is short compared to that in which the gases are monatomic. The first period may be only a hundredth, or at most a tenth, of the second; and we may, therefore, be sure that it is only a short time, comparatively, during which the star is storing up 81.3 per cent; so that γ is generally small, of the order of two or three per cent, and probably never

much exceeding ten per cent, for stars of any considerable size. It would appear that γ is relatively larger for small stars, and smaller for large stars; because small stars are slow in acquiring high temperatures, while large ones acquire such temperatures very rapidly. If the mass were very small, like a satellite, the temperature would never become high, and thus γ would become large, about 31.2 per cent, because the body would never become sufficiently heated to disintegrate into monatomic gas. Such a body could hardly be considered a star in the usual sense of that word, because all the stars are of the same order of magnitude as our Sun. Among the stars, therefore, γ is a small percentage, and our law of heat accumulation applicable to the luminous bodies composing the sidereal universe takes the following form:—

A little over one half of all the heat developed in the condensation of the stars is stored up in their flaming globes, and this storage of heat is what gives luminosity to the visible Universe.

When we look out upon the vault of the sky at night, and admire the brightness of the starry heavens, we are paying an unconscious tribute to this law of heat accumulation, on which the beauty of the nocturnal heavens depends. It is remarkable that this law of heat accumulation should have been so recently discovered. In considering scientific progress, however, we have to remember that few investigators are looking for general laws of nature, because many persons suppose that all the great laws have already been discovered. Moreover, many scientific inquiries are very special, and a very limited trend of thought seldom leads to anything of general and universal interest.

There will naturally be differences of opinion as to the degree of rigor attaching to this law, in its application to the whole life history of a star, but the mathematical soundness of the demonstration is beyond dispute; and in its application to actual masses it will evidently hold true so long as the bodies obey the laws of

gaseous matter. Thus it will include in its scope the larger part of the history of the stellar universe; and even when the masses become so much condensed that the gaseous laws begin to fail, owing to increase of density and pressure within the globes of the stars, it will still hold true approximately.

The law of heat accumulation thus enables us to explain the slow decline in a star's temperature, after the maximum temperature has been attained, and assures us that the heavens must have an abundance of stars slowly advancing in decrepitude.

All in all, it is difficult to overrate the philosophical interest attaching to this law, yet the poetical interest excited by its application to the naked-eye aspect of the stars, as we behold them from night to night illuminating the vault of the firmament, is fully as keen and abiding. The researches of science have thus made known the law upon which the nocturnal beauty of the world depends, and thus we may view science itself as contributing to the poetry of the starry heavens.

IV

One other remarkable result of recent researches as to the Sun is that the theory long held by men of science regarding the internal circulation of the Sun is shown to be of doubtful validity. For nearly a century it has been held that convective currents are at work in the Sun's globe to bring hot matter from the interior up to the surface, and dispose of that cooled by radiation by the descent of corresponding cool currents. This theory has had the support of many eminent men, but they probably have not examined the important question of the pressure operative within the Sun, and their conclusions, therefore, seem wholly inadmissible. A system of opposing currents so directly antagonistic to one another as is here imagined evidently would not work. Some of the views of these gentlemen, however, are as follows.

Lane says: "The heat emitted each minute would therefore be fully half of all that a layer ten miles thick would give out in cooling down to zero, and a circulation that would dispose of volumes of cooled atmosphere at such a rate seems inconceivable."

Lord Kelvin expresses himself as follows: "Gigantic currents throughout the Sun's liquid mass are continually maintained by fluid, slightly cooled by radiation, falling down from the surface, and hot fluid rushing up to take its place."

Young says: "From the under surface of this cloud shell (the photosphere), if it really exists, there must necessarily be a continual precipitation into the gaseous nucleus below, with a corresponding ascent of vapors from beneath, — a vertical circulation of great activity and violence, one effect of which must be a constricting pressure upon the nucleus much like that of the liquid skin of a bubble upon the enclosed air. With this difference, however, that the photospheric cloud shell is not a continuous sheet, but 'porous,' so to speak, and permeated by vents through which the ascending vapors and gases can force their way into the regions above."

Newcomb describes the Sun's radiation thus: "It follows that the heat radiated from the surface must be continually supplied by the rising up of hot material from the interior, which again falls back as it cools off. It is difficult to suppose that even a liquid could rise and fall back rapidly enough to keep up the supply of heat constantly radiated. We therefore conclude that the photosphere is really a mass of gas, in which, however, solid particles of very refractory substances may be suspended."

In *Astronomische Nachrichten*, number 4053, the writer has exhaustively studied the internal constitution of the Sun, showing that the outer layers are of the same order of density as the Earth's atmosphere; and that the light and heat from beneath are not supplied by a system of antagonistic convection currents, one set ascending, and the other descending, but

by direct radiation, the energy going through the overlying layers of rare gases like sunlight through the Earth's atmosphere. This new conception will be extremely useful in the future studies of the spots, faculae, prominences, and other phenomena observed on the Sun's surface. But it is only after a long study of the photographs now being taken that we can expect to establish and verify the processes involved in the surface radiation. That they will be of the general character here described admits of no reasonable doubt, though there will naturally be great commotion in the surface layers, and the real movements very difficult to disentangle.

In his recent presidential address to the British Association, at the meeting in South Africa, Professor Sir G. H. Darwin dwelt on the general theme of the instability of matter. This line of thought has been uppermost in the minds of the Cambridge Physicists for several years; and Rayleigh, Strutt, Soddy, Thomson, Larmor, Rutherford, and others have established the slow transmutation of the elements for some particular cases. Thus the dreams of the alchemists of the Middle Ages are already partially realized; and the whole trend of recent thought has been toward the problem of the ultimate constitution of matter, and especially its slow transmutation.

Professor Sir George Darwin says: "The fascinating idea that matter of all kinds has a common substratum is of remote antiquity. In the Middle Ages the alchemists, inspired by this idea, conceived the possibility of transforming the baser metals into gold. The sole difficulty seemed to them the discovery of an appropriate series of chemical operations. We now know that they were always indefinitely far from the goal of their search, yet we must accord to them the honour of having been the pioneers of modern chemistry."

"The object of alchemy, as stated in modern language, was to break up or dissociate the atoms of one chemical element

into its component parts, and afterwards to reunite them into atoms of gold. Although even the dissociative stage of the alchemistic problem still lies far beyond the power of the chemist, yet modern researches seem to furnish a sufficiently clear idea of the structure of atoms to enable us to see what would have to be done to effect a transformation of elements. Indeed, in the complex changes which are found to occur spontaneously in uranium, radium, and the allied metals we are probably watching a spontaneous dissociation and transmutation of elements.

"Natural selection may seem, at first sight, as remote as the poles asunder from the ideas of the alchemist; yet dissociation and transmutation depend on the instability and regained stability of the atom, and the survival of the stable atom depends on the principle of natural selection.

"Until some ten years ago the essential diversity of the chemical elements was accepted by the chemist as an ultimate fact, and indeed, the very name of atom, or that which cannot be cut, was given to what was supposed to be the final indivisible portion of matter. The chemist thus proceeded in much the same way as the biologist, who, in discussing evolution, accepts the species as his working unit. Accordingly, until recently the chemist discussed working models of matter of atomic structure, and the vast edifice of modern chemistry has been built with atomic bricks.

"But within the last few years the electrical researches of Lenard, Roentgen, Becquerel, the Curies, of my colleagues Larmor and Thomson, and of a host of others, have shown that the atom is not indivisible, and a flood of light has been

thrown on the ultimate constitution of matter. Amongst all these fertile investigators it seems to me that Thomson stands preëminent, because it is principally through him that we are to-day in a better position for picturing the structure of an atom than was ever the case before."

Sir George Darwin then describes the type of mechanical atom conceived by Thomson, and the conditions and limits of its stability, and the physical causes of the slow transmutation through exchanges of electrons. The bearing of these researches on the type of atoms existing in the Sun is obvious, and we merely note the results of recent experiments. It appears from announcements made several years ago that Ramsay found radium slowly evolving helium. Rutherford has since reported it breaking up into helium and lead; and Strutt announces that uranium has been experimentally proved to be decomposing into radium. If uranium is passing into radium, and radium in turn passing into lead and helium, the heavier atomic weights would seem to be breaking up into lighter ones. Our so-called atoms are thus not generally ultimate and stable, but compounds of ephemeral type, which in time break up; and the Sun and stars may be viewed as made up internally of atoms of the lighter sort, so that the monatomic theory seems to be confirmed by the tendency of recent physical experiments.

While much will always remain to be discovered, and the theory of dissociation and transmutation is still in its infancy, yet the lines of thought already opened up to philosophical inquiry promise a rich harvest, and assure us that we are just beginning the exploration of the constitution of the Sun and stars.

PHILOSOPHY AND TRAMPS

BY MARTHA BAKER DUNN

It was a carroty-haired tramp who first interested me in reading Montaigne's *Essays*, and this he accomplished not so much by pure eloquence as by the law of contradiction. If he had not said — but that belongs to another part of my story!

First and last I have had much and nutritious converse with gentlemen of the road. In the old days, before vagrancy laws became practically operative, I fed, clothed, dosed, admonished, and exchanged confidences with many a wandering wight. The spirit of errancy constitutes in itself a sort of individualism, and I have often wished that the average masculine person knew how to be as interesting as some of the tramps I have met. Conventionalizing the human race tends sadly toward squeezing the juice out of its tricks and manners.

I have in my address book the street and number of an amiable hobo whose headquarters are in Quincy, Massachusetts, and who proposes to give me a home in case I ever come to need such a haven.

"May ye niver want the same," he exclaimed, in a gush of generous emotion, "but av ye chance to do so, 't is there, an' a hear-r-ty welcome wid it. Write the address down to wanst, lady, list ye for-r-git."

When I cast my eyes upon my shelf of plants I see there a thrifty geranium, the offshoot of a parent growth which was bestowed upon me by a grateful but erratic wanderer, a wanderer who wept over the crimson loveliness of a rose, and who, in later days, having been, as he phrased it, "convicted of sin," came to urge upon me the privilege of "meeting him in heaven."

There was the young but precocious Southern gentleman who was fleeing

from the consequences of a drunken quarrel; there was — but why enumerate, since he of the carroty hair is sufficiently typical to represent the long but engaging series of my vagrant friends.

The carroty one was not handsome, except as an exponent of the Socratic style of beauty. Snub-nosed he was, and freckle-faced, but he had a square brow, and a double row of sound and gleaming teeth. His clothes, though rusty, were clean and well-fitting, with the air of having been originally designed for their wearer, and not the abortive result of a chance benefaction. Strangest of all, the wanderer displayed well-kept hands, and equally well-preserved table manners; and under the thatch of carroty locks there shone from this freckled, snub-nosed countenance that which appealed to me most of all, — the joy of the open road.

The bestowal of my cates upon an errant seeker entitles me, according to my own judgment, to sit by his side while he partakes, and probe for the heart of his mystery. The carroty one was singularly willing to reveal himself. The conversation at first assumed a violently socialistic trend, illustrative of my visitor's right to demand, and mine to supply, the good things of life for his benefit; but presently matters took a more personal turn, and I was listening to the details of his life story.

He was, it seemed, a Swede by birth, educated, or, more properly speaking, half educated, at a government school in his own country, and after his graduation succeeding to a minor government office. In those days of respectability he considered himself, and doubtless was considered by others, to be a rather clever fellow, a belief which prevailed to such an

extent that presently its object, to use his own language, "acquired the swell head."

If he could thus distinguish himself at an early age in his own slow-going country, he argued, what might he not accomplish in America, that hotbed for vaulting ambitions? So he resigned his government position, bade farewell to the blonde-haired maiden of his love, and sailed for the land of the free.

Unfortunately, the land of the free, already overburdened with swell-heads, received the wanderer coldly; in due season the blonde maiden, weary with waiting for promised honors, wedded another; and the disappointed one, bereft of both love and ambition, and having in an evil moment tasted the joys of freedom, henceforth threw off the trammels of conventionality, and became what he termed "an habitual traveler."

The determining factors leading to this career in his case seemed to be not so much the temptations of idleness as the prizes of adventure. The winding country roads led him on, the sea called him from rocky coast to coast, the mountains wooed him to their solitudes. Sometimes he worked in the hayfields for a brief season of respectability, but oftener he slept by the wayside, or borrowed the haymow as a surreptitious shelter, and shared the farmer's crops without the burden of asking permission. It was ever the poetic, the audacious, side of life and nature that appealed to this carrot-haired wanderer. It might be that the gulfs would wash him down; it might be he would touch the Happy Isles; and apparently he cheerfully accepted either possibility.

There was a prosperous cousin in New York, who would have furnished employment for his erratic relative had not the offer come too late, after its recipient had become fatally enamored of the joys of freedom. Since no better might be, the prosperous one bestowed cast-off garments constructed by the most expensive tailors, a small but sufficient income for pressing needs, an occasional shelter, and

an unfailing appetite for his kinsman's whimsicalities. On one occasion, when a dinner guest had failed the cousin at the last moment, the carrot-haired "traveler" had been clothed in fitting raiment, and allowed to lead a "so-lovely lady" to the feast; and during that function, he beguiled the fair one with such tales of clear streams and vernal meadows that she long remembered to question her host in regard to the whereabouts of his interesting kinsman.

In the winters, so my visitor informed me, he usually "ran over to London." That city, in his judgment, furnished the most desirable winter resort, and he easily got an opportunity to work his passage across seas on a cattle steamer.

It must be confessed that the man-of-the-world completeness of my hobo's career began to make me feel small, yet I plucked up courage to question him in regard to food for the mind.

"You are an intelligent man," I announced; "what do you do for books and reading matter?"

There were newspapers to be had everywhere, it seemed, — "and for libraries," declared my hero, "I carry my own." Thereupon, with a grand air, he cast two small volumes on the table before me, the one a well-worn copy of selections from Montaigne's *Essays*, the other a compilation from the Odes of Horace, both much annotated by the pencil of their constant reader.

I was informed in picturesque English that both these authors wrote for men only, and would not interest me. Montaigne, in particular, it appeared, offered nothing that would appeal to the female intellect. It was only too evident that, through all his pretended courtesy, my guest thought very small beer of the sex to which I belong, except in their appointed vocation of prinking themselves as so-lovely creatures.

"What is it," I persisted, still prodding for reasons, "that you find in Montaigne? Since I can never appreciate him myself, I want his inwardness in a nutshell."

The carrotty-haired wrinkled his forehead till his snub-nose and his freckles seemed all that remained of him.

"It is," he answered wisely, "that Montaigne is balance. He haf wings, yet they betray him not; he fly, yet with hees feet on the groun'. He haf what you call 'the stuff' in him."

My spirit began to rise within me. Why should I allow myself to be permanently snubbed by carrotty-haired and impecunious tramps?

"Don't you think," I asked severely, "that as an able-bodied man, with sufficient education to appreciate Montaigne and Horace, you owe some duty to the world you live in?"

This inquiry brought forth another flood of picturesque idiom. On the preceding night, it seemed, the wanderer had slept on fragrant hay under the golden stars. There was a lake near by, and in the morning he had appropriated an ancient rowboat, and gone forth to catch most artistically dappled fish. It was an easy and long-accustomed task to broil these decorated dainties over glowing coals; and, with potatoes roasted in the ashes, they formed a breakfast which monarchs might envy. The so-shining lake ruffled its waters under the morning breeze; every flower and shrub was sweet with the dews of the summer night, and, thus encompassed about by fragrance and buoyant airs, this happy wanderer had enjoyed his morning meal, a favorite author ready at hand in either pocket to furnish him at any moment with mental sustenance.

"I haf no one," my philosopher went on scornfully. "My desired-one is marry to another; I haf not the obligations to any. Shall I then gif up all this of leeberty and clear airs, that I may toil for bifsteak and grosseries?"

Grosseries, thus masquerading, appealed to me as a most apt word. I myself have much knowledge of so-shining lakes and clear morning airs; there are so many persons of accounted excellence to whom bifsteak and grosseries — or

the equivalents for which they stand — represent the only reasonable prizes of existence; and these considerations, together with the fact that my ethics — some of them, at least — have always been fluid quantities, melted me toward my traveling friend's logic so that the joints of my mind were as water, and I sped the carrotty one on his way with the sincere hope that he might neither repent nor reform. On many a summer morning I think of him as pursuing his winding roads or lingering by the side of his so-shining lakes. Some day to him, as to his immortal snub-nosed prototype, the inexorable draught of hemlock will be presented, yet I have faith to think he will quaff it gayly.

In the meantime, I am not the sort of woman before whom stunts may be paraded with impunity, and what a mere weak-minded female might do with Montaigne I meant to do. It was not that I was in entire darkness concerning the great Frenchman from whom even Shakespeare drew inspiration. When I had been moved to browse among Emerson's *Representative Men*, I had often found myself passing by Plato, the Philosopher, Napoleon, the Man of the World, and even Shakespeare, the Poet, to linger, though scarce knowing why, with Montaigne, the Cynic.

I had even filled some blank pages in the book with quotations from his cynicism, such as: —

"There are some defeats more triumphant than victories."

"All passions that suffer themselves to be relished and digested are but moderate."

It would be sufficiently easy to fill several volumes with similar nuggets from an author who tossed them forth from a never-failing mine. Such dallyings as these, however, are but touching the hem of Montaigne's vast and many-folded garments. Voluminous does not fairly express his quantity. He flows like a river, and babbles like a brook. When I read Montaigne or Wordsworth or Lan-

dor, I am always reminded of the advice which the baseball coacher on the sidelines so often repeats to the men on bases: "Run on anything!" Each one of these worthies — to continue the parlance of the ball-field — accepts all his chances.

If Wordsworth never gave to the world "Lines Suggested by Seeing a Favorite Cat Crossing the Road," it was simply because that spectacle never chanced to arrest his "inward eye;" if Montaigne never meditated, as did another celebrated author, on producing a chapter about "Buttonholes," such reticence was not in any degree owing to barrenness as concerned that or any other known topic. And had he attempted it, he would perchance have begun with shoestrings, wandered on to darning-needles and pruning-hooks, quoted a dozen or so of Latin authors in regard to ploughshares, related anecdotes concerning dealings of the Cymbrians, Scythians, Lacedæmonians, Romans, and the like, with knots and fastenings, mentioned his own personal experience in the matter of hooks and eyes, and ended by an exposition of the practical, mechanical, and ethical relations between a buttonhole and a button, — and every quaint and divaricating line would have endeared him to his affectionate reader.

My friend the traveler need not have urged upon my notice the essentially masculine fibre of his author's productions. One has only to read the preface of Montaigne's works in order to recognize there the mighty and intuitive self-confidence of his sex.

"This, reader," he tells us, "is a book without guile. . . . It was intended for the particular use of my relations and friends, in order that when they have lost me, which they must soon do, they may find here" — to wit, in five hundred and nineteen closely printed pages of autobiographical essays — "some traces of my quality and humor, and may thereby nourish a more entire and lively recollection of me."

What woman ever lived whose egotism

was sufficiently colossal to induce her to expect such liveliness of recollection on the part of relatives and friends? Yet to Montaigne it apparently never occurred that he was making any excessive draft on the interest of his well-wishers.

My first excursion into the broad field of Montaigne's "quality and humor" was by way of the essay on "Vanity," chosen because I had noticed it as one of those included in the pocket edition carried by my wandering friend. Long before I had really made this essay my own, I knew the secret of the infatuation of Montaigne-lovers. One finds his pages so simple, yet so subtle, so naïve, yet so wise, so discursive, yet so intimately human, — and, withal, the writer of them possesses such a delicious aptitude for "talking through his hat."

I could not, however, agree with the criticism which pronounced him wholly a man's man, though that discovery would not have discouraged my researches. I suppose most women are drawn toward their masculine friends, lovers, and countrymen rather by their mutual differences and divergences of character and habit than by any law of similarity. In earliest childhood I had studied, during a period of strenuous companionship with a dearly-loved brother very little older than myself, the peculiarities of the abyss which yawns between male and female methods of reaching the goal, and of shedding off the consequences of arrival thereat. I could, in fact, remember the very day when my studies came to an end in an eternal, though slightly unreconciled, acceptance of the facts in the case.

It was on a day in early spring, and "Miss Sophia," who was temporarily in charge of our household, sighed as she beheld the joyous splendor of the March morning and listened to the booming call of the brook.

"I sh'll be glad when this freshet's over," she announced at the breakfast table, looking at my young brother with Cassandra-like prescience. "I wish 't I was as sure I was goin' to have roast

turkey for dinner as I be 't you'll trail her into some mischief or 'nother 'fore the day's out."

I modestly avoided Miss Sophia's prophetic glance. It was true, she had no real knowledge of the fact that my brother and myself intended to consecrate this vacation forenoon to playing "Lizy Harris crossing the river on the ice," but in a general way she was fully persuaded that my fellow conspirator "would n't be happy if he wan't up to *some* contraption."

When I emerged into the dazzle of out of doors, however, all my misgivings fled. The play of "Lizy" went triumphantly on. Claspings my largest doll to my maternal bosom, I escaped from slavery, I eluded my pursuers, I reached the tavern by the riverside. By this time my facile imagination had made the scene entirely real; the passion of flight was in my veins; I shuddered at the thought of the bloodhounds on my track. My brother, who had by turns assumed the rôles of the various other actors in the scene, cried as if panic-stricken, "They're comin'! Run, or they'll get yer!"

He was well aware of my propensity for identifying myself with my part, but his love of mischief constantly spurred him to see the spectacle to the bitter end. He now gave vent to a deep-mouthed bay, and just below the "big bridge," where the current rushed fastest, I sprang upon a whirling cake of frozen snow, thence to another, and almost at the farther bank I was swept down in a mad rush of babbling waters, that, shrieking in my ears, buffeted me at last against the barrier of "Mis' Weekses fence."

When I was dragged forth, sore and dripping, my rescuer remarked dispassionately, as he helped to wring the icy water from my clothes, "Anybody'd think you'd learn a little common sense some time. What'd you do it for? You knew there wan't any bloodhounds after you really. Jolly! did n't your heels fly!" and, overcome by the glee of the recollection, he gave way to unfeeling laughter.

This lack of sympathy, though sad, was only what one expected as a matter of course. Boys, for some inscrutable reason, were made like that. It might be that, in the fullness of time, I should by some indirect and unacknowledged method become convinced that my brother felt sorrow for my plight, but not by any indication here and now. Nor would his regret prevent him from speeding me to fresh undoing when occasion offered.

All this I had already learned to look upon as a part of that inscrutable and unalterable partiality for boys to which one must constantly look forward from the Being who created them. The curse of Eden, which was mentioned familiarly in my Sunday school lessons, was somehow mixed up in it. One loved boys, one yearned after them, one yielded them admiring obedience, and one paid the penalty. The author of one's woes walked away unmoved when the cataclysm came, freely shedding off responsibility, as my brother was doing now.

"You'll catch it," he suggested soothingly, "when Miss Sophia sees what didoes you've been cutting up."

I did not catch it, except as I suffered vicariously from the anathemas pronounced upon my companion in sin; and, sitting in my little armchair before the fire, after I had been dried and comforted, I wrestled simultaneously with the unfortunate piece of knitting which Miss Sophia presented to me as an appropriately feminine task, and the unsolved and unsolvable problems of sex.

Why should things which were right, or at least comparatively unproved, in my brother, be wrong in me?

Why was he endowed with a ceaseless and indisputable advantage over me by birthright alone, and not in the working out of any moral law?

Yet even while these questions struggled in my breast, I knew that there was a fascination for me in my brother's tyranny, that when he returned at noon I should voluntarily place my neck under the yoke once more, should wax triumphant

phant under his smile, and wither drearily when it pleased him to frown.

All this puzzling condition of things resulted somehow from the first few chapters of *Genesis*; and, while I felt the irony of my destiny, reasoned dimly over it, sometimes struggled against it, was full of budding theories about it, there were candid moments when I acknowledged to myself that, perhaps, take it for all in all, I would not change it if I could.

To one who had thus early in life accepted her fate as a female creature, there was nothing which fatally affected Montaigne's charm as a writer in the mere fact that he had never chanced to conceive of women as beings possessed of souls. From first to last he strove mightily to be fair to a sex for the existence of which he felt no intellectual and scarcely any domestic necessity; nor do I think the fact that several of his wisest essays were addressed to women materially disproves this statement. He used these favored fair ones simply as pegs on which to hang his ever-flowing draperies of thought.

He went toward marriage with the quality of cheerful alacrity which would have inspired a journey to the whipping-post. "Might I have had my own will," he tells us, "I would not have married Wisdom herself, if she would have had me." No quainter piece of polite literature can be found than the letter which our philosopher addressed to his wife as a kind of necessary compliment on the occasion of the death of an only daughter. And the alacrity with which he relegates to Plutarch the task of consoling her in her affliction testifies to the entire consistency of his habitual claim that the dignity of marriage is best subserved when a husband refrains from becoming too fond of his wife. Even in view of this consideration, however, such a brief and refrigerated epistle suggests an amazing degree of reticence in a writer who needs only the turning of a faucet to enable him to pour forth a quenchless stream of ideas on any and every subject, from thumbs to immortality.

In point of fact, Montaigne, though endlessly capable of sentiment, possessed absolutely no sentimentality. With all his social instinct, his vivacity of spirit, his kind-heartedness even, other human creatures existed for him rather as foils, by contrast with whose qualities he might the better study his own, than as necessary companions. His masculine fibre was not inconsistent with an inexhaustible degree of that personality of application which is wont to be considered as mainly a feminine attribute. In a world of revolution and turmoil, boiling passions and limitless indulgence, this tranquil philosopher sat peacefully in his tower, turning the inner light of his many-sided intelligence on the mental, moral, and physical evolution of Michel de Montaigne. That inner consciousness of his was a key that interpreted the human world, and the reader of his rambling, egotistical, inconsequent pages finds them veined with the lifeblood of a man who embodied in himself the varied humanity of men. Nothing that concerned Montaigne was uninteresting to himself. Nothing that related to himself seemed to him to be either common or unclean, and by that alembic of good faith he cleansed his plain-speaking of evil intent.

"Authors have hitherto communicated themselves to the people by some particular and foreign mark," he says; "I, the first of any, by my universal being; as Michel de Montaigne, not as a grammarian, a poet, or a lawyer. . . . I have this, at least, according to rule, that never any man treated of a subject he better understood and knew, than I what I have undertaken, in which I am the most understanding man alive." When I first began to deluge myself with Montaigne's candor, I wondered if half the pretenses and reserves in which we entrench ourselves were not unnecessary ones, — if a state of society in which one could say what one meant, strip off disguises, go straight for the goal, would not be an ideal one; but having, a little later, spent a summer in a country neighborhood

where reserves were not the fashion, I arrived at the conclusion that absolute limpidity can flourish acceptably only in that future existence where a popular hymn assures us that we may expect "to know as we are known." Indeed, one trembles a little when one thinks of results that may accrue in that blissful spot. Even Montaigne's transparency has been enriched not a little by the process of crystallization which it has been undergoing for three hundred years.

For myself, I care not at all for the many discussions which have been waged by many critics concerning Montaigne's religious attitude, his skepticism, the worth or worthlessness of his philosophy, whether he did or did not believe in the dogma of Christianity. All these problems, the solution of which must depend so much upon phrasings, interpretations, and discriminations concerning terms, fade into insignificance before the picture, limned by his own hand on that three-century-old canvas, of Michel de Montaigne, the man who had "the stuff in him."

That phrase — "the stuff in him" — has an especial and abiding significance for me, on account of a bygone tale which I am not going to be too modest to mention. Once upon a time, a sufficient number of years ago, I chanced to spend a week at an island camp owned by a wooden-faced old general who had led a desperate but successful charge during the Civil War. He was the sort of general to whom desperate charges might naturally be entrusted, because he belonged to the species of human catapult that, once launched, becomes incapable of deflection.

In these piping times of angelic meekness, we are all hurrahing for an eternal peace; but in that bygone day of which I write, a few bloody-minded persons still survived whose pulses could be stirred by the thought of those mistaken but well-meaning heroes of the past, —

who, deadly hurt, agen
Flashed on afore the charge's thunder,

Tippin' with fire the bolt of men
Thet rived the Rebel line asunder.

That old general's gimlet-eyed but unrevealing gaze pierced all the joints of my armor, and penetrated my soul with a sense of my many deficiencies; but, on the last day of my stay, as the ancient warrior and myself, alone on the sad sea sand, were presiding over a mighty kettle of clams, he surprised me with a hollow whisper which filled my heart with joy, and made me feel that I had been brevetted on the field of battle. "You've got the stuff in you!" — that was what the Valiant One pronounced, and many a time thereafter on the ceaseless battlefield of life the stuff in me would have been much poorer stuff than it proved, had I not remembered the obligation which bound me to live up to that old general's accolade.

Montaigne, "a sufficient man, sufficient throughout," needed no man's accolade. Open his pages anywhere, — for he is above all things an author to be read at random, — and through all his meanderings, his whimsicalities, his posturings, one finds in him that quality of sturdy manhood which may be built on the bed rock of clear sense, of judgment far outrunning the age in which he lived, of probity that could not be tampered with, of courage that hesitated through indolence alone, never through cowardice, — and such sturdy manhood in this world is pretty good stuff out of which to manufacture sturdy angelhood in a world to come.

If, in the chances and changes of the transition that comes to the humblest of us, I should some day find the Happy Isles; if, led by his hate for the "grosseries" of this life, my friend, the "habitual thraveler," should, all unaware, in some golden hour stray over the boundary which separates the earthly road from the heavenly, it may be that we shall meet at last upon a so-lovely paradisiacal pathway,

"And there by some celestial stream, as pure,"
compare notes as to what divine trans-

figurations three hundred years of immortality have wrought in the "quality and humor" which made up the mortal stuff of Michel de Montaigne. To be endlessly interesting is not a bad recommendation,

even for a seraph. One hopes, indeed, that a tedious angel is an impossible being; yet one trembles when one remembers the material of which saints — so-called — are made.

A SKETCH IN BLACK AND WHITE

II

BY "FRANK CLAYTON"

SOME five years before I was born — my mother has often told me the story — there came to our country home, one Sunday morning, a black woman of unmixed blood. She was dressed in her Sunday clothes: homespun dress, neat white apron, the traditional handkerchief tied around her head, concealing the hair, and stout shoes. There was a general air of cleanness about her. Her face was good and pleasant to look at; but she seemed weak, not to say feeble, and asked permission to sit down at once. She was evidently far advanced in that state in which "women love to be who love their lords;" only, poor thing, she had no lord, except the Allseeing One above. My mother had seen her before, and knew her. Her name was Elsie. She belonged to a neighbor of ours some three miles up the creek, — a kind master enough in things material, but a rough diamond, a cursing, swearing, noisy fellow, with no wife, and no white woman on his premises. His people took their tone from him. It was a godless place. The woman, Elsie, had no kith or kin among his negroes. The father of her child, a turbulent fellow, had been sold to go south, and the woman was alone and half sick. She had come to beg my mother to ask my father to buy her. — "Mr. Briggs will sell me cheap," she said, "for I ain't wuth much to him, an' I won't never be well no mo'." She went on to plead that she dreaded

to die in that heathenish place, and to leave the expected baby to such bringing up. She had come down to our place once or twice on Sundays to visit some of our people, and had seen my mother assemble the black children under the big mulberry tree, and teach them from the Bible and the catechism. She wanted her baby among them. "Oh, Miss Kate," she said, "beg Mr. Clayton to buy me. I won't cost much, an' I kin sew an' do housework, an' Momma Sally say I kin stay in her cabin; an' my baby, when he come, will be wuth money to you, for he daddy was a big, strong man." It was curious, my mother said, how she took it for granted that the unborn child was to be a boy. My mother was greatly moved, and yet she could not see her way. "I am very sorry for you, Elsie," she began, "but" — "Oh, Miss Kate, Miss Kate," broke in the woman. It was too much for my mother's tender heart. She promised to do all she could, and Elsie departed, with the understanding that she was to come again the next Sunday. It could have but one ending, with my mother enlisted on the woman's side. My father demurred. He had obligations to meet. He had more negroes already than he wanted. He could not buy all the women in the country who were dissatisfied with their surroundings, and so forth. But in the end, he bought Elsie.

In due time a little black roly-poly of a

baby put in an appearance in Momma Sally's cabin. It was a boy. The *Pickwick Papers* were then in course of publication, and my father said he should be called Samuel Weller, and under that name he was duly baptized in the parish church, my father and mother and the old negro sexton being his sponsors. The mother did not live long. The little black flourished, and grew apace. My mother, who had always a peculiar feeling for him, and who feared that his mother's feeble condition might show itself in the child, had special attention paid to his food and quarters. As he advanced in the walking and talking age, she kept him a good deal about her, and, very early in his life, began to instruct him in the church catechism and other matters pertaining to his soul's health. Finding his little black noddle quick to apprehend, she violated the law of the land by teaching him his letters at odd times, and showed him how to make them with a pencil on a slate. As soon as he could toddle, he fell into a way of following my mother about like a little black dog, and as he grew older his attachment for her increased, until he came to regard her as a kind of goddess; as well he might.

When he was some six or seven years old, my sister took a fancy to him. She made a kind of page of him, and dressed him fancifully in that character. He was an honest and truthful little devil, as negroes go. That is to say, he never stole, and, except under considerable pressure, would not lie. But withal he was careless, negligent, and an idler, as all negroes are, in a state of nature, and my sister had sometimes occasion to punish him. My mother counseled her to take a switch to him, but she said she could not. "Besides," said my sister, "whip my page!" It was a thing not to be thought of. But something had to be done, and at last old Mrs. Winter, an English lady of the neighborhood, suggested out of her experience a mode of punishment which, so far as I know, nobody ever heard of before or since, and which my sister adopted. She

made Sam take assafoetida whenever he misbehaved, the theory being that the drug was wholesome and could do no harm, while its detestable smell and taste were supposed to make it a sufficiently severe punishment for a child. And so it appeared to be. Sam stood in mortal terror of his dose, and sputtered and cried, and made much ado. But my dear sister had forgotten about the tobacco habit and such like acquired tastes, and it never occurred to her that Sam might acquire the assafoetida habit. But he did. The little rascal came to love the stuff, and would commit the offense for the sake of getting it. He cleverly kept up his sputtering resistance, and so deceived his mistress that she would not have found him out, if his own sense of the fun of the thing had not betrayed him. This little episode, after all, is not so remarkable as I thought it at the time; for I afterwards met more than one person who had a liking for the drug, and my Massachusetts friend tells me it is an ingredient in sundry fancy dishes.

In the meantime, I had been born, and, at the time of this novel use of the drug aforesaid, had attained the age of about two years. A year or two later, when I was old enough to get about, my sister resigned Sam to me, and he was made my special attendant and guardian. We played together in the white sand, and round about the orchard and grove. As I advanced in age, we made voyages of discovery up the creek and into the woods. We had many sage conversations, and Sam told me many stories of the *Uncle Remus* sort, which he had picked up from his elders; and sang for my edification Ethiopian melodies, generally of a humorous character. As, for example, with strong accent on "my:"—

"My name's Sam, an' I don't care a dam,

An' I rudder be a nigger dan a poor white man."

He sung out these words pretty much as a young cock might crow, and generally followed them with a double summerset (we did not call it "somersault") in the

sand. I listened to this profane ditty with doubtful ears. "Sam," said I, "I don't think that's a good song."

"Why not?" says Sam. "Missis say you mus n' take de Lord's name in vain, dat's all. Dam don't mean noth'n, an' it sound putty."

This last word he pronounced, not as you call the stuff you put in glass with, but *u* as in "put." I could not deny that it sounded "putty," and we kept the matter, as we did many controverted points, for future reference to my mother.

I suppose that the experience of every person who has left the home of his childhood before he was grown, and tries to recall it again to his memory after many years, is about the same, as regards the bigness of things. The distances seem greater, the grounds more extensive, the streams wider. Everything seems on a larger scale than the reality. By the same trick of the human mind, the years of one's childhood seem longer, and more in number. My imagination draws the picture of a long succession of happy summers in "that sweet and blessed country," instead of the four brief years from the time that Sam and I were respectively four and nine years old to the period when we were eight and thirteen, or thereabout.

At this time certain things happened. My father had an elder brother, my "Uncle Jack." This brother had married in early life the daughter of a rice and cotton planter of the low country, who had died, leaving him a large estate (as estates went in those days), and one son, who was at this time absent at a German university. My uncle had not married again. He lived on his plantation in winter, with no household except his servants, headed by the old mulatto "mammy" who acted as his housekeeper; but, being a hospitable man, his roomy house was generally full of young people, mostly young men of his kin, who went down for the shooting and fishing. Sometimes, too, he would have my sister there, that her music and general loveliness might

have a civilizing influence on his household full of boisterous young blades. Uncle Jack was not like my father. He was more a man of the world. He was a tall, dark, soldierly man, with something of a Roman nose, and a grizzled mustache,—a good deal like the pictures of Colonel Newcome, in the old editions of Thackeray. He was an imperious-looking man, and, indeed, was much inclined to have his own way. I liked him, though, all the same. He knew the way to a boy's heart. He gave me a pony, and was always jingling loose silver in his pocket. He had a way of tipping the servants, too, in a careless and lordly fashion, but had none of my father's kindly friendliness of manner toward them. On the whole, however, everybody liked him, and he was always a welcome guest. His visit on this particular summer I have occasion specially to remember. It was, as I have said, when Sam was between twelve and thirteen years old, and I some five years younger.

One evening, on the piazza, Uncle Jack said to my father, "Alfred, that boy Sam is a superb youngster. He is just what I want,—a little too young, but that's a good fault. I can bring him up to suit me. I want him about the house. Ben is getting too old." This sounded ominous enough; but worse was coming, when Uncle Jack went on to propose to buy Sam, telling my father he would not stand on the price, within reasonable limits. I was relieved, however, when my father put him off with a jest, telling him he had better not make any such proposition in my mother's presence. Uncle Jack laughed, and dropped the matter for the time. But he was a persistent man, and not accustomed to be balked, and I was uneasy. I could see his keen, dark eye resting upon the boy frequently. I could see, too, that he was making friends with Sam, probably foreseeing that the question as to his sale would depend eventually on his own consent, as my father would never sell him against his own wish. The boy was

as my uncle said, a superb fellow, well grown for his age, sound as a dollar, and a beautiful combination of strength and activity. His intelligence was unusual for a negro; his temper admirable. The only trace of the slave in his fine, honest, cheerful face was a certain appealing look which is frequently to be observed in the negro countenance. Perhaps it is his heritage from the lash laid upon his ancestors by the superior race. Certainly, in his own person Sam had never had to shrink from a blow. It goes without saying that I begged my father not to sell the boy away from me. He told me that he would not; but I have always suspected that Uncle Jack departed with some sort of understanding that possibly, later on, my own and my mother's consent might be obtained.

The story of the life of a boy of eight, or ten, or twelve years, in a quiet home in a civilized country, could not easily be made entertaining to my friend from Massachusetts, or anybody else. The fact that he lived fifty years ago, and in one of the late Confederate states, does not make him at all the more interesting. It may be briefly said, therefore, that I was not sent to school early; that my mother taught me the usual child's learning in English, and a little French; that my father instructed me in the beginning of Latin and Greek; that my friend Ellick initiated me into the delights of 'possum and coon hunting; and that, under the guidance of my sister, I learned to love music more and more. I waxed fond of books, and read everything in sight, whether I understood it or not, from the Rollo Books, and *Sanford and Merton*, and Miss Edgeworth, up to the big Shakespeare with the pictures. I even tackled Josephus and the Koran; and reveled especially in a noble edition of the *Iliad*, with pictures, in outline only, of the Greek and Trojan heroes, and Helen, and Andromache, and Briseïs and Chryseïs.

I do not wish to create the impression that there was anything extraordinarily

literary about my home. It was only that I was the son of a country gentleman, a university man, who, while not averse to field sports, was fond of books and music, and had collected something of a library. In the changes and chances of war and reconstruction, it is nearly all scattered and gone now; but by the blessing of God I inherited his tastes; and the influences of such a boyhood, simple as it was, ingrained into one's nature, may save him in later years from becoming a mere draught ox, in the sordid struggle for food and shelter. They will build for him an inner temple into which he may retire and worship when the day's work is done. I have always been sorry for boys growing up, as so many of them do now, in this Southern country, without the companionship of books. Poor little devils! they are at work, selling papers, or behind the counters of stores, or at one thing or another, when they ought to be lying in the shade, reading the *Arabian Nights*, if any genuine edition of that glorious work can be found in these days of reform and expurgation.

I had grown old enough now to ride about the country alone, and was accustomed to be sent to town on my pony after the mail, or upon one errand or another. Out of one of these rides arose the only incident that I remember of that period, that would interest my friend. My road to town lay, most of it, through the pine woods; an open, sandy, pleasant country enough. A part of it, however, perhaps half a mile, ran through the swamp which stretched on both sides of the creek of which I have spoken. It was a long causeway, or "corduroy" road, as generally called. It was a lonely, uncanny-looking place, dark even at midday with the dense growth of the swamp on either side, — bays, a sort of swamp laurel, and other trees, with here and there a cypress. The air was heavy with the overpowering scent of the yellow jessamine and other flowers. The foliage was so thick that one could not see his horse's length into the swamp. It was supposed

to be the resort of the more incorrigible class of runaway negroes, such as were advertised in the newspapers of that day under the heading, "Ten dollars reward. Run away from the subscriber, negro man Cato," etc.; the description following, and the advertisement headed with a woodcut of a man running, with a stick on his shoulder and a bundle at the end of it. These were mostly harmless truants, though occasionally there might be a dangerous character among them. Altogether, I did not fancy that part of my way, and generally rode through it as fast as the slippery poles would allow. On this particular afternoon I was on my way to town, my pony picking his way over the uncertain footing, when suddenly he started, and sprang aside so suddenly as nearly to unseat me. At the same time a negro stepped into the road in front of me.

"I ax your pardon, young marster," he said; "I did n't go for to skear your horse. I jes' wanted to ax a little favor of you."

I was reassured by this not unfriendly greeting, and took note of the man's appearance. He was rather tall, very ragged, of a gingerbread color, carried a gun, and had the indescribable appearance of a hunted man. There was a negro at large at this time, who was wanted for murder, having brained another negro with an axe. His name was Hannibal. Sam knew him and had talked to me of him, and I had seen his description in the town paper. I took this to be the man.

"Is n't your name Hannibal?" I said.

"And what if it is, young marster; you would n' want to help 'em ketch a poor crittur like me, would you?"

I was smitten with pity, and told him I would not. He proceeded to tell me that he had seen me before, passing, and knew who I was. He said he had stopped me to ask if I would bring him a plug of tobacco as I came back, and say nothing about it; "though I reckon they'll git me anyhow," he added. He

said he had no money. I told him I would bring the tobacco and not tell of it.

I tried very hard to get back before the shades of evening set in; but when I met him, at the same place, it was twilight. He was profuse in his thanks and blessings, negro fashion, and I rode home full of my secret, and feeling myself an adventurous young fellow. I kept my word with him, not even telling Sam; but the story soon ended in tragedy. The sheriff caught him, and he was convicted and executed in the prompt manner of those days. At the gallows he was allowed to make a little speech, and, as is customary with negro criminals, he announced that his spiritual condition was satisfactory, and that he was sure the Almighty Judge "would have mercy on him."

I read this account to Sam, from the paper, telling him how I had met Hannibal. It was on the sandy bank at the old mill.

"Marse Frank," said Sam, digging his toe into the sand in a meditative way, "you reckon God done it?"

"Did what?" said I.

"Tuk mussy on him," said Sam.

I said I hoped so.

"Ef I'd er been God, I'd er done it," said Sam.

I told him my mother had said we had best not speculate on these matters.

"What do spek 'late mean?" said Sam.

I felt my inability to pursue the subject, and took refuge, as usual, in telling him we would ask my mother.

"I reckon," says Sam, still pursuing the thread of his thought, "dat's how come a spek'later sich a bad man."

It is necessary to know that "speculator" was the common name applied to the traders in negroes of whom I have spoken, detested by blacks, and held in small esteem by whites. Sam's mind was evidently muddled, and the incident is only worth recording in that it illustrates the boy's straightforward nature, in his naïve comparison of himself with the

Judge of all the earth. This impressed me at the time, and was recalled to me afterwards by a kinsman telling me he had seen in a churchyard in Aberdeen, Scotland, the following epitaph:—

Here lies I, Martin Elmrod;
Have mercy on my soul, gude God,
As I would have gin I were God,
And thou wert Martin Elmrod.

It is hard to imagine a more pitiful appeal to Omnipotence.

I must have been some nine or ten years old when I met Hannibal in the swamp. The doings of the next two or three years offer little of interest. I was sent to a very excellent school in the town, and afterwards to a more advanced one, to be prepared for the university.

This brings me to my fifteenth year. In September of this year Uncle Jack made us the most memorable of his visits. He sent up, this time, his carriage and horses, and a saddle horse, but no groom. He asked that he might have Sam to attend his commands, and the boy accordingly was his driver in his visits about the country. Everybody liked him, and he was much wined and dined.

Sam had fulfilled the promise of his youth. Physically and morally, there could not have been a finer specimen of the unmixed negro race. Under my mother's influence he had been confirmed by the bishop at his last visitation. I was at home at the time. Now, Sam was no saint after the order of Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom." If he had been, I should have much mistrusted him. He doubtless had the failings of humanity, especially of black humanity. But there was no malice in his transparent soul. Moreover, he could "say the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments," and answer the other questions according to the rubric; so the bishop confirmed him, along with some half-dozen others, in the parish church. These annual confirmations of the negroes always interested me; and I remember well that, as the bishop laid his hands on Sam's black head, with the beautiful words so

familiar to every Churchman, I had an uncomfortable recollection of the insufficient answer of Cain to the inquiry of his Maker. I sent for the boy to come to my room, and talked with him late into the night.

One of the most delightful creations of the great Sir Walter is Cuthbert Headrigg, called "Cuddy." "My leddy," says Cuddy, "canna weel bide to be contradickit;" and adds quaintly, "and ye ken, naebody does, if they could help themselves." My uncle Jack was much like Lady Margaret, and, indeed, might well have been the brother of that stubborn old female cavalier. I could gather from scraps of talk that he had by no means given up his wish to own Sam. He had set his heart on him, as a man of means will sometimes take a fancy to a horse or dog. My father was reluctant, mainly on my mother's account. The truth was, though my uncle was not aware of it, that my father needed money, perhaps to meet the expense of sending me to the university. My mother knew this, and was silent. She spoke to me, and I held my peace. One morning, after our early breakfast, the brothers sat on the long piazza, smoking,—my father with his pipe, Uncle Jack with his cigar. This little difference in their tastes, trifling but suggestive, ran through all their ways, and marked the contrast between them no less than did the dissimilarity of physique: my Saxon-looking father, with quiet manners and plain and simple tastes; his tall, dark Norman brother, with dominating ways, and liking for handsome dress and expensive luxuries. "Look at them," said my sister. "Don't they look like Cedric and Brian de Bois Guilbert?" The comparison was not fair. My dear sister was a little inclined to be haughty herself, and did not like our uncle as I did. They were, however, good types, each of his class: the up-country planter, of few slaves, small responsibilities, and easy-going life, and the wealthier slave-owner of the low country, with more upon his shoulders, and al-

most of necessity something of a martinet.

They were continuing a conversation. My uncle was saying, "I will give you a check for eighteen hundred for him." I knew now what they were talking about. The market value of a first-class negro field hand, at that time, in our part of the country, was, say, twelve to fifteen hundred dollars, the latter an extreme. In the Southwest, where new lands were being opened, it was much higher. I remember, at the university in 1859, hearing a fellow student from Arkansas say that his father had paid eighteen hundred and five dollars, at an auction in Memphis, for an unusually fine negro.

My father was silent for a moment. "Well," he said at last, "if the boy will tell me he is willing to go to you, and you will give me your word to treat him kindly, and"—

"I treat *all* my negroes well," interrupted my uncle, with his chin and his Roman nose and his gray mustache in the air.

"I know, Jack, I know. You feed them, and clothe them, and all that. But Kate has a feeling for this boy that you can hardly understand"—

"Alfred," broke in my uncle, a little impatiently, "you know I never liked the way you up-country people treat your negroes. You allow your children to make companions of them. You spoil them. You have no discipline, properly so called. You don't seem to be awake to the situation. Here are these d—d abolitionists flooding the country with their papers"—

"Oh, the devil fly away with the abolitionists," put in my father. "Don't let's get upon them. I am tired talking of them. I believe all this matter of the dissemination of New England literature among negroes has been greatly exaggerated, both as to its extent and as to the danger resulting. I have never heard of a single tract or paper about here. I don't concern myself about it. So far as my people are concerned, I have no fear for them.

I think I should be willing, by way of test, that they should send their best speaker down here,—say Wendell Phillips himself; I'd like to see him, anyhow. I would assemble my people out there in the grove, and he should speak to them. And when he had finished, I would say to them, 'You have all heard what this gentleman has to say. Now, if any of you want to go off with him to Yankee-doodledom, just say so, and you shall go without interruption.' I'll bet you Sam against the sorriest hand on your plantation that not one of them would stir."

"You would be a fool for your pains," said Uncle Jack; "I would make no such proposition to my people."

"Then," said my father, rising from his seat, "it would appear that my mode of government yields the better result. But here's Sam with the horses. We'll ride over to Colonel Elliott's, and bring him back to dinner; and we'll have some whist and some music."

The end of it was that Uncle Jack bought Sam. I don't think that, even with his free use of money, he would have gained the boy's consent, if Sam had not found out, I don't know how, that his purchase money would be of service to "Marster." This, with my uncle's promise that he should see us every summer, and that he should not be sold again unless back to us, turned the scale.

I am glad to remember that, having completed this transaction, my uncle prolonged his stay with us late into the fall, and seemed loath to leave us. I thought, too, that his manner was becoming more gentle. He made friends with my sister; and I sometimes observed him looking wistfully at my mother's sweet face, as if he were thinking how much better it would be if he had some feminine presence on the other side of his own hearthstone at home. He was beginning to show his age, and his mustache was growing nearly white; though his figure was erect, and he sat his horse as much like a field marshal as ever.

The Christmas holidays were drawing

near when he went down into the low country, carrying Sam with him. My mother and I sat and talked together in the twilight. "It is like selling Joseph into Egypt," she said.

"I was thinking of it," said I. "I hope Pharaoh will be kind to him." Uncle Jack would have made a very fair Pharaoh, and I had forgotten that it was not to the king that Joseph was sold, but to his chief of police.

I never saw my uncle again. His health began to fail, and he remained much at home. He visited my father once, or perhaps twice, but I was absent at the university. He died early in 1860. I lift my hat to his knightly memory. I have often been thankful that it pleased God to take the gallant gentleman from the evil to come. He was not of the kind to bear defeat and humiliation with philosophy. We cannot all be saints and heroes at the same time, like Colonel Newcome and General Lee.

Of the earlier part of my life at the University it is doubtful if I could say anything that would interest my friend, however delightful its memories may be to me. It was a lovely old place, where a man could learn as much or as little as he chose. He might burn the midnight oil, and fill himself full of more or less profitable learning; or he might take the wiser course, and lounge along through the beautiful walks and under the great oaks, indulging his taste for the classics in the libraries and debating societies, absorbing a little Latin and Greek, and managing, through the good-nature of his professors, to pull through in the mathematics and other drudgeries which are the delight of those curious people who love labor for labor's sake. Here were assembled some six hundred young men, from all parts of the South, and of the flower of her youth.

The men of the Southwest, most of them rich, and perhaps most of them idle and fun-loving, were thoroughly good fellows, much given to the pranks and frolics common to college boys every-

where; painting the professors' horses, and installing a belligerent ram in the lecture room, that his warlike front might oppose itself to the learned doctor on his entrance in the morning. Sometimes, but not often, they were seriously riotous. It is pitiful and glorious to think of them, almost, as it might be, on the morrow, pouring out their priceless young blood like water; charging into the thickets of Shiloh; scaling the heights of Gettysburg.

The men from the upper tier of states were, as a rule, more sedate. Their hats were less broad of brim, and worn less on one side. With less wealth, generally speaking, they seemed to have more thought of the coming responsibilities of life. In recalling these men now, the thought has come to me that many of them, in cast of mind, mode of thought, and general make-up, differed as widely from their brethren of the far South as they did from the men of the North whom I came to know familiarly in later years. A larger proportion of these applied themselves to books, and from their ranks came the majority of scholars and of the more thoughtful students. There was abundance, therefore, of any kind of society that one might choose, — or he could mix it, as most of us did.

In truth, it was a golden time in the passing. In the retrospect it looks like a fool's paradise, soon to be rudely disturbed.

As we advanced in the year 1860, the vision which rises to my mind's eye is of vivid and surpassing interest. We stood in the shadow of the great war, the first gun of which is to end these rambling lines. It is strange how writing of these days brings them back as fresh as yesterday. The dead and the living rise as the spectral figures before Macbeth: Creoles from Louisiana, fiery youngsters, speaking French more fluently than English, declaiming the speeches of Mirabeau in the society halls; hot-headed youth from the great cotton states, already, almost to a man, declaring for war, and confident of its result. The large delegation from

Tennessee, North Carolina, and Virginia was of mixed political complexion, — some consorting with the Hotspurs of the lower country, others, the sons of Whig fathers, and taking the color of their more conservative views, giving up slowly and with unwilling hearts their ingrained love for the Union and for the stars and stripes, hoping for peace, and willing to exhaust all honorable means to avert war. There were hot debates, and an occasional fight. But all were ready to meet the issue, if it must come, without fear, and with that superb and supreme confidence in the ability of himself and his brethren to stand up against any conceivable odds which was so striking a characteristic of the Southerner of that day.

War had to come. It came. And nineteen out of every twenty of these young sons of their fathers followed the meteor flag of the Confederacy; and one out of every four bequeathed

“His ashes to his native land,
His gallant soul to God.”

My friend will give me a line here in which to pay to the memory of these men my tribute of undying love. This feeling of absolute, perhaps overweening, confidence, to which I have referred as pervading all sorts and conditions of men in the South at the outbreak of the great war, is worth a passing notice; the more as it has been made the subject of much adverse criticism. My friend will observe that I am not here discussing the question as to what substantial ground there may have been for this feeling. I am only saying that it was there, as a matter of fact, and, as she desired a picture of Southern life, I have given this as one of its noticeable features. I remember it very distinctly. The creating cause of so marked an idiosyncrasy is not obvious; but, as it existed, there must have been a philosophical reason for it, else why should it have been a Southern trait more than a Northern one? I suggest that we owed it, as we did certain fortunate peculiarities of our feminine society to which I have adverted, to the institution of slavery. This made

every white man more or less of an aristocrat, there being an inferior race under him. It accustomed him to command and to be obeyed. Its tendency was to make him bold, resolute, and self-reliant, even if there was danger of its making him somewhat arrogant and overbearing. Also, the habit of command teaches one the virtue and necessity of obedience. If all this be true, it follows that the Southern man started out with some of the points of a soldier already engrafted in him, and to that extent had the advantage of his adversary. As the war advanced, this difference was, perhaps, lessened; and before it was over, we both knew each other better; and there would be no discourtesy now in presenting to our gallant friends, the enemy, the proposition that, in the spring of 1861, both sides being entirely unacquainted with practical war, an army officered by Southern men would naturally have been a better fighting machine than one officered by Northern men. I make the remark with the less hesitation, that, if I remember aright, that fine soldier, General Schofield, has recently expressed something like the same opinion.

In the spring of 1861, I entered the Confederate army as a private in one of the finest regiments of infantry in the service, and served to the end. With this little bit of history, the work which my friend asked of me — that I would try to give her some idea of the life of the average Southern gentleman “before the war” — is done. I cannot hope that it has given her half the pleasure that it has given me to travel again this old road. It seems so long ago, — so much longer than it is. I don’t know why this is so, unless it be that so many of the actors in the times I have been dealing with, who would not now be older than I, and some who would be younger, have passed away. I remain with the minority, a lonely old bachelor, but not a melancholy one. A man may still have his whist and his punch of winter nights, his book at all times, the church

and the Book of Common Prayer on Sundays, and, God be thanked, a few congenial spirits with whom he can quarrel in an amicable way, — more by token that my friend from Massachusetts tells me she has no present intention of returning to that bleak Puritan region, in which, by some strange perversity in the ordering of things, she appears to have

been born. Again I offer her my humble homage, and again Mr. Thackeray's lines come into my head, with their quaint and fascinating picture of reminiscent content:—

Gillian's dead, God rest her bier.
Marian's married, but I sit here,
Alone and merry at sixty year,
Dipping my nose in the Gascon wine.

CONSTITUTION-MENDING AND THE INITIATIVE

BY FRANK FOXCROFT

THE equal-suffrage referendum which is to be taken in Oregon this month, together with several others of minor importance, has an interest wholly independent of the question immediately at issue. That has been so fully discussed of late years that there is little new to be said on either side. In Oregon it was thoroughly threshed out six years ago, when an equal-suffrage amendment to the state constitution was submitted to the people in the old method, and was defeated at the polls.

But the Oregon referendum derives special significance from the fact that it is the first attempt in American political history to amend the constitution of a state by the direct initiative of the people, and without any intervention by the legislature. It is no new thing to apply the principle of the referendum to state and local questions. The submission of any constitutional amendment to ratification or rejection by the people is itself a referendum. But the new process in Oregon is unique in this: that the initiative is not in the legislature, but with the people. Hitherto, if one principle more than another has found universal acceptance, it is that the fundamental law of the nation and of the states should be secure against abrupt and ill-considered change. In the state of Oregon itself, prior to the adop-

tion of the initiative-referendum amendment to the constitution in 1902, time and deliberation were required for amending the constitution. When a resolution proposing an amendment was introduced in a legislature, it was referred to a committee. Hearings were had upon it, and the proposal was fully discussed in all its bearings, first in the committee, and later in each branch of the legislature. When it came before the legislature for action, it was defeated unless it received the votes of a majority of each house, and this not merely a majority of those voting, but of all the members elected. If it passed this ordeal, it must be approved by similar majorities in the next legislature before it was sent to the people. There were other checks upon hasty action. Only two amendments could be submitted to the people at any given election. For ratification, it was required that an amendment should receive a majority, not alone of the votes cast upon the proposition, but of the electors voting at the election. At the election in 1900, the vote on the equal-suffrage amendment was: affirmative, 26,265; negative, 28,402. But if these figures had been reversed, the amendment would have been defeated notwithstanding: for the number of votes cast for justice of the Supreme Court at the same election was 81,950. The ratification of

the amendment, therefore, would have required an affirmative vote of 40,976.

If the friends of equal suffrage in Oregon were working now under the old system, they could not, under the most favorable conditions, achieve their end before June, 1910. Their proposal would have to run the gauntlet of the legislature convening in January, 1907, and again of that convening in January, 1909, and could not be submitted to the people until the general election in June, 1910. Contrast with this the speed attained under the initiative-referendum. All that is required to set the machinery of amending the constitution in motion is a petition signed by qualified electors to a number equal to eight per cent of the vote cast at the last preceding general election for justice of the Supreme Court. In the present instance, this number was 9,904. The petitioners, under the constitution, had until February 4 to file their petitions; and the whole process, from that date to the day of the general election (after which, if a majority of those voting on the proposition vote in the affirmative, the amendment becomes immediately effective), requires only four months. This, certainly, is headlong speed in constitution-mending, and even those Americans who are not ultra-conservative may be pardoned if they feel a little nervous over the possibilities which it involves.

The initiative was applied to the direct enactment of laws in Oregon two years ago. The same number of voters are required as signers to the petitions as in the case of an amendment to the constitution. Three measures were thus brought before the people in June, 1904. One was a proposal for a direct-primary law; another, for a local-option law; and a third for the payment of a salary to the state printer instead of fees. The first two measures had been repeatedly defeated in the legislature; but they were enacted by the people at the polls, the first by a vote of more than 5 to 1, and the second by a vote of nearly 4 to 1. The third proposal was defeated.

The constitutionality of the initiative-referendum was affirmed by the Supreme Court of Oregon in December, 1903. The case was that of *Kaddery vs. Portland*, and the decision of the court may be found in the 44th volume of the *Oregon Reports*. The court dismissed summarily certain contentions which had been raised regarding the conditions under which the vote upon the ratification of the initiative-referendum amendment to the constitution had been taken; and, with regard to the contention that it was in violation of the provision of the Federal Constitution which guarantees a republican form of government to the states, it ruled that, under the amendment, the people had simply reserved to themselves a larger share of legislative power, but they had not overthrown the republican form of the government, or substituted another in its place. Incidentally, the court delivered itself of two opinions, which have attracted little attention, but which materially restrict the operation of the amendment, and suggest the possibility of interesting complications in the future. These opinions relate to the application of the initiative-referendum to the enactment of laws. The court ruled, first, that laws proposed and enacted by the people under the initiative clause of the amendment "are subject to the same constitutional limitations as other statutes, and may be amended or repealed by the legislature at will;" and, second, that the provision in the amendment to the effect that "the veto power of the governor shall not extend to measures referred to the people" must necessarily "be confined to the measures which the legislature may refer, and cannot apply to acts upon which the referendum may be invoked by petition." The court went on to say that, unless the governor has a right to veto any act submitted to him, except such as the legislature may specially refer to the people, "one of the safeguards against hasty or ill-advised legislation which is everywhere regarded as essential is removed

— a result manifestly not contemplated by the amendment.” It may be doubted whether the court, in the words just quoted, did not impute to the promoters of the Oregon initiative a larger measure of prudence and conservatism than they actually possessed. There is little reason to believe that they anticipated or desired that the initiative-referendum, as applied to direct legislation, should be subject to the veto of the governor or to amendment or repeal by the legislature. In confirmation of this view, it is to be noticed that the initiative-referendum amendment approved by the Montana legislature last year, and to be submitted to the vote of the people next November, expressly declares that “the veto power of the governor shall not extend to measures referred to the people by the legislative assembly, or by *initiative-referendum petitions*.” It is probable that the framers of the Oregon amendment believed that the phrase which they used gave them equal protection against executive interference.

One provision of the law enacted by the Oregon legislature in 1903, to make effective the initiative-referendum amendment, and to regulate elections under it, deserves all praise. Manifestly, if laws are to be enacted and state constitutions amended in this helter-skelter fashion, with all discussion by legislatures eliminated, it is important that some means should be taken to insure the enlightenment of voters regarding the measures upon which they are called to vote. Something may be done through public meetings, and something through the newspapers. But not all voters can be induced to attend public meetings, and not all habitually read the newspapers. In any political campaign in any state, any political party would be glad to be assured of an opportunity to place an argument in favor of its principles in the hands of every voter. Precisely this opportunity is afforded under the act of the Oregon legislature. Not less than three months before an election at which any

proposed law or amendment is to be submitted to the people, the secretary of state is required to cause to be printed a true copy of the title and text of each measure to be submitted, with its number and the form in which the question will be printed on the official ballot. The persons, committees, or duly authorized officers of any organization filing any petition for the initiative are given the right to place with the secretary of state, at least five months before the election, any pamphlets advocating such measure. Also, not less than four months before the election, any person, committee, or organization opposing any measure is given the right to place with the secretary of state for distribution pamphlets presenting arguments against the proposition. There are minute directions as to the size of the pamphlet pages, the size and form of type, and even the quality and weight of the paper; but if these conditions are complied with, and enough pamphlets are furnished to admit of giving one to every registered voter of the state, the law becomes mandatory upon the secretary of state. It is directed that he “shall cause one copy of each of said pamphlets to be bound in with his copy of the measures to be submitted as herein provided.” Nothing is left to the discretion or caprice of the secretary. The persons or committees interested in the pending propositions furnish their arguments, pro or con, suitably printed in sufficient number at their own cost, and the state does the rest. The pamphlets are distributed by the secretary of state to the county clerks, and by them to the registration officers, and it is made the duty of these officers, without additional compensation for the service, to give one of the pamphlets to every voter when he registers. In a state like Oregon, of comparatively sparse and scattered population, it is a great thing to be assured that every voter called upon to vote upon a proposed law or amendment shall have in his possession weeks before the vote is taken arguments carefully prepared by those most

interested, setting forth the reasons for and against the proposition. Even with these provisions, a certain advantage necessarily remains with those who propose the measure: for the organization necessary to enable them to secure the requisite number of signers to their petitions makes it easier for them — under ordinary circumstances — than for their opponents to prepare a pamphlet, and to meet the cost of printing more than one hundred thousand copies of it to place in the hands of the secretary of state. It is quite conceivable that the negative side might sometimes go by default, and the voters be furnished only with arguments for the affirmative. But this, at least, has not been the case as regards the pending question. The perplexed Oregon voter, called upon by passionate appeals to enfranchise the women of the state, was given by his registration officer a pamphlet of five pages urging upon him the demands of the women who want the ballot, and with it a pamphlet fully as earnest, and more than three times as long, presenting the case of those women, professing to speak for the majority of their sex, who not only do not want the ballot, but entreat men not to thrust it upon them, on the ground that to do so “would not only be an injustice to women, but would lessen their influence for good, and would imperil the community.” The pamphlet in the affirmative is presented by the Oregon Equal Suffrage Association, that in the negative by the Oregon State Association Opposed to the Extension of Suffrage to Women. Such a contrast and comparison of opposing views is at least educational, even if bewildering.

One obvious defect of the initiative is the absence of all supervision, or “editing,” of proposals. They may be crudely drawn, they may be mutually conflicting, but the measures proposed must be sent to the people in precisely the form in which they are filed. The proposals to be voted on in Oregon this month afford no less than three instances of such con-

fusion. The Willamette Development League proposes a bill to tax the gross earnings of telephone, telegraph, and express companies. The Grange proposes a similar bill. But in the first bill the tax is fixed at two per cent upon telegraph and express companies, and at one per cent upon telephone companies; while the other bill places it at three and two per cent respectively. What if both bills are adopted? The Development League, again, proposes a bill for levying a tax upon sleeping, dining, palace, oil, and refrigerator cars; the Grange proposes an altogether different method of levying such a tax. There is a wild conflict of opinion among lawyers as to the consequences if both bills should be adopted; and it is an open question whether the companies would not be compelled to pay a double tax. A third instance of direct conflict is found in two constitutional amendments, one proposed by the People's Power League, which puts the state printing wholly in the hands of the legislature, and one filed by the typographical unions, which makes the office a constitutional one, forbids all letting out of contracts, and looks to the ownership of a printing plant by the state. Confusion worse confounded would follow the adoption of both proposals.

Oregon was not the first state to incorporate the initiative and referendum in its constitution. South Dakota led the way in 1898. The process in that state, however, does not apply to amendment of the constitution, but to the enactment of laws. Five per cent of the electors may, by petition, require the legislature to enact any measure which they may propose, and to submit it to a referendum. A like number of electors may require the legislature to submit to a referendum any measure which it may, at its own initiative, have enacted. The Montana initiative-referendum amendment, now pending, expressly excepts proposals for amendment of the constitution from the operation of the system. The Missouri initiative-referendum amendment,

ratified by the people in 1904, admits of the amendment of the constitution by the initiative of the people, but is more severe in its requirements than the Oregon amendment. Ten per cent of the electors may, by signed petitions, require the legislature to submit to a referendum any measure which it may have enacted; fifteen per cent may propose any law or the amendment or repeal of any law, and require a referendum on its proposal; and twenty per cent may propose any amendment to the constitution, and demand its submission to the vote of the people. It is required further in each case that the designated proportion of electors shall be recorded in the petitions from each congressional district. This is a provision in the interest of conservatism; for, before the condition can be met, it is necessary that any proposal shall find favor with ten, fifteen, or twenty per cent of the voters in each district, and lack of interest in any congressional constituency cannot be offset by enthusiastic support in others. Only a desire widely diffused among the people would be able to overcome this obstacle.

The present is an off-year in state legislation. In most of the states, the legislatures meet biennially, in the odd-numbered years. In most of the legislatures in session this year, however, the initiative-referendum in some form has been under consideration. In one state, Maryland, the proposal has taken the extreme form of intrusting the initiative, not only in the enactment of laws, but in the amendment of the constitution, to only five per cent of the electors. It is perfectly safe to predict that, in the thirty-five or forty legislatures which will be in session next year, advocates of the initiative-referendum will hold the centre of the stage. Woman suffragists, prohibitionists, single-taxers, socialists, and other groups of

voters who despair of getting their special propositions through the legislatures, will combine to press the system of direct legislation and constitution-mending, which gives each of them a chance; and they will be reinforced by amiable theorists who are attracted by the idea of securing for the people a larger measure of power.

In some quarters, it is treated as a kind of treason to popular government to express doubt of the wisdom of such proposals. "Cannot the people be trusted?" it is asked. Doubtless they can. But it is for the interest of the people that proposals for new laws, and, still more, for changes in the fundamental law, should be scrutinized, sifted, and debated before they are put upon the statute-books or incorporated in constitutions. Under our system of government, no real demand of the majority of the people can go long unsatisfied. What the people really want, sooner or later they will get. But they will be no worse off if the concession of their demands is deferred long enough to allow time to consider whether the thing that is offered is really the thing that they want. If existing processes for the amendment of constitutions are slow and sometimes disappointing, they are at least safer than a system which allows only four months' time for so radical a change as that proposed in Oregon. Half unwittingly, we are drifting upon conditions which threaten revolutionary changes in our institutions. At the risk of whatever odium, conservative-minded folk should pull themselves together and inquire whether the time to resist these changes is not at the beginning rather than later on. If the extension of the initiative may not be checked, the provisions for its exercise may at least be safeguarded, and its operation may be made more orderly and deliberate.

WOCEL'S DAUGHTER

BY E. S. JOHNSON

'NONZIATA came out and seated herself on the doorstep of the boarding-house. It was her leisure hour; the men were at table, and she could put on a fresh blue apron, sit with hands folded, and enjoy the bustle of the street. The whistle at Green Hollow Shaft had just "blown out," and Pumpkin Breaker and Pumpkin Shaft came close after.

The streets began to fill with men and boys, — laborers, drivers, and doorboys from underground, a few men and a drove of screen-room imps from the breaker. The miners, who finish their work early, as a general thing take time to scrub off hands and face in the wash-house, and so come through the streets by twos and threes. 'Nonziata's six o'clock procession, on the contrary, was more of a spectacle; the hurrying figures, jet-black from cap to shoes, crowded the ugly street. Hobnails on the brick pavement, the clank of empty dinner pails, the *crack* of the drivers' long snake-whips, the babel of German, Russian, Polish, Slovak, Czech, Italian, Magyar, filled the place with life and bustle.

Antonin Wocel, the girl's father, had been in the country ten years. Thrifty, industrious, and keen, he had prospered notably. His boyhood in the little village of northern Hungary, where Polish was spoken as often as his native Slovak, had given him two languages; he had seen life, and added further to his accomplishments under the Emperor's colors. A vagary of the Austrian war minister sent half his regiment to Innsbruck; and thence Wocel returned in his twenty-third year, speaking some German, more Italian, and carrying always in his memory a girl's name.

He settled in the home village, married one of the innkeeper's six daughters,

Slovak like himself, and tilled his third of the little farm which came down from his forefathers. His second child, a girl, he named Annunziata, — a strange, foreign, troublesome word that he could not begin to spell himself.

In the tenth year after his marriage, a drouth, a legacy from the innkeeper, and the death of his firstborn, came within a single summer month. By September, Wocel was pouring out a trilingual explanation of himself and family at Ellis Island, meanwhile shoving forward 'Nonziata with one hand, and Eliska with the other, for the inspection of a man in uniform. The coal valleys of Eastern Pennsylvania received them. On their first Sunday in the new country, the immigrants went to high mass in a Polish church, and heard in the crowded streets all the tongues of the Danube.

For the first three years, work was irregular and prices high, so that life was a harder struggle than they had found it in Hungary. Then matters bettered rapidly. Antonin had his certificate, obtained work as a fully qualified miner, rented a "company house" on the strength of his employment, and took twelve men to board.

Just at this time, the labor union movement began among the mine workers. Speaking good enough English to make himself understood by the Irish district officers, and possessing a bitter, savage eloquence in two of the important Slav dialects, Wocel became an important man among the local unions. The superintendent of his mining company heard of him, and advised that he be discharged; the "inside boss" at Pumpkin Shaft was wiser, and gave him the best chamber in the mine. Local politicians knew him, and sent him complimentary kegs of

beer. When 'Nonziata was seventeen, he moved into a larger house with five bedrooms; revised his boarding list to weed out laborers, because they came home late, and needed a second supper; added twelve new miners to make the total twenty; and kept a waiting list, like that of an exclusive club.

The innkeeper's daughter, a short, lumpish, muscular woman, was delighted with their new prosperity. She loved laughter, crowds, and loud talk, did not fear hard work, and was never happier than when chaffering with the butcher over the twenty pounds of mutton for Sunday's dinner, and threatening him, in her husband's name, with the boycott.

As for 'Nonziata, she had grown into a tall girl with brown eyes and abundant flaxen hair. When she was eighteen, her father took her shopping, and from that week her American clothes were the envy of all the foreign settlements thereabout. Her church-going costume that summer was a very dream of fashion and splendor, — a white picture hat with white feathers, blue ribbons, and crimson roses, set well back over a stupendous pompadour of flaxen hair; a navy blue silk dress, with plenteous lace and ribbons, and a sweeping train; white cotton gloves; high-heeled shoes with varnished tips; and a black silk coat with brass buttons. From the possession of these splendors 'Nonziata became the belle of the settlement, although a reserve and distance in her manner puzzled the wits of various would-be admirers.

It was during the past summer that the seat on the doorstep had become her regular place after six o'clock. The air was fresher than in the kitchen, if not cooler; and at the far end of the street, beyond the black tower of Pumpkin Shaft, the wooded hillside slowly wrapped itself in a blue haze. As the sun fell lower, far-away places and people of her childhood sometimes floated in her memory, haze-wrapped like the hill. Then, when the street was empty of human company,

there were the cows strolling home from the common, and the ducks and chickens scratching amicably together in the gutters, while the Italian in his grocery on the opposite corner played gay little snatches on an accordion.

Then, as the shadows lengthened, there was sure to be Stefan; and every time he came a little earlier than before. To-night, it was barely half-past six. He swung through the gate with his irregular, nervous stride, and seated himself on the lower step.

"It has been a hot day," he said in Polish. His brown eyes, his lean, brown face, smiled up at her. Despite the weather, he wore shoes, and the inevitable long-skirted coat of dress occasions, though without collar and waistcoat, — a combination answering to the dinner-jacket stage in more pretentious circles. "I like to find you sitting there; I like to think of it."

"Then it is lucky that you came early," returned the girl, demure eyes upon the misty hill. "You would not have found me a little later; I am going up into town." This was a shameless and purposeless invention of the moment.

"What for?"

"To — to buy some cloth."

"The wrong night, then: to-morrow is Saturday, not to-day, — no shops open."

"Well, I'm going. Maybe I shall just take a walk."

"Then you shall walk in my shadow," cried the gallant Stefan. "The sun is hot for some time yet."

"Or to church. Yes, I think that is it. It is time that I — went to see Father Sodaliski."

"Let us not neglect him. It is time that we both went to him. I have waited long enough; I have money in bank, and there is a house empty down here that I can" —

"Nonsense," returned 'Nonziata calmly, though her heart thumped heavily. "I have changed my mind; I am not going at all. Christmas is time enough for confessions, anyway."

Privacy is a luxury so costly that the transplanted peasant scarcely gives it a thought. Stefan was in deadly earnest; he went on with his wooing in good round terms, regardless of the twenty men within, the broad backs of the nearest not six feet from the girl on the doorstep. To speak English would be no better, because fully half the company understood it well; and then, too, the old tongue came warmer from the heart.

"Christmas is a long way off; we must be married long before that."

"Three things cannot be told beforehand, — deaths, rainy days, and marriages," quoted 'Nonziata, a slow heat burning in her face.

"But why not?" The suitor sprang to his feet in his eagerness, squaring his shoulders to the struggle. "Do you not like me? You do not dislike me, — you do not? Oh, 'Nonziata, I have never seen a girl like you! Day in and day out I think of nobody else. If you" — His glance fastened itself on something behind her; his whole manner chilled, and he raised his voice. "And some day I will tell you, — when that long-eared animal, Vladimir, is busy with a full manger, instead of pricking his ears back at me!"

Loud responses from within greeted this sally. Under cover of the noise, 'Nonziata made the next move in the time-honored game.

"I never said I did n't like you; who told you I did?"

"Then we'll go up to town, and tell Father Sodoliski you do!"

"What an idea! The world must move so fast to suit you, Stefan Zatorski. Sit down; I want to know something."

"There is plenty to tell," agreed the complaisant Stefan. "Now, if we were down at that house I spoke of" —

"I was thinking to-day of the ship, and of the place I used to live, — in my old home, I mean, when I was a child. I have nearly forgotten it. Can you remember coming to America, or any places before that?"

"I remember Warsaw." His voice

shook; a bitter, brooding trouble darkened his face.

"Did you live there?" she cried. Without the least notion of its location, 'Nonziata had heard of Warsaw all her life. It was the city where horses wore bridles of gold in the streets; where wars were fought; where the government lived in a citadel; where the rich were richer and prouder and more cruel, where the poor were more hopeless, more angry, more oppressed, than in any other city of the world.

"I went there with my father from our village, a long journey in carts. It was the conscription. My two brothers were drawn, and we went to see them march away, and to give them four sheepskins for coats. I do not know where they were going. Perhaps there was a war; perhaps not. Then there came men on horseback, and killed the new soldiers and the people in that street, — riding and shooting, — riding and shooting. It was a riot. When my father saw the killing, he lost his senses. He threw me to a man that stood keeping a door, and ran out into the street where my brothers lay, and saw that they were dead. Then he began to sing very loud, in Polish. That was against the law, — to sing Polish in the streets in Warsaw: you could only sing Russian. So they came back, and killed him too — with their horses — only their horses."

"Ah, those police!" sighed the girl, shaking her head.

"I had one more brother, the oldest. He worked in a bell foundry, and he was sent for, and came and took me, and we ran away together into Posen. There was plenty of work, but he was restless, and changed his name and shaved his hair, and went from place to place, trying to forget who we were. Finally we came to America. He is in Pittsburg now. It was eighteen years ago, but even he does not know how old I am. Perhaps I was six, perhaps more, when we went to Warsaw."

"That king of Austria ought not to let such things be done in a city. Fancy not

singing what you liked, indeed! What harm is there in a song?" For 'Nonziata's traditions of the Old World were vague and dim as fog-wreaths, while her American notions were the teachings of everyday fact.

"So my brother would never again speak any Russian, nor let me. And since we started out in the cart with the sheepskins to sit on, my father and I,—since that day I have never had any home."

"I had a brother once, before we came to America," said the girl softly. "He died; it was the smallpox. I remember the crying at his funeral." Then, suddenly lapsing into English: "There have been plenty of kids here, too, of course. But it's no good. They all died, one at a time."

"And perhaps that is a reason why I am in a hurry about renting that house," continued Stefan, following his own thought. "Perhaps that is it, — it is so long since I have been at home in my own house."

Benches were moved, and chairs shoved about in the kitchen. Some of the men had finished supper, and were lighting their pipes with a bit of paper at the stove; this done, they went out by the back door for a comfortable barefoot smoke with neighbors.

"Sometimes I have an idea, too. There comes to me a feeling that I should like the bread better if you had made it. Perhaps you will laugh, and say it is foolish. Bread is only bread, — so perhaps it is. But after all" —

'Nonziata laughed softly. "What strange thoughts you have! No one but Stefan would think of such things. They are so foolish that it amuses me to hear them."

"Then you shall hear plenty, when you live in my house," the young man promised with solemnity. "And I will buy a carpet for the bedroom, — a red and white carpet."

"Extravagance! Wasteful!" gasped the prospective mistress of these splendors. Rich as Wocel was, he had never

bought such a thing; 'Nonziata had never lived in a carpeted room.

Stefan laughed and wagged his head. "It will be none too good. Some people put them all over the house, all very bright and fancy. My boss has them that way. He sent me from the mine with a letter, and I saw."

"What color?"

Stefan declined to be led away from the great subject. He began on a new point.

"Did you ever ride in a carriage? Not a cart, I mean, but a real carriage, with a roof and windows, and two horses, and wheels with soft edges, and a man on the roof to drive?"

"No," the girl admitted. "But I see them on Sundays."

"I did, once. It was when Jekko wanted to get himself married. He was my laborer in the mine, then, not my butty, but when it came to marrying he wanted me to be his butty. So I did. A great carriage came and got him, and then came to my house for me to get in, and then we both went to Anna's house to take her. But, as she had changed her mind, and would not come, there could be no wedding. Only Jekko had to pay for the carriage anyway, so I told him he and I would ride over to mass in it, and get the money's worth. So we rode in the carriage to mass, with the white ribbons tied on the door-handles; and after mass we came home in it. It cost him three dollars beside the government license; so Jekko was cured of marrying Germans."

"I remember. Everybody laughed, and it served him right."

"Yes. A Pole should marry a Pole, — or a Slovak," he responded with meaning. "But I think that it is time that I rode in a wedding carriage again, 'Nonziata."

"Perhaps it is. Very likely there are several who would have you. My father says that women are getting more plenty every year, so that the unions are trying to have a silk mill built up in the town, to keep them busy."

"You can keep busy without that. We will have some geese and a cow and a pig; I have an idea we might keep a store if we wanted to. Besides, you can bake the bread, you know, and I will eat it."

"You are likely to do that, without marrying," smiled the girl. "Serge goes away to-morrow, and my father says you are the next to come, if you choose."

"Good; very good. Certainly I will come. But I do not think I shall stay long. It will not be the same as marrying, and there will be no great pleasure in eating what I know you have made for Jan and Michael and that great pig Vladimir as much as for me. No, no!"

"What ideas! Stefan, I am afraid your mind is sickly."

"There is another thing, though. I have noticed that when you sit here none of the men come out and talk with you; instead, they go out by the back door. Now I will not do that when I come here."

"It is the custom. If I sat with one, and not with another, there would be trouble all the time in the house. It is a good custom."

"Well, I will not go out by the back door. Serge may stay or go; I will not come."

'Nonziata only laughed.

"Very good. Then I *will* come. The customs can be altered. Now I have to go to meet a man."

"Goo'-by," returned the placid 'Nonziata.

"So long. I come to-morrow, maybe, maybe Sunday. You tell your pa. So long. An' you think about the carriages."

"I like," said 'Nonziata to herself, "to hear him talk his English." She sat where she was for a long time, thinking. When she finally roused herself, it was to go a-visiting in the neighborhood: and during the evening she resumed and prosecuted two of her most interesting flirtations.

Stefan moved to Wocel's house on Saturday before supper. After the meal, the delicate question of his right to the front

steps was avoided rather than settled, 'Nonziata artfully taking the whole space for a pan of water and the cabbages which she was washing. Stefan leaned in the doorway, smoking.

The bustle of Saturday night pervaded the settlement. Pumpkin Shaft and Green Hollow worked no night shift on Saturday, so that everybody was free to go and come; the narrow houses were more crowded, the streets gayer, the tunes from Angelo's accordion more lively and more frequent, than on other days. Children were everywhere, outnumbering geese, chickens, and dogs together. From far down the street came a burst of shouting and laughter.

"That," observed Zatorski, with a wave of the hand, "means four kegs at the Stawinskys', — four kegs for seven of them. They'll not drag themselves to mass."

"Fools."

"Undoubtedly. The American beer is so bad, and so high priced. It is not worth drinking, if you have to pay for it yourself."

'Nonziata shrugged her shoulders, and gave her whole attention to the cabbage. Silences, with her, were an important part of conversation.

Stefan pulled hard at his pipe, and gazed down at her, turning over an important matter in his mind.

"Let us take a walk," he said finally. "You can be ready by seven, and it is a pleasant night."

'Nonziata smiled blandly. "A good idea. I feel like seeing the people; it is so gay on Saturday night."

For there was no question in her mind as to the direction of their stroll. Those aimless wanderings along footpaths into the fragrant summer woods might do well enough for "English ladies;" they were banned by the conventions of her world. Whether for pleasure, exercise, or love-making, 'Nonziata and her mates kept to the town streets.

'Nonziata's toilette being at last completed to her satisfaction, the pair set out.

The long road stretched before them to the eastward, unpaved, unfenced, and uphill most of the way. Shabby frame houses stood along it at intervals, their doors opening upon the sidewalk of packed black dirt. Black grit of the breaker, ashen grit of the sandy road, covered alike man's handiwork and nature's; the very trees looked not much removed from firewood. Here and there were cabbage patches, and half-tilled fields of corn, but most of the land was gravelly waste, all a-bristle with podded milkweed and the ugly stems of the night-flowering primrose. Far ahead, a spire or two, a factory chimney, and certain wavering jets of steam marked the town. The way was long and ugly; and, despite the hour, the heat haze danced along the ground.

Yet to Stefan and 'Nonziata the world was a fair, good place, the black path an enchanted highway, the future scarcely more bright than the enraptured present. The level sun cast their long shadows before them, black upon its gold; and, 'Nonziata happening to tread upon his image, Stefan grew bold to explain a hundred fancies that he had never found breath to tell before. The girl laughed and listened, a growing content at her heart. Decidedly, Stefan was not like other people. Still, he was easy enough to understand, if one gave one's mind to it.

The town, like all the smaller cities of the coal regions, confined its business to one long main street. Here the gayeties of Saturday night were to be seen at their best. Pianos tinkled, fiddles wailed; peddlers sold trinkets and nostrums, their torches flaring smokily even before twilight; the sidewalks were black with people, who dawdled because there was never room ahead for one free stride. Dancers were gathering in the halls, where entertainment committees had hung oak boughs and cheesecloth; the shops were open, and would not close before eleven o'clock; crowds besieged the theatre and the Ten Cent Vaudeville Auditorium; the shutter-doors of forty saloons swung to and fro without pause.

After the pair had turned into Market Street, 'Nonziata greeted a dozen acquaintances within the first block. Any sustained conversation was impossible in such a throng, and the girl willingly turned her attention to the shop windows. As for Stefan, he preferred not to talk, being occupied with a certain daring resolution.

"This is my bank," he remarked suddenly. "Come in and wait a minute."

She followed him into the high, narrow room, where the furniture was of red plush, and the clerks wore a martyred, Saturday-night expression. Stefan presented his pass-book, and drew forty dollars. Then the two resumed their promenade.

In front of the principal dry goods shop of the town 'Nonziata stopped with a low cry of pleasure. An entire window space was hung with palest lavender, — silks, chiffons, gloves, and parasols, satin shoes even. Zatorski slipped cleverly between two stout women, and took up a place beside her.

"Very pretty," he remarked in English.

"Oh, ain't they *sweet*, though! My! Look-a that. No, this here one, — with the vi'lets worked on it! I never seen such pretty silks as those in this town before."

"You want to go in, 'Nonziata? You can. No hurry."

"We-ell," sighed the girl doubtfully; and yielded.

The silk counter was at the far end of the store; and in the course of their search Stefan whispered a question in Polish. 'Nonziata turned on him fiercely.

"Talk English!" she hissed. "Do you want them to think we be" —

"Think we be gittin' married?" Stefan supplied.

"To think we be *Huns*!" she corrected with vicious emphasis. "Oh, yes. Now I got the place." Then to the sales-girl, "I want to see that there light silk, — like in the window, — with vi'lets on."

The thin little Scotch girl behind the counter eyed the pair with professional

calm. "Two dollars a yard," said she, throwing the piece on the counter; "twenty-seven inches wide." She turned her back, and walked to the centre aisle, leaving the customers to talk over the purchase.

"Here goes the third wedding dress I've sold to-night," she confided to the cash girl. "All for'ners. One was navy blue, and the other Nile green. They spend a lot for 'em, all right; the men does n't have a thing to say, but just pay up, and the girls knows it. This one's goin' to buy the lavender. Our Nellie 'll be wild when I tell her; you know she's just got hers off that violet piece, to-day."

'Nonziata, meantime, twisting to and fro on the revolving top of her stool, had fallen into sad disorder. The love of delicate fabrics and colors was a passion with her; she could not touch the lustrous stuff before her without a flush of pleasure, and little cries of envy. As she had no idea of buying a dress, the price asked did not concern her in the least; the beautiful thing became hers in imagination without cost.

Stefan was delighted at her pleasure. "Very pretty," he agreed. "Very nice."

"Oh!" she exulted; "ain't it *grand*? It's so *stylish*!"

Zatorski put an elbow on the counter, and leaned forward. His gaze studied the silk, but in his anxiety he saw no difference between its shimmering surface and his own mine-roughened fingers.

"Buy it," he advised, outwardly calm, but breathless.

"Buy it?" cried the girl. "I got no money. An' I guess if I was to ask pa" — She smiled in derision.

"Better buy it. You buy it," repeated Stefan. "I'll pay."

'Nonziata crimsoned. "You? You?"

"Buy it for the wedding dress. Yes! Oh, 'Nonziata, 'Nonziata! Why not? Oh, I — Let me talk Polish; no one can hear, and the English is too slow. — What?"

"We sell sixteen yards for a whole

dress," remarked the saleswoman, returning to her customers. "There's a dressmaking department upstairs, too, — seven dollars for making."

Stefan glowered. "Some trimming — nice trimming — you got?" he demanded, his English and his hope alike weakening.

From the shelves behind her, the Scotch girl produced a box.

"Not that kind. Silk! Lace! Thicker!" insisted the wooer desperately. "You get it — bring some here."

This had the desired effect; the inconvenient young woman marched off to the lace counter.

"Do not say no," entreated Stefan in his own tongue. "I cannot bear such a pain as that. I care for nothing but you, 'Nonziata; you are the very core of my heart. I have forgotten that anything else ever was worth while. Do not say no. Buy the dress, and wear it for me. You are so handsome, 'Nonziata, that it will become you well. And it would be like going blind, if I am to lose you."

"I do not want you to buy me a wedding dress," said the girl, very low.

"Why not? It is the custom. And I think I have waited long enough. Why not?"

"I do not want to marry — anybody."

"But I love you so, 'Nonziata, I will always be good to you. And think how lonesome I have been — for so long" —

Wocel's daughter fingered the edge of the counter in silence. She could not say no; and yet —

The saleswoman came back with an armful of boxes, and slipped briskly to her place.

"Here's everything we've got," said she. "Now shan't I cut you off a dress pattern first? It's an awfully swell piece."

Zatorski stiffened and stood erect. 'Nonziata drew breath to assent, faltered, and only sighed instead. She tried to look up at Stefan. Instead, her eyes were lifted half way; she caught a glimpse, at the far end of the store, of a group of women, a mother and two daughters,

neighbors from Green Hollow. These were nudging one another, peering, and giggling. She sprang up, her face ablaze.

"It's too dear. I don't want it!" she snapped at the astonished salesgirl. "Stefan! I'm going home. No, *not* that way! The side door."

Through the cheerful, crowded streets the pair went in silence. 'Nonziata recovered her spirits first; but even she had nothing to say till they were clear of the town, and alone on the long, straight road to the Hollow. They had just passed a little group, — father and mother, with a baby in arms, and two sturdy toddlers dragging alongside, — and Stefan shivered.

"It is warm," said the girl. "What made you do that? Are you cold?"

"I was thinking. You saw that man? Well, he has a home; he has people of his own to work for. After work, he can come home to his own house, — his own children. I — I think it made me lonesome."

'Nonziata's heart misgave her. With a backward glance, to be sure that distance and the friendly darkness made shield enough, she slipped her hand into Stefan's arm. "Poor, good Stefan! Not now, of course, — but perhaps in a year or two. You see, I like you."

"A year or two!" He laughed, but without mirth. "Oh, in a year or two we may all be dead!"

It was Saturday when Stefan brought his trunk to Wocel's boarding-house. On Tuesday, early in the afternoon, the Pumpkin Shaft ambulance turned down the long street. House by house, women watched it, and thanked God and the saints as it passed on; it stopped before Wocel's gate. A little crowd gathered instantly.

"I would n't wonder if we'd have some trouble gettin' him in here, Jim," observed Con Mulrea. "Them for'ners is lackin' in the dacint feelin's for their dead entirely. Don't let on he's dead, or they won't take 'im."

"They're scairt of a dead body," returned the driver. "It's the way with them ignern't people; they don't know no better. It's funny, too; they'll stick by each other livin' good enough. It's just that heartless way they have."

Eliska stood in the open doorway, looking on. Her face was wooden, but her eyes held a deadly fear.

"He lives here, all right," said Mulrea, consulting a scrap of paper. "The men told me." He opened the door of the ambulance a crack.

"Who hurt? Who hurt?" demanded an old woman.

"His name's Steve Zatorski. Get out o' the road there; we've got to take him in."

Eliska came to life; she was the boarding-mistress, the stirring, bustling inn-keeper's daughter, when once that nameless weight was lifted from her heart. She ran down and slammed to the rickety gate, barricading it with her person.

"You got to let us in, ma'am. He belongs here."

Eliska poured out a torrent of Slovak and Polish. "Tell him I have no English," she commanded.

"She says she don't understand no English, mister," interpreted an obliging child.

"Thim Hungarian women never do pick up nothin' but 'How much?'" complained the driver. "Well, you tell her one of her boarders is hurted in the mine, an' we brought him home. See? Undherstan'?"

"He thinks we are a pack of fools. Nobody but the Irish know anything!" commented the child in Polish, making a face. The majority of the bystanders understood what was said in both languages, but they gave no sign; Wocel's wife was playing her own game.

"The man must be dead, else they would have taken him to the hospital. Tell him to carry him to the hospital."

"She says, why don't you take him to the hospital?"

"There, now, Jim! I told you. It's

hard to fool 'em. They're an awful 'spicious lot. Oh — say! You tell 'er the hospital's full. See? Hospital — full. No — room. All — full. Undherstan' me?"

"You heard him, Eliska," said the child in Polish. "What shall I say to that?"

"Tell him I don't understand," replied the astute Eliska. "Antonin comes yonder; leave him to deal with these men."

"She don't understand, mister; she says take him to the hospital."

"Listen, now! I'll bet she'd understand all right if she wanted to. What'll we do, Jim?"

"Take him in anyhow; we can't be stayin' here all day. Or, say, now, — here comes Wocel."

Antonin's burly figure pressed into the circle. Mulrea raised his hand to the door of the ambulance a second time.

"I hurry up. Joe tol' me Steve hurted," he said; his breath was broken by running.

"He's dead, or they would have taken him to the hospital!" reiterated Eliska in Slovak.

"I know. Joe told me, of course. His Keg Fund will bury him; there will be no expense to us. Let me manage these men; I know them."

"How are you, Antonin? You see, we got to take 'im in the house, — only the women is scairt. Just make thim behave aisy, can't you? There ain't no other place to put the poor feller."

"Yes; good," Wocel assented. "Let me talk. I talk to them."

"Antonin, Antonin! How can we? There is no room!"

"He was a good boy; and I am sorry for him."

The innkeeper's daughter here committed herself to a decision that was a nine days' scandal in the neighborhood.

"Yes, yes, — all that. But think! Where can we put a dead man? Two other men sleep with him in that bed, and two more in the narrow bed in the same

room. If a dead man is in that room, where can we put the four that are alive? Men must sleep, after they have worked."

"That is true," he assented. "Then we cannot take him. The man who sells coffins will have to; he does, sometimes."

"Well, will we take him in?" demanded the impatient driver of the ambulance.

"What his name?" Antonin queried cautiously.

"You know very good an' certain who 't is! It's Steve, — Steve Zatorski. I know he lives here, too; you can't fool me."

"Oh! Steve Zatorski!" repeated Wocel, with the accent of one for whom a cloudy misunderstanding has happily been cleared away. "I know him. Him not my man. My man Steve Latrobi. Yes, yes, all one big mistake. Steve Zatorski live down there, down-town ways."

"Well, they told me he b'longs here, an' here's where I guess I'll put him," concluded the Irishman, looking grim. "Con, you just open that there door."

"No," Antonin insisted. "Not my house. Not live here; not dead here, either. Steve Zatorski say he come on my house Saturday, if one man go way. He not come. So comes Steve Latrobi Sunday, an' I say, 'Yes; can stay.' Steve Zatorski mad, maybe, but no good. The other man come quicker. So Steve Zatorski not come here livin', not come here dead. No."

The bystanders listened with perfect gravity to this little fiction; it was nobody's business to interfere between Wocel and his boarders.

"Well, I don' know," said the driver. "But I'll tell you one thing, Antonin Wocel, an' I'll say it to yer face, if you was twice as big a man. You're a damned black-hearted dirty blaggard of a for'ner, that's what you are! There's no heart nor dacincy in you. A pretty union man you are! To the divil with all yer fine talk, if this is how you stand by yer own men! I say it to yer face; I ain't afraid o' you nor yer pull."

"No can come in," repeated Wocel, with an expression of patient obstinacy. Then in a flash his look changed; a girl was fighting to break through the crowd, and Eliska's short, powerful arms held her back.

"No, 'Nonziata! Back! Go back!" he shouted, in his own tongue.

With a desperate fling, the girl wrenched herself free, and darted forward. She slipped behind the sturdy figure of Con Mulrea. The ambulance door swung part way open, and she threw herself in bodily, snatching at the grimy, stiffening form upon the mattress.

"Stefan! Stefan! My Stefan! Oh, oh, my Stefan!"

"Deed, it's the worst time we ever had yet, Jim," groaned the assistant. "*Him* we can't never get rid of, an' now we've got *her*, too! Must be his girl, I guess. What *will* we do, anyhow? Will we choke the old boardin boss, an' take him in whether or no? Or what the" —

"No can come in my house," insisted Wocel. And inside the ambulance 'Nonziata still moaned her lover's name monotonously.

At this difficult pass, Angelo, the little Italian of the corner grocery, stepped forward.

"Him good man, Steve," he began, waving a hand toward the vehicle. "I know him. Him my ver' good frien'. Good man."

"You bet he was! A damn good man!" averred the driver with feeling; although his own knowledge of the sufferer had been of the slightest.

"I gotta good place. Come! You bringa my store. Plenty room. Come."

"Good fer the Dago!" cried Con Mulrea. He turned and shook his fist in Wocel's face. "Smell o' that, you dirty, blood-suckin' heart-o'-stone! Oh, I'd like to punch it clear through yer carcass. I would! To turn a dead man out o' doors! All right, John. We'll bring him. You show us where do we go, an' we'll have 'im in. My word, but the Dago's

the only wan o' them wi' the heart of a Christian in him!"

And so the stiff figure was carried into the gaudy little store, between the bunches of bananas, and the swinging braids of garlic, the shining kettles, the sugar barrels, and the pails of tobacco. Behind a partition was the proprietor's own room; here they laid him upon Angelo's own bed.

'Nonziata threw herself on her knees beside the pillow, and buried her face in the coarse mine shirt. The bearers withdrew hastily. Angelo followed them to the door.

"His Keg Fund or some o' his soci'ties 'll pay for the fun'ral; you don't need to worry 'bout that." The driver felt in his pockets for a coin, and held it out awkwardly. "Here, John. Take this. You're a good feller, you are; you done a good thing. I'll see if I can't send you some trade for this."

A covetous gleam shone in the Italian's face for a second, but he thrust his hands behind him.

"No, no, no! Steve my frien'. One time he my boss. I jus' come in America, those days, — worka the mines. All go bad, one time; all gas, all fire, — you know? Yes? Fire go killa me. Burn all over me. So I lie down an' go to die. Steve he come; getta me out. He say, 'Now don' go in mines no more. You keepa one store; I sen' people buy off you.' Ah, — ver' good! He nice man, that Steve."

"Yep; he must 'a' been," assented the driver. "Well, we must get back. Good-by, John."

"You would n't think it, neither," pondered Mulrea. "But I s'pose, if there *does* be a good for'ner, he's bound to be killt off. The most o' them has thick heads; you would n't expect jus' that little piece o' rock to finish up that there Steve, would you? The boys said the weight was n't nothin' to speak of, but the boss told us his brains was all spilled around over the floor."

"Well, you can't tell. I did n't take no particular notice, but I did n't see no-

thin' more 'n a little cut on his head, far's I remember. Poor soul, you can't help bein' sorry for 'im, if he was a Polander!"

The long, sultry summer afternoon dragged out its endless hours. In the little room behind the partition, the sun beat in, and the flies buzzed; 'Nonziata, all unheeding, watched her dead.

At five o'clock, two men of Stefan's Polish union came and stood about the room for a little. They left, to buy a grave in the Polish cemetery, and a burial permit. The coroner, too, sent word that he was coming; but before his arrival, 'Nonziata had leaped to her feet with a dreadful cry:—

"Angelo! Angelo! He spoke!"

The little Neapolitan darted to the bedside. There was no doubt about it; Stefan had begun to breathe, slowly, with low, stertorous groans.

"Go for the priest! Go for the priest! His life has come back; he ain't quite dead. Quick, quick, get a priest!"

Angelo dragged his bicycle from a corner, then hesitated. "You keepa store?"

'Nonziata stamped her foot and threw out her arms in a passion of impatience.

"The priest, the priest! Can't you hear?"

"Maybe I getta him one good doctor, all come right off quick!" responded the practical son of Italy. "Him sick." Angelo vanished.

The doctor came, and, after an interval, the priest; but neither of them could be persuaded to echo Angelo's sanguine predictions of recovery. The doctor, coming out, met the coroner at the street door, and paused to exchange salutations.

"You're not needed yet, but you will be," he announced brusquely. "The man's alive still. He ought to have gone to the hospital; I don't know what those idiots up at the mine were thinking of. However, it would n't have made the least difference,—the man would die, anywhere. The skull, you know,—hopeless

fracture. He won't last till midnight. Well, good-afternoon."

Morning, however, found Angelo at his "good doctor's" door, money in hand, and clamoring for a second visit. His man, he said, had not died; indeed, was better. With a little medicine, he would be well.

"No, no, keep your dollar. It's merely a question of vitality; you know I told you he'd die. However, I'll come up. Just let me get something to eat first."

Contrary to all reason, nevertheless, the man lived on. The little back room of the grocery, with its one window, its heat, its flies, its garlic smells, would have horrified a hospital staff; yet in that stuffy box of a place, with only 'Nonziata's rude nursing, Stefan knit his skull anew, and fought his way back to life. The girl was with him day and night; in two weeks, she spent scarcely one hour in her father's house. The faithful Angelo, too, was always within call. No offers of help, no hospitality, could tempt him from the store; when it was too late for customers, he moved the candy showcase to the floor, and went contentedly to bed upon the counter.

When the fever was nearly gone, the sick man one day opened his eyes, and gazed at the girl with something of consciousness in his look.

"Non-zi-ata," he said with difficulty. She only smiled at him, for Angelo's doctor had forbidden talking. Stefan smiled too, and straightway fell asleep.

Thereafter, he drank more and more milk daily, and grew visibly stronger. One sultry afternoon 'Nonziata, huddled on the floor at his bedside, wakened from an uneasy nap to find his eyes upon her.

"You were asleep. I woke first," he whispered in Polish.

"Yes," sighed 'Nonziata. She was very tired.

"I had a dream."

"I was dreaming, too," she admitted, half startled.

"Mine was a good dream. It was at

mass on Sunday. All the church was crowded. We were just standing out to be married, — you and I. But I woke.”

For very weakness, the tears stood in his eyes. The girl flushed, then laughed,

then caught the great, weak hand that lay upon the sheet and kissed it.

“Stefan! Dear Stefan! You must not talk; go to sleep again. I — I dreamed about the ribbons — on the wedding carriages!”

THE POETRY OF LANDOR

BY ARTHUR SYMONS

LANDOR has said, not speaking of himself, —

Wakeful he sits, and lonely, and unmoved,
Beyond the arrows, views, or shouts of men.
And of himself he has said, in perhaps
his most memorable lines, —

I strove with none, for none was worth my
strife;

Nature I loved, and, next to Nature, Art;
I warmed both hands before the fire of life;
It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

In the preface to the *Heroic Idyls* he writes: “He who is within two paces of the ninetieth year may sit down and make no excuses; he must be unpopular, he never tried to be much otherwise, he never contended with a contemporary, but walked alone on the far eastern uplands, meditating and remembering.” He remains alone in English literature, to which he brought, in verse and prose, qualities of order and vehemence, of impassioned thinking and passionless feeling, not to be found combined except in his own work. And in the man there was a like mingling of opposites: nobility and tenderness, haste and magnanimity, courtesy and irresponsible self-will, whatever is characteristically English and whatever is characteristically Roman, with the defects of every quality. Landor is monumental by the excess of his virtues, which are apt to seem, at times, a little too large for the stage and scenery of his life. He desired to live with grandeur; and there is grandeur in the out-

lines of his character and actions. But some gust of the will, some flurry of the nerves, was always at hand, to trouble or overturn this comely order. The ancient Roman becomes an unruly child, the scholar flings aside cap and gown and leaps into the arena.

Landor began to write verse when he was a schoolboy, and it is characteristic of him that poetry came to him first as a school exercise, taken for once seriously. Latin was to him, it has been well said, “like the language of some prior state of existence, rather remembered than learned.” His first book, published at the age of twenty, contains both Latin and English verse, together with a defense, in Latin, of the modern use of that language. When, a few years later, he began to work upon his first serious poem, *Gebir*, he attempted it both in Latin and in English, finally decided to write it in English, and, later on, turned it also into Latin.

Gebir was published in 1798, the year of the *Lyrical Ballads*, and, in its individual way, it marks an epoch almost as distinctly. No blank verse of comparable calibre had appeared since the death of Milton, and, though the form was at times actually reminiscent both of Milton and of the Latin structure of some of the portions as they were originally composed, it has a quality which still remains entirely its own. Cold, sensitive, splendid, so precise, so restrained, keeping step with such a stately music, scarcely

any verse in English has a more individual harmony, more equable, more refreshingly calm to the ear. It contains those unforgettable lines, which can never be too often repeated:—

But I have sinuous shells of pearly hue
Within, and they that lustre have imbibed
In the sun's palace-porch, where when un-
yoked

His chariot-wheel stands midway in the wave:
Shake one and it awakens, then apply
Its polish'd lips to your attentive ear,
And it remembers its august abodes,
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there.
There are in it single lines like, —

The sweet and honest avarice of love;
and there are lines marching like these:

the feast

Was like the feast of Cepheus, when the sword
Of Phineus, white with wonder, shook re-
strain'd,

And the hilt rattled in his marble hand.
Has not that the tread of the Commander
in *Don Juan*? And there are experiments
in a kind of naïveté:—

Compared with youth
Age has a something like repose.
Tennyson is anticipated here:—

On the soft inward pillow of her arm
Rested her burning cheek;

Mr. Swinburne here:—

The silent oars now dip their level wings,
And weary with strong stroke the whitening
wave.

But where the most intimately personal quality of Landor is seen is in the lofty homeliness of speech which is always definite, tangible, and about definite, tangible things. The Gadites are building, and Landor, remembering the workmen he has seen in the streets of Warwick, notes:—

Dull falls the mallet with long labour fringed.
Gebir is wrestling with the nymph, who
sweats like any mortal; Landor does not
say so, but he sets her visibly before us, —

now holding in her breath constrain'd,
Now pushing with quick impulse and by starts,
Till the dust blackened upon every pore.

We are far enough from Milton here; not
so far, perhaps, from the Latin precision of
statement; but certainly close to reality.

And it is reality of a kind new to English poetry,—painter's, sculptor's, reality,—discovered, as we have seen, at precisely the moment when Wordsworth was discovering for himself the reality of simple feeling, and Coleridge the reality of imaginative wonder.

A few years after *Gebir*, Landor published two poems, "Chrysaor" and "The Phocæans," and then, for many years, at long intervals, wrote, and occasionally published, other poems, in Latin and English, which were eventually to make up the *Idyllia Heroica* and the *Hellenics*. They are, to use a word which Browning was to invent (having learned the thing, perhaps, from Landor), dramatic idyls. The most perfect of them, "The Death of Artemidora," is only nineteen lines long; "The Last of Ulysses" fills fifty-five pages in the edition of 1847. Landor never ceased to shift their places, and to add, reject, and, above all, rewrite. The two essentially different texts are those of 1847 and 1859; and it is necessary to compare these with each other, and both with such as exist also in Latin, if we would trace with any care the diligent and never quite final labor which Landor gave to his verse.

In the poems which Landor twice translated from his own Latin, it is not often that either form of the English is quite as good as the Latin, and it is not always easy to choose between the two versions, of which the first is usually more easy and fluent, while the second, though more Latin, is often more personal to Landor. Often the second version is nearer to the original, as in the opening of "Coresus and Callirrhoe," where the two lines, —

Impulit adstantem lascivior una ministram,
Irrisitque pedi lapso passisque capillis, —
are first rendered:—

A playful one and mischievous pusht on
Her who stood nearest, laughing as her foot
Tript and her hair was tangled in the flowers;
and afterwards:—

A wanton one pusht forward her who stood
Aside her; when she stumbled they all laught
To see her upright heels and scattered hair.

Sometimes the earlier version is the more literal, but the later one gains by condensation. Thus the first eight lines of "Cupid and Pan" follow closely the first six lines of "Cupido et Pan," while the version of 1859, reduced to six lines, omits, without loss, a line of the Latin which had filled nearly three lines of the English. This process of condensation will be seen in lines 140-141 of "Coresus et Callirhoë,"

gelidæque aspergine lymphæ,
Et, manibus lapsa in resonantia marmora,
ferro;

rendered literally in 1847, —

At the cold sprinkling of the sacred lymph
Upon her temples, and at (suddenly
Dropt, and resounding on the floor) the sword ;

and in 1859 condensed into the single line, —

And the salt sprinklings from the sacred font.
The aim is always at adding more weight, in the clearing away of mere detail, with only an occasional strong addition, as, a few lines lower, "Less mournfully than scornfully said he," for the mere "inquit" of the original. The style stiffens into harder marble in its "rejection of what is light and minute."

Alike from what is gained and from what is lost in this recasting we see how uncertain, with all his care, was Landor's touch on English verse, how a Latin sound dominated his ears when he was writing English, and how his final choice of form was almost invariably of the nature of a compromise, like that of one to whom his native tongue was foreign. Compare the two versions of lines 30-34 of "Veneris Pueri:" —

At neque propositum neque verba superba remittit,

Ut Chaos antiquum flamma radiante subegit,
Ut tenebras pepulit coelo, luctantiaque astra
Stare, vel æterno jussit prodire meatu,
Ut pelago imposuit domito confinia rupes.

In 1847 "The Children of Venus" reads: —

But neither his proud words did he remit
Nor resolution : he began to boast
How with his radiant fire he had reduced

The ancient Chaos ; how from heaven he drove
The darkness that surrounded it, and drew
Into their places the reluctant stars,
And made some stand before him, others go
Beyond illimitable space ; then curb'd
The raging sea and chain'd with rocks around.

In 1859 "The Boys of Venus" reads: —

Still neither would he his intent forego
Nor moderate his claim, nor cease to boast
How Chaos he subdued with radiant fire,
How from the sky its darkness he dispell'd,
And how the struggling planets he coerced,
Telling them to what distance they might go,
And chain'd the raging Ocean down with rocks.

Both versions are fine, though the second, trying to follow the Latin more closely line for line, abandons the freer cadences of the first; but is either wholly without a certain constraint, which we do not feel in even those passages of Milton most like Latin? And is there not, when we read the lines in Latin, a sense, not due to mere knowledge of the fact, that we are reading an original after a translation?

Yet it is to this fact, partly, to this Latin savor in English, that not only those poems of Landor which were first written in Latin, but others also, never written in anything but English, owe their exceptional, evasive, almost illegitimate charm. What, we find ourselves saying, is this unknown, exquisite thing, which yet seems to be not quite poetry, or is certainly unlike anything else in English poetry? A perfume clings about it, as if it had been stored for centuries in cedar chests, and among spices. Nor does it fail to respond to its own appeal: —

We are what suns and winds and waters make
us.

I have read the *Hellenics*, lying by the seashore, on warm, quiet days when I heard nothing but the monotonous repetition of the sea at my feet, and they have not seemed out of key. The music is never full-throated or organ music, but picked out note by note on a reed-pipe, a slender sound with few intervals. And it is with truth that Landor says, in the preface to the edition of 1859, "Poetry, in our day, is oftener prismatic than diaphanous:

this is not so: they who look into it may see through. If there be anywhere a few small air-bubbles, it yet leaves to the clear vision a wide expanse of varied scenery."

In his first preface, in 1847, Landor had written: "It is hardly to be expected that ladies and gentlemen will leave on a sudden their daily promenade, skirted by Turks and shepherds and knights and plumes and palfreys, of the finest Tunbridge manufacture, to look at these rude frescoes, delineated on an old wall high up, and sadly weak in colouring. As in duty bound, we can wait. The reader (if there should be one) will remember that Sculpture and Painting have never ceased to be occupied with the scenes and figures which we venture once more to introduce into poetry, it being our belief that what is becoming in two of the Fine Arts is not quite unbecoming in a third, the one which indeed gave birth to them." The *Hellenics* are all in low relief; you can touch their surface, but not walk round them. Some are moulded in clay, some carved in marble; all with the same dispassionate and energetic skill of hand, the same austere sense of visible beauty. They do not imitate the variety and movement of life; they resemble the work of Flaxman rather than the work of Greek sculpture, and have the careful charm of the one rather than the restrained abundance of the other. They wish to be taken for what they are, figures in relief, harmoniously arranged, not without a reasonable decorative likeness to nature. The contours which have arrested them are suave, but a trifle rigid; the design has proportion, purity, rarely breadth or intensity. The planes are never obscured or unduly heightened; no figure, suddenly starting into life, throws disarray among the firmly stationed or sedately posed figures around.

With all his care, Landor rarely succeeds in seeming spontaneous; the fastidiousness of the choice is too conspicuous, and wounds the susceptibilities of the mind, as one who too obviously "picks and chooses" wounds the susceptibilities

of a host or a friend. His touch, above all things sensitive, sometimes misses the note; in evading the brutality of statement, he sometimes leaves his meaning half expressed.

The shore was won; the fields markt out; and
roofs
Collected the dun wings that seek house-fare;
And presently the ruddy-bosom'd guest
Of winter knew the doors; then infant cries
Were heard within; and lastly, tottering steps
Pattered along the image-stationed hall.

It is not without some intent deciphering that any one will realize from these hints that the passage of three years is meant to be indicated in them. Landor prefers to give you a sort of key, which he expects you to fit in the lock, and turn there; there is disdain in his way of stopping short, as with a half courteous and half contemptuous gesture. For the most part he hints at what has happened by mentioning an unimportant, but visible, consequence of it.

Landor's chief quality is sensitiveness; and this is seen equally in his touch on verse and in the temper of his daily life. The root of irritability is sensitiveness; and sensitiveness is shown by Landor when he throws the cook out of the window upon the flower-bed, and not only when he remembers that he has "forgotten the violets." All his prejudices, unreasons, the occasional ungentlemanliness of his enraged caprices, come from this one source. We trace it in his attitude of angry contempt toward Byron: "'Say what you will,' once whispered a friend of mine, 'there are things in him strong as poison, and original as sin.'" We trace it in his refusal to call on Shelley, when the poet, whom he admired profoundly, was his neighbor in Pisa. He marries precipitately, at the sight of "the nicest girl in the room," at a provincial ball; and leaves his wife in Jersey, to cross over to France, alone in an open boat, because she has reminded him before her sister that he is older than she is. Throughout life his bluster was the loud, assumed voice of a sensitive nature, hurt to anger

by every imperfection that disconcerted his taste.

And sensitiveness makes his verse shrink away from any apparent self-assertion, all in little shivers, like the nymph's body at the first cold touch of the river. He heard a music which seemed to beat with too definite a measure, and he often draws back his finger from the string before he has quite sounded the note, so fearful is he lest the full twang should be heard. The words pause half-uttered; what they say is never more than a part of what they mean, as the tune to which they say it always supposes a more ample melody completing it behind the silence. In that familiar ending of "The Death of Artemidora," —

and now a loud deep sob
Swell'd thro' the darken'd chamber: 'twas
not hers, —

we find this shy reticence, which from an idiosyncrasy has become almost a method.

Lander was a scholar of beauty, and it was with almost too disinterested an homage, too assured at once and too shy, that he approached the Muses. "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence," and poetry wants to be wooed by life. Lander was not a strong man; he was a loud weak man; in his life we see the tumult, and only in his verse "the depth and not the tumult of the soul." His work is weakness made marmoreal; the explosive force tamed, indeed, but tamed too well, showing the lack of inner fire, so busy with rocks and lava on the surface. That is why it becomes tedious after a little; because life comes and goes in it but capriciously, like the shooting flames of his life; it is not warmed steadily throughout.

Something of this may have been in Coleridge's mind when he said, in the *Table-Talk* of January 1, 1834, "What is it that Mr. Lander wants, to make him a poet? His powers are certainly very considerable, but he seems to be totally deficient in that modifying faculty which compresses several units into one whole. The truth is, he does not possess imagina-

tion in its highest form, — that of stamping *il più nell' uno*. Hence his poems, taken as wholes, are unintelligible; you have eminences excessively bright, and all the ground around and between them in darkness." And he adds, "Besides which, he has never learned, with all his energy, how to write simple and lucid English."

Is it, really, imagination which he lacks? In some lines addressed to Barry Cornwall, Lander states his own theory:

Imagination's paper kite,
Unless the string is held in tight,
Whatever fits and starts it takes,
Soon bounces on the ground, and breaks.

Lander holds in the string so tight that the kite never soars to the end of its tether. In one of his many fits of "the pride that apes humility," he writes: —

And yet, perhaps, if some should tire
Of too much froth or too much fire,
There is an ear that may incline
Even to words so dull as mine.

He was, indeed, averse to both froth and fire, and there is nothing of either in his temperate and lofty work. Yet there are times when he lets his Muse grow a little thin on an Arab fare, dates and water, in his dread of letting her enter "Literature's gin-palaces."

It is in Lander's dramatic work that we see, perhaps more clearly than elsewhere, the point beyond which he could not go, though nowhere else in his work do we see more clearly his nobility of attitude and his command of grave and splendid verse. Lander's method in dialogue is a logical method; the speeches are linked by a too definite and a too visible chain; they do not spring up out of those profound, subconscious affinities, which, in the work of the great dramatists, mimic nature with all her own apparent irregularity. Coleridge, writing of *The Tempest*, has noticed in Shakespeare, with deep insight: "One admirable secret of his art is, that separate speeches frequently do not appear to have been occasioned by those which preceded, and which are onsequent upon each other, but to have

arisen out of the peculiar character of the speaker." How minutely Landon follows the mechanical regularity of logic and association of ideas will be seen if we turn to almost any page of his dramas. In the second scene of the second act of *Count Julian*, one speech of Julian's ends: "Remember not our country;" and Covilla echoes, —

Not remember!

What have the wretched else for consolation?
She dwells on her desire of her own
country, and Julian continues, rather
than replies, —

Wide are the regions of our far-famed land.
Covilla responds in the same key, and
ends her speech with the words, —

Outcast from virtue, and from nature, too.
It is now Julian who becomes the
echo: —

Nature and virtue! they shall perish first.
His long speech ends with a reflection
that the villagers, if they came among
them, —

Would pity one another less than us,
In injury, disaster, or distress.

Covilla instantly catches the word "pity,"
and replies, —

But they would ask each other whence our
grief,
That they might pity.

Landon, to forestall criticism, tells us that *Count Julian* is "rather a dialogue than a drama;" but it adopts the dramatic form, and even the form of French drama, in which the entrance of a new speaker begins a new scene. It could very well be presented by marionettes with sonorous voices, speaking behind the scenes. Landon never sees his people; they talk unmoved, or enunciate a sudden emotion with unnatural abruptness. The verse is too strict and stern, within measured Miltonic limits, for dramatic speech, or even for lifelike dialogue; thus: —

If strength be wanted for security,
Mountains the guard, forbidding all approach
With iron-pointed and uplifted gates,
Thou wilt be welcome too in Aguilar,
Impenetrable, marble-turreted.

Yet there are moments when the Miltonic speech becomes, as it can become, nakedly dramatic: —

Heaven will inflict it, and not I . . . but I
Neither will fall alone nor live despired.

To Landon his own people were very real; and he says, "I brought before me the various characters, their forms, complexions, and step. In the daytime I laboured, and at night unburdened my mind, shedding many tears." But between this consciousness of a step heard in the mind, and a working knowledge of the movement of an actor across the stage, there is a great gulf; and Landon never crossed it. He aimed at producing the lofty effect of Greek tragedy, but in reading Sophocles he seems never to have realized the unerring, the infinitely ingenious playwright, to whom speech is first of all the most direct means of setting his characters to make his plot. Landon endows each of his characters with a few unvarying sentiments, and when several characters meet in action they do but give dignified expression, each as if speaking by himself, to those sentiments. The clash of wills, which makes drama, may be loud enough somewhere off the stage, but here it is but "recollected in tranquillity."

Landon is a great master of imagery, and in *Count Julian* there are many lines like these: —

Gryphens and eagles, ivory and gold,
Can add no clearness to the lamp above;
Yet many look for them in palaces
Who have them not, and want them not, at
home.

Note how precise, how visual (in his own remote, sumptuous way), is the image; and how scrupulous the exactitude of the thought rendered by the image. But the image is, after all, no more than just such an ornamentation of "gryphens and eagles, ivory and gold" to a thought separately clear in itself. The image is not itself the most vital part of the speech. Take, again, the speech of Julian to Roderigo, in which an image is used with more direct aim at dramatic effect: —

I swerve not from my purpose : thou art mine,
Conquer'd ; and I have sworn to dedicate,
Like a torn banner on my chapel's roof,
Thee to the power from whom thou hast rebelled.

In my copy of the first collected edition of Landon's poems some one has marked these last two lines ; and they are striking lines. But let us open Shakespeare, and read, say, this :—

He was a queen's son, boys :
And though he came our enemy, remember
He was paid for that : though mean and mighty,
rotting

Together, have one dust, yet reverence,
That angel of the world, doth make distinction
Of place 'twixt high and low.

Here the superb epithet, "that angel of the world," which seems to interrupt a straightforward speech, heightens it with meaning. The "torn banner on the chapel's roof" is only a decoration ; it shows self-consciousness in the speaker, who thinks aside, in an unlikely way, and for effect.

In the later plays and scenes, in "The Siege of Ancona," and in the "Beatrice Cenci," most notably, Landon seems to have more nearly mastered the dramatic method, partly by limiting himself to briefer and less complicated action ; and he has finally adopted a style which is at once more flexible and more beautiful. In "The Siege of Ancona" there is a note of almost homely heroism which comes to one with a direct thrill ; in "Beatrice Cenci" there is both pity and terror ; a deep tenderness in the scene between Beatrice and Margarita, and, in the last scene, where the citizens, "at a distance from the scaffold," hear the groans of Beatrice under torture, and suffer indignant agonies with each groan, a profound and almost painful beauty, at times finding relief in such lines as these :—

She always did look pale,
They tell me ; all the saints, and all the good
And all the tender-hearted, have looked pale.
Upon the Mount of Olives was there one
Of dawn-red hue even before that day ?
Among the mourners under Calvary
Was there a cheek the rose had rested on ?

In some of the briefer scenes, those single conversations in which Landon could be so much more himself than in anything moving forward from scene to scene, there are lines that bite as well as shine ; such lines as those of the drunken woman who has drowned her child :—

Febe. I sometimes wish 't were back again.

Griselda. To cry ?

Febe. Ah ! it does cry ere the first sea-mew
cries ;

It wakes me many mornings, many nights,
And fields of poppies could not quiet it.

It is, after all, for their single lines, single speeches, separate indications of character (the boy Cæsarion in "Antony and Octavius," the girl Erminia in "The Siege of Ancona," a strain of nobility in the Consul, of honesty in Gallus, Inez de Castro at the moment of her death), that we remember these scenes. If we could wholly forget much of the rest, the "rhetoric-roses," not always "supremely sweet," though "the jar is full," the levity without humor, and, for the most part, without grace, the "giggling" women (he respects the word, and finds it, in good Greek, in Theocritus), the placid arguing about emotions, his own loss of interest, it would seem, in some of these pages as he wrote them, we might make for ourselves in Landon what Browning in a friendly dedication calls him, "a great dramatic poet," and the master of a great and flawless dramatic style.

There is another whole section of Landon's work, consisting of epigrams and small poems, more numerous, perhaps, than any English poet since Herrick has left us. Throughout his life he persistently versified trifles, as persistently as Wordsworth, but with a very different intention. Wordsworth tries to give them a place in life, so to speak, talking them, as anecdotes or as records of definite feelings ; while Landon snatches at the feeling or the incident as something which may be cunningly embalmed in verse, with almost a funeral care. Among these poems which he

thus wrote there are immortal successes, such as "Dirce" or "Rose Aylmer," with many memorable epitaphs and epitomes, and some notable satires. By their side there is no inconsiderable number of petty trivialities, graceful nothings, jocosely or sentimental trifles. With a far less instinctive sense of the capacities of his own language than Herrick, Landor refused to admit that what might make a poem in Latin could fail to be a poem in English. He won over many secrets from that close language; but the ultimate secrets of his own language he never discovered. Blake, Shelley, Keats, Coleridge, Wordsworth, among his contemporaries, could all do something that he could not do, something more native, more organically English, and therefore of a more absolute beauty as poetry. He reads Pindar for his "proud complacency and scornful strength. If I could," he says, "resemble him in nothing else, I was resolved to be as compendious and as exclusive." From Catullus he learned more, and his version of one of the lighter poems of Catullus has its place to-day, as if it were an original composition, among the mass of his collected lyrics, where it is not to be distinguished from the pieces surrounding it. Yet, if you will compare any of Landor's translations, good as they are, with the original Latin, you will see how much of the energy has been smoothed out, and you will realize that, though Catullus in Landor's English is very like Landor's English verse, there is something, of infinite importance, characteristic alike of Catullus and of poetry, which has remained behind, uncapturable.

Is it that, in Coleridge's phrase, "he does not possess imagination in its highest form?" Is it that, as I think, he was lacking in vital heat?

No poet has ever been a bad prose writer, whenever he has cared to drop from poetry into prose; but it is doubtful whether any poet has been quite so fine, accomplished, and persistent a prose-writer as Landor. "Poetry," he tells us,

in one of his most famous passages, "was always my amusement, prose my study and business. I have published five volumes of *Imaginary Conversations*: cut the worst of them thro' the middle, and there will remain in this decimal fraction quite enough to satisfy my appetite for fame. I shall dine late; but the dining-room will be well lighted, the guests few and select." Without his prose Landor is indeed but half, if he is half, himself. His verse at its best has an austere nobility, a delicate sensitiveness, the qualities of marble or of onyx. But there is much also which is no more than a graceful trifling, the verse of a courtly gentleman, who, as he grows older, takes more and more assiduous pains in the shaping and polishing of compliments. It is at its best when it is most personal, and no one has written more nobly of himself, more calmly, with a more lofty tenderness for humanity seen in one's small, private looking-glass. But the whole man never comes alive into the verse, body and soul, but only as a stately presence.

He has put more of himself into his prose, and it is in the prose mainly that we must seek the individual features of his soul and temperament. Every phrase comes to us with the composure and solemnity of verse, but with an easier carriage under restraint. And now he is talking, with what for him is an eagerness and straightforwardness in saying what he has to say,—the "beautiful thoughts" never "disdainful of sonorous epithets." And you discover that he has much more to say than the verse has quite fully hinted at: a whole new hemisphere of the mind becomes visible, completing the sphere. And in all his prose, though only in part of his verse, he has the qualities which he attributes to Pindar: "rejection of what is light and minute, disdain of what is trivial, and selection of those blocks from the quarry which will bear strong strokes of the hammer and retain all the marks of the chisel." He wrote far more prose than verse, concentrating his maturest years upon the writing of

prose. Was it, then, that his genius was essentially a prose genius, and that it was only when he turned to prose that, in the fullest sense, he found himself? I do not think it can be said that the few finest things in Landor's verse are excelled by the best of the many fine things in his prose; but the level is higher. His genius was essentially that of the poet, and it is

to this quality that he owes the greater among the excellencies of his prose. In the expression of his genius he was ambidextrous, but neither in prose nor in verse was he able to create life in his own image. No one in prose or in verse has written more finely about things; but he writes about them, he does not write them.

PULVIS ET UMBRA

BY EDWARD N. POMEROY

WHEN thou art lying under ground,
Beyond the reach of sight and sound,
The world will still go round and round;

But, troubled not by fool or wise,
Unheeding all beneath the skies,
Shadow and dust will thee suffice.

The youth and maid, who stroll above,
Will dream their dream, and deem it love;
But thee, beneath, it will not move.

With all the art that song employs
The birds will celebrate their joys,
But not for thee their amorous noise.

Without the least concern of thine
Will June bestow her days divine,
October spill celestial wine,

And Nature change, with changèd dress,
From loveliness to loveliness
That nevermore will thee impress.

However dear thy fame to thee,
With generations soon to be
It will not be a memory.

Though thou wast beautiful or brave,
Nor love nor gratitude will save
Thy desolate, defenseless grave.

The epitaph, unread, unknown,
Will presently be overgrown
With lichens on the leaning stone;

Thy leaning stone will break in twain
And Nature, every hindrance vain,
Her old dominion will retain;

For here will Summer's verdure grow,
And Winter, as the ages flow,
Fold and unfold his sheets of snow;

While, o'er thy dust as days go on,
Will deepen, until days are done,
The shadow of Oblivion.

ENGLISH LAWNS AND LITERARY FOLK

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE

IN the matter of ruined Norman castles, it is conceded that we cannot rival England; but during the last thirty years we have been cultivating our lawns hopefully, and not without success. Sixty years hence, if we keep on, we may have some fair specimens to show. But in England there are lawns — works of art and nature mingled — to which we can never approximate in this country. They have been perfected through centuries; they are a part of English history, and have enjoyed uninterrupted growth from the days of Chaucer until now. Cherished and protected age after age, they are the lovely product of feudal aristocracy; secluded within their mossy walls of ancient brick; bordered with dense hedges of box and holly; shadowed by trees ancient, sometimes, as themselves; overlooked by long, low façades of country-seats built of soft-hued gray stone, or mellow brick, or the cream-colored plaster and black oaken beams of the Tudors; flanked by beds of hollyhock, marigold, and rose, glowing and burgeoning in the still, soft air; diversified with

antique sundials, crumbling altars to that shyest and most beautiful of the gods in England, — Apollo; lawns into which shadow and sunshine seem rather to sink than to rest, giving a depth and tenderness of tone never elsewhere seen. It is a wondrous green, which we would seek in vain in the splendid, hard heart of the emerald; a sweet, cool gloriousness of hue, melting in iridescent changes beneath the eye, wooing the senses with a fresh, dewy caress, soothing the very soul with quiet delight. Their tranquil silence and repose are a powerful protest against the gospel of democracy, change, progress, — against all the harsh, restless watchwords of to-day; their invitation and beguilement are to peace, to dreamful thoughts, to meditation on the storied past, to the mystic song of the lotus-eaters. Resting on such a couch, breathing the delicate fragrance of English flowers, gazing upward through boughs of cedar or of oak to the baby-blue of English skies with their clouds white and gray like the plumage of the sea-gull; — surrounded and shielded by these influences, the alarms

of the New Day sound remote, shallow, and crude, an uncongenial and factitious blatancy, making no true appeal to the inner wisdom of the human heart, and therefore destined to pass away. Surely there are lawns like these in Paradise; and shall we not do better to rest here, with Disraeli, on the side of the angels, than to follow the rash footsteps of revolution and reform through the "deserts vast and antres idle" of social and political speculation? Into one scale of the balance throw all the theories of Rousseau, Fourier, Mill, Marx, and their posterity; and into the other an historic English lawn with its appurtenances; and make your choice between them! But it is, perhaps, fortunate (and perhaps not) that never, *in saecula saeculorum*, can we possess or create an English lawn with its appurtenances in America. It would be giving to the Tories and Conservatives an unfair advantage!

Within arm's reach of London, however, such lawns are to be enjoyed; of an afternoon you may attend a garden-party on one of them, and that same evening dine in Belgravia. By dwelling during three or four years of the middle seventies in Twickenham, I managed even better. Horace Walpole had one, at his gingerbread palace estate of Strawberry Hill; Alexander Pope (or, in this age, Henry Labouchere, down by the river) another; the Orleans princes another; and so on. One of the most interesting belonged, at the time I write of, to one Doctor Diamond, an ancient and well-reputed physician of the insane; whom I often visited for no better reason, really, than to glut myself with the verdant intoxication of his lawn. The aspect of the old gentleman himself was sage and venerable in the extreme; he had a slow, sagacious manner; and in his speech a measured lilt which tempted to somnolence, especially after one of his excellent dinners, with their old-fashioned joints and puddings and silver covers and port and Madeira. Never have I devoured saddle-of-mutton in such perfection as at his table;

it melted away in the mouth ere the teeth had a fair chance at it, and, dissolving, left behind it savors of incomparable joy and juicy satisfaction. Moreover, the host had a conundrum about it, which he never failed to propound to us as soon as the brown and appetizing viand was set smoking on the table in front of him. "Why is a flock of sheep like this joint, ladies and gentlemen?" he would inquire. We would maintain a respectful, interrogative silence. "Because it's a saddle-of-mutton!" he would triumphantly answer himself. "D'ye see? — a sad deal of mutton!" After which, with low chuckles, he would help us to bountiful supplies.

Doctor Diamond's house looked as old and substantial as himself, as well it might, for it had been in existence five hundred years and more, and is (I devoutly hope and believe) still existing; a two-storied structure of brick overlaid with plaster of a date nearly as remote, with ivy massed thick and secure over its southern exposure, and tall hollyhock plants leaning up against it. Adjoining it on the east was a more recent addition, where were housed the Doctor's brood of maniacs; they were understood to be of strictly good families, and their conduct was — all things considered — subdued and decorous. Their proprietor never exploited them to his unprofessional guests; and I never saw but one of them, — a lady of middle age, with hollow cheeks and wandering eyes, who stood at one of the unobtrusively-barred windows, slowly wringing her bony hands, and saying with monotonous rapidity, like a Parsee repeating his orisons to the rising sun at Bombay, "Oh, dear — oh, dear — oh, dear!" We were not encouraged to make inquiries concerning them; and once, when I tried to penetrate to the interior mysteries of insanity by asking the doctor what, in its essence, insanity really was, he foiled me by replying, after some consideration, "Well, you know, there are various kinds of insanity," — and beyond this pregnant point his elucidation of the matter never proceeded.

The saddle-of-mutton and its accompaniments having reached their delightful close, —and, in my experience of them, this occurred always of a Sunday, — Doctor Diamond would distribute cigars, and conduct us to the garden. The company were always few in number, and, while seldom of conspicuous social eminence, yet invested with a certain flavor of laven-dered gentility. Of them, the only one whom I can at this moment picture to myself with any vividness is Mr. William Carew Hazlitt, grandson of Hazlitt the Great, and the latter's biographer. By profession he was a lawyer; but his natural tastes were for literature and cognate subjects; he was an eccentric and a humorist, and he seemed to me especially created to appear at Doctor Diamond's Sunday dinners. Through him, we seemed to be placed in direct communication with the literary eighteenth century; so that, although he could not have been as much as fifty years of age, he gave the impression of being a contemporary of Lamb, at least, if not also of Johnson and Goldsmith. He wore an air of being always archly amused about something; so that whatever he might say carried with it the reminiscence of a laugh that had just passed away, or the promise of one that was hard upon us. He was rich in anecdote and comment; acute, original, or comical on any topic that appealed to him; and, as we sat on rustic benches on the famous lawn, beneath the shade of a cedar of Lebanon (a species of tree for which Twickenham is renowned, and which, for aught I know, may have been planted by the Crusaders), with the blue spirit of the good tobacco incensing the air and mingling with the scent of the roses which stood erect on tall stalks as if to lift their fragrance to one's very nostrils, I felt myself immersed centuries deep in the very heart of Old England. There was glamour enough in the Madeira to obliterate so trifling a chronological discrepancy as a mere hundred years or two; and I should not have been surprised, or more than agreeably inter-

ested, to behold crooked little Alexander come tripping in from his neighboring villa, to smoke his pipe with us and regale us with a few of his latest epigrams and couplets; or the aristocratic, man-of-the-worldly Horace, to orient and refresh us with his arid humor and cold common sense; or beloved Charles, stut-tering forth his precious frivolities; or the original William, with his penetrating apothegms and sad-hued wit. Their ghostly feet would have trod that enchanted lawn, leaving no impress on its yielding surface; their voices would have entered our ears without disturbing the still air; and, as evening drew on, they would have faded softly away in the increasing shadows, and we should have fancied that we did but dream of their presence. Perhaps they did come, with-out our being fully aware of it.

One feature of Doctor Diamond's lawn there was, however, material and yet romantic, which I have not yet mentioned, and which was probably unique in England. This was a sort of fence of rusty iron pickets, dividing one part of the garden from the other, — in which grew, I think, an assortment of vegetables, rich and succulent enough to honor the worthy physician's dinner-table in companionship with the saddle-of-mutton. So peculiar was the aspect of the fence that, after in vain exercising my ingenuity for many weeks to divine what it was made of, I finally besought the doctor to unveil the mystery. "Why," quoth he, laying his hand upon one of the pickets, "these are claymores, — claymores picked up on the Field of Culloden!" So there sat we, within arm's reach of the weapons which had drunk hot blood on that tremendous day, one hundred and thirty years before, sprouting up, along with the peaceful roses and cabbages, out of the mould of the garden, as though the dead warriors were upstretching them from their graves. Meanwhile, in the east, the moon rose over invisible London; the English dew fell; the odors of the garden became rank; and the wraiths of

Royalist and Highlander thronged about us, shouting their battle-cries, flourishing their weapons, and hurtling together in deadly combat, — and yet not a rose-petal was disturbed, not a hollyhock quivered, and the silences between our words were so profound that we might almost have heard the dip of the oars of a be-lated Thames waterman rowing up to Teddington.

At length, — and always at the right psychological moment, though it always seemed too soon, — the white-haired doctor would toss away the butt of his cigar, and say, in his low guttural, "Well, gentlemen, it's getting a bit damp, — bad for rheumatism, — better come in; and we'll have a glass of B. and S. before you go!" And as we filed in along the narrow, box-bordered path, past that mysterious wing, I would catch my glimpse, through the barred window, of the dim figure with its haggard countenance, whitened still more by the moonlight, which wrung its feeble hands, and muttered hurriedly, "Oh, dear — oh, dear — oh, dear!" Yes, doubtless there were ghosts at Doctor Diamond's!

But there was in Twickenham a lawn more marvelous, even, than the old doctor's. To whom, during the thousand years or so before our epoch, it may have belonged, I cannot tell; but I am open to believe that it had been already in good condition when ancient Britons still painted themselves blue, and Boadicea and her Druids performed incantations or called down curses upon the invading Romans. Time, however, brings into juxtaposition things the most incompatible; and he had brought this matchless lawn into the possession of a publisher, — and such a publisher! I am aware that there have been good publishers; but, of all of that tribe that I have known, this individual was the least sympathetic. Hard he was, loud, pragmatical, self-satisfied; more than any other Englishman of my acquaintance did he fill the conception that rises to the mind of the "blasted

Briton." In his single person he supplied a justification of whatever abuse, since the dawn of book-making, authors have heaped upon their natural enemies; and yet, for some reason for which I cannot reasonably account, I liked him; and though, long since, he has gone to his everlasting place, — be it where it may, — there still remains in my memory a kindness for him. A creature he was so jovial, so complacent, so unrepentant, so preposterous, that one's very midriff was tickled at him. He had a prodigious, almost an indecent vitality; he lived to be near ninety years of age; and during that interminable existence, not for one moment, I am convinced, did he entertain the least suspicion that he was not one of the most delightful fellows that ever lived, as well as one of the most useful and meritorious. His name was Henry G. Bohn, and he owned the finest lawn in Middlesex.

Possibly, in a way, he was useful, after all. How it may be now, I know not; but forty years ago there were persons in my class at Harvard who were said to find Bohn's Classical Library of intimate service to them. Doubtless the nature of this service was base; but a man with his neck under the guillotine knife of a college examination is not always fastidious as to the nature or moral character of the thing that gets him safe out again. Now Bohn, through his translations, did afford such help; indeed, in those early days, I used to believe that the translations existed for no other purpose than the unmentionable one above indicated. Nor can I, to-day, conceive of any sane sinner employing them for any more legitimate end, in spite of the rumor I have heard that Emerson had confessed a partiality for them. Be that as it may, they are assuredly the worst translations ever made; and were poor Bohn, during his peregrinations in the Shades down yonder, to stumble upon any of the classic authors whom he caused to be thus misrepresented, they would lynch him on sight. The eyes of even the gentlemanly and amiable Xenophon would

kindle with a homicidal glare, should they alight upon this brazen traducer. Nor were his foes restricted to the classical era; he had published modern books as well; and some of them were pirated; for I remember that his first remark to me was, "Oh, I know all about you; your father was the man that wrote that thing — what was it? — 'The Red Letter,' horrid book, sir; worst thing I ever read; and I published it, too!" Such were his comfortable words; and from that moment was it that I conceived my abnormal fondness for him. Such a character is genuine and primitive; I prefer my criminals cheerful and insulting. If Bohn could but be put into a novel, readers would find him irresistible.

Not of Bohn, however, nor of his Classical Library, was it my cue to speak; but of the incomparable lawn. Bohn gave a lawn-party, to which I was bidden. His place was about a mile east of Twickenham church, and not far from the hog-backed bridge at Richmond. The estate was bounded on the south by the road to Richmond, with a hedge of tall trees protecting it on that side; the house was to the west of the lawn, which, if my memory serve me, may have been a hundred and fifty paces in length, and half as wide. But its area was not its most remarkable feature.

Broad and open it lay to the sunshine and the showers. That hedge of trees, as afternoon advanced, cast a breadth of shade along its western verge; but the matchless green of its main expanse was rendered by the contrast only more softly brilliant. The human soul is so made that green is one of its most delectable æsthetic experiences. The color is not exciting, like red, nor stimulating like yellow, nor exalting and inspiring like blue; it is simply soothing, satisfying, reviving, delicious. It is the human color; if there be planets on whose surface green is a color as rare as is blue on ours, our race would speedily languish and die out there. But I speak, of course, of the perfect green, — the green of English lawns. Other

greens there are, cold, or trivial, or muddy, or crude, which do but irritate or depress us; and there are blue-greens and gray-greens, well enough in their places; and, in the caves of icebergs, spiritual greens that exercise a weird enchantment. But for the garment of the mighty, round earth no other green is worthy than this of England; none other touches so inwardly the heart of man. No wonder that Falstaff, on his deathbed, babbled o' green fields; for my dying eyes I could desire no happier vision than the gracious levels of an English lawn steeped in the gentle sunshine of a summer afternoon.

Mankind has not maintained itself at the level of this natural beauty. Turf such as this should be trod only by nymphs with white limbs and demigods golden-tanned; Adam and Eve, before their fall, would have made a harmonious picture on this immortal couch; or, at least, the ivory-bosomed maids of Hellas and the yellow-haired, broad-shouldered Achæan youths might here enact fittingly their Homeric romances. But to behold 'Arry and his 'Arriet disporting themselves on so divine a stage is the sorriest of discordances; and, although Britain's "upper classes" afford types far superior to these, yet do the best of them fall short of the requirements. George du Maurier's slack-kneed æsthetes aspired to live up to their blue china; but there have appeared no adventurers so rash as to undertake the enterprise of lifting themselves into harmony with these green lawns. So, while the company assembled, on the day I write of, to partake of Mr. Bohn's hospitality comprised persons and personages of no small masculine and feminine attractiveness, and though their garments were often of pleasing hue and fashionable design, yet did the green grass vulgarize the best of them, and make their splendor tawdry.

Now I will relate an astonishing fact. Early in the afternoon came workmen with a great marquee of striped canvas, and began setting it up at one end of the lawn. The grass was kept continually

cropped short; so that over the entire expanse there was not a blade more than one third of an inch in length. Yet when, in order to provide supports for the stay-ropes of the tent, stakes three feet in length were driven into the turf, — and it made one shudder to see it done: it was likestabbing a tender woman in the breast, — these three-foot stakes, I say, were not long enough for their points to reach the solid earth; their whole length was embedded in the fibrous mattress of tiny, interwoven grass-roots underlying the green, elastic surface, — a mattress, therefore, more than two feet thick, at least. When, afterward, the stakes were pulled up, not a scar remained to show where they had penetrated; the wonderful web closed over the wound like water. Its resilience was just the right medium between soft and firm; yielding luxuriously to the foot, yet bearing it up again with an exhilarating lift. But, as I have intimated, it was better suited to the barefoot, springing gait of the early gods and goddesses than to the heavy-heeled, stiff-kneed shuffle of contemporary deities; and the spectacle of a classical publisher hastening to and fro across it, in the exercise of his social privileges, was one to make his enemies rejoice, and to arouse the compassion of the charitable. But the lawn was his, and we could not help it.

Everybody was there: George Otto Trevelyan, nephew of Macaulay, homely but brilliant; he had just published his biography of the historian, and he was eminent in the councils of the Liberal-Unionists. Mrs. Tennant sat on a campstool, tilting a parasol, with her two beautiful little daughters standing beside her; one of them afterwards was to become the wife, and is to-day the widow, of Stanley the explorer. Baron Trübner, the Anglo-German publisher, tall and amiable, combining within himself all the charms and none of the faults of both nationalities, was present, as if to show how nature can compensate for the creation of a Bohn; and Leslie Stephen, elongated,

meagre, dry, and gravely humorous, — you could see in him the successor in the editorial chair of the *Cornhill Magazine* of his father-in-law, Thackeray; but you would hardly suspect so studious an ascetic of being president of the Alpine Club and one of its most active members. Mrs. Duncan Stewart was there, — one of the wonderful old ladies of London, whose house, in Sloane Street, was a meeting-place of the elect; and George Lewis, the matchless little solicitor of London society, who knew secrets enough to explode the whole aristocratic community, had he chosen to betray them; but who looked as if he spent his life listening to sweet music and perusing the Beatitudes. And Hubert Herkomer, with his lank, black hair, magnetic eyes and hollow cheeks, — a man of strange powers and qualities, who had just achieved fame by his picture of the Chelsea Pensioners. And good-humored Lady Hardy, with her slim, pale daughter Iza, — novelists both of them; and Iza's name was romantically associated with that of Joaquin Miller, who figured as the hero of her latest novel, *Glencairne*: but Joaquin was not beside her on the green lawn to-day. And brown-bearded Comyns Carr, with his æsthetic wife, creators of the Kate-Greenaway suburb known as Bedford Park. And Mrs. Pender Cudlip, the demure author of novels of intrigue once known in two continents as the productions of "Annie Thomas;" she was a little, homely, appealing, pleasant woman; and — well, and scores more. There they all were, grouped and scattered about the lovely lawn. The English turf is as fresh and green now as it was then; but during the thirty years that have passed, many of them have vanished beneath it.

For my own part, I presently stumbled upon an odd manikin of a creature, with thin, active legs and a long, queer visage adorned with sparse whiskers of faded yellow; under his black frock coat he wore a yellow vest, and light, striped pantaloon covered his shrunken shanks. I had never before seen the actual man, and

my acquaintance with his portraits had prepared me for a tall and portly gentleman, — these likenesses having been heads merely, which are apt to prove misleading in this respect. Nevertheless, no sooner had I set eyes on him than I recognized him; for he had drawn his own effigy at full length a myriad times, and there was no mistaking that big-headed, slim-bodied, elfin type, with its touch of the grotesque, and its preternatural nimbleness. If you have ever studied a certain ancient edition of Grimms' *Fairy Tales*, you have seen this remarkable individual masquerading in scores of disguises from one illustration to another. In short, he could have been none other than George Cruikshank; and George Cruikshank, accordingly, he proved to be.

And what a man he was, to be sure! He was born just before the storming of the Tuileries, in 1792; at this time he had been actively at work for full threescore years and ten, and was still as industrious as ever. The social, literary, artistic, political, and reform history of the nineteenth century covered the area of his own career. He had caricatured Napoleon; he had pictured the passions of the Corn-Law agitation; he had dealt tremendous blows at the drink evil; he had brought to the familiar knowledge of innumerable English and American children the fairy tales of the Middle Ages; he had illustrated Dickens and a dozen other authors; he had written books of his own, and had started and edited periodicals; — and behold! here he was, lively and enterprising as ever, skipping to and fro on Mr. Bohn's lawn; and now pausing for a few moments to give me good advice.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, in his brisk, incisive manner, "smoking cigarettes, I see! Ought to stop it; never should touch tobacco; I used to smoke, but I stopped it! Nobody ought to smoke!"

"Is it long since you stopped smoking, Mr. Cruikshank?" I inquired.

"Oh, forty years ago!" was his reply.

"Then," said I, after a rapid mental calculation, "I have still more than ten years before I need throw my cigarette away."

But it was characteristic of the admirable George to admonish me as he had done; and perhaps also characteristic of him that my inertia gave him not the slightest disappointment or annoyance. He knew that the world was all wrong; he had the instinct of remonstrance; but having remonstrated, he accepted things as they were, with perfect good-humor and enjoyment. He cared for the abstract; but for concrete illustrations thereof he cared little, if at all. He lived to be near ninety-three years old; and when he died, some curious facts concerning his private career were unearthed, which I shall not here recount. Never have I met any other man with a personal equation so intense and peculiar as his. The mark he made on one's memory was distinct; and yet he possessed neither weight nor dignity; and, in spite of the ground he covered, and the reputation he earned, his function was a narrow one. He gave his whole force to art; and art, having affiliations with all kinds of life, led him into regions of activity for which, apart from art, he would, perhaps, have cared nothing. He was, in other words, a mere vehicle of art-expression, of a marvelously fertile and fascinating kind, wherein his heart was less concerned than was his brain. The personal impression he made was, as I have said, elf-like and fantastic, — that of a phenomenon rather than of a man. And yet, being an artist, — and his especial kind of an artist, — he became one of the memorable figures of his epoch. He was a Hogarth, with the deep, underlying seriousness of Hogarth left out. After our conversation, the rest of which I have forgotten, he skipped away on his nimble little nankeen legs, and I saw him no more.

But Bohn's lawn was a trying background for any man; and it may have led me into doing less than justice to

George Cruikshank. He was an extraordinary genius; and almost all the countless products of his genius were directly aimed to do good. He merited the honor he received; indeed, had he received less,

there might have been more warmth in our memory of the man. As it is, we feel that he was paid his fair wages; and we half forget him in our preoccupation with what he expressed in his art.

THE SCARLET BAT

BY JOSLYN GRAY

A SINGLE, heavy blast of wind, emerging from the depths of the forest that had ever been the one rampier of the place against the force of the elements, swept slowly through the town, rustling and scattering the thin cloud of last year's leaves, and searching the empty streets in a kind of forlorn questing. Falling thus, and, without harbinger, followed by the same oppressive quietness of that unseasonably sultry spring day, it seemed rather moral than natural; it was like a great, deep-drawn sigh, not, indeed, of relief, but the inevitable vent of long-suppressed emotion. As such, moreover, it was wholly in keeping with circumstance. For fair Alice Lee, the minister's only child, and the loveliest maiden of the shore-side, alike of feature and of spirit, had just been hidden from all kindly mortal eyes, in the still bare and unkindly ground of the churchyard. So gentle, modest, tender a flower of humanity being thus untimely blighted, nature herself, as yet scarcely daunted by the presence of this young colony, might well have heaved this throbbing sigh. Or, if one liked not that interpretation, one might have believed it to be merely the general single exhalation of an hundred human sighs that burst forth, involuntary, even as the townsfolk stepped back across their thresholds, and separately, yet with one accord, realized that all was over: the youths who had been her lovers; the maidens, who, unable to cherish, or even to conceive, an envious or unkindly thought against that pure crea-

ture, had been little less than lovers; the little children, whose affection held an element of awe or adoration; the elders, whose faces, however stern and grim, had never failed to melt into smiles at sight of the sweet face shining out from the dimness of the minister's pew, — these all, the town itself as a whole, in truth, sharing the deep grief of the bereft widowed father.

Alice Lee had died in the springtime, but early in that bleak New England spring; too early to have "store of flowers stuck upon her winding-sheet." They spoke of this among themselves on that sad day, when, at the twilight hour, for the first time since the shock of the mournful tidings had stricken them silent, tongues were loosed for the discussion inevitably following all sublunary matters. She had had their all, indeed, but that was scarcely a handful of pale, scentless, house-grown blossoms, and the snow-white maiden was known to have loved, from her babyhood, the bright and cheerful hues of nature's own children.

Thence, naturally, their thoughts and words turned to other circumstances of the dead girl's life, and particularly, with this association, to Matthew Ballantyne, her lover, — her one lover, we may call him, for to him alone, out of all who had longed to be so named and considered, had fallen the key of the pure marble chamber of her heart. It was not yet a year, as some of her friends recalled now, — last year's latest roses had shed their

petals on the day when, the young lovers having plighted their troth, Matthew Ballantyne had gone bravely to the stern and reverend minister to ask the formal sanction of a treasure already virtually his own. And some few wondered if to-day the minister in his loneliness thought, perchance, of this; or had any jealousy that his cold, unyielding refusal had had aught to do with the death — that was, in truth, a gradual fading away — of the gentle, obedient daughter.

Some few, perchance; but they were only the younger and less wise of Alice's Puritan town-fellows. The elders presently found voice to denounce Matthew Ballantyne's behavior on that solemn day, — behavior which began to loom against their horizon larger and darker as, Alice's form being removed forever from their sight, her image ceased to dominate their thoughts. Throughout, indeed, they had upheld their pastor in what some of the silly maids had deemed a severe course, the undemurring obedience of Alice herself seeming to approve their wisdom. But even had he won any sympathy of regard theretofore, — this strange painter youth from overseas, none knew precisely whence, — his demeanor of that day would have sent it to the winds.

"Was it not enough," cried Dame Sparrow, "that he should have entered the meeting-house in such indecorous garb, with his unkempt yellow locks and flaunting scarlet neckcloth, — was this not enough, but must he sit, in the presence of all, with unmanly tears streaming down his face!"

"Aye, but tears befit that face," cried another, "maid-pale and girlish as it is!"

They had foregathered at the town pump on the morning following Alice Lee's funeral. A chill morning it was, and dark with lowering rain clouds; and over their white caps, obscuring the comeliness these gave to each strong-featured face, the women had drawn folds of their dark woolen shawls.

"And who is he?" demanded the

beadle's wife, unconsciously emphasizing her question by so hard a grasp of the tiny hand in hers that her little son cried out in pain. Hushing the child sternly, she repeated her words. "And who, pray, is this Matthew Ballantyne? A vagrant painter, and the outcast lover of the sainted maiden, whose obsequies his very presence would have polluted, even if his monstrous demeanor" —

"Relate it to me, if you will, good Mistress Carey," interrupted a younger, but not less hard-featured woman. "Our pew, as you know, is under the very pulpit, and I have seen no one since."

"'T was a sight well missed," returned Mistress Carey grimly, though none present believed that she herself would have foregone the opportunity which her more favorable seat had afforded her. "Ah! what a sight was that," she went on, the fascinated eyes of the other women and the terrified gaze of the child riveted on her face. "To see that long, gaunt youth rise up suddenly in the midst of the solemnest part of the sermon, wave his arms in a wild, grotesque manner, and fling himself with unseemly violence from that reverend roof!"

"Ah, but wot you not the cause of his strange action?" Dame Sparrow interposed eagerly, grudging the beadle's wife the *bema* of the town pump. "It was just after the Rev. Mr. Lee had declared that the sins of the dead woman (so he called her) were as scarlet, that Matthew Ballantyne took himself hence in dudgeon."

"But, Goody, Mr. Lee said in the eye of the All-Righteous," corrected a gentler, sweeter voice than had fallen before upon the harsh air of that morning. And the face of a young matron who had been one of Alice's chosen friends flushed slightly, and the hand that tenderly stroked the flaxen hair of her girl-baby trembled. "And if Alice's sins were such — to One that sees all — what must ours be?" she asked timidly, hoping, perchance, to turn the current of talk into more healthful channels.

Then, indeed, they paused suddenly,

— this group of chattering dames, though not arrested by the gentle reproof of the youngest amongst them. It was to bend beetle brows and righteously inquisitorial glances upon Matthew Ballantyne himself, as he passed through the market-place to the solitary, one-roomed cottage he occupied upon the shingly shore.

Ah! he had been in the forest all night! How haggard he looked and wild, — not with the deep passion of sorrow, the beadle's wife averred, but more like one who consorts with evil spirits. His long cloak was clutched so closely about him that one scarce had a peep of its brave lining, but his scarlet scarf fluttered debonairly to the breeze. Furthermore, Dame Sparrow, who stood on the farthest verge of the circle about the pump, declared that he crushed in his hand something of that same sinister hue.

Matthew Ballantyne passed from view, unaware, it is like, of the unfriendly eyes that followed his retreating figure, though these were many. For out of all that group, two members alone did not frown upon the melancholy stranger, — the gentle young matron stood with her eyes fixed on the ground, but the child she held so tenderly clapped her tiny hands for joy of the scarlet ribband, and her little face was alight with a winning smile.

A week later a festal day found this same little company, enlarged by the addition of half a score or more others, gathered in the market-place, ready and eager to discuss thoroughly the topic that had been merely introduced on the day when their conversation about the town pump had been unseasonably interrupted by the appearance of the minister. Not, indeed, that the idea was strange to any one; it came out that there was but one woman in the group who had not long before this noted and meditated in secret upon Matthew Ballantyne's predilection for the color scarlet. Who, pray, had not remarked that plant in the seaward window of his cottage, that bore those strange scarlet blossoms, — not a geranium, al-

though the careless observer might mistake it for one at a distance.

"Aye, and the posies that he was wont to fetch Alice Lee from the deep forest," chimed in the minister's next-door neighbor. "None but he ever found such blossoms, blood-red, and paganish-looking. And though Alice Lee would not, or dared not, wear them in the bosom of her white gown, I promise you that up to the day she died there was always one or more of them in a glass in her chamber window. And mark ye, gossips, there was none who ever got a nearer view of them than from below stairs."

Whereupon Mistress Hampden — she whose pew was under the very pulpit — made bold to speak.

"Sisters," quoth she, in so low a voice that the circle instinctively contracted, with its circumference close about its centre, "let me tell you now what I dared not a week ago, lest you laugh my words to scorn, or report me to the magistrates. Ye noted, I trow, how moved I was when young Master Ballantyne's strange action was spoken of. Hear this, then: even as he left the meeting-house, with my own eyes I saw the white blossom in Alice Lee's dead hand change on a sudden to burning scarlet."

A deep, awestruck silence followed this communication, broken presently by a stifled cry of horror, which little Nehemiah Carey could no longer suppress.

The correction instituted immediately by his stern, heavy-handed mother both caused her son to forget the occasion of his fright, and so far slackened the tenacity of the strain upon the others that they could quite relieve it by discussion.

They spoke of Matthew Ballantyne's portraits, which, in truth, were of an excellence so signal that his foibles were tolerated beyond ordinary probation. It was discovered now that he had not, during his whole stay in the place, painted a portrait without at least a touch of scarlet. Many of his sitters, worthy magistrates, men of high standing and solid worth, — nay, his Excellency the Governor himself,

— who had yielded to the laudable desire to leave their stern faces to influence the lives of their posterity had subtly been led to wear some garment or ornament of that hue. Others, who sat in unrelieved sad-colored garb, appeared in the portrait marked in some manner by that pagan, papistical shade.

Finally — not on that day, probably, though just when it is hard to make out — the minister's weighty authority was adduced as further evidence of the youth's demoniacal obsession, — of his utter depravity likewise. More than a twelve-month earlier, it was learned, before Alice's father had any suspicion of the young man's aspirations to his daughter's hand, Ballantyne had fallen into conversation with the Rev. Mr. Lee, anent what the minister had at first believed spiritual matters. Instead of being reverend Biblical inquiry on the part of the young man, however, it proved the merest scoffing, if, indeed, not worse. Before he had done, Ballantyne made bold to criticise the passage of Scripture referring to sin being "as scarlet." He declared his opinion to be that scarlet was rather indicative of fullness of life, and thereby perfection, and that drab or black should be substituted in its place; and then, before the astonished and dismayed clergyman had breath to rebuke him, he veered about, and began to prate, with soft, shy eloquence, of the passage that speaks of the virtuous woman who clothes her household in scarlet. What wonder that, thereafter, even had the father been willing to entrust his one beautiful, cherished daughter to a foreign stranger, the preacher of the Divine Word would not suffer a child of his flock to be beguiled by one who searched the Scriptures but to carp and to blaspheme!

But no more of this now. Would that we had been in the forest yesterday-week with Matthew Ballantyne himself, reverent witness of his youthful, solitary grief. Would that we might have turned from that flock of chattering dames, and followed the young painter to his solitary

cottage on the shore. Would even that, these desires being impossible of satisfaction, we might have Ballantyne's own word, his record of what passed with him from that hour until the day of his early death. Unhappily, this, too, is impossible. The tale is made up wholly from the records of those who misunderstood and hated the youth. The case of the opposition alone is given; the defense is silent, the only rag of evidence for that side being in the character of the portraits Ballantyne painted, and, in particular, in that of his own.

Of the former, mention will be made later. The latter portrait, faded unduly by damp and neglect, and preserved at all only by chance, presents the half-length likeness of a figure of a wild gypsy grace. About the shoulders is flung a fantastic dark-hued cloak with a scarlet lining, — richer of material and hue, we may guess, than that which went so frequently to the damp forest; while the clear, childlike brow is shadowed by a broad-brimmed, steeple-crowned hat, sad-colored, but bearing an anomalous scarlet plume, from which, since it is never in any way mentioned by the youth's contemporaries, we may make what inference we will. The face, — peering out of a mass of yellow elf-locks, — the face is of one whose life is an eager, unwearied, never-satisfied quest of something that is not anywhere to be discovered. The cheekbones are high, the hollow white cheeks have each its spot of hectic color; the nostrils are singularly sensitive, — as of one who breathes fire. In the blue-black eyes there lurks, indeed, a certain wildness, which still does not conceal nor mar the intrinsic sweetness therein; and this, with the mildness of the brow, and the almost womanly gentleness of the large, thin-lipped mouth, might, we think, have caused a less rigid people to pity rather than to distrust the young stranger in their midst.

After that festal-day discussion in the market-place, curious eyes were ever on the alert for more significant vagaries

upon the part of Matthew Ballantyne, curious minds, — almost pitifully destitute of other matter for conjecture, — ever eager to weave that singular thread of scarlet into stranger and more startling warps. The young painter did not want for sitters; though, as the days passed, he devoted less and still less time to his art, until finally, but for their importunity, he would have spent his whole time in the forest.

Now they began to pry his haunts, — fearfully at first, for they were not wont to penetrate so far into the forest; but more dauntlessly as curiosity deepened; and the informant was temporarily chief among his townsmen. And by little and little, an account of Matthew Ballantyne's day's commerce was fashioned; whether from observation or inductive fancy we know not, though we may infer both methods to have been employed.

Deep in the woods, — deeper than white man had thitherto penetrated, — marked by a great, lightning-riven oak which had been a sturdy sapling when Christopher Columbus first approached the Spanish main, lay a small hollow, like an inverted shield, encircled closely by the fair, smooth, marble-white columns of slender plane trees, whose arching branches formed a sort of hypæthral roof. The planes would seem to indicate that the dell was earlier the basin of a pool, as likewise the marvelous fineness and abundance of the greenest of moss that carpeted it. In truth, it must have been a real woodland bower, and might have been alluring, even to Matthew Ballantyne's grave and serious townspeople, had there not been another, and, if not greater, at least more certain danger thereabout even than that of the savages. For without the encircling trees, henbane and deadly nightshade were thickly strown; and glossy, dark, and wantonly luxurious, over and through the moss, festooned about the tree trunks and the few large stones scattered about, rioted the three-leaved poison ivy. And whether the evil spirit in league with Matthew Bal-

lantyne was in truth author of this malign growth, or whether the painter took advantage of the nature of the place, in any event it kept the wary inquisitive from venturing so near as to ascertain themselves fully of the character of the mound at the roots of the oak, — the shrine of that hypæthral temple, whose priest the wild young stranger was.

A small mound, yet large enough, it was averred, for a maiden's grave, it was all abloom with flowers, — scarlet flowers, which were said to glow through the darkness at night with baleful brilliance. At last, then, Alice Lee had her "store of blossoms," for none doubted that it was her grave; but alas! in such unholy manner that none of her friends — and all her townspeople, it will be remembered, were that — could feel it aught but sacrilege. Still, none made his protest action, not even the bereaved father. Nevertheless, we must believe that, though the Rev. Thomas Lee shared, seemingly, the acquiescence of the less concerned, he did not partake of their motive. Either he believed that the same magic that alone could have transported Alice's body to that lonely spot could at any time restore it, or the simulacrum, to the churchyard; or, despite the rhetorical doubts which had so incensed Alice's lover, the father might have really felt so confident of his daughter's soul's abiding in Paradise, that he had no fear though her cast earthly garment were at the mercy even of the angel of the bottomless pit.

Days elapsed, and weeks, and still the artist's cottage by the shore was deserted by day, and frequently by night. The village had little sight of the youth. Now one, up betimes, perchance had a glance of his lean, lithe figure crossing the market-place. Again, another, looking forth from his window at dead of night, would see the same unmistakable form quietly, though not furtively, seeking its lonely abode; and those who had the latter experience went so far as to say that one knew him in the blackest night because of some scarlet token, — a flower, per-

chance, from the grave in the forest,—that burned luridly through any enveloping medium.

Ballantyne had been officially ordered to leave the colony within the twelve-month; a curious bit of latitude, which, since it could not have arisen from the scarcity or fortuity of vessels sailing overseas, should we go far astray in attributing to some selfish desire on the part of the people? In any event, this is clear: from the day on which this sentence was announced to him until that of his last return from the forest, Matthew Ballantyne scarce appeared in the village by day but that he was besieged by a throng of would-be sitters.

He painted a number of portraits, apparently not so much because he desired to do the work, or had any concern for the bootless gold that was supposed to compensate his loss of time, but because, we may think, despite his wild ways, he was too gentle of heart to withstand importunity.

Though he worked better than ever before, the young painter afforded less satisfaction. For that subtle art of depicting character more vividly than feature, which we find first in his portrait of himself, appears in each subsequent work of his brush, and more frequently, it must be acknowledged, to the discredit or the chagrin of the subject than otherwise. The more part of these pictures has disappeared, yet, though those extant are faded and cracked, one understands why the Puritans were disappointed in them, and why, none the less, they persisted in beseeching to be limned. Strong, stern, handsome features are belied by the stamp of inner weakness or hypocrisy: a blandly smiling countenance leers, let one stand at a certain distance, with bitter hatred; a woman's face, unwontedly soft of line, and virtuously proud, confesses uncharitableness that lacks little of being mere cruelty. The minister himself,—for, strange to relate, the Rev. Thomas Lee sat for his portrait to his dead daughter's lover,—though in the features which

others describe as afire with righteous zeal and fervency, eyes glowing with visions of Paradise, lips lighted at the fires of Zion, Matthew Ballantyne depicted naught indeed of conscious evil or hypocrisy,—confronts the observer like an image of stone. Unmerciful, unloving,—unhuman, that is to say,—this Puritan divine, father of sweet Alice Lee, lives, if not to the mockery, at least to the unconcern, of a distant generation.

Did Matthew Ballantyne find, then, no good at all in this world, in mankind, now that for him its fairest blossom was blighted? Ah, yes, he was still too gentle to be wholly misanthrope. The maidens of the village, and one young matron—all Alice's former friends—are an exception to the general character of his work. Gentleness, modesty, love,—in varying degrees we find these qualities graven in each sweetly, and, through his art, eternally, youthful face that he copied from those pure, maidenly hearts. And we may accept them as proof that, even though the young painter were in league with an evil spirit, or *the* evil spirit himself, who endowed him with unerring insight, he was not wholly given over to the powers of darkness, and read and imaged the good more willingly than the ill.

We have purposely delayed discussion of this spirit of darkness until now, for, though the records state that its existence was known immediately after the little grave in the woods was discovered, all internal evidence is to the contrary. We cannot believe that the matter was mooted at all until after Matthew Ballantyne had asked the question which is given below. However that may be, we reproduce the description as given by those curious observers to whom we are indebted for much of the material of this tale.

Suspecting unholy commerce, at length watchers were rewarded by the sight of a strange, unearthly creature in the high branches of the storm-blanchèd oak. A small creature, its fearful aspect depended not alone upon a sharp, grinning, half-

human face, a smooth, round, hairless head pointed with horns, claw feet, and wide-spreading, skinny-looking wings that seemed designed, not to soar into the empyrean, but to drop to the bottomless pit, — add to all this, that, from horned head to claw foot, it was all of a brilliant, malign scarlet. This being, luridly visible day and night, whether an emissary of hell, or the devil himself, consorted with Matthew Ballantyne present, and guarded the grave from the tree above during his absence.

Menace as it was to the community, it is acknowledged that the matter was not brought to the ears of the magistrates until the end was already at hand, — also that, though more than one was ready with glib account after the matter was once launched in the gossip-stirred waters of public discussion, Matthew Ballantyne himself set the bark afloat. Returning to his cottage one misty twilight, he encountered on the beach the portly person of a visiting clergyman who was famed throughout the colony for his attainments as a scholar. And, though divine lore was his chosen and favorite field, there was scarce a secular byway of science into which he had not wandered.

Ballantyne remembered the kindly face it was now too dark to discern. Halting, he bowed lowly and reverently before the old man.

"A good-evening to you, sir, in whom I think to meet the painter who so skillfully limned the portrait of my granddaughter, Mistress Dorcas Elliot," returned the old man graciously. "Will you walk with me along the sounding shore?"

The young man acquiesced in silence. As they fell into step, the elder noted that his companion wanted not only the springing gait that should have belonged to his youth, but even the slight strength of his own old age. He laid his hand gently on the painter's shoulder, and would have chided him kindly for overworking.

But the youth suddenly raised his head

high, and his burning eyes penetrated the gloom with a fire that seemed no grosser than that of the stars gathering above their heads.

"Tell me," he cried, "reverend sir, you who know all things, 't is said, and that without losing hold on the greatest good, charity, — answer me one question. Is there in all this world, — hast thou ever seen aught" —

"Fear not to disburthen thy mind," said the other mildly; "distress not thyself with doubt."

Still Matthew Ballantyne paused. But again, encouraged by the good old man, he spoke out.

"Tell me, then, — is there, in all God's created universe, such a creature as a scarlet bat?"

The remainder of the interview is unhappily lost. We may guess, however, that, if the old minister felt constrained solemnly to warn the misguided youth, he acted the part in the gentle, fatherly way that was his one manner. Returning to the manse where he was a guest, he laid the matter solicitously before the Rev. Thomas Lee. The latter, in his turn, directly after the departure of his guest, brought the affair before the minds of the magistrates in, perchance, a less sympathetic manner. The following day the town buzzed with the tale of Matthew Ballantyne and the scarlet bat. The excitement continued unceasingly, while for three days the villagers awaited the return of the mysterious painter from the forest.

On the fourth day, his floating cloak was descried from afar by a group gathered in the market-place, — for what purpose we are not informed. A crowd collected with mysterious alacrity to watch his approach. The long, swinging gait of six months earlier was become a spiritless, perchance painful, toiling; but the youth's straight form was not bent, nor his fever-bright eyes downcast. Mention is made of the fact that he flaunted as boldly as ever the brave lining of his cloak, and that his thin cheeks were hec-

tically marked with the baleful hue; yet naught is directly said of the expression of Matthew Ballantyne's face upon this his last appearance among his fellow-men. Nothing is said, yet much may be inferred. We know, though the village urchins hooted and gibed at first, that on his approach they ceased suddenly, while all the people fell back, making broad way for him; and even the magistrates, who were to have challenged the offender, and in good probability to have seized upon him, stood motionless and tongue-tied as he passed. Nay, more, the spectators were speechless with apprehension and terror to see a little maid, the child of the young matron alluded to, slip from her mother's restraining grasp, and, running unabashed to Matthew Ballantyne's side, seize his hand in both her little ones, and touch it lovingly and reverently with her baby lips.

He smiled upon the little maid, and, looking upon his portrait, one fancies that the child must have borne that smile in memory all her life. Then he passed silently on, disappearing in the thicket that led to his cottage on the shore.

Thenceforth he did not emerge from his dwelling. Watch was set upon the place by order of the magistrates, who had so strangely forgotten their duty, but who now determined to apprehend him so soon as he should stir forth from a roof believed to shelter unholy secrets.

Again they waited three days, days of more feverish excitement, for it was reported that each night, as darkness fell, a fiery, winged creature circled helixwise about the cottage chimney, before dropping down through it. The watch was kept from the windows of the house which stood highest in town; none ventured even to the shore, — with a single exception. The gentle young matron who had been Alice Lee's friend, even while she shuddered at thought of the scarlet bat, and could not but have fear for her little maid, still felt some womanly pity for the strange youth, and went twice, alone and stealthily, tremblingly to place

food and a bottle of wine upon his window-sill.

Finally, the popular excitement becoming dangerously tense, the magistrates felt forced to take decisive action. Accordingly, upon the Friday night of that week, ten prominent men, including the minister, surrounded the cottage on the shore. Before entering, they made the three windows fast from the outside, and sent a nimble lad, who feared his errand, perchance, quite as much as the threatened rod, up to the roof-tree to secure the top of the chimney by means of a contrivance prepared for the purpose.

They marched in very quietly, the ten men, yet so profound was the silence within that their footfalls seemed the iron tramp of a mighty host. The minister pushed open the inner door, and with beating hearts the others followed him across the threshold. There they halted suddenly, and, forgetful of all, each bared his head.

One thing alone they saw, in all the fantastic litter of the little room. Matthew Ballantyne lay upon a couch drawn close to the shoreward-looking window, his face just turned to the water and the stars. He was clad in a rich robe of brilliant scarlet stuff, — doubtless a part of that paraphernalia all artists have, — and his cloak, flung gracefully back from the shoulders, draped itself picturesquely about it. Over the scarlet cushion, his hair, silky and beautiful as a woman's, spread softly from his face, — his white, white face, upon which only two tiny spots of that hectic color lingered.

They had not disturbed his sleep, though he lay so near the window. Matthew Ballantyne was without their jurisdiction. He was gone overseas in very truth, and his face said that the going was not exile, but freedom. And mild as that brow was, and sweet as the expression, and ineffably peaceful, — remote from them and theirs as utterly as only the look of the dead may be, — nevertheless it rebuked those ten men sternly, humbling them until they could not look into one

another's faces. And as they dispersed, not concertedly, but slinking away one by one, regret and remorse, albeit but half conceived, went along with each. It was not that their case was gone up to an higher tribunal; it was the apprehension that the Superior Judge might think they had bungled.

And the scarlet bat? We cannot say. Later writers agree only in the grotesque

and fanciful character of their several accounts, and the last contemporary narrator pauses at that death-bed scene. We can only echo, with more warmth, if it may be, the valediction of the latter. "God send," he adds, "that in the article of death young Master Ballantyne was released of the Devil and at peace with his Maker; for, in good sooth, he painted passing well."

BEYOND

BY ALLAN MUNIER

BEYOND the prison cell
Release!

Beyond the stormy passage
Peace!

Beyond the starless night
The great Sun's rising —
Beyond these wilds a home
Of Death's devising.

After tumultuous years
To creep
Within a lonely room
And sleep!
After the exigence
Of human hunger,
Bread, and lodging, and wine
To need no longer!

How I have longed for this! —
And yet
How can I go content —
Forget
All that was dear in life
Entwined about you?
How can I pass Beyond
In peace without you?

A WRITER OF WORDS

BY MARGARET COOPER MCGIFFERT

I

EARLY in her straitened youth, Ellen Stearns had determined to secure three things: an education, a home, and congenial companionship. Before she had worked her way through school and college, her slender hands and her indomitable will had grappled with many phases of self-help. Tutoring in term-time, waiting on table at summer hotels, and two years of teaching, carried her through her college course in six years. During the last year she was able to give her entire time to the college work and life; that year decided the president to recommend her for a position that had been above her most ambitious dream. "In force, in ability to use her scholarship, and in contagious idealism, she is unique," the president wrote; "and this year has given her leisure to develop a latent good-comradeship that will insure her an important influence over growing girls."

She was surprised by an appreciation which extravagantly repaid efforts that had been their own recompense. She could not understand how the work of a teacher could ever have been called drudgery. Once the principal cautioned her. "Save yourself a little," she suggested. "You need not give yourself so absolutely to the girls. Be a little selfish, — if you can."

Ellen wondered. It was easier to give than to withhold; it was only in the act of giving that she seemed to feel her grasp upon her own. The girls came to her with their confidences, their perplexities and enthusiasms. The youth she had never known was restored to her through her interest in them. As she caught the contagion of their buoyancy, she hoped that they might learn from her the lessons of

her pilgrimage, without needing to tread the way that now, in the retrospect, seemed heartrendingly solitary.

The summer found her unaccountably weary; it was fortunate that it was no longer necessary to work. She discovered a nook on the Maine coast, a meeting-place of woods and sea, where she luxuriated in the summer and in the opening chapters of a novel that had flashed its outline into her mind in the early weeks of her school work; writing it was not a task, but recreation. During the following year, though the school life lost something of its ideal homelikeness, the work something of its first exhilaration, her opportunity retained its dream-like aspect. The girls and their development were still her first interest; her novel was an occasional private indulgence. The offer of an instructorship in her college surprised only herself. "I knew it was inevitable," her principal told her. "I should like to keep you always, but there are inherent reasons why it is impossible. Keep your expenditure of energy within your income, and you may reach almost any height."

She could not account for her good fortune. To deal with subjects of fascinating interest, and to transform her enthusiasm into service, in a setting of well-ordered beauty, seemed an ideal happiness. She gradually learned that ideal conditions do not exist in mundane institutions, but her contentment was not disturbed. Despite her age and experience, she was still young and ignorant when she met Lawrence Percival Shaw.

Reverend Lawrence Percival Shaw was the descendant of eight generations of clergymen, and the parallelism of his case and Emerson's had not escaped his notice. From his boyhood he had written

poems and kept journals, recording the growth of his mind. No culture had been spared to insure the efflorescence of genius upon the gray old branches of the family tree. He believed in himself in spite of contemporary skepticism, and in time many of his contemporaries admitted their mistake. His instructors in college had advised him not to devote himself entirely to literature, so he had studied for the ministry. At a flatteringly early age, he had found himself the pastor of the Bloomfield church, where his distinction of appearance, his clear-cut enunciation, his literary taste, and his originality of expression, made him the pride of his people and of the town. After a time his long literary labors were rewarded; at one bound he leaped into fame; for a season no select table of contents was properly arranged without a poem or an essay by Lawrence Percival Shaw. He was also in demand as a lecturer; his lecture on "The Joy of Living" won him many disciples. Early in his success, his name attracted Ellen. His enthusiasm for literature and for life supplied a voice for her own inarticulate spirit. When she met him, his face seemed even more eloquent than his words. He found in her what had not hitherto been combined in a satisfying measure, — enthusiasm, appreciation, and intelligence. He felt in her also a capacity for loyalty, for self-abnegation, that held for him the promise of new life. He told her that he loved her and needed her; and he had never spoken more sincerely.

By that time she had finished the novel, to which she had given four summers, the spare time of four teaching seasons, and the results of twenty-nine years of life. She sent it to a publisher without showing it to her lover, for she wanted to feel that she had rounded out something tangible, however humble, before her separate existence ceased. It must stand or fall by its own merits, her first and last novel, for she divined that marriage with Lawrence Percival Shaw would be an all-absorbing career.

Through the six months of their engagement she worked with renewed energy. Her novel was published in May, and they were married in June. Shaw's first collection of poems also appeared in May; a slender volume with wide margins and many fly-leaves. His wedding present to her was a beautifully bound presentation copy, which she unwrapped with a thrill of rapturous self-reproach. It had never occurred to her to have her novel bound for him; she had given him a pearl scarf-pin, as if they had been ordinary lovers. She exulted in his superior thoughtfulness, as in all his other superiorities; she would learn to be like him in fine considerateness; with all her disadvantages, she had always been quick at learning.

His spare time that summer was given to revising a volume of essays that had been announced for publication in November; he was scrupulously painstaking. Ellen's novel had succeeded; it had been crowned with the commendation of those who know, and with popular approval; the financial returns were surprisingly out of proportion to her expectations. She felt like an Aladdin as she wrote, in November, the check that transformed her savings and the returns from her book into the ownership of an ideally complete little house, which stood in a generous yard, surrounded by trees and a stretch of lawn, with a strip of garden in the rear. How had it happened? she asked herself wonderingly. Everything that she had longed for had come to her through the sheer force of her desire; and more that she had not dreamed of; no poet's pen could reproduce the color, the music, the promise, of life. Her publishers were urging upon her the writing of a new novel; the idea was ready, but the substance must be curiously wrought in the depths of her spirit while her everyday work went on; before the actual labor of brain and pen could begin, there were many things that demanded her energies.

They were settled in their new home in time for a worthy keeping of Christmas,

and in the twilight of that day a new note sounded in the silence of their dual content. "I have decided," Shaw said, "to send in my resignation."

"Oh, Lawrence! Why?" Ellen softened the intensity of a surprise that might have sounded almost impertinent in its free expression.

"My sermons and my pastoral work have been sapping energies that I need for production. I have got out of the experience all there is in it, and a habit of didacticism has been growing on me. I am primarily an artist, not a preacher, and I have been warping my nature. The constant necessity of meeting engagements hinders the free play of my mind. These last six months, for instance, have been wasted. I have prepared my essays for publication, but I have produced nothing. And I had expected so much. My marriage, my happiness, an experience that has gone down to the deepest roots of life, has left no record. I must secure proper conditions before it is too late."

Ellen had listened in painful bewilderment. "Dear," she said, "I don't understand. Perhaps it is because I am not literary, — whatever I have written has been as spontaneous as breathing, so I cannot judge, — but it has seemed to me that the way to write is to go on doing one's work, and then to write what presses for utterance."

"But my writing *is* my work," he insisted. "To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world. Have you never felt that for yourself?"

"Never! I am here to live and to love and to work and to help, and to thank God for the good measure, pressed down and shaken together and running over, that flows into words."

"Ah," he said, "you are a woman, not an artist. Art requires absolute devotion; the nourishing of the soul on the highest ideals, the truest beauty; a perennial fountain of joy within the heart; and the long, laborious practice by which a fitting form is moulded for the idea. The only trammels the artist should feel are those

which he prescribes for himself in the working out of his inspiration. Bondage enough he will find through the intractability of his material. In every other respect he should be a free spirit."

"Your preaching," she suggested; "is n't that an art? Is n't there the constant contact with the deepest need, the deepest inspiration? The opportunity to give the joy of your heart a form that shall cure men's diseases, and soothe their sorrows, and satisfy their longings, and strengthen their wills, and inspire their lives?"

"You see only one side. As long as the water comes men are satisfied; who considers the well? But when the well is dry? It is not mere self-regard, but altruism that demands consideration for one's self. And in the scale of benefactors the poet, the prophet, stand far above the preacher. The preacher's message is limited; the message of the poet is universal."

"And the salary?" Ellen said helplessly. The tide of words and the undertow of apprehension had swept her from her moorings.

"It is only eighteen hundred dollars," he replied. "My time is certainly worth more than that. If I were one of those snapshot fellows who snatch at ideas as they elbow their way through the crowd, and rattle them off on typewriters in the pauses of their meaningless activity, I might do my best work with my eye on the clock, my engagement book in my hand, and the doorbell ringing in my ears, in the intervals between weddings, funerals, pastoral calls, and meetings. As it is now, my energies are being frittered away in routine, while with large leisure, there is no telling what I might accomplish. Think of the men whose work will live! how jealously they have been guarded from distraction!"

It distressed her that he should seem to defend himself against her. "I only wanted to understand," she said. "Of course, you must have the conditions you need for your best work. I have been so proud of my preacher that I never knew he was

living at the expense of my poet, — my bringer of good tidings. We must all work in our own way, and none of us can learn the secret for another."

The first of February his new life began, with leisure to search the woods for their secret, the hills for their inspiration, and the snow-clad meadows for their sweep of freedom; with leisure to linger with the masters of words who have moved men's souls; with leisure to brood over life and its manifold meanings, to write with joyous abandon to the mood of the hour, to cut down and file and polish with the scrupulousness that distinguished him. Success rewarded his efforts; the break with the past had proved his wisdom; the joy of his heart blossomed in remunerative words.

The multiplicity of his duties had never interfered with his regular visits to Boston. With all his enthusiasm for art, Lawrence Percival Shaw was a thoroughbred aristocrat, superior to show, but insistent on fineness in the arts of life; and he had learned in his student days that only one barber in America was master of a haircut that combined the distinction of genius with the indescribable something that marks the man of the world. These necessary visits to Boston gave an opportunity to hear good music, to meet cultured men, to see pictures, to feel the stimulus of fine accomplishment. Ellen was unable to accompany him, but the spoils he brought back were better than any she could have found for herself. An opportunity had come to her to write book reviews, and there were many other interests to fill her weeks of waiting.

II

The sudden burst of success had been followed by an unaccountable absence of editorial appreciation. Essay after essay, poem after poem, came back with courteous circumlocutions. Ellen managed to keep the ring of apprehension out of her words of cheer, and added another series of "pot-boilers" to the list of her occu-

pations. In June all occupation ceased for a few weeks, while she learned a new language.

Shaw hung over his namesake, strangely moved. "My heir!" he said, in an awestruck voice that carried his meaning straight to Ellen's heart.

"He is better than a poem," she suggested, with a light on her face that idealized the man without depreciating the artist; and for a moment the poet forgot himself.

In the strength of that self-forgetfulness, he made a visit to New York, and put a straightforward question to the editor who had, in the past, given him the most encouragement: "Will you tell me frankly what fault you find with my work, — why I have altogether lost your favor?"

The editor hesitated. "We must have variety."

"Yes; but allowing for that. You have had nothing of mine for eighteen months. I am asking now for an honest criticism."

"If you want an honest criticism, I should say that for the last two years you have done nothing but repeat yourself. The writer who strives for marked originality of expression has a double danger, — from himself and from the public; in his concentration upon form he is tempted to neglect substance, and the public, though at first attracted, quickly wearies of what it calls mannerisms and pose."

"The public!" Shaw ejaculated scornfully.

"Yes," the editor replied; "but however we may determine to lead, we must look to the public for our following. We may have manuscript clubs, and pass around things that seem too good for publication, — but personally I have never put my hand on anything that I thought was too good, though many things are too limited. With all the craving for the sensational by the reading masses, there has never been a more eager demand for *life* in literature. Whatever difficulties other editors may find, it is not our readers, but our writers that hinder our making a better magazine."

Both courtesy and policy checked Shaw's suggestion that editorial fallibility might be another hindrance.

"I don't mean," the editor answered his unspoken criticism, "that we don't make mistakes. I merely mean that I have never consciously rejected a manuscript because it was too good for our readers; it might be very good in some respects, but poor in others. An excellent sermon, for instance, would fail of acceptance, because most sermons need the personality of the preacher to give them effectiveness."

Shaw flushed uncomfortably. "You think I am too didactic?"

"My dear fellow!" the editor apologized; "I dislike personalities, and I avoid criticism; but you want frankness, and I have been interested in your work. I have tried to analyze my disappointment, and it seems to me that, from some cause which lies beyond my knowledge, you have simply stagnated."

It had been a bitter experience, for Shaw was a proud man, with no place for the word "failure" in his personal vocabulary. He had delayed his resignation too long; he should have given up everything for literature in the first glow of his success. Propositions had been made to him then that he had not been able to accept; the *Ladies' Counselor*, for instance, had offered flattering remuneration for a series of papers; but he had had no time then to prepare them, nor inclination to sell his honored name in the popular marketplace. If he had had only himself to think of, he would not have hesitated to risk everything for the opportunity to devote himself to his art; but just then he had met Ellen, and his allegiance had been divided. The bitterness deepened in his eyes as he stared blindly from the car-window at the flying landscape. Love, marriage, fatherhood, had come to him, and no new life had flowed into his work. His imagination had revealed in his earlier years more vital conceptions than had followed contact with reality, if he could trust the ver-

dict of his friend the editor. "Perhaps I have been working too hard," he thought wearily. "I must put myself to school to simple life, and forget the exactions of literature."

He haunted his wife's room, watching the baby as if its aimless hands held the clue to a mystery, watching his wife as if she were the priestess of an oracle. Life! life! The word rang through his brain. "An eager demand for *life* in literature." He would supply it if he could find it; the selfish claims of an exacting age had starved his own life.

In the sunshine of his devotion, Ellen's strength returned rapidly. Her heart bounded with hope; the vague apprehensions that had lurked in the shadows of her consciousness disappeared, with the other symptoms of illness. In this atmosphere of happiness, Lawrence would come into his own; her poet, whose sensitiveness to distraction and unpleasant contacts was necessarily in an exact proportion to his feeling for beauty, for life in its finest and truest manifestations. She rejoiced that she was not an artist, but only an appreciator of art, so that she could feel the value of another's work, while making it her own work to furnish conditions in which the finest life might be lived, the truest literature written. In the spring a conditional arrangement had been made with the principal of a school for girls in Bloomfield, by which, if all went well, Ellen was engaged to teach literature and history the following year. Her reputation as a teacher had compensated for a temporary uncertainty. "Pot-boiling" had become unendurable: enforced writing racked her nerves, offended her taste, and irritated her conscience. Some time her novel would find its way into being, but it could not be hurried.

July and August had passed before Lawrence confided in her; his hope had flickered out in darkness. "I should not mind what Stanford said so much," he explained; "he's fallible like the rest of us. But it corroborated my own judgment.

I *have* stagnated. I feel it through every fibre. I need a change. I need atmosphere, stimulus, inspiration. I ought to go abroad. . . . Do you think it could be arranged?"

"I have seven hundred dollars in the savings-bank," she said.

"I should not need it all," he answered gratefully. "Of course, you know I would not take it if I did not think it would be a profitable investment. I am sure it will make me more productive." She turned her eyes away from the look on his face, but he bent over and kissed her without noticing. "It is as much for you as for myself," he said.

"Of course!" she answered quickly. "Your success could n't mean to you what it means to me." But when he had left the room, she turned her face away from her own thoughts.

His three months abroad did for him all that he had hoped. He came back with sun-browned face, clear eyes, fresh enthusiasm, and renewed self-confidence. In the fight with untoward circumstances he had won; he would win in the battle for recognition. What was known by flippant young journalists as "the Lawrence Percival Shaw renaissance" speedily followed; his name again adorned tables of contents,—not as select, perhaps, as in his earlier triumph, but still respectable,—and humorous writers imitated his style. But Ellen kept her position in the Bloomfield school for girls, and even relapsed into her old habit of writing "pot-boilers." There was still a slowly diminishing return from her book, and her publishers still urged upon her the expediency of bringing out another novel before the impetus of her first success was lost. Under the stimulus of Shaw's "renaissance," she had written a few chapters; but later she laid them aside with an unacknowledged dread of what might be found written between the lines. Besides, she could not write truly unless her mind had time to play, and play-time now was scarce.

The year of her daughter's arrival was

abstracted from school work; she made up for the loss by an increased activity in literary journalism, a trade at which she had become surprisingly proficient. She knew now why teaching is sometimes called drudgery, but only in prospect and retrospect; she was still able to furnish on demand the interest in her work that made her a successful teacher.

Shaw paid for his own cigars, his own clothes, his own literary hair-cuts,—occasionally, when the sun shone, for his own trips. Careful attention was needed to make her home what it should be for her family; but the industry and thrift in which Ellen had trained herself enabled her to perform miracles. There was much to stimulate her energy and strengthen her courage as her boy and girl grew in sturdy self-reliance; and she had not entirely lost hope that some genuine accomplishment would reward her faith in her husband, and his confidence in himself.

III

One Saturday afternoon in May she settled herself for a half hour's breathing space in a blossoming lilac arbor that occupied a corner of the yard. The elm-shaded street behind her was hidden from sight, and almost as quiet as the country. Before her stretched the smooth lawn that was one of her extravagances, and the house, with its broad, vine-shaded veranda was eloquent of peace and home. The children were playing happily under the trees. The scent of the lilacs brought back her own childhood, with its hopes, its bewildered loyalty, its bitter disappointments, its passion for a dim, far-away good. A wave of thankfulness swept through her; her children had all that her childhood had been denied.

Her husband passed the gate, returning from a country stroll, and going on to the post office for his mail. A college student, home to spend Sunday, tramped by with his chum. Her husband returned his salutation with his habitual serene courtesy. "Who's your distinguished

friend?" the visitor asked, as the two young men passed her arbor.

"Lawrence Percival Pshaw!" came the mocking answer.

What she had refused to see started into insistent life before her, an invasive presence, raised by the spell of a ringing voice, — the echo of public opinion. That was what he was to those who had not willfully blinded their eyes. What was the use of unremitting toil to keep up this mockery called life?

The boy and girl came running toward her, straight and slim, with flower-like faces; the heirs of their father's distinction. She forgot her weariness. Her soul flung itself armed into the arena. "No!" she said fiercely. "Not for them, — *that* name!"

They threw themselves upon her. "Tell us a story!" they cried in unison.

"Not now," she said. "After supper. Come now." She rose and turned the torrent of their eagerness in another direction. "We have n't finished our weeding. There will be just time before supper." It was not a suitable time for such work, but her sense of fitness had been overwhelmed by the surge of desperate motherhood. The children went with her willingly enough; everything they did with her companionship was fascinating; their fingers flew as they chattered and laughed.

"Work is the best kind of play there is," Ellen said cheerily, "because you not only have the fun of doing it, but you have something to show for it. Think of the radishes and lettuce and peas and beans that will taste so good to us all!" It was heretically utilitarian doctrine for young children, but she felt instinctively that the best safeguard against making work of what should be play is making play of what is ordinarily considered work.

"Papa does n't like to work," Lawrence said sagely.

Ellen's heart contracted. The adjustment of loyalty to her children and loyalty to their father would be increasingly difficult.

"Of course not!" Ruth's confident voice returned. "Papa is a gentleman."

"I'm glad we're not gentlemen," Lawrence said. "I'm glad we're just a boy and a girl, and — a mother!"

"Your father's training has been different," Ellen explained gravely. "His — work is of a different kind. But — we were born to use our hands; to do things and make things, and — be glad we can."

When she had put the children in the way of removing the traces of their toil, she went out on the veranda. Her husband was resting after his long walk. Her heart was full of bitterness, but as he turned toward her, her mood changed. The faint lines about his eyes and mouth, his look of fatigue, touched her indefinitely; after all, he was only the oldest and most helpless of her children. "My story has come back," he said simply. She knew all that the words implied. Poetry and essays were not in demand, and were unremunerative; he had been advised to try fiction; he had spent himself on a short story, which he had elaborated with infinite pains.

"Dear!" she broke out passionately, "can't you see what the trouble is? You have lost your grip on reality. You wear yourself out in modeling mist, when what people want and need is life. If you would get some regular definite employment, it would be your salvation."

He looked at her in an astonishment that took away breath and power of speech. Slowly his equanimity returned; he even smiled faintly. "What would you suggest?" he asked. "A book-agency?"

"Yes! a book-agency! Or teaching. *Any* thing that would bring you into touch with real life. Why should your manhood be wasted?"

His eyes filled with slow, painful tears that wrung her heart. "Then you have altogether lost faith in me?" he asked.

"No!" she cried. "It is because I have *not* altogether lost faith in you that I speak. Your success would be the crown of my life, but I care infinitely more for

you. And I seem to know now just what your success depends on. Dearest, if not for me, if not for the children, if not for yourself, then for the sake of your art, be a man first, an artist afterward."

Shaw's habitual dignity reasserted itself. He spoke with a courteous aloofness. "My dear," he said with unconscious irony, "you ask what is impossible, — I was *born* an artist."

SIGNIFICANT BOOKS IN ECONOMICS AND SOCIOLOGY

BY WINTHROP MORE DANIELS

THE current output of books dealing with social philosophy emanates from two distinct sources. The remedial instinct intent on righting social ills is one source; the purely scientific impulse is the other. The first voices the growing protest at social maladjustments. The second perpetuates the strong tradition of unbiased scrutiny into social phenomena, regardless of any ulterior programme. From the standpoint of human interest the literature of revolt or reform is the more significant. From the standpoint of pure science the colorless analysis is the more valuable.

Culling over the literature of 1905, I should place at the head of works of the first class *A Modern Utopia*.¹ In point of literary presentment it is easily first. Utopias are so numerous that it requires something very like genius to create one which shall be essentially novel. A thin and unreal atmosphere commonly enwraps them. However engaging the terrestrial paradise they shadow forth for the masses, they are not alluring to the individual. If the Guardians of Plato's Republic should ever turn their backs upon us, we should inevitably yawn. Utopias, moreover, are generally detached, delocalized, without anchorage in space or time. Mr. Wells's Utopia is in another planet, of course, but its geography is

the familiar geography of Switzerland. Throughout his narrative he contrives to effect a double illusion. We see the shifting background of the action as though it were portrayed in the moving-picture series of a biograph. The dialogue of the two adventurers from our planet is synchronously produced by a figure in front of the lantern, who reads from manuscript. All this may sound like a merely ingenious device at realistic presentation, but the trick is unique. Mr. Wells, moreover, has genuine humor of the Anstey type, and the two rovers from our world are admirable foils to each other. One is a typical British Philistine from "Frognaal" who is forever sentimentalizing about an unhappy love affair. "He had known her before he got his professorship, and neither her 'people' nor his — he speaks that detestable middle-class dialect in which aunts and other things with money and the right of intervention are called 'people' — approved of the affair." The other adventurer, of course, voices — often in soliloquy — the philosophy of the World-Cure. We should naturally expect the usual stage properties of Utopia, — socialized ownership of the agents of production, liberalized marriage institutions, universal peace, a World-State, and the like. In due measure they are forthcoming, but the curious, the altogether significant feature of Mr. Wells's Utopia is their subdued, their subordinate rôle. No one

¹ *A Modern Utopia*. By H. G. WELLS. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1905.

has ever hit off our author quite so aptly as Mr. Chesterton, who says: "The most interesting thing about Mr. H. G. Wells is that he is the only one of his many brilliant contemporaries who has not stopped growing . . . but it is no mere change of opinions . . . the chief proof that it is not a piece of fickleness and vanity is the fact that it has been upon the whole in advance from more startling opinions to more humdrum opinions." This is the really curious thing about Mr. Wells and his version of Utopia. Instead of blaspheming Malthus, which is the best recognized test of collectivist orthodoxy, Mr. Wells insists "that Utopia will control the increase of its population. Without the determination and ability to limit that increase, — no Utopia is possible. That was clearly demonstrated by Malthus for all time." Instead of preaching the *union libre*, Mr. Wells is seriously convinced that "there are two lines of reasoning that go to establish a longer duration for marriage." Worse still, Mr. Wells distrusts universal suffrage, and deplores "that hasty despair of specialization for government that gave our poor world individualism, democratic liberalism, and anarchism." He finds it necessary to found an order of Samurai, a voluntary nobility, — Knights of the Holy Grail, we might term them, — to insure anything like happiness and virtue in Utopia.

Aside from its literary power, Mr. Wells's book is shot through and through with unmistakable divinations of the real nature of the social universe; and in a day when the tide toward socialism is sweeping us all from our moorings, it is no small consolation to see that the shrewdest navigator in the opposing fleet is tacking in unmistakable manner for a port that may prove a common haven for us all.

Second only to Mr. Wells's book in point of literary skill comes *The Long Day*,² the story of a New York working

girl as told by herself. In holding the interest of the average reader this book will even forge ahead of *A Modern Utopia*, for a full appreciation of the Utopia implies considerable knowledge of social philosophy on the reader's part. One who has a fair acquaintance with "slum novelists" and their literature will begin *The Long Day* with very alert distrust. It begins: "The rain was falling in great gray blobs upon the skylight of the little room," and so forth. At once the suspicion of fiction masking as fact is aroused. But one cannot proceed far before the genuine character of the specific scenes and incidents becomes unmistakable. To those who have lived in a great city and have seen the innumerable swarm of working girls emerging from the shops the story has a fascinating interest. And yet in a sense the very skill with which the experiences of the heroine are massed, confessedly in climacteric fashion, and with an artistic disregard of the duration of the *entr'actes*, creates a false impression. Her rescue is effected by such a miraculous *deus ex machina* that one's first query as to the average girl in the shop is "Who, then, can be saved?" If it were not for the remarkable candor and sanity of the Epilogue, one would strongly suspect that the whole tale was a consummately artistic literary fraud. Those who have shed "the tears of sensibility" over Mr. Hunter's bathos entitled *Poverty* will sit up and rub their eyes when the erstwhile working girl concludes that "the harsh truth is that, hard as the working girl is 'worked,' and miserable as her remuneration is, she is usually paid quite as much as she is worth." Those who bring a railing accusation against our industrial system as one which makes the traffic in honor a necessity to the woman wage-earner will gnash their teeth to be told frankly that "a clean room and three wholesomely cooked meals a day can be furnished to working girls at a price such as would make it possible for them to live honestly on the small wage of the factory and store." But it is to be feared that our

² *The Long Day: The Story of a New York Working Girl, as told by herself.* New York: The Century Co. 1905.

self-constituted Cassandras will never have the patience to read on in the book until our working girl, speaking for her class, tells them that "a live and progressive church . . . can do for us, and do it quickly and at once, more than all the college settlements and all the (women's) trades unions that can be organized within the next ten years could hope to do."

Different as are Mr. Wells and the anonymous author of *The Long Day*, they both share in the saving grace of humor. There are innumerable flashes of it in *The Long Day*. One is tempted to quote many of the good things,—of how "Lame Lena" had found the secret of earning good wages in "makin' of your cocoanut save your muscle;" and of the vain effort of the young gentlewoman to interest her class of settlement "pants-makers" in Ruskin's *Crown of Wild Olive* and *Ethics of the Dust*. But those who read will not miss their reward.

Far inferior to *The Long Day*, but destined, perhaps, to excite equal attention, is a volume devoted exclusively to the interests of the children of the working class.¹ It is exceedingly difficult to know what attitude ought to be taken toward a study of this kind. So far as it seems likely to promote investigation into the conditions it describes, the volume deserves a hearty welcome. So far as it serves to acquaint the better-conditioned classes of the community with the way the oncoming generation of the laboring poor is handicapped in childhood, it ought to be bidden godspeed. It unquestionably discloses evils of the greatest magnitude in connection with the employment of minors. Much of its power is due to the fact that the author has a first-hand knowledge of the sufferings he describes. It is, however, a question whether his massing of effects does not create a picture too sombre to fairly mirror the real truth. Nor does the

rather imposing citation of authorities at the end of the volume convince one that the conclusions drawn or the remedies suggested are universally free from taint of error or unwisdom. The author is apparently a downright honest lover of his kind, but he weakens his rugged plea for the children of the poor by allowing his editors to besprinkle his page with falsetto doggerel recounting the "woes unnumbered" of childhood. Martineau says somewhere that certain instincts furnish very proper incentives to action, but very poor food for reflection. And, paraphrasing the dictum, one is disposed to opine that *The Bitter Cry of the Children* may furnish a very proper starting-point for investigation, but a very poor lot of conclusions in which to rest.

In fortunate contrast to the volume just under consideration come a trio of booklets devoted to social amelioration, all of which, for balance, sanity, and level-headedness, command unstinted commendation.¹

The first of the trio is an inaugural lecture by Dr. Edward T. Devine upon the occasion of his induction into the new chair of Social Economy in Columbia University. The lecturer continues to be the Director of the School of Philanthropy which is conducted by the Charity Organization Society of the city of New York. The newly founded chair to which he accedes has much the same purpose as the School of Philanthropy. It represents, therefore, a new and highly interesting departure in university instruction, to wit,

¹ *Efficiency and Relief: A Programme of Social Work.* By EDWARD T. DEVINE, Ph.D., LL.D. New York: The Columbia University Press. 1906.

The Liquor Problem: A Summary of Investigations conducted by the committee of Fifty, 1893-1903. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1905.

The Poor and the Land: Being a report on the Salvation Army Colonies in the United States and at Hadleigh, England, with Scheme of National Land Settlement. By H. RIDER HAGGARD. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1905.

¹ *The Bitter Cry of the Children.* By JOHN SPARGO. With an Introduction by ROBERT HUNTER. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1905.

the analysis of social conditions, their pathology, their remedy, and practical training in the various kinds of activity for social betterment. Dr. Devine has previously laid the public under frequent obligations to him by his clear-sighted discussion of social needs. But he has never heretofore reached the high note that sounds clear through this discourse like "the trumpet of a prophecy." His comparison of the Pioneer, the Captain of Industry, and the Social Missionary makes excellent reading. If one may sample the address, the paragraph on the Social Missionary's heritage from the pathfinder may well be cited. "Pioneers create for us the true heroic age. Here in America they are no distant, prehistoric, superhuman, unintelligible beings. They are our own immediate forbears. They pushed into the undiscovered country for the very joy of larger living. Their blood runs in our veins, and we share in certain moods something of their tingling nerves, their high courage and indomitable will. They have not only given us the earth for a heritage; they have given us also a free spirit and an instinct for domination, — a sort of rudimentary organ which hears from many domains the voice calling to us clearly, more seductively than sirens ever sang, that there is 'something lost behind the ranges,' something waiting for us, and bidding us go find it."

Curiously enough, as if to exemplify the spiritual relationship between pioneer and social reformer, comes Mr. H. Rider Haggard's report on the labor colony idea as a plan to relieve the congestion of British cities. Mr. Haggard's little volume is an attempt to rescue from obscurity a blue book which he offered originally in the capacity of special commissioner to inspect and investigate the Salvation Army colonies in California, Colorado, and Ohio. His opinion of the success of these colonies is high; and his plan for governmental subvention of similar efforts to be engineered by the Salvation Army, "or any other well-established and approved social, charitable, or religious

organization," is a tolerably convincing one. It commends itself the more readily because it is not unmindful of the larger bearings of the projects. The proposer has wrestled with the objection that such colonization would but create a temporary vacuum in the slums, bound speedily to be refilled by an equal amount of human wreckage created by the self-same conditions that now make for urban congestion. One is the more disposed to accord the project a tolerant ear from the fact that it bespeaks a discriminating estimate of the people who can thus be aided and those who cannot. When the commissioner is told that his plan is futile "because it does not go to the root of the question," because "it does not provide for the scum and the dregs of our city society," he fairly disarms his critics by admitting their objection frankly. He is emphatic on the point that "no system formulated by the brain of Man" can provide for the "adult dead-beats," "born-tireds," "breakages," alcoholics, tramps, hoboes, criminals, sneaks, half-wits, dissolute women, and the like. . . . "With their children something can be done — perhaps; with themselves little or nothing." I, for one, am disposed to go far with a man who gives such credentials of sanity; and, whatever else may be true of the organization of which he treats, I am willing to believe that, in this respect at least, "the poke bonnets and military caps worn by the professors of corybantic Christianity" may show the way to a helpful social departure; and that in leading a large city class "back to the land" they are, as Mr. Haggard reports, "fulfilling their great and self-imposed office with a whole-hearted humility and patience worthy of the first founders of the Christian Faith."

The same dominant note of a well-weighed and patient opportunism which runs through the volumes of Dr. Devine and Mr. Haggard proclaims their affinity in spirit with the admirable summary of conclusions reached by the Committee of Fifty after its ten-year

investigation of the liquor problem. This summary is the essence of the five detailed volumes already published by the Committee.¹ It confirms one in the belief that the best guarantee of sanity in a student of society is a wise distrust, born of experience and philosophy, in the existence of any social panacea. Those who want in a nutshell the well-sifted results of the painstaking study of the liquor question by competent, disinterested, and philanthropic experts will do well to canvass this brief compend. No real evil is extenuated, and nothing is set down in malice. The scourge of drink is not minimized, and its relation to crime and pauperism is most temperately, but most convincingly drawn. The physiological effects of liquor are set forth in such fashion that no physician can take exception to the exposition. At the same time, the pseudo-scientific character of so-called temperance instruction in the public schools is unmasked. The remedial aspect of the matter is treated with breadth and sanity. Not the mere extirpation of the saloon, but the devising of healthful substitutes for the saloon, is the desideratum. Nor is the heart of the difficulty left untouched in the masterly exposition of the cure. We are brought up with the old-fashioned but eternally valid doctrine that the ultimate remedy is found "only in the souls of individual men. . . . There is no salvation for the mass as a mass." It is a homely truism, but an eminently reassuring one, to hear that "those forces that make for the development of personality are, in the last analysis, the forces that are doing the most to overcome the evils of the liquor traffic."

The three remaining volumes² de-

¹ *The Physiological Aspect of the Liquor Problem*. Two vols. 1903. *The Liquor Problem in its Legislative Aspects*, 1897. *Economic Aspects of the Liquor Problem*, 1899. *Substitutes for the Saloon*, 1901. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

² *The Menace of Privilege: A Study of the Dangers to the Republic from the Existence of a Favored Class*. By HENRY GEORGE, JR. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1905.

The City, The Hope of Democracy. By

voted to reformatory propaganda trace their heritage to the genius of Henry George. His was a mighty spirit, and the impulse that he originated still ferments like yeast in the intellectual processes of the Georgian *Epigoni*. Nothing was finer from the standpoint of doctrinal consistency than Henry George's steady refusal to admit the parity of social evils. To him there was one central scourge, — private property in land, — and if he lent aid and succor in various battles against passing phases of monopoly or privilege, he made it clear that these concrete abuses were only phases of the deeper-seated cancer in the body politic. There was something that smacked of the conscious infallibility of the prophet in his refusal to modify even the wording of his great work when once it had been finally cast in its printed form. But nothing, apparently, is immune to the Higher Criticism, not even the faith once delivered to Henry George; and the three volumes under review illustrate three types of departures from the original body of doctrine. Least in its divergence is *The Menace of Privilege*. Even here it is the flaunting excesses of the trust magnates, the "Princes of Privilege," that draw down the imprecatory fire; and, while the all-sufficient remedy with Mr. Henry George, Jr. is that of his father, — the abolition of private property in land, — it would seem as though the capitalist as such, rather than the landlord, is the logical target for his arrow. Much in Mr. George's case must be explained, and may be generously condoned, on the ground of filial piety. But this close adherence to the formulas of *Progress and Poverty* has fatally impaired the book as a new source of revolutionary inspiration. Indeed, it reads like an artistic catalogue of the sins of the mighty, — bitter, censorious, mordant.

FREDERIC C. HOWE, PH. D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1905.

The Cost of Competition: An Effort at the Understanding of Familiar Facts. By SIDNEY A. REEVE. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. 1906.

There was no lack of material, as we all know, but the author seems often to show an intentional or a blind refusal to discriminate. Deliverances are often garbled and distorted, — particularly in the second chapter of the seventh book, — and are made to say what suits his purpose of invective or imprecation. In the analysis of social conditions, it is not a whit in advance of *Progress and Poverty*. It panders merely to the class hatred of those who have long been obsessed by an *idée fixe*, and “disgorges into the general world” the “embossed sores and headed evils” which an angry man has gathered from the public prints.

The other two volumes stand less nearly related to the single-tax gospel. In the case of Mr. Howe the primal impulse has been a practical one, though energized by his vision of the City Beautiful. But the enginery of the tax on land rentals seems to him so essential an instrument of realizing the Hope of Democracy that he is quite at one — so far as urban policy is concerned — with the founder of the doctrine. He does not so much differ from the single-taxers as he superadds to their platform. The stern individualism of the senior Henry George — for, except in the matter of land ownership, he was individualistic to the core — becomes transmuted in Mr. Howe’s hands to a generous belief in governmental initiative and coöperation. In short, Mr. George’s ideal was justice, while Mr. Howe’s is civic welfare, which he believes will be powerfully subserved by the tax on land values.

Mr. Reeve’s volume acknowledges the original impetus received from the elder George. Whatever else may be true of *The Cost of Competition*, it illustrates one tendency to perfection, — that no thinker of active mental temperament can finally rest in Mr. George’s programme as all-sufficient for economic regeneration. Such a thinker will either react against the doctrine of *Progress and Poverty*, and veer toward Rae’s proposition that “land is as much the creation of man as any-

thing else, and everything else is as much a gift of God as land.” Or else he will not content himself with the socializing of land alone, but will logically insist on socializing all the other means of production. The single-tax theory is, by its very nature, in unstable equilibrium. Mr. Reeve represents the latter type of logical departure away from George in the direction of a more inclusive collectivism.

Mr. Howe’s book will be very differently rated according as one is in quest of inspiration or information. It has life, vigor, movement. It is imbued with a healthful optimism. It is, without doubt, the counterpart of able, self-sacrificing, and hopeful civic effort on the writer’s part. The patriotic public service that it will inspire can hardly fail to result in making for the public weal, however far short it may come of realizing the writer’s dream. But if we assess the book in the cold, clear light of impartial criticism, we shall hardly fail to discover that the foundation of fact is absurdly inadequate to support the superstructure of conclusions. Mr. Howe depicts in lively fashion the ideal city that is to be, with its teeming millions. He finds the tap-root of our present political decadence in the fact that unscrupulous business men, mostly seeking or enjoying franchises, have bought up the government, body and soul. He discovers the way out through municipal ownership and operation of public utilities. Finally, in order to pay the bills of urban socialism, he proposes to confiscate the rentals from urban site-values.

This is a perfectly intelligible programme. There is no particular use in describing it as socialistic, though there is no very evident reason why its projector should disclaim the name. But it fairly exposes itself to strenuous objection in the off-hand way it alleges the financial success of municipal ownership in Great Britain and this country. A serious student who will take this slightly diluted asseveration for scientific proof does not begin to know the elements of what scientific proof is. The truth is, Mr.

Howe's enthusiasm sometimes runs away with his judgment. No one not totally out of touch with current work in economics would ever hazard in cold print the statement that "there is something queer about the familiar contention, especially common in universities, (*sic*) that land is a factor of but little importance in modern industrial life." Much must be allowed to the fiery zeal of the reformer. We may not measure the vision of the prophet with the common yardstick. But while our fellow mortal has a perfect right to speak with unknown tongues, he must excuse the weary plodders amongst us who still use the alphabet, and must not ask us for belief, unless he supplies us with evidence.

The third volume in this subgroup, Mr. Reeve's *Cost of Competition*, is exempt from the characteristic defects of its two predecessors. It does not ask us to take declamation for reasoning. Its social vision may be astigmatic, but it is unmistakably penetrating. It does not have to fumble through its pockets when asked for its credentials as an accredited messenger from the realm of scientific thought. It will undoubtedly suffer, so far as popular apprehension is concerned, by reason of its very excellence. The more than occasional employment of mathematical analysis will close its best pages to the generality of readers. Mr. Reeve subdivides his assessment of the seamy side of our industrial life into two divisions, the first treating of its economic cost, the second of its ethical cost, — to the winners no less than to the losers. It would be a stout optimist, indeed, who would minimize the social cost of competitive wealth-getting. That it involves waste in advertising, soliciting of trade, cross freights, no less than in a thousand other ways, no sane observer can deny. These are all incisively instanced by our author. To avoid this social waste he proposes a plan whereby the prices of goods shall no longer be the sport of competitive bargaining, but shall be set by governmental authority

apportioning to each producer a remuneration proportioned to the "life-supporting power" of each producer's product. Such authoritative price-fixing, which will, of course, be a continuous function of the State, he assures us, could be patterned after the "central office" of a big manufacturing plant which credits various departments each with the value of its respective contribution to the final product. Mr. Reeve's plan apparently allows private possession of goods which have been produced by the owner, or acquired by him through exchanges at State-sanctioned prices, but only so far as such goods are actually used by the possessor for enjoyment. The lending of money at interest, or the exaction of payments by individuals for the use of productive agents, he apparently inhibits.

To Mr. Reeve's indictment of "capitalism" on private property in productive agents, the typical economist, for whom our author has scant patience or respect, would emphatically demur. The demurrer would be based on the average effect of "capitalism" as affording a powerful stimulus to the creation of productive agents. There is one thing worse than having individuals idly pocket incomes from the rentals of productive agents. That worse thing is a society so scantily provided with productive agents that there are no incomes for either idlers or workers to pocket. As to the all-wise State bureau that is to fix exchange ratios in Mr. Reeve's renovated Utopia, the objection seems pertinent that such a bureau is not so much impossible as superfluous. What is termed the market constitutes a smooth, self-acting, economical bureau for price-setting. Our author, in his analysis of barter, fails wholly to inquire what effect is produced upon the margin of unfair gain to be obtained by bargaining when, instead of two traders facing each other in exchange, there are thousands interested in buying and selling the same commodity. In world markets for the staples, the "forced gain," which Mr. Reeve makes the virus of our

economic life, can be shown to be a vanishing quantity.

The borderland between works advocating organic changes in our economic structure and works which are devoted to a colorless scientific view of social phenomena is found in four volumes, three dealing with our railroad problem, and one with our colonial policy. It is rather remarkable, when we consider the flood of printed matter precipitated by the silver question, that the railroad issue has evoked so scant a response from the press. The small output has made possible a very searching inquest into its merits, and criticism at this time may almost be limited to a judicial summary of the consensus of expert opinion.

The searchlight of investigation has beaten most severely on Professor Hugo R. Meyer's volume.¹ It is not unfair to say that the conclusion of his high argument has been generally discredited. Despite the wealth of erudition paraded in the footnotes, the cautious reader puts the treatise down, unsatisfied, incredulous. That government attempts at rate regulation have always resulted disastrously from the larger standpoint of economic welfare puts too heavy a strain on sober students of transportation. When railway men themselves concede the existence of certain evils demanding legislative remedy, it will hardly do to preach *laissez faire*. In one respect the volume presents a pathetic side. To its making there evidently went the most laborious toil. If it fails to arrive at conclusions with which sober readers can concur, the writer is at fault neither in point of patient research nor in intellectual honesty. The conviction is forced upon one that his is a type of mind which, however widely it may sift facts, will inevitably find only reasons for its preconceptions.

¹ *Government Regulation of Railway Rates: A Study of the Experience of the United States, Germany, France, Austria-Hungary, Russia, and Australia.* By HUGO RICHARD MEYER. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1905.

In a Froude, where there is combined with this tendency both wit and a constructive imagination, the result may be well worth while. Unfortunately, railroad administration affords little scope for the exercise of these subsidiary qualities, even if Professor Meyer possessed them. In common fairness, it must be said that the tide is running so strongly against this book that some of its really good points are in danger of undue disparagement. The description and defense of the "basin-point" system in our Southern states, whether true or not, is highly ingenious. The account of the collection of grain at the primary markets and its distribution from these centres is a real contribution to our knowledge of transportation. And the author rightly insists on the fact that the selfish demands of localities for special transportation privileges would be an obstacle to governmental regulation. Hence, unqualified condemnation of the book is unfair. Because we feel that we require confirmation of the author's conclusions as to German and Australian railroads is no reason why we should discredit his sententious verdict that "in the conflicts of interest which are a necessary incident of progress, few men practice a broad and liberal patriotism, when interest affords the incentive and institutions afford the opportunity to do otherwise."

For the other two books¹ on railroads, the meed of praise has been deservedly liberal. Mr. Haines sweeps a rather wider horizon than Judge Noyes, and covers railroad construction, operation, and finance, as well as the matter of rate-fixing. Still, the two volumes finally converge in their discussion of restrictive legislation. It is significant that a practical railroad man like Mr. Haines and a railroad president like Judge Noyes are at one in conceding the necessity for further

¹ *American Railway Rates.* By WALTER CHADWICK NOYES. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1905.

Restrictive Railway Legislation. By HENRY S. HAINES. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1905.

remedial legislation. Judge Noyes devotes the greater part of his book to the question of rates. But so central is this theme that the book easily takes high rank in our American literature of railway economics. Mr. Haines's chapter on rate-making is below the standard which he elsewhere maintains in his book, but in general the two volumes supplement each other admirably. He who masters them both will have no mean equipment in the science of transportation.

Both volumes, however, are equally subject to a common criticism. They over-estimate the technical legal difficulties attendant upon Congressional regulation of interstate commerce. There savors much of the ultra-scholastic about such contentions as that the fixation of rates is in its essence a legislative power and may therefore not be delegated by Congress to a tribunal; or in the contention that the determining of the reasonableness of rates is a purely judicial function, and therefore may not be entrusted to a commission. One feels, on reading these deliverances, almost like the "cornfield lawyer" in the Senate, who sardonically remarked that the people could be so happy "if it were not always for the dear old Constitution." The truth is that the separation of legislative, executive, and judicial powers cannot, from the nature of things, be absolute. A court which punishes for contempt exercises executive power. A Congress which determines the right of its members to their seats exercises judicial power. And a railroad commission which shall combine both powers, subject to court review where Constitutional guarantees are involved, is not going to be denied us by the Supreme Court, if the voice of Congress is quite unmistakable in the matter.

The fickleness of popular interest strikes one forcibly on turning from the three works on railroads to Mr. Willis's treatise¹ on our foreign problem, — the Philippines. The truth is that we are

¹ *Our Philippine Problem: A Study of American Colonial Policy.* By HENRY

tired of the Philippine question. The glamour attendant on conquest has faded. The "trust for civilization doctrine," which reconciled the American republic to our retention of the islands, is becoming wearisome. Now that business enterprise sees little opportunity of commercial exploitation in the islands, selfish interests in Congress content themselves with defeating measures that would extend Philippine markets to the prejudice of American growers of sugar or tobacco. The subsidy-seeking shipping interests amongst us still hope to monopolize the shipping of the archipelago. But public interest is languid. The annual drain of \$20,000,000 on our treasury is not relished by Congress, but it seems unavoidable. We try to forget the whole wretched business, and groan internally when a wholesome massacre of bandits with their wives and children occasionally discloses the skeleton in the national closet. Most people who think soberly about the question are probably agreed that the natives as a whole are unfit for self-government, and are equally agreed that it is little less than a national misfortune that we must govern — or misgovern — them. For this reason Mr. Willis's book must intrude on unwilling ears. Nor does he soften a whit the plain, objective tale. There is no resiliency in his exposition. The civil government is sketched without sympathy, — a disguised oligarchy. There is even lacking adequate appreciation of the benevolent motives of such a governor as Secretary Taft. The educational system is characterized as sadly inefficient. The ecclesiastical policy in the matter of the friars' lands is held to be more than dubious. The decadence of social morality since our advent is said to be undeniable. Only in the matter of scientific sanitation, and in the negative policy of preventing corporate land grabs, is our policy commended. Business and agriculture are said to languish, and there is little or nothing to relieve the sombre

PARKER WILLIS. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1905.

picture. It is a Pandora's box with Hope left out. For that very reason it will not satisfy even those who concede the substantial truth of its specific assertions. But the book ought to be provocative. It challenges the defenders of our colonial policy. By silence they simply plead guilty at the bar of conscience. If they can file a reasonable demurrer, they ought to do so. It is to be hoped that the book may incite to more intensive study of the situation on the spot. No task is more needed than an envisagement of the mutual attitude of the islanders and ourselves in the light of even-handed equity and good will, which selfish interests on both sides ought not to be allowed to pervert or stifle. To acquiesce in our present mood of opportunist ennui is just neither to our wards nor to ourselves.

We reach the wholly irenical group of significant books in our subject, with the admirable series of Selections and Documents in Economics¹ which is appearing under the editorship of Professor William Z. Ripley. In his preface to the first volume of the series, *Trusts, Pools and Corporations*, the editor declares that his aim is a deliberate attempt at "the application to the teaching of economics of the *case system*, so long successful in our law schools." He is careful to add that the material thus assembled is designed for use in the domain of descriptive economics. It would certainly imply an indiscriminating analogy that would seek to employ the case method in the teaching of pure economic theory. But in the field indicated these selected readings and cases admirably supplement the usual text-books, and put the essence of the

most suggestive collateral material in the hands of every student. As labor-saving devices alone, they will amply repay their cost. The discussion of typical cases in the field of trusts, labor problems, public finance, and sociology ought to impart to their study a sense of reality and vitality which is wholly lacking to an abstract lecture syllabus.

Worthy of notice in connection with the group just adverted to, and similar to it in purveying much well-sifted information in short compass, is M. Pierre Leroy-Beaulieu's *The United States in the Twentieth Century*.² So far as material is concerned, there is comparatively little in this compend which could not be extracted from the Abstract of the Twelfth Census. Indeed, the author admits frankly that the census reports have been his main mine of facts. However, he has traveled recently in this country, and has thus added to his well-known scientific equipment a visual knowledge of our economic life. Our French critic's volume gives rise to the suggestion that when Congress next authorizes the taking of the census, an adequate appropriation should be made for editing its results. The specialist will, of course, at present give careful heed to the census statistics. He must. The general reader of fair intelligence may occasionally cull out from the tables of figures bits of information in which he has a particular interest. But there is waste in the expenditure of millions for statistical findings, often of great significance, and their subsequent editing in so unattractive a form as never to invite any general attention. It takes a certain amount of genius to turn the dry-as-dust figures into gold nuggets, but it can be done. And in some measure this is what M. Leroy-Beaulieu has effected. That he is a foreigner who sees us at a peculiar angle and from a viewpoint different from our own, only augments the

¹ *Trusts, Pools and Corporations*. Edited, with an Introduction, by WILLIAM Z. RIPLEY. Boston: Ginn & Co. 1905.

Trade Unionism and Labor Problems. Edited, with an Introduction, by JOHN R. COMMONS. Boston: Ginn & Co. 1905.

Selected Readings in Public Finance. By CHARLES J. BULLOCK. Boston: Ginn & Co. 1906.

Sociology and Social Problems. By THOMAS N. CARVER. Boston: Ginn & Co. 1906.

² *The United States in the Twentieth Century*. By PIERRE LEROY-BEAULIEU. Authorized translation by H. ADDINGTON BRUCE. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. 1906.

interest with which he invests his volume. And, while his book was written primarily for his own countrymen, it has not suffered in translation, — which is high praise, — and ought to obtain a wide reading in this country.

Hardly a year has passed of late without the appearance of a new economic systematizer. This year it is Professor Seligman who figures in this rôle. It was not necessary for him to publish this volume¹ to substantiate his title to be considered the most erudite of American economists. There are others more original, more sharp-sighted, and better equipped with intimate expert knowledge of particular provinces. There is probably no other comparable to our author in the range of his reading and in bibliographical lore. But erudition has its perils, no less than its advantages, and the volume under discussion will abundantly attest this. The generic adverse criticism to be passed on the book is that the author has not succeeded in dominating the almost perplexing variety and richness of the material on which he has drawn. In an introductory text it is preëminently necessary to subordinate the details to an organizing central conception. Here this volume is defective. For the beginner in economics downright error is less dangerous in the long run than a weltering distraction of ideas. It is a cruel paradox that the inexpert reader, with this treatise in hand, runs the aforesaid risk because of the author's very wealth of information.

The significance of this volume lies mainly in its indicating the trend of thinking in the matter of distribution. The older traditional theory insisted on the intrinsic difference between land and other productive material agents. Land was a gift of God, capital the product of labor. Capital could be increased, land could not. Land must be measured by

area, capital by dollars. Land rent was a lump sum, the hire of capital was always a percentage. Rent did not enter into price, interest did. Between them was an impassable gulf fixed. It was in large part against this central conception that Professor Fetter a few years since flung his shining spear, and the old school today are visibly on the defensive. Professor Seligman all but renounces them. Analyzing the three essential theses of the time-honored doctrine of rent, he remarks: "So far as these statements are true, they are not peculiar to land rent." But, either weighed down by the traditional view, or essaying an ill-judged attempt at mediation, he wavers, and holds that "because of the social significance of such relative changes (namely, alleged differences in changes of land values and the values of other things), it is legitimate to put land into a separate category."

Thoroughly to canvass the author's attitude toward even the more important theoretical questions is here impossible. But too often he seeks to synthesize the irreconcilable. Thus he tells us that in one sense capital involves the roundabout method of production; in another sense capital synchronizes labor and consumption. The older individualistic doctrine of marginal utility is introduced, and then fused into the newer, the more mysterious doctrine of "social marginal utility." The book is eminently unfinal. Its premature synthesis is not going to issue in agreement, but in disruption. Instead of allaying strife among economists, it is going to breed misunderstandings. It is certain to be a mine of endless casuistry, an inexhaustible source of economic litigation. A singular fancy possesses me when I try to symbolize the contents of this volume and its probable effects. I picture it an inviting *pâté de foie gras en Bellevue*. Through the quivering transparency of the gelatinous aspic envelope I can see no end of toothsome morsels, — chicken-livers, mostly from Professor Fetter's "novel and suggestive" incuba-

¹ *Principles of Economics*, with special reference to American conditions. By EDWIN R. A. SELIGMAN. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1905.

tor, sweetbreads that hail from Chicago, Austrian truffles, Marxian mushrooms, and nameless tidbits that savor of "pure capital," — the whole garnished with a gay bibliographical bouquet. But this *mélange* is held together by the most tenuous and fragile of films, and only the most intrepid of gormandizers may attempt to digest and assimilate its varied contents.

American economists have of late become accustomed to an annual treatise on money. Kinley, Scott, Laughlin, and Aldrich have each produced within the last five years a notable contribution to the field of monetary science. Mr. Charles A. Conant is the last to "take up the wondrous tale," in two substantial volumes¹ of almost four hundred and fifty pages each. To his task Mr. Conant brings some very unusual qualifications. He has had practical experience as a banker. He has labored at the arduous task of monetary reform at home and abroad. He has read widely and discriminatingly in the history of the subject. He has not taken the ill-considered position that financial experience renders the abstract study of money and banking superfluous. He has struggled with the terminology of the academic economists, and has even caught the infection of the phrase, "marginal utility." It would be strange if, with all this in his favor, he had not produced a work which supplements certain *lacunae* in our knowledge of the subject. In particular, his account of the adoption of the gold standard in southern and Oriental countries is of importance, because Mr. Conant himself, in the case of currency reform in Mexico and the Philippines, may properly boast *quorum pars magna fui*. Moreover, his views on the technique of banking, and in particular on note issue, carry unusual weight, coming, as they do, from one who knows the business both on paper and in practice. It is small disparagement to add

that Mr. Conant lacks a fine sense of verbal felicities, and alternately adopts and condemns the same phraseology. Thus he quotes Jevons with approval as to the abhorrent usage which leads careless thinkers "to speak of such a nonentity as *intrinsic value*," and yet Mr. Conant himself uses the very phrase in his formal definition of money. Sometimes this carelessness verges on something worse than contradictory usage, and approaches contradiction in terms. The "vital factor in the choice of the metals as the material for money" is "that they represent an article the demand for which is insatiable." The phrase, *obiter*, reminds one of "Coin" Harvey's "infinite demand" for silver. But if the demand for the precious metals is "insatiable," discussion as to whether there is any danger of an excessive supply of gold would seem, to put it mildly, superfluous. So far as Mr. Conant's discussion of the so-called quantity theory of money is important, it is simply because it discloses the moderate view of a practical, well-read, judicially-minded, and experienced banker. If Mr. Conant's citations were not so apt, he might be justly accused of loading down his book with a *potpourri* of authorities. Certainly not less than two hundred pages are wholesale transfers from works on money; but he has so fortified his own discussion with appropriate quotations, whose origin is always indicated, that in some respects his work gains by thus becoming a ready source-book of information. Mr. Conant has read so widely in this field that it is surprising to find, neither in the text nor in the extensive bibliography, any mention of that most important piece of work in the monetary field, — Fisher's *Appreciation and Interest*. It seems not at all unlikely that we may soon perforce be compelled again to canvass the currency problem. The seemingly persistent disorder in the loan market can be explained only on the theory that the banks are not curbing wild speculation as they ought in their rôle of trustees for the commercial community, or

¹ *The Principles of Money and Banking*. Two vols. By CHARLES A. CONANT. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1905.

else on the hypothesis that our system of note issue requires to be made more elastic. It is well that we have in Mr. Conant's work, especially in the second volume, so admirable a guide. The business world, so distrustful of the theorist, will absorb sound theory from a banker like Mr. Conant, *sans le savoir*.

A review of last year's literature of social philosophy would be incomplete without mention of two works on sociology,² Professor Blackmar's *Elements of Sociology*, and Professor Small's *General Sociology*. It is difficult for students of the special social sciences to be quite just to the sociologist. The point of view of the economist, the historian, and the student of politics is perceptibly different from what it would have been, had the study of sociology never attained something of its present vogue. On fair consideration there is much to be said in justification of one of Professor Small's chance utterances, that "Sociology . . . must remain more a determining point of view than a finished body of knowledge." The very existence of this somewhat inchoate science has at least served as a useful reminder to other workers in the more delimited social provinces that their task is in some respects a provincial one, that they must not mistake their conclusions for the whole truth, that there are other considerations to be reckoned with besides those which they assess in their own bailiwick, and that human society is an infinitely complex thing, and not fully to be appreciated from a single standpoint.

In short, we are indebted to the sociologist for some of our humility, and we ought to be free to express our obligation. Moreover, the student of the more delimited portions of the social domain ought by this time to recognize that there

are particular branches of inquiry, such, for instance, as the origin and development of family relations, which fall outside of the recognized boundaries of the special sciences of society. We have no right to excommunicate the social investigator from our fellowship because he refuses to be called by one of our familiar names, — economist, historian, anthropologist, or the like. But when all this is said, it must be confessed that the sociologists have too often invited the merited reproach of quackery. Nor do the two volumes under review altogether escape this charge.

Professor Blackmar's *Elements* is a singularly ineffective and eminently mediocre book. It affords no real penetrating insight into the nature of society. It has no intrinsic coherence. Empty it of what is essentially law, politics, and economics, and it becomes a stringy set of observations on social evolution, social pathology, and social ideals. It lacks character in its definitions. To define "culture" from the standpoint of sociology as "giving up old habits of thought and action for new ones with higher ideals" is an instance of confusion. What Professor Blackmar has defined as *culture* is in reality *conversion*. His account of the law of survival through selective struggle drips with treacle fit for a Sabbath-school periodical. To describe the principal methods of sociological investigation as "the statical, dynamic, and statistical methods, respectively" is about as logical as to divide animals into quadrupeds, insects, and blue-bottle flies. Moreover, even the *Elements of Sociology* ought to allow, out of four hundred and forty-five pages, more than a bare fourteen to the discussion of "Social Laws." This little nest of "laws" is a rare jumble, whose character is not unfairly conveyed by the half-page discussion devoted to each law. As sociology, this will never do.

Professor Small's portentous volume of seven hundred and twenty-nine pages he calls a "conspectus" or a "syllabus." In reality, it is a titanic compendium. Its

² *The Elements of Sociology*. By FRANK W. BLACKMAR. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1905.

General Sociology. By ALBION W. SMALL. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. 1905.

thesis is that "*the central line in the path of methodological progress, from Spencer to Ratzenhofer, is marked by gradual shifting of effort from analogical representation of social structures to real analysis of social processes.*" It would have been impossible, in the absence of the author's italics in the Preface, to disinter this thesis from the mass of *débris* under which the thesis lies buried. It does not require seven hundred and twenty-nine pages of exposition to show that Spencer's sociology involved an extended analogy between society and living organisms, while latter sociology insists more on the struggle for existence. And the truth is that, besides the extended criticism of Spencer, Schaeffle, and Ratzenhofer, which constitutes the core of this work, there are in it hundreds, literally hundreds, of voluble detours into other fields of social speculation. For this very reason no review of the volume can be at all adequate which does not traverse an almost endless sociological tract. No one can read the volume through without feeling a sort of hopeless dejection.

"Yet now despair itself is mild," — for the Gargantuan energy that does not hesitate to print, as chapter ten, nine consecutive pages of disjointed titles, which comprise the table of contents to Schaeffle's *Bau und Leben*, is beyond the reach of any reproach that bases itself on literary grounds. Walt Whitman's "catalogue method" is simply nowhere, in comparison with Professor Small's unwearied printing of lists of titles as essential chapters in his text. Chapters twenty-nine and fifty are awful examples of this form of typographical crime. But the dejected feeling that Professor Small's book produces is mainly because of one's inability to convince one's self that the author believes there is any real truth or

importance in this wordy farrago. It would be unfair to suggest that he regards the whole thing as a hideous logomachy, but at least one reader found in the whole treatise nothing that fell quite so like balm on the wounded spirit as Small's momentary lapse into skepticism when he says, "It" (the quest of sociology) "flies so uncontrollably from one aspect of humanity to another, we not only waver in our faith that the problem may be solved, but, if all the truth must be told, we sometimes wonder whether, after all, a real problem exists."

The truth is, I believe, that no such real problem as the author proposes does exist; and if it did, no finite mind could grasp it. For Professor Small insists that we must attempt to comprehend at one and the same time the length and the breadth, the height and the depth, of the entire essence of the process of human association. "A maturer stage of knowledge must approach nearer to comprehension of the whole as a whole." It is his "demand for the universal" that so discourages us, — this striving "toward a final stage," and this conceiving the object as it "would look to an omniscient mind." Moreover, as if to pile Pelion on Ossa, he will not encourage approach to this ecstatic vision by intensive study of special fields. The part of the sociologist is "to counteract the tendency of specialists to follow centrifugal impulses." For example, he disparages the study of primitive man, and remarks thereof, — "the best that we can get from accounts of primitive men are hints about what to look for in our acquaintances"! The primary task of the sociologist, apparently, is to stand on the housetop, and to discourse of methodology. I believe this to be the consummation of folly.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

ON PHONETIC SPELLING

REGARDING the efforts of the gentlemen of letters and dollar-marks who propose a reform of English spelling, Serena and I have decided that nothing will come of it. Serena points out to me that I have never been able to spell correctly in the old, incorrect way, and that it would be utterly impossible for me to spell correctly in the new, correct way; and she rightly considers me a typical American literary gentleman, with one hand holding the bridle of Pegasus and the rest of my body reclining in supreme faith against the proofreaders, editors, and compositors, whose duty it is to look after the spelling business.

My own opinion of the spelling profession is that it has nothing to do with genius, except to kill it. I know that Shakespeare was a promiscuous sort of speller, even as to his own name, and no one can deny that the immortal Avonite was a greater genius than Noah Webster. I think, and Serena agrees with me, that the reason America so long lagged behind Europe in the production of genius is that America, for many decades, was the slave of the spelling-book and the spelling school. No man who devotes the fiery days of his youth to learning to spell has time to be a genius. The period of Noah Webster's spelling-book was the period of dwarfed literature in our country, and now, just when we have mastered the spelling so that it is second nature to us to spell *though* with an *ugh*, there comes this group of anarchistic spellers who would "chop off the tails with their carving knives" and turn us brilliant writers into groping, plodding spellers of stupid lines.

Serena says, and I agree with her, that it is the jealousy of a few college professors who are trying to undermine the

younger writers. They know that it is excusable to spell incorrectly now, but they want this new phonetic spelling brought into use so that there shall be no excuse for bad spelling, and that then, Serena says, self-made authors like me, who never could and never can spell, but who simply blaze with genius, will be academically laughed at and hooted out of the magazines to make room for a stupid, Dr. Johnson sort of literature that is spelled correctly. Serena looks upon the whole thing as a direct, personal stab at me. I look at it more philosophically.

To me it seems that the spelling-reformers are entirely on the wrong track. Their proposed changes are almost a revolution, and we Americans (Serena's father was a German, but she can forget her *ie* and *ei* all the better for that) do not like sudden changes. We like our revolutions to come about gradually. Automobiles, for example. Think how gradually the sixty-horse-power snorters have come to pass. If, in our horse age, the streets had suddenly been covered with "Red Satans" and "White Ghosts," going thirty miles an hour and smelling like an eighteenth-century literary debate, and killing people right and left, we Americans would have arisen and destroyed every vestige of automobile. But the automobile came gradually. First the bicycle, then the motor cycle, then the electric cab, growling and clanking like a sawmill in chains; then the light automobile, and so, by stages, to the present monsters. So slowly and progressively did the automobile increase in size and number that it seemed a matter of course. We take to being killed by the automobile quite naturally now, and I can imagine our ghosts bragging one to another of the size and power of the machines that unsphered us.

A people that will not revolt at auto-

mobile mania will not refuse spelling reform; but the reform must not be loud, organized effort. It must be brought to pass by Machiavellian craft, underground manipulation, and lowly stealth. Editors must be bribed, vocabulists seduced, and painters of advertising billboards tipped on the sly.

New words come into the language by the "slang" use of them. The spelling-reformers should truckle to our Bowery boys and newsboys, getting them to spell phonetically, and soon "smart" society would take it up as a fad, and the abridged spelling would get into society novels, and thence into real literature, — such as Serena says I write. "Abridged," by the way, is a word for the reformers to cling to. Many people who would refuse "reformed" spelling would take kindly to "abridged" spelling. I only see one difficulty in the word. It would hardly do to call a Reformed Webster's Unabridged Dictionary the "Abridged Unabridged Webster."

You may have guessed that I am not in sympathy with the spelling reform movement. I think, and Serena thinks, that the objections to English spelling can be overcome in a better manner than by mutilating good old words, "cutting off their petticoats, all around about."

Of course, the silent letters in our words are objectionable. They are lazy letters, earning no increment, and are distasteful alike to the anarchist, socialist, and competitionist. The introduction of the factory system of utilizing all the hog but the squeal inevitably preordained the downfall of the silent letter. We want no idle class in America, whether tramp, aristocrat, or silent letter, but we do not kill the tramp and the aristocrat. We set them to work, or we would like to. My theory of spelling reform is to set the idle letters to work.

Take that prime offender, *although*. *Altho* does all the work, and *ugh* sits on the fence and whittles. I would put *ugh* to work. *Ugh* is a syllable in itself. Whole romances of Indian life have been

written in which the stoic red man's conversation is simply "Ugh!" It is a grunt, or a gasp, or an asthmatic wheeze. I would have the *ugh* follow the pronounced *altho* as a third syllable. Doubtless the asthmatic islanders who concocted our English language actually pronounced it so. I have heard some orators — at Sunday school reunions, and day school exercises — pronounce the *ugh* in this country.

"My dear little friends," says the orator, "*altho-ugh* I am not much of a speaker; *altho-ugh* I may say I am no speaker; yet I will try to speak to you, *altho-ugh*," etc.

I propose to have some millionaire endorse my plan, and Serena and I will then form a society for the reforming of English pronunciation. I will not decapitate, de-tail, or de-limb a single word. I will not punch out the *i* of any *chief*, nor shall any one drag *me* from any programme, however dull. I will pronounce programme as it should be pronounced, — *programmey*, — and, as for *chief*, he shall be pronounced *chy-ef*.

The advantage of this plan is manifest. It is so manifest that I am afraid it will never be adopted.

Serena's plan — Serena has an uncle who is a member of the Brick Layers' Local Union No. 12 — is, perhaps, less intellectual, but more American, as is to be expected from one whose father was a German. Serena's plan is to ignore all words that contain superfluous letters. She would simply boycott them. Like Bunner's "Midge," who could n't see why people should learn to spell such words as *asthma*, Serena would have people get along with such words as are already phonetically spelled. Why should people write *although*, when they can write *notwithstanding that*, and not have a silent letter in it? I have myself often written a phrase twelve words long to stand instead of a single word I did not know how to spell. In fact, I abandoned my Platonic friendship for Serena, and replaced it with ardent love,

because I did know how to spell *sweet-heart*, but could not remember whether she was my *friend* or *freind*. I am sure, too, that when it was all arranged between us, Serena was not anything so short and terse as *kist*, but lengthily, lingeringly *kissed*.

DO WOMEN ENJOY ONE ANOTHER?

"THE most charming women in society, when they are together without men, seldom say anything that is worth hearing, and feel more bored than when they are alone. But with men it is not so. Their conversation is, no doubt, less lively when no women are present, but as a usual thing, though it may be more serious, it is also more reasonable; they can do without us better than we can do without them."

So wrote Mademoiselle Scudéry in the year of our Lord 1640, and her words were quoted the other day by a Philadelphia hostess who was entertaining five guests at luncheon, two of them from her own city, while the three others belonged respectively to Memphis, Boston, and New York.

"And it reminded me," the hostess went on to say, "of our friend F. W., who observed lately that he vastly preferred dinners where women are present. We all knew that he was a professed woman-hater, so waited for his explanation, which was, 'For, don't you see, in dining with men only one misses that exquisite sensation of relief which descends upon the soul when the ladies rise from the table.'"

All laughed at F. W.'s speech, but it was freely granted that men, no matter how much they may enjoy the society of women, still like best to compare opinions on serious and solid subjects with one another. But the question remained whether, in this twentieth century, which has been called "The New Woman's Century," there could be any need of weighing Mademoiselle Scudéry's con-

fession concerning the inadequacy of the entertainment which women offer to one another; whether, in these days of feminine expansion and progress, women still feel bored when left exclusively to one another's society; "in short," said one of the Philadelphians, "whether we ever have an exquisite sensation of relief when we leave the men over their cigars."

"Of course," said the hostess, "women whose sole desire it is to adore and be adored are always and inevitably bored when there are no men present. We leave them out. It is the experienced, the mature, the rational, the clever women whose word counts."

All six women were experienced, mature, rational, not to say clever; and when the opinion of each was desired, it came the turn of the Philadelphians to speak first.

"I sometimes feel," said No. 1, "as if the passion for bridge whist were the inevitable result of our being thrown so much upon the society of our own sex. One has to do something interesting, or one would go mad."

"And I honestly prefer to talk with women," said the second of the Philadelphians. "I like a little more concession and rounding off than a man is willing to give. I confess I like men to take the initiative, and I am always ready to accept a man's opinion, as the result of more careful, all-round thinking than a woman's. A man does not allow himself to be run away with by every impulse as we do; but I do love a clever woman's idea of things."

Next came the charming Southerner. "Of course," she said, "one likes to talk with men, and in doing so exerts one's powers, and makes one's best efforts to be interesting. It is useful to draw out a man's views on important subjects. But with men one thinks of the impression one is making, and in talking to men one is conscious of being a little bit of a humbug. Now with women no affectations are of the least use, and there is a comfort in dropping any sort of hypocrisy,

and in talking about the things one honestly cares about, — that is, domestic matters, children, and dress. Nobody need condemn these as trivial subjects, for they are of the utmost consequence. Leave knowledge of them out of a woman's mind, and what is she? Then women understand one another readily, and are generally helpful and sympathetic and clever. Yes, women are immensely clever; that is, when they are on their own line."

The Boston woman entertained no doubt whatever that women are better off without men. "Men are so little in earnest; they will not be serious. You will hardly find a man who enjoys discussing abstract questions, — that is, in society. Women nowadays are interested in everything. They have retained their faith in the perfectibility of the species. Temperance, settlement work, civic and social questions, — they like to discuss these subjects, as well as Ibsen and Bernard Shaw and Maeterlinck. In travel women are the most congenial companions, and they are ideal for living with; prompt, punctual, industrious, and disinterested. No one misses men if one has a few good women friends."

"I think," said the New Yorker, "that women are practically more interested in women than in men. We dress for one another, furnish our homes to vie with and surpass one another, and in entertaining lay ourselves out to surprise one another. We enjoy and admire one another, too. Now take teas and luncheons, where there are never any men to count, but the women are such dears in their pretty clothes, and each with something bright to say! It is only when you get too intimate, and know their weak side, that they distinctly bore you. A man's weak side is different; he may be vain, but he is vain in a different way. You can enter into his thoughts, help him to work them out, make him talk his best and feel contented with himself, and he admires *you*. Discuss any subject with a woman, and let her appear to have the pleasure of convincing you, and she takes immediately a tone of con-

descension, feels herself to be a superior woman, — and when a woman feels herself to be superior, Heaven help us!"

The hostess decided that, in spite of some reserves, all these opinions went to show that women appreciate and enjoy one another more than in Mademoiselle Scudéry's time; in fact, are "discovering one another more and more." "Was it," she asked, "the Miss Berrys who used to say, 'No more women, no more women'?" But then, the Miss Berrys liked to be the centre of things and have the talk to themselves. In fact, we are all alike; we like to be the centre of things, and no woman feels the full possession of her powers who has not a little world of her own, with something revolving around her. And given this, the modern woman is ready to say, '*No more men.*'"

THE VACANT ROOM IN DRAMA

I AM content to let Mr. John Corbin sing the praises of the stage without scenery; I prefer to sing the praises of the stage without actors. Ever since I was a little boy, nothing in the world has been for me so full of charm and suggestiveness as an empty room. I remember as vividly as though it were week before last being brought home from a visit somewhere, when I was four years old, and arriving after dark. My mother had difficulty in finding the latchkey in her bag (I have since noted that this is a common trait of women!), and while the search was going on I ran around the corner of the house, and peered in one of the low windows of the library. The moonlight lay in two oblong patches on the floor; and as I pressed my nose against the pane and gazed, the familiar objects within gradually emerged from the gloom, as if a faint, invisible light were being turned slowly up by an invisible hand. Nothing seemed, however, as it did by day, but everything took on a new and mysterious significance that bewildered me. I think it must also have terrified me, for I recall my father's carrying me suddenly into

the glare of the hall, and saying, "What's the matter with the boy?" And to-day I cannot enter a theatre, even at the prosaic hour of ten in the morning, when the chairs are covered with cloths and maids are dusting, and the house looks very small, and the unlit and unadorned stage very like a barn, without a thrill of imaginative pleasure. I have even mounted the stage of an empty theatre, and addressed with impassioned, soundless words the deeply stirred, invisible, great audience, rising row on row to the roof. At such moments I have experienced the creative joy of a mighty orator or a sublime actor; I have actually felt my pulses leap. And then the entrance of a stage hand or a scrubwoman would shatter the illusion!

But it is when I am one of a real audience, and the stage is disclosed set with scenery but barren of players, that I derive, perhaps, the keenest pleasure. A few playwrights have recognized the power of the vacant room in drama, but on the whole the opportunities for such enjoyment are far too rare. This is odd, too, with such convincing examples at hand. There is, for instance, the close of the second act of *Die Meistersinger*, when the watchman passes through the sleepy town after the street brawl is over, and then the empty, moon-bathed street lies quiet for a time, before the curtain closes. Of course, here there is music to aid in creating the poetic charm and soothing repose of that moment. But at the end of *Shore Acres* there was no such aid. Who that saw it, however, can forget that final picture? After Nat Berry — played by Mr. Herne, the author — had scratched a bit of frost off the window pane to peer out into the night, locked the door, and banked the fire, he climbed with slow, aged footsteps up the stairs to bed. At the landing he turned to survey the old kitchen below, that lay so cozy and warm

under the benediction of his eye. Then he disappeared with his candle, and the stage grew quite dim, save for the red glow from the fire. Yet the curtain did not fall; and through a mist of tears, tears it cleaned one's soul to shed, the audience looked for a long, hushed moment on the scene, on the now familiar room where so much of joy and grief had happened, — deserted, tranquil, but suddenly, in this new light of emptiness, realized to be how vital a part of the lives of those people who had made the play! It used to seem, indeed, as if the drama had not achieved full reality until the old kitchen had thus had its say, thus spoken the epilogue.

It is strange to me that more playwrights have not profited by such examples. The cry of the average playgoer is for "action," to be sure; but even "action" may be heightened by contrast, by peace and serenity. Certainly the vitality, the illusion, of a scenic background on the stage can be enhanced by drawing a certain amount of attention to it alone; and something as Mr. Hardy, in *The Return of the Native*, paints Egdon Heath — "Haggard Egdon" — in its shifting moods before he introduces a single human being upon the scene of their coming tragedy, it is quite possible for the modern playwright, with a Belasco to aid him, to show the audience the scene of his drama, to let its suggestive beauty, its emotional possibilities, charm or fire their fancies before the speech and action begin. So also, as Wagner and Mr. Herne have demonstrated, there can be a climax of the vacant stage. At present, our stage scenery is too seldom perfectly fused with the story, too often magnificent but meaningless. The drama is an art form which at best is restricted, and any possible technical variations should not be neglected. Is not the vacant room such a neglected possibility?

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